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# Transvestia



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- The New Girl Friend

## ARTICLE

- Communication is the Key  
As It Was Then

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- The Three Axes of  
Human Sexuality

Volume XV No. 85

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

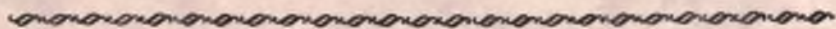
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

in place of the 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.

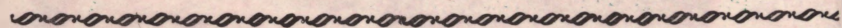


### THE COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides — mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) — the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being — not all masculine — mind and reason, abstract and unseen — and not all feminine — beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



### A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the  
MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE . . .  
then shall you enter the kingdom."

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

# Transvestia

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FICTION

## THE BIG BET

Anonymous

The big bet. How well I remember the big bet and the difference it made in my life. Thinking back on it I can hardly believe what happened.

It all started on a bright fall morning at our office in the Savings & Loan Association. I was the office manager and had been for about 6 months. We hadn't had any real big problems on our staff. We were a small office and I had 4 girls who worked for me. There was Karen who was 20 and very attractive. Mary was 18 and fresh out of High School. Kathy was 25 and more mature but not married. Last but not least was Teresa. She was some gal. I'm not what you consider big or small for a man but I'm 5'10" and 155 lbs. Teresa was 5'11" and what a build. Of the four gals she probably gave me the roughest time.

Since I was 27 and not married I have to admit I enjoyed my harem at work. For the past 2 months we had been having a running verbal battle about the acceptable lengths of their skirts. It seemed like they were getting shorter and shorter and were about to enter the Micro Mini category.

That particular morning it had come up again as Teresa's skirt was so short that I couldn't believe it. I called her into the office to get it straightned out once and for all. "Teresa" I said, "I've reminded you several times about not wearing such short skirts. You don't seem to be listening.

"Oh come on Bill, this isn't that short."

"I don't know how you figure." I said "I've already seen your panties 4 times this morning."

"Oh come on" she said. "Your just saying that to make a point. If you have, what color are they?"

"They're Red." I said.

"Well I'll be dammed" she said "You have been able to see them. Maybe you should concentrate on your work more?"

"Thats the problem" I said "You and the other gals make it very hard to concentrate and you offend some of the customers. This is your final warning. The next time you or any of the others wear a skirt that shows you'll be docked one hour's pay." Well, needless to say, she went out in a huff. The rest of the day I got glassy stares from all of them.

However for the next week the longer skirts were out and everyone was happy. On Thursday morning I was talking to a friend of mine who was as big a football fan, as I was. "How do you think State U. will do this Saturday, Joe?" Joe said he felt that they would beat Collins College easily and I agreed.

After he left Teresa said "You know boss I think you and the other State fans are in for a big disappointment this Saturday. I figure Collins is going to upset them."

"You've got to be kidding," I retorted, "State has won 41 games in a row and is a 21 point favorite. What do you know about football, you're just a girl." As soon as I said that I knew I had struck a nerve as her face turned red.

She said "Well I think I know enough about football to back up what I say and I wouldn't be afraid to bet on Collins this Saturday."

"Well" I replied, "When you're ready to bet you can get an even bet from me any day of the week." I went into my office and did some paper work. I noticed Teresa was talking to Karen, Mary and Kathy. Before long Teresa came in and sat down.

"Boss, I've got a proposition to make you, from the four of us. Are you game for a bet on the game?"

"I just told you out there I would take you up on any bet you want to make, on that game." She nodded at the other 3 gals and they came into the office as they had just closed the main office for the day.

"O.K. boss this is the bet. We'll take Collins University on an even bet. If State wins we'll never wear another skirt or dress with a hem above the knee."

"That's the best news I've had for awhile." I interjected "Now I can end some of the complaints from our women customers."

"Hold up" she said "you haven't heard your part yet. You might not be so agreeable."

"I doubt that" I fired back.

"Okay" she said "If State wins we conform to your dress code but if Collins wins than you have to do something."

"Fire away" I said.

"First of all we can wear any type clothing we want to work. Mini-skirts, Sizzler dresses or pant suits and secondly, for one week you have to do my job while I do yours."

"I can go along with that" I stated.

"But one more thing, Bill. That week I wear a pant suit and you have to dress like I would and I will pick out what you wear each day. When you come to work that Monday we will dress you and you'll wear it all that day. In fact since you and I are about the same size we'll just trade places for a week. You can bring some clothes over to my place and we can help each other get dressed."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, "You've got to be kidding. If there was any possibility that State would lose, which there isn't, I couldn't make a bet like that. I couldn't spend a week dressed as a woman. Our customers would never understand that."

Teresa interrupted. "They wouldn't say anything. We would let everyone know it was a joke and they would get a big laugh out of it. Besides you said that State couldn't lose. We're giving you a sporting chance to get your way about short skirts and you haven't got the guts to make the bet."

"I told you he wouldn't do it." Kathy said.

"Don't push me:" I snapped. "I'm going to teach you gals a lesson once and for all and take you up on your bet."

"Good" Teresa said, "I have four witnesses but to make sure you don't renege I've typed up the whole bet and we can all sign it."

After I signed it I was looking at it, and noticed something we hadn't discussed. "Say what's this paragraph about?" I asked.

"That's just a little something we threw in. It says everytime one of us see's your panties that week you have to dress like that one additional work hour. You're always checking our panties so we'll let you see what it's like. None of us girls will know what color panties you have on so we can't cheat. At the end of the day we'll tell you how many times and if we have the color right then you pay the price. You'll have to be very lady-like that week or you'll never get out of skirts," she finished with a glance at the other girls.

"It's all academic," I stated. "I would never make a bet like this if I thought there was any way I could lose." The next day was Friday and soon the word started spreading about the bet I had made with my staff.

Most of the men customers were commenting "How did you sucker them into a bet like that, Bill? I guess it just proves women are pretty dumb when it comes to sports."

There would be big horselaffs at the gals and out they would go. I had to admit I was feeling real good about the bet, as it would show my male dominance once and for all over my little Harem. After this I would have them eating out of my hands.

Saturday morning was more of the same razzing and the girls were pretty quiet wondering if maybe they had made a bad bet. Teresa hadn't weakened any though and she kept saying "Wait until the game's over." Well Saturday afternoon came and went and who would have believed Collins University kicking a field gol with 12 seconds left to pull the upset of the decade.

I sat listening to the radio as the final score was recapped. "Yes folks, Collins pulled it out 23 to 20 and what a game."

I clicked off the radio and sunk back in the chair. I just couldn't believe



Catch anything, Sandi?



At Dream '74  
How to go downstairs.



Who me?



How about chopsticks?

SANDI-CA-53-F-FPE



it. Suddenly my trance was broken as the phone rang.

I picked it up and the voice on the other end said, "Hi Billie, this is Terry your boss for the next week. I want to give you a few instructions so you will be ready on Monday morning to go to work. Tomorrow take a bath and completely shave off all your body hair, I'm certainly not going to have a hairy secretary." I started to protest, but she interrupted, "Don't give me any lip, Billie, or I'll make this week unbearable for you. Don't forget I have this in writing and the whole town knows about it. Say, I just had a thought. Tomorrow afternoon you load up enough clothes for me to wear this week and come on over and I'll help you get ready so we can be at the office bright and early Monday morning. I'll see you at three and don't be late."

I hung up the phone stunned and muttered, "She's really going to hold me to it."

I didn't see to many people Sunday and I was busy in the afternoon getting my clothes ready as I didn't want to be late because with the tone in Teresa's voice, it would be best for me to play along and get through my week of misery. Promptly at three I was met at the door by Teresa, Kathy and Karen, as they were roommates. I was surprised at what a nice apartment they had.

"Come in Billie."

"I don't think its necessary for you to be sarcastic with my name," I protested.

"You might as well get used to it as we will call you nothing else until your punishment is over." Once again I decided to play it cool. "From now on Miss Billie you will refer to me as Mr. Hall and if you slip I'm sure I can come up with some suitable punishment." Boy what a week of misery this was going to be. "First things first. After you hang up your clothes in my closet, then go into the bathroom and take a bath. Be sure and use plenty of bubble bath. When you finish lather yourself down and shave off all your body hair. Wait a minute Billie, you'll need these, after all we have to be modest." She threw me a pair of pink lace panties. My heart sunk as the realization of what was happening really hit home. I took the panties and went into the bathroom. While I was in the tub Karen came in to make sure I had plenty of bubble bath and then picked up my clothes and left. Shaving my body was tough enough but soon this first step was completed.

I put cologne on my body as Karen had instructed me to and slipped into the panties. I was surprised how well they fit and was a bit thrilled by their soft feeling compared to my cotton shorts. Needless to say I was quite flushed as I went before the girls with my hairless body with only panties for covering.

"My isn't he cute" Teresa blurted. If it was possible I'm sure I turned a shade redder.

"It's a little cool with just panties on, do you have a robe or something I could wear?" I asked.

"Of course," Karen said and off she went to the bedroom. Quickly she came back with Teresa's hostess lounge, it was long with a pure acetate top which was hot pink with a multi colored skirt. The only drawback was the top which was quite plunging and I had nothing to show, but at least I was warmer.

As I stood there Teresa said, "Well the next step is Billie's hair. I have often wondered why he kept his hair so long but it's going to pay off now. I don't want the person taking my place to be anything but completely feminine. So the next step is giving Billie a home permanent."

"Now wait a minute" I protested. "I think this whole thing is going farther than the original bet."

"Ah, but you're wrong Billie, had you read what you signed you would have noticed that you were to completely take my place which cannot be accomplished with a male hairstyle. So let's get busy." They took me into the kitchen area and proceeded to wash my hair. When they finished Karen commented, "His hair is even longer than I thought it was."

The next step was putting on the curlers and soaking them in the permanent solution. The curlers were uncomfortable and I began to have some compassion for the ladies and the things they have to do, to be beautiful. I was put under a dryer for what seemed like an eternity. Then off came the curlers and the styling started. After much primping, pulling and pampering they apparently were finished.

They stepped back to admire their work. Teresa said, "I never would have believed that he would look as feminine as he does at this moment."

"And we haven't even applied make up yet." Karen said.

This was the cue for the next step and they quickly went to work. The hardest part was the application of eyelashes but I was soon used to that. After much makeup and eye shadow etc. they were finished.

"Before Billie sees her new self I feel we need to do one more thing," Teresa said. She went into the bedroom and came out with a plunge front bra. She took down the top of my lounge and slipped the bra around my chest. This brought about the most humiliating statement of all.

"I can't believe how big his breasts are," Karen said. "With just a little help he will have great cleavage."

I, of course, was aware of the fact that I had large breasts for a man but they hadn't noticed it, until I did a good job of filling the bra. This statement brought laughter from the other two.

They slipped the top of the duster back over my shoulders and said, "Come Bill, we want to introduce you to Billie the new secretary to Mr. Hall."

They ushered me in front of a full length mirror and I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe that I could make that good looking a woman. I must have smiled as Teresa said, "I think Billie is enjoying her new identity." I of course protested but they kept teasing me.

By now it was 7 pm and Kathy remarked, "Boy, I'm hungry. Let's go to a drive-in and grab a sandwich."

"OK" Teresa said, "but I don't think what Billie has on is appropriate. Let me get her something else for her to wear." Once again it was Teresa into the bedroom coming out with some new wonder. "How do you think Billie would look in a sizzler outfit?"

"That's a great idea," Kathy said, "break her in right." I of course didn't know what it was until she brought it out.

"This is the latest thing Billie, I just bought this at K-Mart." It was a polyester Knit Mini that zipped up the front and had a wide collar. The A-line skirt flips up to show the sizzler bikini beneath. It was powder blue and would certainly look good with my blonde hair. She also had a pair of

Hellenic sandals for my feet which made quite an outfit.

They helped me put on the dress and sandals and Kathy said, "Let's go I'm starving."

At this point I stopped, "You don't expect me to go in public like this. I'm practically naked."

"Don't be such a prude Billie, you'll have more clothes on than most of the gals we'll see tonite."

The feeling I had as we walked to the car was something I'll never forget. The cool evening breeze on my exposed legs, the soft feeling of the panties, the awkwardness of the sandals, the encasement of my breasts by the bra put me into such a state of excitement that I couldn't believe it.

My first trip out was not too eventful since we went to a drive-in and I didn't get out of the car. When we returned to the girls apartment it was decided to finish my preparation. First they put artificial nails on my fingers and when that had set up they put a bright red coating on them. The next step was a bright coating on my toe nails. By then they figured they had completely humiliated and feminized me.

Teresa said, "Well, it's time to get to bed as you working girls need your beauty sleep. Billie can have my bed and I'll use the sofa this week. You can pick out a night gown in the top drawer."

I grabbed the first one on top and put it on. Looking in the mirror I was impressed. It was a full circle gown of nylon. It had a slashed V-neck line with clever up darts to point out the bust flattery and was mint green. It was good to take off my bra and relax a little, especially when enclosed by this soft nylon material. The girls complimented me on my choice as that gown was one of Teresa's favorites. It was late so I went to bed.

The next morning there was much hustle and bustle as the girls got ready for work. Teresa came in and woke me up and then laid out all my clothes except the panties. "You can pick your own panties so there will be no cheating on our no-peek contest." As she left the room I picked up the bra first and slipped it on. It was a lace plunge-front bra which was underwired for uplift and had push up pads. The straps were wide so they wouldn't show with the dress I was wearing. I put on a pair of turquoise lace panties and then noticed she had laid a waist cincher on the bed. It

laced up the front so I had no difficulty lacing it up. It pulled me in a couple of inches but was still comfortable. I put on a mini-slip that barely covered my panties. She had picked out a skirt and blouse for me on my first day which was quite feminine. I guess she was really going to make me pay. I slipped on the blouse. The scoop necked blouse was frilled to match the checkered side tied wrap skirt. It was white on top with navy and white checks and made of acrylic knit. Once again the transformation was unbelievable. I put on some dark blue panty-hose hoping that if I did show my panties they might not be sure of the color. I slipped on some white pumps and went out for breakfast. They helped me with my makeup and then combed out my hair. After we ate, it was time to go. Out walked Teresa in one of my suits with her hair combed in a more manly style.

"Don't forget girls, you're to refer to me at work as Mr. Hall. Let's go."

My heart really started to pound as I knew this was it. It was a short drive to the office and soon we were ready for work. I felt terrible. Dreading the first customer.

Mary came in and saw me for the first time and was astounded. She started asking questions. "Does he have everything on? Look at those fingernails. How did you get him to go so far? He's sweet enough to eat, I don't think he should be a man anymore, he should go to Denmark."

Well this set the tone for the day, I was the laughing stock of the town. I would learn to make such a stupid bet. I had many problems that first day. The gals kept telling me to keep my knees together. Don't bend over that way. The shoes were pinching my feet, the waist cincher felt like it was getting tighter and tighter. Finally after what seemed like an eternity it was 5 O'clock. Mr. Hall called his girls into the office. "Overall you girls did quite well today. Billie your typing leaves a little to be desired but you tried. OK gals what is your report on how many times Billie exposed her panties. Remember you must tell the color." Kathy said, "4 times," Mary said "5 times," Karen said, "4 times." Mr. Hall said, "Well, I watched Billie the way she used to watch me and I caught her 7 times." "Now what color were they?" All together they said "Turquoise."

My heart sank. "That's not fair, you're cheating," I mourned. "What color are they?" Mary asked.

I answered, "Turquoise."

"Well let's see," said Teresa, "1 hour of additional penalty for each time, means that you have to take my place an additional 2 days and 3 hours



Florence CA-84-J-FPE



JEAN-N.Y.



Debby



Cindy-Kansas

next week, and besides you didn't even have an exceptionally short skirt on. You'll have to put more emphasis on your lady like movements." "OK girls," Teresa said, "let's go. We'll see you tomorrow Billie."

"What do you mean," I stammered, "I can't walk home like this?"

"Well if you want to stay with us girls this week you are certainly welcome."

"I didn't mean that."

"Well what do you want?"

"OK maybe that would be best," I said resignedly.

"You know what, gals, I think Billie is beginning to enjoy her masquerade. Come on, let's go home." So we all trooped out of the office.

When we were back at the apartment I slumped in a chair to rest. Teresa quickly said, "Don't get comfortable Billie. If you're going to stay with us you're going to have to work. You won't be paying for room or board so that's the least you can do. I'll go pick something out for you to wear so you can get busy." She came out of the bedroom and handed me what looked like a dress but then I noticed it had hotpants. "You'll need to wear some bikini panties with those hot pants. Pick some out."

I went into the bedroom and removed my skirt and blouse, slip and waist cincher, which was a relief. The set was made out of Jersey and was a red print. It had a spread neck top that buttoned down the front. The hotpants matched the print. I put on a different pair of pumps and went out to the kitchen to help with supper.

So that's how it went for 3 days. After 3 days they had caught me 40 times so they had gotten me for an extra week but I had it down now where I was quite careful and it appeared I would do all right. However on Thursday they pulled a fast one on me and made me wear the shortest dress Teresa had. I thought it was pretty dirty but what could I do?" It was an orange Greek style dress with a deep V-neck. They seemed to thrive on putting plunge front dresses on me which showed off my large breasts when I bent over. I know that I'll never hear the end of that.

They nailed me several times Thursday and Friday and when the week ended I owed them two more weeks. Why did I ever sign that stupid agreement. When we were ready to go home that night they asked me what I was going to do that weekend. They said I was under no obligation to them on the weekend but if I wanted to I was welcome to go along. However, I had to wear what they told me to. Well, since my hair had been waved and I had painted nails and no hair on my body I couldn't see much future in trying to dress like a man since I had two more weeks to go.

"OK I'll do what ever you say." I agreed.

This brought a smile to Teresa that said, "A ha, at last he is completely submissive."

That weekend we did everything and they seemed to thrive on putting me into different outfits. They made sure I had lace panties under my tennis outfit and they made me wear the skimpiest bathing suit they had. Anything they could do to embarrass me. Needless to say my friends saw me several times and did I get a razzing. In a way though I often wondered if they weren't jealous of the attention I was getting from these 4 good looking gals.

Sunday we went on a picnic. The four of them wore jeans and tank tops and what do they make me wear but a pink pullover pinafore top with ruffles and a scoop neck and the skirt was a little pull on divided skirt with oodles of pleats that gave it a swirly look. I always had to be the most feminine. By now there was never any reference to me other than Billie or her and I was just one of the girls.

And so it went. Well, after three months as Mr. Hall's "secretary," I'm not too sure that I want to go back to being boss. About two months ago she went back to wearing her own clothes. The gals all pitched in to buy me a complete feminine wardrobe. It seems that I owe them about six months punishment yet. The thing I can't figure out is why I'm so careless and they keep spotting my panties everyday.





## HOW TO GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPER

Mary Lee CA-82-B FPE

I have been a male woman for more than half my life. I have lived many lovely years in a feminine world, and I will always adore it. Recently I have begun to feel that my womanliness is again on the increase, inwardly and outwardly, to an awesome degree. The realization thrills me now, but in the beginning, years ago, a particular femiphilic experience occurred to me that brought with it suffocating shame and an almost physical misery. Abruptly, the thrust of my life was irretrievably altered when I was sixteen years old, already a femiphile, and a beginning junior in high school.

I had completed two years at Washburn, a large, affluent, metropolitan high school, and had been readily accepted into the predominating teenage peer-society. I was a member of the "in" group, and I had every reason to expect my final two years to be memorable and ego-fulfilling. But in October, the following one-column, two-inch item appeared on page one of the morning newspaper under the heading: *Panty-clad City Youth Detained as Lingerie Thief.*

*Thomas A. Scott, 16, of 181 Spruce St., was apprehended last night in possession of girls' clothing reported stolen earlier from the washline of Mrs. W. A. Morrisey of 2124 Lincoln Ave., police said.*

*When discovered in a nearby potting shed, young Scott, a Washburn High School student, was wearing girls' pink, rayon panties, a flowered, nylon training brassier, nylon stockings, and a garterbelt, all identified by Mrs. Morrisey as belonging to her daughter, Barbara. In the*

*shed, police also found a slip and a camisole, but these proved to belong to young Scott who was released when Mrs. Morrissey declined to file charges.*

There is no time in my memory when the vision of girls' and women's dainty underthings in a store window didn't delight me, and around the sixth grade I found my longing for feminine clothing irresistible. With increasing regularity, I began to dress in my mother's panties or in my thirteen-year-old sister's pink, rayon bloomers, to either of which I had ready, if stealthy, access. By age thirteen I was spending most of my Saturdays in the downtown department stores wandering through the cologne and cosmetics departments. I didn't dare linger long, but I could make a number of repeat visits throughout the day. Inevitably I began to long for panties and bras of my own, and that is the way I felt that fateful Friday evening when I raided the Morrissey clothesline.

The structure of my life-to-be was instantly established when the officers surprised me in the potting shed. I stood paralyzed in my girls' clothes in the cold glare of a police flashlight. I wanted to die. I could not talk or even think as I was led to the patrol car. Although I begged for my boy-clothes on the ride downtown, the officers would not give them to me. They said they wanted some people in the station to see me, and I knew what that meant. Because I was shivering, they let me put on the slip. Sheer nylon and nearly transparent, I knew it showed everything I was wearing, and I had to walk into the station dressed like that. I would rather have entered naked than in the silky-soft sissy clothes I had on.

I had not realized a police station was such a bee hive. People were everywhere ... policemen, citizens, and worst of all, a large staff of young women clerks. Normal activity seemed to cease upon my entrance. Typewriters stopped clattering, conversation halted abruptly. Everyone craned his neck to look at me. Their faces expressed amusement, contempt, even pity, but it was clear they *all* relished seeing me in my awful, compromising predicament. People are that way. It was a stunning, overwhelming humiliation. Even when I was led to a more secluded office, all of the staff women trumped up reasons to walk through the room and inspect me. Two of them watched me through a small window in the door the whole time, giggling. I was acutely aware of the sheerness of my white slip. The pinkness of the panties and brassier showed through plainly. As the officers wrote their report, I sat numbed in the ever-growing realization of what was happening to me

I knew that I would bear a woman-label for the rest of my high school life if my classmates ever found out about my terrible experience.

I had chosen a part of town relatively unfamiliar to me for my lingerie foray, so when the lady whose clothesline I had visited was shown into the office accompanied by her daughter, my heart nearly stopped. By awful coincidence I had chosen the home of Barbara Morrissey, a popular Washburn senior and class officer whom I had never actually met but surely recognized. She seemed to be very embarrassed and awfully subdued. I supposed that was because her lingerie had become "Exhibit A" in this meeting with all those men. Of course, although she didn't acknowledge it, she had recognized me, too. At last, after everyone had looked at me long enough, the officers let me change back into my own clothes. Then upon my return, the unkind men made me place the little pile of silk underthings directly into Barbara's hands. It was awful. Neither of us knew where to direct our eyes. It was too personal for words, and the officers enjoyed the pathetic little tableau hugely. When Mrs. Morrissey expressed bewilderment as to my motive, the officers told her things about people like me that even I did not know. They said that we were female boys. They told her that, as of now, I was only a beginner, but that it was inevitable that in a couple of years I would be a real swish. "You'd probably love to be a cute little girly-girl right now, wouldn't you, Tommy? Maybe you are one already, for all I know. Yeah, I bet you're a soft-breasted, hanky-dropping, little yoo-hoo already, aren't you, Tommy, boy?" The smirking policeman kind of piled it on me. I just mumbled no.

Mrs. Morrissey seemed offended by the officer's line, but the men just laughed, and that was when Mrs. Morrissey declined to file charges. The policemen didn't seem to care one way or the other. Apparently pantie thefts aren't all that uncommon, because I was questioned, half-heartedly, about several other incidents, but I knew nothing of them.

I knew I was sunk anyhow. Although I hadn't seen any reporters, I knew they monitored police reports. I prayed for war to break out and crowd my insignificant little story right out of the news. But no such luck. Anyway there was still Barbara. I hoped she might be too embarrassed to broadcast the story. However, these speculations proved to be academic, because the following morning, news of my humiliation lay on the doorstep of every house in the city. Apparently nothing had happened anywhere in the world, that night, more important than my

having been apprehended in the potting shed. With such a news drought, I was lucky my pantie raid had not received banner headlines. My Friday night experience had been more shattering than I would ever be able fully to express. I knew the weekend was going to be one long horror, yet not long *enough*, because Monday morning would surely come and would mark the beginning of a nightmare that would not end for two long years, if *then*.

My parents, socially active, rather righteous people, felt humiliated by me. They had no understanding of my femmiphilic feelings and certainly no sympathy toward them. But I have this terrific sister, a couple of years older than I am, and she was wonderful. She is very worldly, and she buoyed me up considerably. I love her. Throughout that first weekend, though, awareness of my awful plight was never out of my mind. I anticipated with dread my coming ordeal. But, in fact, I underestimated it.

The awful Monday morning dawned cold and overcast. When I arrived at school, I could see it was going to be even worse than I had imagined. Little knots of kids stood about the entrance talking, and their conversations stopped abruptly when they spotted me approaching. Some kids nudged their neighbors so that they could look at me, too. Those facing away from me sneaked looks with exaggerated surreptitiousness. Everybody was smiling, but not at me. When I passed, everybody became very animated, and it was evident that I was the subject of their glee. I must have made a lot of people happy that day. Teenagers really relish other people's pains. Only one person spoke to me. A senior girl grinned contemptuously from one group and called out, "Hi there, slick! Did you enjoy your weekend?" Her companions thought that was pretty funny and directed sly, knowing, stares at me.

The entire student body assembled in the auditorium each Monday morning for routine faculty announcements. A game was scheduled for that week, so the football coach opened the agenda with a kind of pep rally. Finishing up, the thoughtless man said, "... and speaking of the pom-pom girls, I see by the papers Washburn has been honored by an addition to our panty-clads. We can use her on the pom-pom varsity if we can coax her out of the potting shed."

The students cheered and whistled. Someone knocked on my seat-back. Heads turned all around the auditorium in an attempt to locate the new sissy. The gazes of a thousand eyes left no doubt that the new sissy was me. The worst part of all was seeing the girls' eyes reflecting

their scorn. I had always adored girls. The loss of their companionship and esteem now hurt me deeply. I would never feel more alone. In the halls between classes, no one walked with me anymore. Disembodied voices called, "Yoo-hoo, pinky," in falsetto. As I passed by, I caught parts of whispered sentences, mostly from the girls. "... you mean a *training bra*?" "... what's a potting shed?" "... you say his *own* garterbelt?" On the upstairs, I heard two junior girls whom I knew and who were on the step behind me, say, "Do you think he's wearing them right now?" "I sure do," was the reply. "And I'll bet they're just *dahrling*, too." And they giggled. They hadn't bothered to whisper. I pretended I hadn't heard, but they knew better, and so they were satisfied.

The girls were by far the meanest of all the student body, a fact that surprised me since I had thought they were supposed to be sugar and spice and everything nice. Maybe that comes later, after the teen years. The beginning of each class was marked by the appearance of people's heads in the doorway scanning the class. Someone out in the hall would say, "Third desk, fourth row." Girls would step into the room, locate me and stare, and withdraw giggling down the hall. I think a lot of boys were showing me to their girl friends. By the day's end, even the sophomores and freshmen knew who I was.

The day finally ended, but I knew the next day would be just as painful and shaming, and it was, and so was *every* day for the remaining two years at Washburn High. In the days to come, I often found lingerie ads place on my desk in various classrooms. Sometimes I'd find a single nylon stocking pressed in the pages of a textbook. Once at the end of a day there was an outsized brassiere hanging from my locker. Of course I made the gossip column in the school paper that first week. The item was:

*What junior boy(?)'s favorite theme song is "There'll Be Some Changes Made"? We know, and so do yoo-hoo!*

I made the column about twenty times before I graduated. It tagged me with the nickname, "Pinky," and eventually even the *teachers* were calling me that.

A curious thing happened during the second or third week. I happened to be the first to arrive at an English class one day. In the book rack beneath my desk, I found a gift box with an envelope at-

tached. "For Tommy. Open in private," it read. My dread was so great that I opened it at once. Inside, of course, were the pink, nylon, ladies' panties that I had felt sure would be there. I clapped the lid back on and prepared to dispose of the package before my persecutors arrived. But the lingerie was of high quality, had all the sales tags still attached, and looked too expensive to be another cutting comment from my classmates. So I peeked inside the envelope and was unprepared to read: "The kids are mean. I feel sorry for you. *I feel sorry for you. I love feminine things, too.*" This time, I didn't feel that I was being set up for something cruel. I was touched and wanted my anonymous benefactor to see that the gift had been accepted and to feel pleased. I never knew whether a girl or a boy had sent it. Anyway, I purposely left the panties on the bus when I got off. I had no desire for feminine frills for the rest of my life. I actually *believed* that, too, for a couple of weeks. After that, though, I wished I had kept the panties.

Around mid-term my torment seemed to lessen, partly because I quit my inner struggle and accepted the idea that I really *was* the femme that my classmates' attitudes seemed to indicate that they *wanted* me to be, and partly because the novelty wore off of having someone like me in their midst. To them, I was simply the class Nancy, now, and that was that. My former friends, boys and girls alike, would have nothing to do with me ever again. From their viewpoint, I wasn't *there* anymore. Strangely, Barbara Morrissey, while she never spoke to me, always smiled at me whenever we passed in the corridors.

But to my surprise, girls whom I hadn't known before, one at a time, began befriending me, and I was grateful to them. I didn't know what had caused them to ally themselves with me, whether it was compassion, curiosity, or something else. But I knew that now I had someone to be *with* between classes and at lunch. I began to arrive early at school to be with my new group, and after school, often we would go to one of the girls' homes to listen to records. I loved knowing that these girls knew of my femininity and accepted it, but we didn't make much of that in the beginning. Their acceptance gave me back some of my courage, and I began wearing lingerie again at home. It was too late to quit now, anyway. No one would have believed it if I had. We began to think of ourselves as a club. As a token uniform, it was decreed that on each clubday, everyone would wear dark nylon stockings to school with their ordinary school clothes. When I agreed to comply, it seemed to please the others. After only a few such meetings, the girls began to coax me, teasingly at first, to dress fully in feminine clothing at our meetings. I was still very shy, and so the decision was not an easy one.

Of course, I eventually yielded because the idea thrilled me, and because I trusted these girls.

One day at Peggy Miller's house, it all came together. All the girls suddenly went into Peggy's bedroom, and I could hear some nervous giggles as they chose my costume. I was scared, but when everything was ready and the girls returned, I entered Peggy's bedroom and shut the door. My costume was neatly laid out on the bed. There was a powder blue pleated skirt, a soft, nylon blouse embroidered white on white at the yoke, and a pale blue angora cardigan. I remembered seeing Peggy in this outfit at school. The panties and brassiere were a dawn pink matching set, lace-trimmed by Vanity Fair. They were size thirty-six, and, I learned later, they belonged to Peggy's older sister. A sleek, blue, barbizon slip and a pair of tan sandals completed the ensemble. I was wearing my own nylons and garterbelt. I had never had anything so perfect available to me before, you can bet. Still, I was filled with misgivings as I dressed in the sensuous clothes, and it was with red-faced timidity that I opened the bedroom door and stood in the doorway facing the girls. But it turned out to be easy. *They* were not embarrassed, so I found that neither was I. It didn't take them very long to look at a boy in girls' clothes. Having selected the clothes, they all knew exactly what I was wearing, anyhow, and they were eager to begin experimenting with face makeup for me. That turned out to be pretty funny, and everybody had a fine time. They designed and re-designed my face, everyone contributing ideas. They were all too inexperienced, themselves, to be very adept, so most of the results were pretty weird. It was a successful meeting, though, and on future club-days, I always dressed with the girls and was entirely at ease. They always liked best the makeup sessions, and some of the future results were reasonably sophisticated. As I reflect on those days, I suspect that the girls' pleasure may have derived from their personal participation in the feminization of a boy ... a kind of token retribution for the chauvinist treatment they had (already) received, throughout their young lives, from the boys around them. *Whatever* their subconscious motives, if any, it was all right with me.

In the ensuing months, the club began to grow. As the girls made new friends in their classrooms, new girls were invited to join us. One day the new girl was Mary Lee, and I fell in love with her forever, the moment I saw her. I think everyone did. She was a transfer student from another high school, and I felt sorry for her classmates at the school that had lost her. She was such a darling girl. I knew girls who were more slickly pretty and a few who were classically beautiful, but

none of them could compare to the totality of Mary Lee's loveliness. It was far more than physical. I avidly sought her company, and soon we were spending a lot of time together apart from the club as well as at the meetings. Since she had not known me during my first two years at Washburn, in her eyes, my new effeminate status did not cause me to suffer from the contrast. She accepted my femmiphilia from the start and even contributed toward it. But I never shared any of Mary Lee's pretty things, even though the invitation had been shyly proffered. I knew that a different part of my heart loved this girl. I would have willingly and abruptly ceased my cross-dressing forever if she had asked me to. But she never asked that.

For the rest of my days in high school, the club made Washburn bearable, and Mary Lee made my whole life beautiful.

By graduation time, after living the role constantly for nearly two years, I had come to accept myself as a girl, and I had no doubt that I would go on to become a woman. After graduation, Mary Lee went east to her mother's alma mater. We wrote regularly for a time, but apparently we were too far apart from one another in miles, for our young hearts to keep us together, and our correspondence tapered off and then ceased.

Ten years after graduating from Washburn High School, Mary Lee died. She had been married once and divorced once, and that was the end of that. But she has been in my heart from the first instant I saw her at her first visit to the club, and of course, she will never leave me again. The club we started all those years ago, survives to this day, many teen-generations later, as a respected sorority at Washburn High School.

As for me, I am a woman now, emotionally, spiritually, and mentally. I wear a medium in women's sizes, so, happily, I am easy to fit. I am perfectly contented with my lot, and have made a permanent peace with myself. I have taken for myself the femme name "Mary Lee." Each morning as I slip out of my nightie and into my nylon hosiery, my lacy panties, and the rest of my silken treasures, I tell God how grateful I am. This is the way I want to live.

But I can't help wondering what my life might have been if an unsympathetic, unknown re-write man had not affected it so, with his graphic little newspaper story that awful October morning so long ago.





Joanne FCA-3-D-FPE



Joy FAU-3-B-FPE



Donna CO-13-D-FPE



## ARTICLE

### COMMUNICATION IS THE KEY

Wendy GA-9-C-FPE

Reading the letter in TVia No. 78 from the wife that felt her marriage was coming apart because of her husband's lack of sensitivity to her feelings brought to mind a similar situation in my life. My marriage was kept from going down the drain because when my wife said that she thought our marriage might be headed for trouble, it scared the hell out of me. Only when I tried to see the situation from my wife's viewpoint did I see the trouble.

I am 23 years old, six feet tall, weigh about 175, have considerable body hair, and when not dressed otherwise appear quite masculine. This is the image my wife married five years ago. When we married she knew that I liked to wear panty-hose and accepted it as a slight oddity. At that time I refused to admit to myself, as well as her, that I had desires to be dressed completely feminine. I didn't start completely cross-dressing until we had been married several years. When I did begin to fulfill my dressing desires it was with my wife's help and cooperation. But I began to abuse my privileged position without realizing it, and as a result almost destroyed a great relationship.

Throughout the length of our marriage I have been a student at the Georgia Institute of Technology. Although I work at a part-time job and we have some money coming from our parents, my wife has to work a full time job to earn the bulk of the income. She goes to school at night pursuing a field totally unrelated to her job (which she plans to quit as soon as I graduate and begin working full time). When at home she does the cooking and (used to do) most of the cleaning up of the apartment. In spite of all she has to do she very rarely complains and is always telling me that she just wants me to be happy.

When I began to dress up regularly and started shaving my legs (all of which takes a great deal of time) she had no complaints at first. But after spending a lot of my time at home engrossed with this activity I began to notice that my wife was becoming increasingly irritable. Then, one night when I tried to make love to her while dressed up, she let it be known that I was "driving her up the wall." Something had to give—either my activities had to be modified or the marriage would fail. I decided it would be best to discontinue cross-dressing for a few months to ease the tension that had built up between us. When I finally considered the situation from her viewpoint I was surprised that she had put up with things as they were as long as she did.

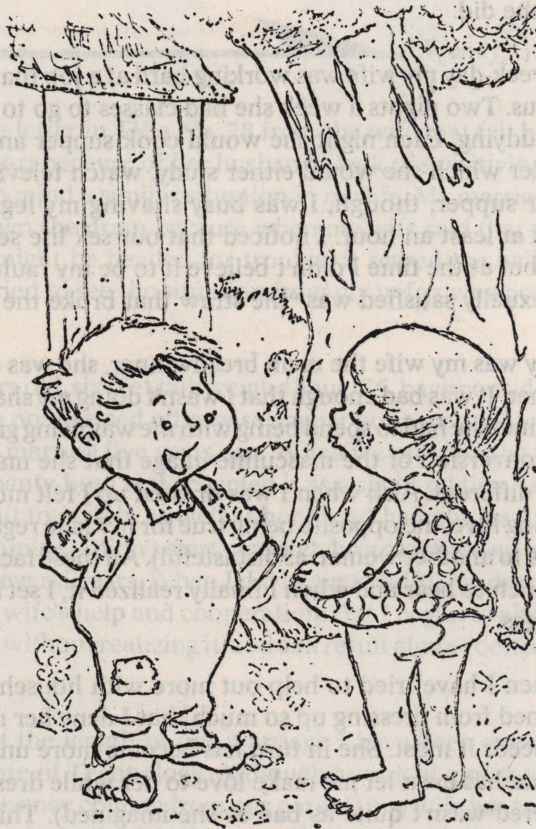
Every week-day my wife was working hard at a job that she didn't like to support us. Two nights a week she had classes to go to and the others to spend studying. Each night she would cook supper and clean up the kitchen, after which she would either study, watch television, or simply relax. After supper, though, I was busy shaving my legs and dressing which took at least an hour. I noticed that our sex life seemed to be diminishing, but at the time I didn't believe it to be my fault. My failure to keep her sexually satisfied was "the straw that broke the camel's back."

Not only was my wife the main breadwinner, she was chief cook and bottle-washer. It was bad enough that I wasn't doing my share of the work, what little time she had to spend being with me was being greatly infringed on by my conversion of the masculine image that she married to something quite different. Also when I was dressed up I felt more inclined towards making love, the opposite being true for her (she regards the idea of making love to another woman as distasteful). All these factors combined, were too much to bear and when I finally realized it, I set about trying to make changes.

Since then I have tried to help out more with household duties and have refrained from dressing up so much that I deny her my masculinity when she needs it most. She in turn has become more understanding of my needs and has even let me make love to her while dressed up (which she discovered wasn't quite as bad as she imagined). This was possible only because we didn't give up trying to communicate with one another and were both willing to try compromise.

If any of you FPs out there are having trouble gaining acceptance from your wife, find out what she needs and expects of you and give it to her at least part of the time. And don't be afraid to let her know exactly what

your own needs are. If she isn't fully aware of your desires, she can't very well satisfy them. When either FP or wife quits communicating and refuses compromise as a solution to marital problems, the marriage is headed for trouble. When compromise is rejected the only thing left is perpetual unhappiness or divorce or both.



**"If it really is one, let  
me hear it 'meow!'"**

**BROTHERLY LOVE**

Dee Raymond

When Sergeant Hamilton got there, the forensic squad was still "doing its number" on the apartment. The medical examiner, Roy Curves, was late yet again. Hamilton grunted in annoyance as his partner, Mike Ellis, began to explain why the body had not been moved. In the bedroom, unmoved, the fully clothed body lay, still sprawled across the white silk counterpane on the bed, where it had fallen. Her head was turned to one side, revealing her lovely profile to the detectives. Her make-up was heavy, as if she were dressed for a party. She had fallen face downward grabbing at the pillows and burying her long blood-red fingernails into the pink frills.

Hamilton bent down beside the bed to look at her more closely. The lipstick shade matched her fingernails and was complemented by the green eyeshadow she had been wearing. In death, her features were calm, her skin smooth as alabaster. Her red auburn hair had hardly been mussed by her fall, though a few strands had curved below her neck. The green two-piece suit she was wearing was obviously well-cut and intended to be revealing. Her weight pushing down on her side gave her a cleavage that was likely to be greater than when she was alive, at least to Hamilton's experienced eye.

He looked up sourly at his new partner. "What ya got?" he growled.

Ellis looked back at him sharply. He waited as if he was trying to think of a suitably snappy answer. At last, he frowned, looked away from Hamilton and read, staccato-fashion, from his notebook. "Body, female, early to mid-twenties, found at approximately 9:30 a.m. by cleaner, Mrs. Vera Damiroff. Cause of death, apparently shooting —

there are two bullet holes in the back — we'll know more when the M.D. gets here. No robbery — the ruby earrings she's wearing are worth a couple of grand. None of the immediate neighbors heard shots."

Hamilton sat on the bed and looked wearily at his young colleague. "Did you make her yet?" he asked.

"I.D. found tucked away in a purse, also stashed away in the wardrobe, belonged to a Jenny Lucas. There was a bill addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ryan N. Lucas." Ellis broke off as Roy Curves, cigarette as always between his lips, came banging his way into the bedroom. "But this apartment is rented to a P. Vane."

Hamilton stood up. "We need time of death fast, doc," he said without preamble.

Curves sighed wearily and sat on the bed in the same spot that Hamilton had vacated. He dropped the heavy cases beside the bed. "I've been on the run all night in the East," he grumbled. "Three homicides last night and one at the Eastgate at six this morning. You'll get everything as soon as I have it."

Hamilton looked at the fatigue in the young doctor's face and nodded. He took Ellis by the arm, leading him off into the living room. "Fingerprints?" he asked.

Ellis shrugged. "Too soon to tell." He paused, nervously. "The address of the Lucases is a house on Fremont Way. I've been trying the number all morning with no luck."

Hamilton nodded. "Keep trying," he said. "We'll hold her under a Jane Doe until a positive I.D. is made."

Just then, Curves came to the bedroom door. "Hey, Bud," he called to Hamilton. "Come here a minute and look at this."

"Try the Lucas number again," said Hamilton to Ellis, going back himself to the bedroom.

Ellis dialed the number, only to hear the same ringing tone again in his ear. Hamilton came back and stood beside him, rubbing his chin

thoughtfully. Ellis grimaced and put the phone down. "Well, what did the doc want to show you?" he asked.

Bud Hamilton pulled a wry face. "We can't hold this one under a Jane Doe now, Mike. After what Roy just showed me, it'll have to be a John Doe."

For a moment, Ellis stood, frowning, trying to make sense of the words. A stunned look suddenly appeared in his eyes and his jaw sagged. "Y-you m-mean . . ." he stammered.

Hamilton nodded sagely. "Yes, m'boy, it's true. That exquisite thing lying dead in the bed there is a man."

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It was with some difficulty that Ellis was able to overcome a feeling of nausea and get on with the routine investigation of a murder. Hamilton seemed quite unconcerned with the bizarre turn of events, and was able to put the standard questions to Curves. Quickly he elicited that either of the bullets, both .38, could have been the cause of death since they had both lodged in the heart, that the creature on the bed had not been violated after, and that Curves' best estimate of time of death was 7 or 8 hours prior to his viewing the body. With the body wrapped and concealed from public view, two familiar policemen came into the room to speak to Hamilton. One was Dunn, a detective, but often used as a messenger by the downtown headquarters.

"Boy, have I got some pictures for you," he chortled as he entered the apartment. "Jeez, Bud, betch'a int seen cheesecake like this f'quite a while. Hey, whyn't you guys get a few without the doll's clothes, huh? Some of the boys is asking, if you know what I mean."

Ellis flushed but his cooler partner prevented an angry response by stepping up to Dunn quickly. "Yes, well, thank you, Harry. Maybe we'll get round to it later."

"Jeez, what's biting him?" Dunn pointed at Ellis, who had snorted and turned away.

"Later developments, Harry," Bud's voice was soothing. "Not pretty, you understand." He took him by the arm and began to usher him out the door.

"Jeez, Sarge, what's he doing in Homicide if he cain't take a little blood." Dunn's voice was highly indignant.

"Sure, sure," Hamilton sighed as he turned away from the disappearing, stocky figure of Central's number one "gopher."

"Sergeant," the young black patrolman, who had entered with Dunn, spoke up at last.

Hamilton appeared to see him for the first time. "Ah, yes," you have something for us."

The uniformed policeman nodded. "Mrs. Mary Koslowski, wife of the building supervisor. She couldn't sleep last night. Heard a car door slam. Saw the two women enter the building. Says one of them was the tenant of this apartment."

"Show her in, show her in by all means," Hamilton beamed at the young officer. "Were there any others in the building who heard or saw anything last night?"

"Not so far, Sergeant," the patrolman was brief. "Mainly older folks, quiet, live here. Seems like everyone was in bed and asleep. Didn't hear any suspicious noises at all."

Hamilton nodded. Mrs. Mary Koslowski, an older woman nearly 60, portly, grey-haired and of a friendly disposition came into the room.

"Ah, Mrs. Koslowski," Hamilton looked across at his partner, wondering when he would come out of his blue funk. "Please sit down and tell me about last night."

"Well, it was just like I told your other guy," Mrs. Koslowski was enthusiastic and anxious to please. "I couldn't sleep with my leg. The nerve is sciatical, or something like that, and it really hurts when I stand around a lot or bang it like I did when I jumped off the bus yesterday and ..."

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Koslowski," Hamilton's smile was kindly. "Could you tell us what occurred in the building, after midnight last night until the time you went to sleep?"



"Oh, surely," Mrs. Koslowski continued as eagerly as before. "At about 12:30, I heard Mrs. Motta coming in. She's a nurse, you know. She tries to be so quiet but you can always tell it's her by her walk. I think I dozed a bit then, but my leg was real sore, so I got up. I looked at the clock by the bed. Matt was sound asleep as usual; well, you'd expect that, wouldn't you, and I heard a car door slam in front of the building. Then I looked and saw it was five after one. So I went to the front window to see who it was."

"Why?" Ellis' question was curt and broke across the torrent of Mrs. Koslowski's recollections.

"I-I don't know," she was confused and flustered.

"You live on the bottom floor, facing the front, don't you?" Hamilton's tone was soothing, seeking to re-establish the setting for Mrs. Koslowski to pick up where she had left off.

"Yes, we do," Mrs. Koslowski turned back to Hamilton's encouraging smile. "There's a light, too, over the porch. I could see Mrs. Vane quite clearly and the other lady. They got out of the taxi and came in."

Hamilton opened the envelope Dunn had given him, selected a photograph showing the full, beautiful face of the murder victim. "Is this Mrs. Vane?" he asked.

Mrs. Koslowski took a quick look. "No, Mrs. Vane's a much older woman. Oh!" her hand flew up to her cheek. "She's the girl who was murdered, heh?" She looked back at the picture. "She's sure very beautiful, isn't she?"

"Could she have been the other lady who entered with Mrs. Vane last night?" asked Hamilton.

"Could be," Mrs. Koslowski shrugged. "The other lady was wearing green, and I think was a redhead, but I didn't really look too close at her. When I saw it was Mrs. Vane, I just went and made a cup of coffee."

Apart from the fact that the cab was white, Mrs. Koslowski could offer little more to the detectives. Hamilton went through the usual

routine of requesting further information, if she could remember any little thing, and to call Sergeant Hamilton personally.

"Well," he said at last, trying to enthuse his silent partner. "This case is looking up. Two leads to go on."

Ellis scowled. "You know how I feel about queers, Sergeant. We'll likely have to dig deep into the sewer to solve this one." His rage was genuine and fiery. "And it won't be worth it. We should just let degenerates like that kill themselves off. The world would be better off."

Hamilton shrugged. "Ah, Mike, it's very unlikely to be a homosexual murder with the way this corpse was dressed. He'd pass anywhere, you know, and probably has." He paused. "Well, you check up on the cab companies for the drop here and look up P. Vane in as many places as you can. I'll be up to Fremont to check on the Lucases."

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The Lucas residence on Fremont Way was quite an old house, set well back off the quiet, treed residential boulevard. The house itself was well concealed by high, dark-leaved karaganis which lined the driveway and the front of the house itself. A red Corvette was parked in the gravel driveway when Hamilton arrived at the side door. He touched the hood. It was still hot. Confidently, he turned to the door and was about to ring when it was opened for him.

A woman, middle-aged but well and expensively dressed, her blonde-streaked hair still bound by a navy blue and white, polka dot headscarf, stood with black kid gloves in hand. She raised a precise, pencilled eyebrow as she spoke in a low voice. "You want to see someone?"

Hamilton smiled as disarmingly as he could for a misty mid-week, morning. "Beautiful car," he began. "Mrs. Lucas?"

The woman shook her head, tiny blue-stone earrings swaying at her neck and calling attention to her blue mascara and black-lined, blue eyes. A fragrance of perfume reached Hamilton's unappreciative nose. She had removed her head scarf and was obviously coming in

rather than going out. "I believe she is out," her voice was almost a whisper. "I can take a message."

"Ah," Hamilton considered for a moment. "Yes, very well then. I am Sergeant Tyler Hamilton of the Homicide Squad." He waited while the woman's eyes opened wide to read his I.D. card. "I wish to talk to Mrs. Lucas about a murder last night in Mrs. Vane's apartment."

The woman's expertly made-up eyes registered great shock. She nervously clutched at her gloves. Wide-eyed she looked at Hamilton. Mentally comparing the description of Mrs. Vane and the woman before him now, Hamilton said quietly, "You are Mrs. Vane, aren't you?"

The look in the woman's eyes told its own story. With the expertise of long practice, Hamilton ushered the woman into the house through the wide hallway and into a tastefully furnished living room, where, with his overcoat removed, and ensconced in a leather rocker, he tried to set his target at ease. The woman opposite him, however, her dark blue, two-piece suit buttoned up to reveal only the collar of a white silk blouse, was so obviously ill at ease that Hamilton decided to be as indirect as possible.

"You work here for the Lucases?" he queried. She shook her head, her eyes downcast on her high heeled, dark blue, suede shoes.

"Perhaps you could explain your relationship to them?" his gentle query was met by a tense licking of her well-shaped reddened lips.

"Th-they are friends of mine," she whispered tensely.

Hamilton nodded. Many questions flooded his mind, but it was time to press his case further. He reached into his pocket, extracted a photograph of the murder victim, and held it out to his companion.

"Perhaps you recognize the person in this photograph," he said.

She took the photo. The shock ravaged her face. Tears formed instantly in her eyes and she looked around desperately for a hand bag or something to wipe her eyes. Hamilton quickly proffered his handkerchief.

"I'm s-so sorry," she murmured huskily, her grief as genuine as any Hamilton had ever seen. He was becoming a little irritated, however, at the lack of solid information he was getting.

"Can you name the person in the photograph?" he said, a note of urgency in his voice.

She nodded. "Yvonne Douglas," she whispered. She appeared about to say more when they both heard the sound of a key in the front door lock. Before Hamilton could press further, she was on her feet and had rushed to the front door to meet another woman, short and dark-haired, who was depositing a suitcase and clothes rack in the hallway.

Hamilton followed as closely as he could, close enough to hear, "Yvonne is dead, murdered." The small, dark woman, her hair short and close-cropped, stood open-mouthed and staring. The older woman looked back at Hamilton. "This is Sergeant Hamilton," her voice was more animated and sounded quite husky. "He is investigating the murder."

The smaller, younger woman had recovered quickly. "Aren't you supposed to work with a partner as part of police procedure, Sergeant?"

Hamilton smiled as glacially as he could. "Not being able to contact this house earlier today, I came over only on the off-chance while my partner is checking out another matter." The time for nicety was over. "Would you be so good as to give me your name, ma'am?"

The woman snorted. "I am Mrs. Jenny Lucas," she said deliberately. "I live here."

Hamilton had brought the photo from the living room table with him. "Would you identify this person for me, if you are able?" he said.

Mrs. Lucas sniffed and took the photo. "Yes," she said with imperceptible feeling, "that's Yvonne Douglas." She looked at Hamilton, her eyes narrowing suddenly. "Of course, that wasn't her real name."

"Do you happen to know the real name of this person?" Hamilton's tone was quite formal.

The two women exchanged a quick look. There was a short pause. "Yes," the younger woman spoke stiffly. "Danny Mezlivsky, as far as I know, was her, ah, his real name." She looked Hamilton squarely in the eye.

Hamilton nodded. "I've many questions for you, Mrs. Lucas, and I'll probably want some kind of statement from you downtown. But, for the moment, can you tell me where your husband is?"

For the first time, Mrs. Lucas looked surprised. She looked quickly at the other woman, who shook her head. A small grin played about her lips. "Yes, Sergeant," she looked at him mockingly, "I can tell you where my husband is."

"Where?" he said testily.

"Well," she said, as the other woman anxiously shifted from one foot to the other, scraping one nylon clad leg against the other, "there are only the three of us here, Sergeant. You, me and my husband."

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Mike Ellis cursed under his breath at the general eccentricity that Sergeant Bud Hamilton displayed as a partner. Having begun a task that he could get his teeth into at last, he was peremptorily summoned to join his sidekick at an Eastgate address without a word of what was going on and without any enquiry into the results of Ellis' own digging.

The address that Hamilton had given him was an older, grimy tenement house. The older detective was standing on the well worn steps at the front of the building as Ellis arrived. With a jerk of his head, Hamilton was off up the stairs leaving the young detective to trail after him. At a dark landing on the second floor, Hamilton stopped and waited for Ellis to join him. Ellis could hardly breathe with the stale odor of cabbage hanging in the air, stifling him and yet recalling boyhood scenes he had long thought put to rest. Hamilton rang the bell under the card with the pencilled in name, "Mezlivsky."

The door opened a fraction. "What do you want?" the voice was that of an old, tired woman.

"Mrs. Mezlivsky," Hamilton was trying what Ellis thought of as his "swarmy" approach. "May we have a few minutes of your time?"

Mrs. Mezlivsky, however, was extremely reluctant to admit the strangers. The sudden flashing of Hamilton's badge, and the phrase, "concerning your son," gained them sudden and rapid admittance to a squallid, rotting apartment. Ellis shivered as again memory stirred. As Mrs. Mezlivsky pulled them in to close the door tight shut, an older man, grey-haired, balding and unshaven, clad in undershirt and khakhi pants, came from another room, likely a bedroom, and stood, leaning on the door frame, to watch the detectives with great suspicion.

The old woman's pale, red-trimmed eyes searched Hamilton's face anxiously. "What have they been up to now?" she held her hands as if praying, fear tinting her pinched features.

Hamilton did not reply directly, but drew out several of Dunn's photographs and held them up so that both the old man and woman could see. It hit Ellis again just how beautiful the murder victim had been. So delicate and fragile, he had been overwhelmed when he had first seen "her," so much that he had made a mental vow to find and destroy the despoiler of such beauty. "She" had been almost his ideal woman. Looking now at how the red hair of the photo lit up the drab room like a fire, Ellis turned away so that no one might see his moment of private grief.

The old woman nodded. "Danny," she said. "What did he do?"

Before Hamilton could say more, the old man snorted. "What else, Belle," his voice was bitter, "would that little queen be up to?" His voice became a whine. "He was no son of mine, I tell ya, the prancing, little ..."

Hamilton's voice cut across the speech. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Mezlivsky, that I have bad news for you." He helped Mrs. Mezlivsky sit down at the unvarnished table. "I'm afraid that your son, Danny, was murdered last night."

Mrs. Mezlivsky took the message hard, dissolving into tears, her head in her hands upon the table. The man turned back into the bedroom in disgust, slamming the door with surprisingly great strength. Hamilton motioned Ellis to look about the apartment, while Mrs. Mezlivsky's sorrow showed little sign of abating.

Pride of place on the chest of drawers was taken by photographs of two young boys at different stages of their lives. With a shock, Ellis suddenly realized that the young boy, with slicked down D.A., in leather jacket and jeans, was the beautiful, murdered girl in the Lower Manton apartment. Fascinated, Ellis looked through the photographs displayed so carelessly. A young boy, mugging generally, carefree and happy, was caught in almost every snap. His younger brother, more serious by far, watched his older brother in his general cavorting. Only in one photograph, a recent one by its hair length, showed a pensive youth, the shaping of eyebrows giving the first suggestion of a softening into femininity.

"It was that Skinner woman," Ellis was brought back from his reverie by the spiteful, angry tone of Mrs. Mezlivsky. "Danny always was a popular boy. His dressing up was a lark, really." She glanced shiftily from Ellis to Hamilton and back. "But that Alice Skinner, she calls herself an artist, once she had her claws into him, he really didn't know what he was doing." Her eyes were becoming less angry all the time. "He was a lovely child, Danny, and loving too. He'd come back and see us, even when his dad was so mean to him. Loving he was, ever so loving." She frowned. "I didn't like him coming here, all dressed up like that. The kids used to run after him, you know, and I could never call him by that name he liked. But it was all her fault, that Alice Skinner. You talk to her and you'll know who murdered my poor, little boy." With tears erupting again, the detectives excused themselves and left.

"I think you've a lot to tell me," said Ellis curtly as they went down the stairs.

"True," said the sergeant. "But I guess you've worked out quite a bit from upstairs." They had stopped on the tenement steps looking down at the kids clambering over Ellis' car.

"Our victim was one Danny Mezlivsky," Ellis stared grimly at the children who paid no attention to his chilling look. "You must have made contact with the Lucases."

"Correct," Hamilton's voice was confident, even happy. "The name Mrs. Mezlivsky wouldn't use was probably Yvonne Douglas. Apparently, he used that name for the last three years, at least while the Lucases knew him."

"How did the purse get into the room?" Ellis queried.

"Lucas left it there himself. Apparently he uses his wife's purse when he's in drag and ..." Hamilton broke off.

"Another drag queen. What did I tell you about opening up the sewer." Ellis' voice was filled with loathing.

Hamilton actually laughed, albeit nervously. "There'll be more before this one is over, I'm afraid. Yes, Lucas is, in fact, Mrs. Vane, the tenant at Lower Manton. I gather he used the room for cross-dressing and entertaining, get this, girl friends." He laughed again at Ellis' expression. "Yeah, Mike, you have to look at this thing as a fetish, this dressing in women's clothes. Some of these guys are real potent, apparently, when they're dressed up. Anyway, Lucas entertained his girls there. He took Yvonne Douglas there last night to meet a friend, a woman. At least that's what Yvonne told him when he loaned her the apartment."

Ellis noticed the use of the feminine gender for the murder victim but decided to let it pass. "The cab driver took two women from a Fremont address to Lower Manton," Ellis said precisely. "He took one back to the place he picked her up. The one he took back was fortyish, streaked hair, very nice legs and ankles. He left the redhead, identified as the murder victim by the driver, at the Manton address at 12:20, he says."

Hamilton nodded. "The nice legs confirms it was Ryan Lucas. He makes a pretty attractive woman, but you'll meet him later to go over his statement. The cab driver ties in with what he told me, though. Now, let's go down to Alice Skinner's. I haven't seen her in at least two years."

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Alice Skinner was quite a successful artist and both her studio and dress reflected that success. Her hair was expertly cut and styled and her clothes were likewise excellently tailored if a little mannish. Absorbed by her present work and in posing her model for a costumed portrait, Alice Skinner wore her glasses at the end of her nose and answered almost absently. Her gruff, "Not surprised at all," to the news of the murder of Danny-Yvonne, was quickly followed up by Ellis.



"Why aren't you surprised?" he asked as the artist began to arrange the long, blonde hair of the model over her young, bare shoulders.

Pushing the shoulder-straps down over the model's arm to reveal just a touch of décolletage, she didn't look at Ellis as she spoke. "Promiscuous was that one." She frowned and began to touch up her subject's make-up to redden the lips more and to add further rouge to the soft cheeks. "It wasn't that I minded so much when he finally gave me up and moved out. I'm afraid I'd got to the point where I only got upset and hurt by the affairs he had that he'd treat so casually."

"Mrs. Mezlivsky, Danny's mother, blames you for her son's, er, proclivities," Hamilton smiled at her. Skinner was on her knees, arranging the long skirts of the gown to reveal sequined high-heels and silk stockings. At Ellis' appreciative glance, the young model who looked barely 16, reddened and cast her falsely-lidded green eyes down to her long gloves and fan that she held in front of her.

"No-one had to turn Danny on to cross-dressing," the artist's voice was scornful. "I'll bet he was doing it from the time he could walk. But I did help him. I taught him how to be a real woman. I taught him how to walk, how to sit, how to wear dresses, how to make up and I got him to grow his hair." She stopped for a moment and sighed. "He was gorgeous, wasn't he, but as I said, the morals of an alley cat."

"Do you make a habit of turning young boys into women?" Ellis' voice betrayed his general contempt for the idea.

Alice Skinner stood and looked hard at Ellis. She put her arms on the shoulders of the young model who was also facing him. Gently she bent and kissed the scented neck before her. "Well, Ronny," she said, "am I turning you into a woman against your will?"

The young face was a bright red, but a small smile appeared as the young boy shook his lovely curls. Fury showed in Ellis' face as he realized how he had been fooled by the feminine figure of the model. He felt nausea overcoming him. It was degrading trying to tell who was what in this case.

"Was there anyone special in Danny's life after he left you?" Hamilton appeared to have accepted the situation as it was.



Darlene TX-17-P FPE

Alice Skinner moved away from the subject of her painting. "No," she said. "He had the implants, of course, before he left here. He worked as a stripper and topless dancer, you know, and that's where he picked up the name, Yvonne. Last I heard, he was the belle of the Fremont Circle. I guess he was turning someone on up there."

"The Fremont Circle?" Hamilton's tone was curious.

Skinner was losing interest in their questions. "Yeah," she nodded absently. "A bunch of ugly, older drag queens who meet and party now and then. Tommy Moore's no ugly queen, mark you, but most of them meet at his place in Fremont somewhere. I just call them the Fremont Circle."

After getting Danny's last known address, they left her arranging jewelry in Ronny's hair and about his lovely neck. Ronny was smiling happily and expectantly as the woman continued the feminizing process.

"Can't we run them in?" Ellis exploded as they left the studio.

"On what charge?" Hamilton was surprised. "Come on, Mike. You can see that these people aren't hurting anyone and they've done nothing in public."

"Someone killed that freak in Manton, didn't they?" Ellis' voice was thick with emotion. "That Skinner woman is corrupting that kid, isn't she?"

Hamilton sighed. "I can see you know very little about transvestites — which is the correct name for these deviates. These guys have been at it since they were little kids — and they'll never stop till they're in the grave." He shrugged. "So you want to lock a few up because they offend your masculinity. Well, I wouldn't worry on that score. The women they attract aren't the kind you or I are interested in, or who are interested in us."

"Not that we've met so far," Ellis' voice was unchanged and grim.

"Come on. Let's find out just how nice Tommy Moore's legs are," said Hamilton, chuckling at his younger colleague's expression of disgust.

All the way to Fremont, Ellis did a slow burn as he thought of the sloppy way that Hamilton was conducting the investigation. Not that this was anything new or unusual. Bud Hamilton had a reputation for holding out on his various partners over the years but was equally notorious for piecing together a case with just a wisp of evidence.

Tommy Moore was nearly six feet tall, fairly broad across the shoulders and deeply suntanned. He flashed a perfect set of dazzling white teeth at the detectives as he met them at the door. His black hair was long over his ears, but not uncommon in length by the standards of the day. His black eyes twinkled as he took them into his "den," a library stacked on every wall with leather bound books.

"Pauline Vane," Moore grinned as he rested in a high backed rocking chair, "has been very busy on the phone since you were there."

"I figured as much," Hamilton's smile was balanced by Ellis' ferocious scowl. "You'll tell me about last night's party and about Yvonne Douglas." Hamilton's even voice anticipated a ready reply.

"Of course. I always co-operate fully with the police." Moore looked up at Ellis' sneer. "I think I can trust you to be discreet, Sergeant, but how about your friend? I myself care little now about my reputation. My money is inherited and in trust; and I am quite retired from business now. But there were other persons here last night of some reputation about the city who could be hurt if it were known they were here. Yet they surely had nothing to do with the murder."

Before Ellis could reply, Hamilton answered. "Detective Ellis can be relied upon to be discreet, Mr. Moore. I doubt very much if he'll ever talk about this case to anyone at all."

Moore looked at Ellis critically for a moment and then nodded abruptly. "Yes, I see," he said flatly. "Well, the party. It wasn't one of the best. Yvonne came in about eleven, alone, as I recall, talked briefly with Gail Warren, and spent the rest of the time with the Lucases. Looked like Yvonne and Jenny were getting along fine. Yvonne said good-night to me at about twelve-fifteen and I saw her, er, h-her," Moore glanced at Ellis, "leave with Pauline, that is, Ryan Lucas."

"Who is Gail Warren?" asked Hamilton.

"She lived with Yvonne for about the last year." Moore stood up and went to the door. "They had a row. Yvonne was meeting other girls as I recall, and Gail moved out. I called Gail earlier and invited her over." Again he paused and glanced at Ellis, still leaning against a book case. "She's a real girl," he said quietly. "I'll call her."

The red-eyed, dark-haired girl, who was Gail Warren, was eager to talk of the dead transvestite. "Danny was the sweetest person I ever knew," tears brimmed her eyes as she spoke. "We would have got back together again, I'm sure. When I spoke to him, he said that he had a couple of things to straighten out, but he promised he'd call me later this week. He and Pauline had some business to do later, or so he said."

"What kind of problems did Danny have?" asked Hamilton as gently as he could. Ellis snorted within himself. Anyone, he thought, could answer that one.

Gail frowned and dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. "Danny had a brother," she said shakily. "Danny took him in for a while, but Richie was always in trouble. Danny said he was with a bad crowd."

"Where can we find Richie now?" asked Hamilton.

"Oh, he has an apartment in the Riverview building in Manton, on the same block as Pauline's. But he was often around our, er, Danny's, apartment on Court Road."

"When did you leave the party last night, Miss Warren," Ellis' voice was harsh, grating and loaded with disapproval.

Gail Warren sat up like a scalded cat. "I left about two. The cab dropped me off at my parents' at two-fifteen. Mom was up too and saw me come in." She looked furiously at the detective. "I said that Danny was sweet. He was considerate of me whenever we were together. Sex was never a problem. With him, it was always great. He was unbelievably gentle and understanding." Loathing entered her voice. "He was no animal like all the jocks who think they're God's gift to women. I would have preferred him not to cross-dress, but I couldn't rob him of his pleasures when he gave so much to me." Tears began to flow freely. "He just wasn't the type to be happy with only one girl. But I'd have learned to adjust to it."

Hamilton cut in quickly. "Thank you very much, Miss Warren, for your co-operation." He looked up from his armchair at Moore who had remained silent in the doorway. "Did you have photographs taken last night?" As Moore nodded, the sergeant went on. "I'd like to see if they reveal something more that hasn't been stated."

"They're ready now," said Moore. He went over to his desk and opened a drawer. Yvonne Douglas appeared in only two pictures — in one dancing with a laughing Jenny Lucas and in the other, pensively staring across the dance floor, her beautiful profile as delicate and feminine as a china doll. "I've a photo here, too, of Danny's brother. Danny brought him to a couple of parties, but he wasn't our type at all."

Moore handed over a photo. Danny was standing in front of a mirror, his hair piled up high on top of his head, talking to a tall brunette, obviously Tommy Moore in a black evening dress. To the right of Danny, stood a young, brown-haired girl in a short, flowered cocktail dress. Slightly smaller than Danny, her make up was equally flawless. "That's Richie, though he liked Rachel," said Gail, pointing to the brown-haired girl, "but he's gone through quite a few changes since then. He has platinum blonde hair now, very long. He's had the silicone treatment and I think he's on hormones as well. He dresses and makes up to match that hair. He's quite a sexpot."

"How come he's not your type?" Ellis couldn't keep the sneer out of his voice.

"He's really queer," Moore was amused. "Richie is attracted to other men. While Danny was a transvestite, Richie is a transsexual." He looked to Hamilton. "You'll have to explain farther, Sergeant."

Hamilton stood up. "Quite," he said coolly. "We have everything, I think, we need for now. You should both expect, however, to have to make statements later."

Outside, Ellis turned angrily to Hamilton. "Where are we off to now? I'm just as confused now as when we started this morning. Why don't we just pull all these queens in downtown till they crack?"

Hamilton stopped in the driveway and then looked at the young man in surprise. "Didn't you think that Richie looked familiar? Don't you see a pattern emerging?"

Ellis shook his head bitterly. "I can't see anything but one perversion after another in this case."

"Well," said Hamilton, "let's review what we have. Danny Mezlivsky was shot twice in the back at close range in the bedroom. How could he get into such a position? Surely it must have been some one very close to him, a lover or something, perhaps a brother, to get him into the bedroom, someone whom he trusted. Why did he want to borrow Ryan Lucas' apartment? Couldn't he take the person he was meeting to his own apartment? Or did the murderer have to stay close to his or her own pad, perhaps to preserve an alibi? I think we'll get a lot of answers at the Riverview building. Right now, we have to move quickly to the address Gail Warren gave you before Richie, and his alibi, skip out on us."

At Hamilton's urging, Ellis used both lights and siren to get them quickly down to Manton. As they pulled up outside the Riverview Apartments, the first thing they noticed was that the place was being staked out by fellow detectives of the Central Precinct. Ellis waited while Hamilton went for a quick walk about the block. He was back within a minute. "The stake is on Tommaso Truppi," he said quickly, "and guess what? He's been living here for the last month or so with a girl friend, a platinum blonde with an unbelievable figure, name of Rachel Messina."

Ellis snapped his fingers. "That's the one! Moore's picture! I should have recognized her."

It was Rachel Messina who opened the door to the detectives' knocking. Gail Warren had understated the impact that the platinum blonde would have upon the two men. The black mini-dress was cut almost to the waist revealing a pair of beautifully shaped breasts thrusting forward above the tiny waist. Long, shapely legs, pert derriere and trim ankles were only part of the totally feminine effect. Rachel's platinum hair was long and flowing onto her shoulders. Her green eyeshadow above black-lined eyelids brought out the green-flecked color of her eyes, as did the pale pink lipstick. She almost pouted as she spoke.

"See anything you fancy, boys?" both men were taken aback at the sultry contralto.

"Rachel Messina?" Hamilton recovered first.

"Yes," she said quite naturally, a perfect woman's voice. "I know you, don't I? You're the cop, Hamilton."

Hamilton frowned. "I thought I recognized you in an earlier picture today, but I'm not so sure . . . You bailed Tommaso out a month ago. You set the precinct's work schedule back a couple of hours when you walked in."

She bestowed a pearly smile on the sergeant. Turning her head so that her long earrings jangled, she said lightly, "Come in. Tommaso will join you in a moment."

The two stepped in, Ellis closing the door. She minced in her open-toed, high heels across to a sofa, a feminine sway in her walk. "We didn't come to see Tommaso," Hamilton twisted his hat in his hands. "Danny Mezlivsky was shot to death in an apartment next door last night."

Her whole body stiffened in the chair. "So why do you come here?" Her voice was calm and unemotional.

Hamilton displayed surprise. "Why not?" he said. "You are his brother."

She became very still. Then slowly and gracefully she got up, went over to the bedroom door and closed it quietly. "What do you want?" Her voice was still calm.

"You and Danny fought. What about?" Hamilton's manner had become more abrupt.

She glanced at the closed bedroom door and returned to her chair. Hamilton sat down at the other end of the sofa. "Danny wanted me to be just like him." The contralto was steady and controlled.

"And so you killed him," Hamilton's voice was equally steady, but Ellis jerked with surprise. Rachel's eyes widened in astonishment.

"The surveillance on Tommaso reports a blonde left here at about one fifteen last night, returning at one thirty." Hamilton continued, as Rachel watched him quietly. "What was it Danny was going to do? Tell Tommaso the true story? I hear Tommaso has kept you pure, if



that's the right word, until his Momma and Poppa agree to his marrying a non-Italian girl."

She shook her blonde hair vehemently. "I went to bed early, in my own room, last night. I never left here at all. Danny tried to run my life and I have no feelings left for him at all, but I'll tell you, I know who and what I am, even though Tommaso doesn't. I know too what I will be. Before Tommaso marries me, I'll be a complete woman. Look at me." She stood and smoothed the tiny dress over her breasts and thighs. "I'm already more of a woman than any girl you ever met. All I need is one delicate operation."

"I doubt you'll get it in the State or Federal pen." Hamilton stood up. "I'm afraid you'll have to come with us. Not only Tommaso, but the whole city, by tomorrow, will know about the Mezlivsky brothers."

He reached out as if to take the smooth hand, tipped with pale pink fingernails. Suddenly, the bedroom door was flung open. Tommaso Truppi, gun in hand, still in his undershirt and pants, burst into the apartment's main room. "No!" he screamed. With a reflex movement that matched the speed of Truppi's violent entrance, Ellis' gun leapt into his hand and roared twice, filling the room with the sound and smell of gunfire. Truppi was hurled back into the doorway, red blotches appearing on the white T-shirt, his unfired gun falling to the floor beside him. "Aaaargh!" a low moan came from his lips.

"Darling!" a shriek came from Rachel's lips. She sped over the floor to fling herself down by the body. "Tommaso!" Tears flowed from her eyes. "Oh, darling, please don't die. Oh, I'm so sorry."

"It's all right, baby," Truppi's voice was forced and husky. He looked up at Ellis, his gun still trained on the fallen figure. "It was me. I killed Danny." He looked back at Rachel, wincing in real pain. "I knew about your condition all the time, babe, but I couldn't let Danny spread it all over town." He coughed. "I'd have lost everything, too."

Hamilton knelt beside the wounded hood and picked up the gun, a .38, that Truppi had had in his hand. "Is this the weapon?" he asked.

Truppi nodded. Rachel was sobbing openly, cuddling Tommaso's head against her bust. "It still doesn't take Rachel off the hook," said

Hamilton urgently to the almost inert figure." The stake-out saw only a blonde woman leaving last night."

Truppi opened his eyes halfway. His hand fluttered towards the bedroom. "Back cupboard," he croaked. "I kept all my girl clothes in there." He stopped and looked sorrowfully at Rachel, who was staring at him open-mouthed. A strange gleam came into his eyes. "I actually fooled them," he whispered. "And Danny, well, I followed him into the bedroom and watched him freshen his make-up. Just like Soldi, he never expected any trouble from a man in a dress." He reached for Rachel's hand. "I'm sorry, baby, but me and Danny were so much alike," his voice trailed off as Rachel withdrew her hand as if contacting something tainted. "You'll never know ...." he ended.

Tommaso slumped forward, rolling off Rachel's knees as she made no effort to stop him. Ellis lowered his gun, his shock dispelled. "I'll get an ambulance," he said.

Hamilton's hand was pressed into Tommaso's neck. "Save it," he said curtly. He stood up, as did the stunned blonde. He looked at the gun in Ellis' hand. "Call up the stake-out. We can let them handle it from here."

Later that night, all the extra reports, necessary for the routine investigation by I.A.D. into the firing of a gun by a police officer, written and filed, Bud Hamilton wearily slumped into his own personal rocking chair at home.

"Hard case?" asked Clare, his wife, sympathetically.

He stretched, nodded and began rubbing his eyes. "We solved two in one. We got Gus Soldi's killer and the same guy for the John Doe Mike and I were assigned this morning." He yawned. "But there won't even be a trial. Mike was on the spot for a while for icing the guy, who didn't actually fire, but the only witness backed us up to I.A.D., so, as Captain Harvey said, it isn't in the Department's or the witness' interest to make all the details public ...." He broke off as he heard the sound of high heels clicking on the hardwood floor of the bedroom above him.

His wife looked up. "Yes," she said, sighing. "Alan's home."

The noise of the heels were softened as they came down the stairs. Into the room came a young girl, touches of make-up about her lips and eyes, wearing a demure, pale-green, silk dress at about knee length. Her hair was very long, brown, and brushed straight over her shoulders down to the small of her back.

"Tyler," the voice was a soft whisper. "How are you?"

"Fine," Hamilton's voice was matter-of-fact. "It's nice to see you again, Alan." He smiled while his younger brother took his hand and sat on the floor beside him. "I still can't call you Linda, I'm afraid." He looked into the happy, smiling face. "Are Mary and the kids with you?"

Alan-Linda shook his beautiful brown hair. He sat up onto the sofa, letting go his brother's hand, smoothing his skirts and crossing his nylon-covered legs. "No, Tyler," he pouted. "They're visiting her mother's, and you know how welcome I am there." He grimaced. "I came home by myself this weekend."

Later still, as Hamilton helped his wife dry the dishes, he was staring, without really seeing, at Alan, thoughts of how wrong his analysis of the case had been, leading him almost to arrest an innocent party, when his wife spoke to him. She had followed his gaze to Alan, relaxing so femininely on the sofa in the next room. "Don't," she said. He looked at her blankly. "Don't judge," she whispered fiercely. "After all, nothing can change the fact that she'll always be your brother."

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### TEE-VEE TIPS

June Daye MA-4-B

A simple little plastic pocket taped into your handbag along one inside surface will give you a handy place to keep your house or car keys in that delightful jumble that our purses always seem to become. Use a piece of heavy plastic salvaged from a store package or old comb case, and tape it into place at a handy corner inside your handbag with the colored tape obtainable in most food or hardware stores.

The model's pose was captured as she sat down the stairs.



scoring home by myself. This weekend saw hand & woman's  
at the school because and did as, on boat off. My bus  
it of later still as. Hunter helped his wife by the dishes, he was  
staring, without really seeing, at Alan, thoughts of how wrong his  
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the colored tape (optional) or hardware stores.

Margo - N.Y.

TRUE STORY



A PORTRAIT OF ELSIE

Elsie Ruth Evans-N.J.

This is the story of a vacation trip, an A-wife, and of the girl within me being studied and painted.

First let me introduce myself. My name is Elsie Ruth, my "brother" is named Tom, and my wife's name is Judy. We've been married nine years, and are *very* much in love.

Judy and Tom decided to bring me along on their vacation this year, much to my delight. So I packed my clothes, makeup, wigbox, etc. like any other girl going on a trip. We loaded the VW with Judy's, Tom's and my stuff on Thursday night, and after a good breakfast left our home in New Jersey at 3 a.m. Picking up the New Jersey Turnpike, we headed North.

I wore my best dress, a light blue short sleeve number with a matching scarf over my shoulder-length brunette wig. For comfort I wore my black mid-heeled pumps.

Judy and I took turns driving. To the toll collectors and gas station attendants we must have looked just like two girls going on a vacation.

By 10 a.m. we were on Cape Cod and headed out the Mid-Cape Highway for Provincetown. With reluctance modified by practicality I changed back to Tom. We felt this best because we didn't have reservations, and thus would have to hunt for a motel room, and Elsie just might be read should she have to get out and talk, etc.

However, we were fortunate and *did* get a very nice room in Provincetown.

Judy and Tom then proceeded to walk through the bustling tourist crowds and go through the many shops and artist studios. When they found an artist whom they particularly liked, Judy had her portrait painted in pastels. It was a beautiful, thoughtful picture, with her face full of the love and devotion which makes her the joy of Tom's life, and the envy of his friends.

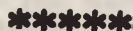
Judy and Tom then asked the artist, Lois, if she would paint my picture, explaining who I am. Lois immediately agreed. The resulting portrait brings out better than I could ever describe in words what I am trying to express and "say" by cross-dressing. The artist brought out the gentleness, relaxation, and happiness that I feel as Elsie. Judy described my eyes in the picture as dreamy, and indeed they are. As only an artist can, Lois portrayed a woman happy with life and with the world, far removed from the hectic and often cruel world most of us live and work in.

Often, after we tell a friend about cross-dressing, we are asked "Why? For what reason do you enjoy this?" To anyone who can look at a painting and understand what the artist is trying to express, this portrait answers those questions better than any words could.

We spent the rest of our vacation shopping, swimming and hiking days as Judy and Tom, and the evenings strolling around as Judy and Elsie. Provincetown is a good place for this, as it is a town where everyone does their own thing and no one is hassled.

We also met many wonderful people, some straight, some gay. Several times we were able to take part in lively as well as thoughtful discussions about intolerance toward people in general and in particular toward FP's and gay people. It was good to be able to talk openly and frankly and share other people's views and problems.

Our vacation ended all too quickly. When we arrived home, Tom hung Judy's picture in our living room for all to see, and hung Elsie's picture in her "boudoir" upstairs. The two pictures, equally beautiful, show the best of their subjects. In Judy's portrait can be seen an A-wife and a compassionate, wonderful human being, the heart of our home and Tom's gift from God. Elsie's portrait shows a human being at peace with herself through the wonderful world of cross-dressing, and happy with and unbelievably grateful to her A-wife, Judy.





Elsie and Daughter



Portrait of Elsie

### *ELSIE'S BIRTHDAY*

This is the story of how my A-wife Judy, along with my daughter Judy, helped welcome and give real recognition to "the girl within me."

Although I have been cross-dressing ever since our marriage nine years ago, we had never discussed a femmename. I guess it just hadn't seemed that important, although I had picked one out years before our marriage.

When our daughter was born five years ago, we decided to let her grow up learning to accept people as they are, even if they may be different from what is generally considered "normal." We felt that having a "big secret" isn't good, either, and that it's better all around to be honest. So Judy grew up used to seeing daddy dressed both ways. We also taught her that not ALL people are nice, and so she shouldn't tell people "our secret." This, too, she understood, and has turned out to be a pretty happy and well-adjusted little girl.

Little Judy usually went out evenings with mommy and daddy, and of course, also, came along when daddy was dressed. About the only

thing we'd have to watch was that she'd sometimes call me "daddy" in public! Fortunately, no one ever overheard her.

One night at the drive-in shortly thereafter, Judy asked me if I had ever picked out a girl's name. I replied, "Yes, many years ago — Elsie Ruth." It was then and there that I was first called Elsie, and it sounded nice.

About a week later, after supper, while I was dressing and fixing my face, Judy and little Judy slipped out of the house. When they returned, it was with a great deal of excitement.

"We've decided that July 31st will be Elsie's birthday from now on," Judy announced, "so we bought her a few birthday presents."

First, they handed me a lovely birthday card, "for you, Sister." It read, "Thank you for listening, for loving, for being you. Happy Birthday."

This card, written and addressed as it was, gave real meaning to Elsie as a person, and means as much to me as any birthday card I've ever received.

Then they gave me the presents, a pair of pierced round post earrings with an "E" on them, and a heart necklace with a watch in it. Quickly I removed my earrings and put these new ones in, and also hung my watch necklace around my neck. To complete the occasion, they both sang "Happy Birthday to Elsie"! I can't describe the wonderful feeling THAT gave me!

Then we all drove down to the beach, where the three of us took a nice stroll on the boardwalk and along the waterfront. We sat on a bench to rest and just watch the people fishing. Elsie wore her best dress, a light blue number with short sleeves, and white flats which are good for walking in sand. A shoulder length brunette wig with a light blue scarf that matched my dress completed the outfit.

There was a gentle breeze blowing, and the cool night air felt good to us after the hot day. Elsie felt especially good after this most wonderful surprise birthday party. She felt more loved and wanted than ever before, and deeper in love and more grateful to my A-wife and darling daughter than at any time in recent memory. In short, Elsie was the happiest girl in the world that night!





"O.K., O.K. Henry, I'll transfer you to Women's Wear sales — you do seem to know the field ah, intimately."



## FICTION

### *THE NEW ME*

Jeanette IL-3-Z-FPE

It had been a long drive, long and tiring. Rain had been driving down for the last two hours forcing me to drive at a crawl. I was glad we had stopped at that truck stop for coffee, the break had allowed some of the cramp to drain from my body and driving was now considerably easier.

At last we were here, two whole weeks alone in a quiet mountain glen, just Dianne, my wife, and I. It would be good to relax a while and let the rest of the world go by.

As I stopped the car I handed Dianne the key to the cottage and said, "You open up and I'll grab the suitcases and follow you." At that I jumped out and ran to the rear of the car.

"Hey," I yelled, "the trunk's open and two of the suitcases are gone. It must have happened while we were stopped for coffee."

Dianne ran back to look. "Well," she said, "grab the other two and let's get inside, I'm soaked and so are you." With that I grabbed the luggage, slammed the trunk shut and ran for the door of the cabin.

Inside I set the suitcases down and stripped to the waist as I squished across the floor, in my wet shoes, to the fire place. "At least there's some dry wood for a fire here, I'll have a blaze up in two shakes." From the kitchen I heard Dianne say, "We have coffee and some canned things in here which will do till we can get to the store tomorrow. I'll make some coffee and unpack while you work on a fire."

Soon a good blaze was going and warmth was beginning to seep into the room, soon it would be very cozy. All I needed now was a change to

some warm dry clothes and a hot cup of coffee and things would look a whole lot better.

"Well, how about a towel and some dry duds for your drowned husband?" I called after Dianne as she disappeared into the bedroom. Presently she called back, "I can give you plenty of towels but if you wear something dry it will have to be something of mine."

"What!" was all I could say as I rushed into the bedroom to see what she was talking about. Sure enough both suitcases contained Dianne's things. The luggage with my clothing were, by chance, the pieces which had been stolen.

"I can't wear your clothes," I sputtered, "I'd look ridiculous."

Dianne looked at me with her impish smile and said, "Well, you have to get out of those wet clothes and into something warm and dry or you'll catch cold and besides there's only you and me here and I already know you're a man."

Sulkily I gave in to her. The damp clothes had already begun to give me a chill and so I stripped to the skin and took my wet clothes out to hang by the fire. When I returned to the bedroom Dianne tossed me a filmy set of sheer bikini panties saying, "Here, put these on while I see what I have that might fit you. I think this is going to be fun, cheer up it's only for tonight anyway."

I stepped into the panties and pulled them up my legs, they felt soft and cool as I settled them at my waist. It was a strange sensation but not unpleasant and I tried to get myself into a better mood. Tomorrow Dianne could go into town and get me something to wear besides my water-soaked things hanging in the other room.

"Here, try these on they're the largest ones I have." Dianne giggled as she handed me a pair of slacks. I tried them on and although they were quite large enough there was no way I could fasten the waistband. "These won't fit," I said as I took them off and handed them back to her. I was beginning to shiver from the cold and damp I still felt.

"Well, we have to get you into something before you really get sick. I don't want your vacation ruined by a cold or something," she said, noticing my shivers. "I guess we'll just have to forget about pants and see what

else I have that you can get into." As she said this she was digging through her suitcases stopping occasionally to look up at me and then back into the suitcase.

By this time I was uncomfortable enough to accept anything just so long as I could get warm and anyhow it just might be fun at that. At least it couldn't hurt anything. I'd always wondered what it would be like to dress as a girl but I'd never had the courage to try it before this. "OK," I said, "but just for tonight and because I need something to wear."

Dianne looked at me with a little gleam in her eye and said, "I've always wanted to dress you like a girl, and if you look good enough we can do it for the Clarks' Halloween party."

"First we need to give you a few curves," and so saying she handed me a black bra which she helped me into and helped me fasten in place. Next she padded the cups with rolled-up nylons and stepped back to admire her handiwork. Next she handed me a girdle which I struggled into rather clumsily. "Why do I need this?" I asked somewhat out of breath from my struggles. "To hold up your nylons, silly. No self-respecting girl would do without nylons. Now come on, be a good sport and let me have some fun. Let me dress you up, I promise not to laugh at you." Dianne bubbled. She was enjoying this and I sort of was also.

Then came a pink slip of nylon which Dianne dropped over me and allowed to float down over me. At first I felt as though I were in a soft clinging pink tunnel and then my head emerged and the slip settled into place. Dianne adjusted the straps and hugged me impulsively. "I'm glad you're such a good sport," she said.

I looked down at myself and saw that she had indeed been busy. Although I had been watching as she did everything I didn't realize what I was shaping into but as I looked down over my breast which strained against the shimmery material of the slip I saw that I had acquired curves in all the right places. The soft material of the slip wrapped itself caressingly about my hips and fell from there to tickle my legs whenever I moved. I looked up and smiled sheepishly.

"Good," she said and gave me a pale blue dress which she knew really turned me on every time I saw her in it. I slipped into it and Dianne fastened the back zipper for me. The short skirt of the dress stopped well above my knees.

"Darling, will you let me shave your legs so that I can make you look more like a girl?" Dianne asked looking at me with an almost begging air.

"All right, and let me shave my face as well," I said, feeling that this was really almost as much fun as she was having. First Dianne applied some cream or something to my legs and said it would take about five minutes to work. While we waited for that I shaved as close as I could so that she wouldn't have to contend with the day-old stubble of my beard.

Then she wiped the cream off and all the hair on my legs came off with it. "There, now you have nice feminine legs," she giggled, standing back and looking my legs over for any trace of hair which might have escaped her.

Next came the nylons which Dianne helped me to put on and fasten to the garter tabs on the girdle. My legs tickled as the smooth material compressed them slightly and again that funny feeling inside of me. The feel of those nylons was as electrifying as they were sheer and they were so sheer that except for the faint sheen which they imparted to my legs I couldn't really see them on my legs.

Next came a pair of white patent shoes with little straps that fit around the back of the heel and had about two-inch heels. Dianne had me sit down and she placed these shoes on my feet and fastened the strap around my heel.

Then she began to apply make-up to my face. First a foundation and then from out of nowhere it seemed she had produced a pair of tweezers and begun plucking my eyebrows. By this time I was begging to see what I looked like but Dianne insisted that I wait until she was done so that I could really appreciate the change she was trying to produce. So, I waited. She took a pencil and applied it to my eyebrows which she had reshaped to suit her. Then came shadow and liner and mascara and finally a brilliant pink shade of lipstick. Shiny pendant earrings, a pearl necklace and a small shiny bracelet all found their way to appropriate places on my new self.

"Now, all we need is a wig," said Dianne and as she was speaking she produced a brown wig of moderate length from one of the suitcases. This she placed on my head and secured there. A few minutes with comb and brush and Dianne again stepped back to survey her handiwork. This she

crowned off with a small butterfly which she pinned to the side of my head just above one ear. "Now, stand up and try and walk around a bit," Dianne said as she stood there surveying the new me.

I stood, wobbling a bit from the unaccustomed high heels and walked around the room. I stopped in front of the full length mirror. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Reflected in the mirror was a moderately attractive young woman. Her feet, set daintily, in white patent leather shoes which enhanced the femininity of her foot and ankle passed the eye on to the gossamer sheen of nylon which caressed her legs which curved delightfully up and disappeared into the skirt of a pale blue minidress which seemed both to expose and disguise the curves of her body but for the breasts which seemed to strain against the material of the dress in a delightful way. The shimmery softness of her brown shoulder-length hair set her face in a smoky frame which barely concealed the little sparkling points of pendant earrings flashing as she moved her head.

"Darling, you're a beautiful girl, it's too bad we can't dress you this way all the time," said Dianne from behind me as I stood there admiring the new me in the mirror.

I snapped back to myself and the here and now and spun around to face her and stared at her.

"Oh come on, darling, I know that you're enjoying yourself and all this as much as I am. You enjoy dressing like a girl as much as I do dressing you like one, you just won't admit it is all," Dianne said as she surveyed my transformation and the expression on my face.

I stood there a while, feeling the clothes and the hair, smelling the essence of the new me.

"You're wrong," I said. "I will admit it."



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## ARTICLE

### *AS IT WAS THEN ETC*

Rosemary, England

"I dressed as a boy . . . a khaki bandage around my head . . . I browned my face and hands . . . my height of course was my great advantage . . . a rather untidy young man. I could let myself in and out by a latch key; in hotels it was more difficult. I never felt so free as when I stepped off the kerb, down Piccadilly, alone, and knowing that if I met my mother she would take no notice of me. I walked along smoking a cigarette, buying a newspaper off a little boy who called me "sir", and being accosted now and then by women."

Vita Sackville-West's words written about herself in the Autumn of 1920 portray a mirror image of our position today when we venture out into the street. The carefully laid plan and anxiety over appearance; the boldness of smoking in the street and the ecstasy of being addressed as sir; the feeling of release "in the unaccustomed freedom of breeches and gaiters".

Society was emerging from the severe Victorian polarization of sexual roles. The activity that Vita was indulging in could have brought disgrace to a lady, particularly a "society" lady; the wife of a Cabinet Minister in trousers - absolutely scandalous!! True, she was not really one of us, for her intellectual and physical passion for Violet Trefusis would indicate her nature to be that of optional homosexual (I used to think bisexual referred to erotic cyclists). How therefore do her experiences relate to our condition?

She was indulging in reversed gender role remote from her sexual activity and the fascination lies in the detailed description of her appearance, as severely contrary to her social code as ours now is. It's been fifty four years since Vita strode the streets of London and today the Vitas



arouse no comment. Does this not renew the hope that one day we femme people will be free as they are now. I agree with her when she says “. . . as centuries go on and the sexes become more nearly merged on account of their resemblances.” It can't be so long before we can dress *and* be 'read' without fear of ridicule, even less arrest. Of course the corollary of this is that as the genders merge, transvestism will disappear and we shall become as aging group of curiosities amongst the pantsvestites.

Repeating that the book is about marriage of a man to a woman, each being attracted to their respective homosexual partners, I still believe that it could prove rewarding to the transvestite of today to taste the social climate of disapprobation of half a century ago.

Extracts from: "Portrait of a marriage" by Nigel Nicolson - published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson - £3.25.





## TRUE STORY

### HOW I FOUND THE VOGUE

Joanne LA-1-R-FPE

Of course I found it initially in the Yellow Pages, but that's not what I mean. Like most FP's, I live a fantasy life. In normal masculine clothes, I look masculine. My voice is masculine, as are my mannerisms. My beard is heavy and I hate to shave, which means I rarely shave closely. Again like most FP's (I fancy), I have bursts of hyper-femininity. During one of those periods (no pun intended), I shaved every accessible hair off my body except my head, of course, and strangely enough, my arms. I have had other periods in which I thought I had given up.

Like many other FP's, I imagine myself to be shapely, in my imagination 36-24-38 (but I am actually 42-39-43). I would like to be 150 pounds, but am actually 199½. (I refuse to admit I might be 200.) So you know I have bought clothes that didn't fit. Beautiful panties that I couldn't wear, bras that feel like armor and dresses that I have to sweat blood to fasten. I have tried heavyweight corsets which give me a fine figure without the dress and standing up but don't allow movement or even the possibility of getting on my stockings without rupturing myself and over which a measurement has to take into account the thickness of the material and the boning and lacing. Tight girdles give way to the laws of physics and tear themselves apart. If I wear a panty girde it is sure to constrict my legs and endanger my blood circulation. My stockings literally don't measure up and my shoes are torture chambers. Like other FP's on the larger side I've discovered discrimination against the larger woman both in price and prettiness. The more feminine frillies are for the small or medium or even for the large miss. Being exxxtra large or maybe exxxtra large, I'm out of luck.

But in every city there is a refuge for the larger miss. When I was in the St. Louis area, I discovered Lane Bryant. In New Orleans I discovered the Vogue. It is on Dryades Street, a street that has become a kind of inner city now and where you don't meet as many Caucasians as you once did. The first time I walked into the Vogue I met a substantial woman named Theresa. Timidly I made my way from the door through the maze of dresses, underwear, etc., casting glances furtively to left and right at all the clothes on display. I asked for a girdle, but not just like that; I had to redden suitably first, squirm and stammer and all in all to convey by body language that, yes it was rather strange for an unescorted male to find his way into a female sanctum. In substance I asked for a girdle humbly and daringly. Theresa asked what size? I was coy and hesitant. She waited.

"It's for myself, I blurted out."

"It's for yourself," she re-echoed all over the store in loud and brass voice. She threw back her head and laughed. There were several other saleswomen around and even though Theresa's attitude seemed disastrous it had the merit of informing everybody together. No one was outraged or wanted to throw me out and Theresa was all attention. One way or another I got a thrill. I love women to know I like wearing their clothes. However I was glad no one knew me. After that Theresa kept her voice down a little but I was emboldened to ask her if I could try it on.

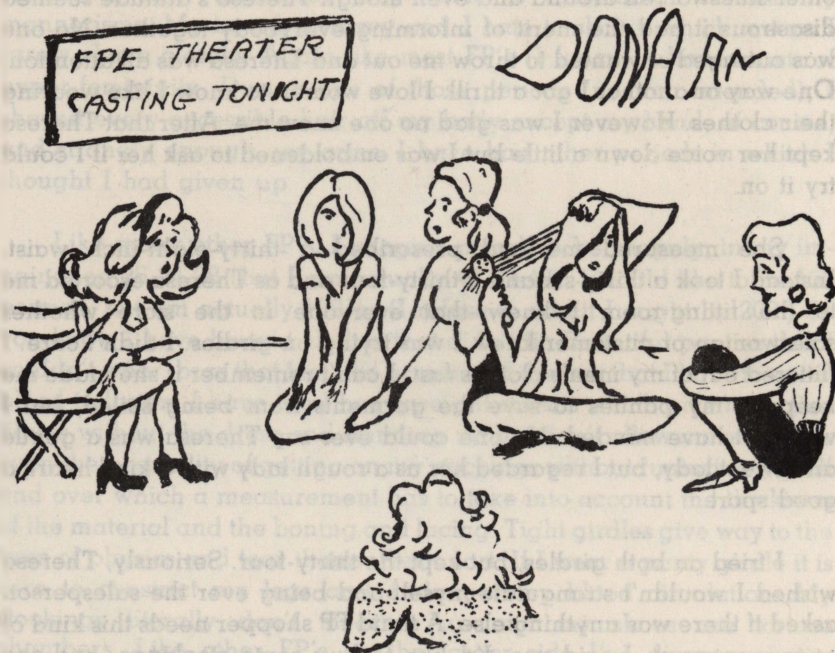
She measured me and prescribed a thirty-eight-inch waist. Instead I took a thirty-six and a thirty-four and as Theresa escorted me to the fitting-room I knew that everyone in the store whether saleswoman or customer knew I was trying on girdles. I didn't care. I flittered out of my men's clothes fast. I can't remember if she made me keep on my panties to save the garments from being soiled, but I wouldn't have minded. No one could ever say Theresa was a gentle and sweet lady, but I regarded her as a rough lady with a kind heart, a good sport.

I tried on both girdles, but kept the thirty-four. Seriously, Theresa wished I wouldn't strangle myself and being ever the salesperson asked if there was anything else. A timid FP shopper needs this kind of encouragement. I said yes, I'd like to buy some stockings, and she recommended thi-hi and said she wore them herself and found them good. This was a measure of identification with me beyond what I had expected. I was touched by it and of course bought them. My corselette

cost about \$15 and all in all I had found my shopping expedition satisfactory and fulfilling. I have been back many times.

Some day I'd like to go back to Theresa with at least \$200 and say: "Dress me sensibly from head to toe in clothes that would look right and attractive on a woman my age, size and build. But don't give me pants. These are what I'm trying to get out of. Mardi Gras is coming and I have got a beautiful woman who wears a size nine to accompany me around the streets. I'm sure to be read, but I don't want to be too easily read and I want to look as if I was trying to be a femme, not a caricature of one."

My companion is sympathetic to my urge to dress; she is a genteel Mississippi person and I don't want to have her say, "I'm sorry Joanne, but you look monstrous in that get-up." She's too much of a lady to say it in words, but I don't even want her to say it in body language, or think it.



But we can't do the play unless someone takes the male lead!



### COOL IT; DON'T FOOL WITH IT

Take care, little changeling! Beware, beware!  
You're playing with fire when you choose to wear  
What pleases you as it pleases him.  
Don't forget who you are now teases him.

Don't get *too* near, too cozy, too coy —  
Just remember, my dear, how *you* felt as a boy.



FICTION

CHALLENGE

Dee Raymond

Dr. Hector Mirandez' face was livid with fury. "Such a suggestion impugns my professional reputation!" he spluttered.

"Not at all," Dr. Helen Mostyn's voice was losing its habitual reasonableness and becoming exasperated. The other staff members were drifting away from the heated argument to the other end of the Psychiatric Staff Lounge. "You just have a bee in your bonnet about every type of abnormal disorder. I maintain, doctor," her voice angrily stressed the first syllable of his title, "that there are some transvestites clever enough to disguise their sex so that even you," she paused for effect, "even you could not tell they were men."

"Impossible!" Mirandez thundered. He turned away to seek support from among his colleagues. He appealed to Ray Martin, who was rapidly gulping a cup of coffee. "Ray," he shouted across the room. "Did you hear what this crazy woman is saying?"

Ray looked over at the vivacious Helen, sitting so coolly on the room's only sofa. She winked one of her blue eyes at him and stuck out her tongue at the back of Mirandez' head. Ray Martin almost choked, spitting coffee over his clean, white coat. "Don't ask me, Hec," he said. "I'm afraid I agree with Helen. There have been times in my career ..."

He was unable to finish the sentence for Mirandez had snorted and turned away, looking for support elsewhere. Drs. Burton and Fielding remembered urgent calls in their departments and left. Mike Pareno raised a hand in a gesture to indicate he wanted no part of the argument. "I pass," was all the comment the cynical Esther Bernstein would make.

"Look at them!" raged Mirandez. "Cop-outs! Afraid of an intellectual argument."

"What's so intellectual about this argument?" The blonde psychiatrist had regained her sense of humour. Even the white medical coat she wore could not diminish her attractiveness. She brightened the whole staff room with her smile. "Look, Hec. There's nothing wrong in being fooled by a man. It's no big deal. Heavens," she stood gracefully, "I've been fooled often enough into going out with people I thought were real men." She placed her coffee cup on the rack, and turned to go.

"I'll tell you, young woman," Mirandez went on, "that there is no way that any male could fool me. Oh, perhaps in a photograph, or at first glance, but no male could maintain femininity of voice, manner or gesture for long. He'd have to be a woman to be able to respond properly to the attention of other men. I've treated hundreds of them," he wagged his finger at the young blonde, who picked up her purse and was obviously about to leave, "and there isn't one who could fool me."

"Not now nor ever," said Ray Martin lightly as he took Helen's arm to accompany her along the hallway.

"Never!" shouted Mirandez.

"Never?" there was doubt in Helen's voice.

"I've never been fooled and I never will be!" the older doctor was almost out of control. The subject was clearly a real hang-up for him and needed closer scrutiny, thought Helen. "To contradict me," the older man's jaw jutted out, "is to impugn my professional competence."

"Wow," Martin tried to react lightly. "We'd better leave before the glove in the face, Helen." He pulled at her arm, but she resisted.

"Wait, Ray," she said. She tapped her cheek with one of her long silver-lacquered fingernails. "Tell me, Dr. Mirandez, could you put this skill of yours to a small test for me?" At the look on the others' faces, she went on hurriedly. "Oh, don't get me wrong. I don't think that the ability to pick out transvestites is a matter of professional com-



Roberta OH-20-F-FPE



petence. I know one transvestite, however, whom I doubt you would ever discover, doctor, unless you were informed. If you could spot her in the next three days, I'd be quite willing to admit to you and to the staff that I was wrong."

"Say, steady on, Helen," Martin's eyes were troubled. "Doctors don't set up tests for each other."

"It's all right, Dr. Martin," Mirandez' voice was gloating. "I accept Dr. Mostyn's challenge." His temper was cooling rapidly. "Perhaps, Dr. Mostyn, to make the challenge have more bite, if you lose, you will do me the honour of dining with me at the Chateau three days from now."

Surprise showed in the blue eyes. "Why, doctor," she smiled, "I would be almost delighted to lose the challenge."

\* \* \*

For two days, Mirandez kept himself entirely within the hospital building. Although he was absolutely certain that he would win and then be able at least to start some kind of proper relationship, outside their work, with the delectable Dr. Mostyn, he realized that the challenge was the only topic being discussed in the staff lounge, and likely every other lounge in the hospital, too. The onus was upon Dr. Mostyn to bring the transvestite into the scope of his activities. She had been so certain of herself that this transvestite was obviously someone very special. In not going out, he purposely limited the number of new contacts he made and so increased the likelihood of his spotting the disguised male.

He had, however, one teaching assignment at the university, a first year psychology course, that he could not avoid, since the qualified associate lecturer was Helen Mostyn, and she would certainly know and see through any excuse he might make for not taking the class on that day. With some trepidation, therefore, he left the hospital after lunch. He had not seen Helen at lunch, which had blighted the lunch-hour as it was. The sight of her slim figure, beautiful legs and generally feminine vitality was often the highlight of his day.

As he turned the corner of the building, a young nurse came darting right into him, knocking his books all over the road. "Oh," she smiled apologetically, the breeze wafting her red curls over her forehead. "I'm so sorry, Dr. Mirandez. Let me help you."

She bent beside him, the tight, short skirt, which seemed several inches shorter than was regulation, revealing a great deal of her well-made thighs. She followed his eyes and an impish smile teased her red lips. "Really, doctor," she said.

Mirandez jumped to his feet, stacking his books under one arm. He stared hard at her. Could she be a man? Her amusement was changing to irritation under Mirandez' scrutiny. He had never seen her before, so how could she know his name? "I've never met you before, nurse," he barked, a rebuke in his voice.

She blinked rapidly. "But of course you have, doctor. Oh," she suddenly beamed at him. "It's my hair. It used to be blonde." She pushed the remaining two books at him. Then, with a bright smile and an exaggerated wiggle of her hips, she swayed off hurriedly to the main door of the hospital.

Dazed, Mirandez turned to go on to his classes. Helen Mostyn was standing by her car, an amused smile on her face. The wind blew the back of her hair, and with the sunlight, she appeared to have a halo about her head. Mirandez stepped nervously off the sidewalk into the parking lot as Helen sat down in her car, pulling her legs in demurely after her. He heard her laughter and saw that Ray Martin was sitting in the driver's seat, making some kind of comment. Furiously, Mirandez tore open the door of his own car, and took off, his tires squealing in protest.

The new girl in his class was waiting at his desk, enduring the appreciative comments from the pre-med students who attended his class as an option. "I'm Antonia Dobbs," she breathed huskily at him. Her highly polished, pointed nails tapped nervously on her record card. Her long, almost white hair was swept back in one high curve away from her forehead and down her bare back. She wore a tiny orange minf-dress, edged in black, and her orange lips and nails matched her dress. Her legs were dark-tinted by her hose, and she shifted anxiously on her orange and black spike heels while under Mirandez' perceptive gaze. She was expertly made up about the eyes, her faced powdered, lightening her facial skin in contrast to the tanned skin of her upper arms and shoulders.

Mirandez took the proffered records and watched her overly pronounced female sway as she found a desk near the back. A growl from some anonymous student broke the surreptitious peeking of the

rest, but instead of being confused, Antonia Dobbs only smiled benignly into the general laughter, and slowly and deliberately crossed her legs, allowing Mirandez at the head of the room, to see a brief flash of white panties.

The lecture itself was uneventful, save for a certain restlessness on the part of Miss Dobbs, who apparently found it necessary to cross and re-cross her legs every five minutes of the hour-long class. When all the other students had left, she made a point of coming over to speak to Mirandez. A subtle feminine fragrance reached his nostrils.

"Could you give me a reading list for this course, doctor?" she asked. "I'm afraid I'm very far behind." Her voice was throaty, some might say husky, in pitch. Her brown eyes held Mirandez' and there was cool, mocking laughter in them. He wanted to call her out right then. This was Mostyn's transvestite, he was sure of it. He, the blonde in the orange dress, couldn't help overdoing it and flaunting his supposed femininity in the victim's face.

"Why, of course, miss," he said, and a delicious idea formed in his head. He would string him along, take him back with him to Mostyn's office, and deliver her precious transvestite to her.

Antonia Dobbs was not at all surprised by his invitation to return to his quarters in the hospital to pick up the book list. She picked up a short, orange leather coat and a large black shoulder bag, trimmed with orange, and followed him without comment. He found it incredibly easy to slip his hand about her waist, and guide her to his car. With her coat unbuttoned, she slid sexily into the low sports car seat, her skirt riding up again to assure him that she still wore white panties.

As they drove along, he stole a quick glance at her. She nervously fidgeted with the door lock, the hem of her dress, and even checked her obviously false eyelashes in a small compact mirror she took from her purse. Mirandez found it the most natural thing in the world to put his arm about her again and guide her through the main hospital entrance to the private doctors' elevator and thus to his office on the fifth floor. He parted from her only long enough to leave a message with the administration desk to ask Dr. Mostyn to join him when she was available.

In his office, it was perfectly natural for her to take off her coat and accept his offer of a drink. "Not much of a view," she whispered

stood in front of the sole window, which looked onto the cement wall of the twin office tower of the hospital complex. Mirandez grunted and moved over to join her. He put his hand back upon her shoulder to pass her a drink. She, however, turned into him, slipped her arms about his waist. Lightly she kissed him on the mouth. Trapped with drinks in both hands, Mirandez tried to pull away.

Her eyes were contemptuous. "Come on, doctor," she said. "Isn't this the game we were going to play? Isn't this what you brought me here for?"

Before Mirandez could reply, there was a rap on his door, and, as was the custom of the hospital, Drs. Mostyn and Martin breezed in. They stopped awkwardly as they saw the pair by the window. Antonia quickly released her hold, took one of the drinks from Mirandez' hand and stepped lightly away, sending a small triumphant smile in Helen Mostyn's direction.

"Well, what is it, doctor?" asked Martin sharply, ignoring Antonia Dobbs. "Are you willing to admit yet that you haven't been able to meet Dr. Mostyn's challenge?"

Mirandez put his drink on the window ledge, his hand trembling slightly. "But isn't it obvious?" he said, confused by the noncommittal faces. "You can see for yourselves, can't you? Why else would I bring this person into my office? This is a transvestite, is it not, Dr. Mostyn?"

Antonia Dobbs jumped as if she had been scalded. Her drink spilled upon her beautiful dress. She looked wildly about at the three doctors. "What is this?" she said, her voice harsh and deep.

Martin gaped at the stunning blonde, but Helen Mostyn had begun to smile in amusement. Mirandez stepped over to his chair, and sat down. Now he was drained of the tenseness he had felt for the last three days. "You cannot fool me, young man," he said to the white-haired "girl." "From the first time I saw you, I could tell you were a man."

The girl sought for a chair, her eyes downcast. "How could you tell?" her voice was strangled. Drops of water fell on her knee.

"You overdo everything," sighed Mirandez. "Every feminine gesture is repeated endlessly. But," he looked deliberately at Mostyn,

"I must admit that he is one of the best I've ever seen. I could see how a less well-trained, or inexperienced, eye might be deceived." He reached back and took up his drink. "Well, Dr. Mostyn, do you agree that I have overcome your challenge?"

The amused smile still played upon her lips. "Yes, doctor," she said, "and I shall be most happy to pay off to you."

\* \* \*

As she changed into her new three-quarter evening dress, picked especially to show off her lovely ankles and gilt-topped stiletto heels, Helen Mostyn was humming happily. Her roommate, Dorothy Daniels, the red-haired nurse who had bumped into Mirandez earlier, scowled at her. "I don't know why you're going through with it," she said, glancing at Helen over the top of her book.

"Now, Dot," chuckled Helen, attaching the long pendant earrings she loved to wear so much. "Don't be jealous. It wasn't my fault that Hec discovered another transvestite on the last day of the challenge. But anyway," she took her eyeshadow crayon and touched up the highlights beneath her eyebrows, "look on the bright side. Now I won't be under any pressure to reveal who the transvestite was who fooled the great Dr. Mirandez."

Dorothy stood up and walked over to the psychiatrist. She placed the fur stole around the bare shoulders. "What will likely happen to the other transvestite?" she asked.

"Oh, I shouldn't worry if I were you," said Dr. Mostyn. "When we left, that is, Ray and I, we left him with Hector. As she said to him, she needs someone, who is an expert, to teach her not to exaggerate her womanly ways." She smiled up at Dorothy, who was at least three inches taller than she. "I told you I thought there might be more fire than smoke in Mirandez' denunciations of transvestites. I'm sure I know which expert Antonia had in mind, and I've no doubt that she'll coax Mirandez to help her," she smiled broadly, "on a purely professional and scientific basis, of course"

Dorothy snorted. "Not if your description of Antonia Dobbs was accurate. Actually, I doubt that she really is, in fact, a transvestite if what you said was occurring in Mirandez' office, is typical of her dealing with men." Clearly, she saw little to be amused at in their narrow escape and refused to join in Helen's jocularly. "Don't let the late

home," she said huskily. "I've that feeling I don't want to go to bed just to sleep tonight."

Helen Mostyn nodded. "Me too," she breathed. "I have to pay off my debt, however. I'm glad I lost in a way. I'd have hated to have Ray Martin look at me the way he did at Antonia Dobbs, I wouldn't have liked it at all if Hec had told Ray that his favourite doctor and girl friend is, in fact, a transvestite."



Sydney FCQ-1-K in a costume from 1927

FICTION



## THE NEW GIRLFRIEND

Grace

"Those miniskirts are way too short," I blurted out. I was speaking of my sisters who had just dressed for the school dance. Barbara was seventeen and a senior while Donna was fifteen and a sophomore. I fell right in between the two girls but was just the same size as Barbara so she still bossed me around.

"They do seem a bit short," Dad muttered, but he was more interested in getting dinner finished since he and Mother were planning an evening with the company personnel. The general atmosphere throughout dinner seemed to indicate that the subject would be brought up again, so the girls were rather uneasy and quiet.

At seven o'clock Dad and Mother left for the party and gave us the usual instructions—be good, get home on time and have fun. The school dance was a monthly affair and was well attended.

"So our skirts are too short," it finally came out of Barbara. "You seem to be trying to get us in trouble lately." Now Donna joined in also, "Well, little brother dear, you've managed only to get yourself into trouble — with us!"

"Get into our bedroom," both ordered.

Not really suspecting anything I went along quietly, but when I looked at Barbara's bed I froze. Right away I could tell what was on their minds when I saw the clothing all laid out neatly on the bed. Even Barbara's wig seemed to stand in readiness on the dresser.

I wheeled around with a wild look, but apparently the girls were

expecting it because Barbara grabbed my arms from behind and Donna unleashed a haymaker right to my stomach. The blow dropped me to the floor. As I tried to get up Barbara kned me on the side of the head and made me see stars.

"Had enough yet wonderful little brother?" the sarcasm dripped.

"Okay, please stop," I answered quickly.

"Now then, strip down to your shorts," Donna ordered, "We've seen you like that before."

Slowly I did what was asked. It wasn't quite so embarrassing before but after my beating I was humiliated.

"You have ten seconds to change from your shorts to these panties now while we turn our backs. If you're not done we will change you ourselves."

I think I made it in three seconds, but even so the feel of the soft panties was different and made me notice.

"Now you'll be indoctrinated to the miniskirt—here, put these party-hose on". With some coaching I was soon in the light-black colored party-hose.

Donna had filled out the bra to proper proportions and placed it on me. When she had it hooked they both chatted for a few seconds on how well the clothing fit and that I was looking better than they thought I would.

"Get into this slip, it's made especially for miniskirts," Barbara said as she emphasized the word miniskirt. It felt ridiculously short but I soon realized it couldn't very well be long at all.

Next I had to put on a sweater which didn't hide my new breasts any. Then came the miniskirt that fell a little above the half-way point between my knees and my hips. Since Barbara and I were the same size I could see that our skirts were about the same length.

"We'll just put you in short heels and they won't give you any trouble," Barbara said.



"At least we won't have to worry about his dancing as we've noticed he can do all of the latest," added Donna. "Just keep your knees together more." came her afterthought.

"Now let's put on your face," Barbara ordered, as she led me to the dresser. Soon she had done my eyes and lips and placed the wig on my head.

"Wow!" Donna shouted, "maybe we'd better forget the whole thing and let him go... He's beautiful!"

"Boy, I'll say," Barbara agreed. "He'll be stealing all of the girls' dates. It's a little late now though, so let's go through with it."

I probably looked a bit awkward when I entered the school as the sounds of my heels were unnerving.

"C'mon Chick, let's dance," a voice from nowhere said, and soon I was snapped out of my trance. I obeyed the request as if instinctive and began the Frug as the rest of the kids were dancing.

There were a few slow dances but fortunately I managed to get through them O.K. When I realized I had been dancing every dance so far I began to loosen up and put as much feminine emphasis as I could in each dance. Even Barbara and Donna weren't being asked to dance as much as I was.

Too soon the evening ended and we had to get home before the folks so that they wouldn't see me. Very slowly I undressed but not without looking in the mirror first.

"I guess these miniskirts aren't too short after all," I told myself aloud... then looked to see if anyone had heard me. No one had.

At breakfast, mother asked if I had enjoyed the dance.

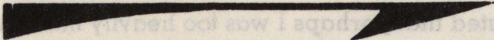
"It was wonderful," I said, then realized my enthusiasm and blushed.

"You must have found a new girlfriend," she said.

How right she was!



Antoinette-Malta



TRUE STORY



FOR THE DEFENSE

Erica



My G.G. and I had been out with a group of people all day. On the way home she commented what a lovely day it had been and how she enjoyed the outing. Then she said there were certain things she needed from the supermarket. I indicated that we could pick them up later tonight.

On arriving home we both commented on the fact we were not hungry due to the big luncheon we had had. While watching early night time television, I was working on my nails, filing, shaping and coloring with my favorite shade of polish. My wife asked if we were going to the market. I indicated we were. She asked how I was going to dress, forgetting the nail polish I already had on my nails. When I showed her the obvious, I asked, "What do you want me to wear?" Her reply was, "The blue and white outfit you wore when you were out alone last Tuesday." So blue and white it was.

When we arrived at the market I suggested, as I had on shopping trips before, that if she wanted to shop alone that was O.K. and I would shop by myself. But she did not indicate going alone so we two gals shopped together. We received nothing but the usual glances from other customers in the market.

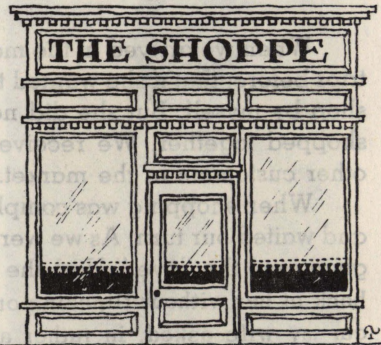
When shopping was completed we headed for the check-out stand and waited our turn. As we were being checked out I noticed a woman giving me the "eye." Had she "read" me, I wondered? I stared right back at her without flinching or batting an eyelid. When we got to our car my wife asked, in rather angry terms. "Did you see that woman give you the eye and then turn to her husband and rub her chin as she looked at you? She obviously was referring to your beard that showed through your make-up, though I could not see your beard standing

right next to you." I suggested that perhaps I was too heavily made up to suit the woman and her tastes and that my gender was not in question. My wife said the lady in the market had no grounds to comment on my appearance. Then she added, "Did you get a good look at her? She should talk!"

This is the first time in my experience in T.V. Land with all of its ramifications, being with a G.G. who had been border-line in accepting my T.V., that she has risen to my defense. I was quite overcome and thrilled. She asked if I was under watchful eyes when out alone, mindful of the unfortunate thoughts that are generated in some minds when two gals are together. I told her that nothing of that nature had ever happened when I was out alone. One time when I was alone at a drug store waiting for the cashier to come to the register just the opposite happened. As she came to the register she eyed me up and down and commented, "Gee that's a cute outfit." I then went on to say the couple in the market had other thoughts in mind and to forget them.

When you have a G.G. who will suggest what you should wear when out together and then rise to your defense when you are supposedly "read," how lucky can a girl be?

WELL --- IF YOU'RE SURE  
YOU'RE THE SAME SIZE  
AS YOUR WIFE --- I  
SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE  
ALRIGHT TO TRY IT  
ON --- SIR.





Shelly MA-14-Y-FPE



Felicity  
NY-16-M-FPE

Myrtle Ann  
MI-1-M-FPE



## THE THREE AXES OF HUMAN FUNCTION

For countless generations past, the human species has thought of itself in the same way it thought of animals, namely that we were divided into two sexual types and that fact controlled all other aspects of existence. When you look at a pair of animals, a male and a female of the same species, they look pretty much alike except for some specific extra appendages in particular species such as the lion's mane, the deer's antlers and the peacock's feathers. These differences are part of the communication and interaction patterns that are involved in reproductive behaviour. And naturally the external genitalia are different.

When you watch the day-to-day behaviour of the pair you see that they eat, sleep, play, move about and do other things pretty much the same. When you do find some specific difference in behaviour like the male dogs lifting the leg to urinate, it usually turns out to have one specific significance, namely marking off territory. Males of many species are territorial and they signify to others of their kind that a given area is their "property." Some animals mark it with the smell of urine, others, like rodents do it with little piles of feces along the boundaries, birds and insects do it with sound. The songs of the robin, for instance, are notice to all possible intruding robins to stay away. So the point I'm making is that essentially the moment-to-moment behavior of animals does not differ appreciably between males and females. What differences do appear to exist are parts of the reproductive cycle which of course is different.

When mankind appears on the scene he too is divided into males and females and in our species, too, there are differences in male and female behaviour in the reproductive cycle which includes courtship before copulation, pregnancy, birth, breast feeding until weaned and care and education of the young till they are self-sufficient. These

differences are predicated on the sexual differences. Thus human society has taken the position, so well stated by Freud in his famous dictum, in regard to women that "sex is destiny." Although he coined the phrase, he didn't invent the concept since the physical differences and the physiological differences between males and females which led to their different roles in rearing the young and in surviving, namely the female in the bearer-nurturer role and the male in the protector-provider role, and constructed on these reproductive-survival roles the whole complex of behaviours that we today recognize as genders.

In another area, the human mind had the capability of figuring things out and initiating events that were calculated to bring pleasure (or the avoidance of pain). Having this capacity for questioning the past, considering the present and extrapolating into the future, mankind long ago applied these talents to sexual interactions and in the process discovered homosexuality. Some of you will protest from your reading that animals are homosexual, too, but I think that if you read any of your sources more closely you will find that while males sometimes mount other males and females other females, there is no clear pattern of males actually inserting penis into anus in what is the essence of a homosexual experience. Mounting and thrusting in addition to being parts of the sex behaviour, are also one of the few ways that animals can communicate. Sex is, after all, a language of sorts, so that animals use behaviour patterns seen in the sexual interaction as social communications in non-sexual situations. Thus dominant males require submissive males to acknowledge their inferior position by adopting the female sexual stance and allowing the dominant male to mount them and make a few tentative pelvic thrusts. This satisfies the dominant one that the other acknowledges his superiority and that's the end of it.

But humans do actually choose same sex partners and go through complete sexual stimulation to orgasm.

So we see then three different kinds of human variability whereas in animals there is in effect only one, that of sex itself. In humans, in addition to the sexual axis running from male to female, there is the sexual choice axis running from consistently choosing a partner of the opposite sex to consistently choosing one of the same sex. This is the axis of Dr. Kinsey's famous six-point scale of sexual choice. The third variable is that of gender or of what I like to call "preferred gender role." This axis runs from the classically masculine to the classically feminine role.

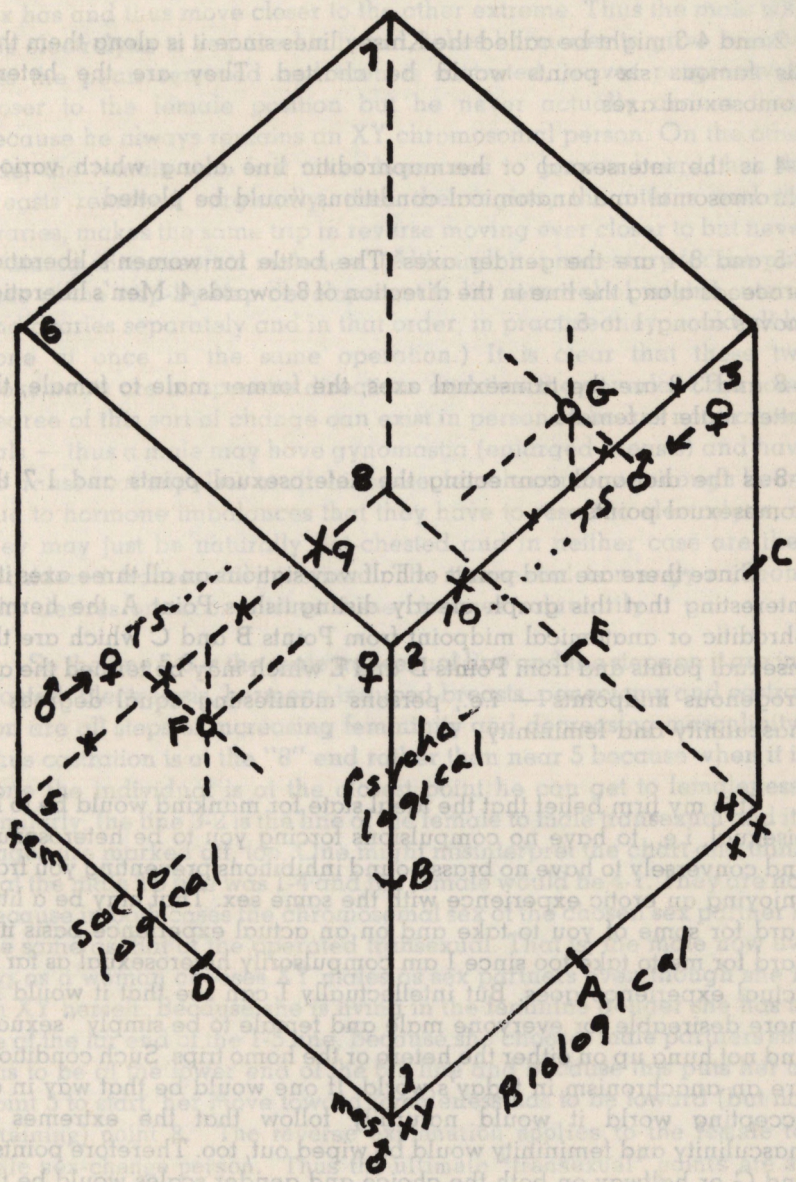
It is quite common to read medical articles and find someone referring to a "continuum" which presumably runs from male to female and is supposed to include everybody somewhere along the line. This is a very superficial and erroneous way of looking at human beings. We operate not on one continuum but on three, those of sexual anatomy, sexual choice, and gender role. We live in three-dimensional space so it is not surprising that we operate in three dimensions, too, since there are three axes. They can be plotted geometrically as a cube. When this is done we begin to see how we can account for the many different styles of human activity. I have made such a cubic graph and a little study of it can be very instructive.

The eight corners of this cube are idealized positions since no one is a pure case of anything, but we can characterize them according to the following table. Please note that the right hand side of the cube represents female positions and the left side the male positions.

Position	Sex	Sexual Choice	Gender Role	Psychosocial Type
1	male	male	masculine	"butch" homosexual male
2	male	female	masculine	normal heterosexual male
3	female	female	masculine	"butch" homosexual female (lesbian)
4	female	male	masculine	hypothetical female transvestite (non exists)
5	male	male	feminine	full-time drag queen (male homosexual cross-dresser)
6	male	female	feminine	full-time "male woman" (such as Virginia)
7	female	female	feminine	"femme" female homosexual (femme lesbian)
8	female	male	feminine	normal heterosexual female

But as indicated previously, few individuals occupy the perfect classical positions at the corners so it interesting to point out the significance of the various lines. To begin with, the horizontal "X" axis can be termed the "structural variable" since it delineates the anatomical variables. The "Y" or vertical axis is the sexual choice or





Now a word about the position of transsexuals on this chart. As XY

psychological variable. The depth or "Z" axis is the social variable (gender). Thus the following lines and points of interest appear.

1-2 and 4-3 might be called the Kinsey lines since it is along them that his famous six points would be charted. They are the hetero-homosexual axes.

1-4 is the intersexual or hermaphroditic line along which various chromosomal and anatomical conditions would be plotted.

1-5 and 8-4 are the gender axes. The battle for women's liberation proceeds along the line in the direction of 8 towards 4. Men's liberation moves along 1 to 5.

5-8 and 3-2 are the transexual axes, the former male to female, the latter male to female.

2-8 is the diagonal connecting the heterosexual points and 1-7 the homosexual points.

Since there are mid points of half way stations on all three axes it is interesting that this graph clearly distinguishes Point A the herma-phroditic or anatomical midpoint from Points B and C which are the bisexual points and from Points D and E which may be termed the an-drogenous midpoints — i.e., persons manifesting equal degrees of masculinity and femininity.

It is my firm belief that the ideal state for mankind would be to be bisexual, i.e., to have no compulsions forcing you to be heterosexual and conversely to have no brass bound inhibitions preventing you from enjoying an erotic experience with the same sex. That may be a little hard for some of you to take and on an actual experience basis it is hard for me to take too since I am compulsorily heterosexual as far as actual experience goes. But intellectually I can see that it would be more desirable for everyone male and female to be simply "sexual" and not hung up on either the hetero or the homo trips. Such conditions are an anachronism in today's world. If one would be that way in an accepting world it would naturally follow that the extremes of masculinity and femininity would be wiped out, too. Therefore points F and G or halfway on both the choice and gender scales would be the ideal position for human society.

Now a word about the position of transexuals on this chart. As XY

person can never become an XX person and vice versa, so someone at Point 1 can never attain Point 4 nor 4 become a 1. However, they can remove some of what they have and acquire some of what the other sex has and thus move closer to the other extreme. Thus the male who has electrolysis to remove his beard, takes hormones to grow breasts, has the penis removed and then is castrated, moves progressively closer to the female position but he never actually arrives there because he always remains an XY chromosomal person. On the other side, the female who first takes hormones to grow a beard, has the breasts removed surgically, then the vagina, the uterus and the ovaries, makes the same trip in reverse moving ever closer to but never attaining chromosomal maleness. (Although it is necessary for the purpose of the step-by-step development to list removal of vagina, uterus and ovaries separately and in that order, in practice they would all be done at once in the same operation.) It is clear that these two movements are in opposite directions and that they overlap. But some degree of this sort of change can exist in persons who are not transsexuals — thus a male may have gynomastia (enlarged breasts) and have no transsexual impulses at all. Likewise, female can have enough beard due to hormone imbalances that they have to resort to electrolysis, or they may just be naturally flat-chested and in neither case are they considered transsexually inclined. The transsexual is merely someone who desires or accomplishes these changes voluntarily.

So the line 5-8 is the male transsexual line and the steps on it are indicated. Electrolysis, hormone induced breasts, penectomy and castration are all steps of increasing femininity and decreasing masculinity. Thus castration is at the "8" end rather than near 5 because when it is done the individual is at the closest point he can get to femaleness. Similarly, the line 3-2 is the line of the female to male transsexual and its stages are marked off, too. One might misinterpret the chart and think that the male TS line was 1-4 and the female would be 4-1. They are not because in both cases the chromosomal sex of the chosen sex partner is the same as that of the operated transsexual. That is, the male now living as a woman chooses XY males as sex partners even though she is an XY herself. Because she is living in the feminine gender she has to be at the far end of the 1-5 line, because she chooses male partners she has to be at the lower end of the 6-5 line and because this puts her at point 5 to start, her move toward femaleness has to be toward (but not attaining) point 8. The reverse explanation applies to the female to male sex-change person. Thus the ultimate "transsexual" points are at 9 on the 5-8 line and 10 on the 3-2 line for male to female and female to male post-operative transsexuals respectively.

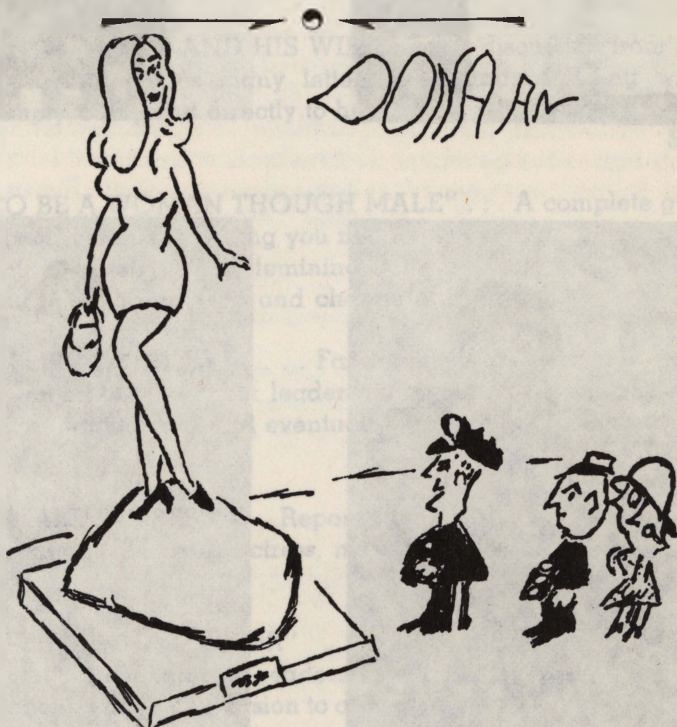
You will also note a point 12 on the 6-7 axis. This is the point of the pseudo-transsexual. This is a person, XY in this case who has had the complete surgical procedure but who discovers too late that he-she is not attracted to males after all but rather to females. She therefore becomes a lesbian with another woman. This is the person who was heterosexual as a man, who was a transvestite and wanted to be a "woman" but thought the only way to do it was to become a "female." You might think that this is a rare breed because all those operated TSs that write books, get interviewed on television (don't they call that "TV," too?) and in the public eye in other ways, are always vocal about their interest in men and the public takes this to mean males. For those of homosexual background it does and they make the most noise about it. But a number of cases have come to my attention in which the person after surgery retains interest in females. For such persons the surgery is a waste because they could have lived in the feminine gender and if interested in performing cunnilingus on females could have done so as a male. As for her own sexual satisfaction it should be obvious that it would have been better with the penis before surgery whether by way of vaginal, oral or manual stimulation than it would be afterward with the genital nerves distorted, cut, displaced or whatever. I have heard of no cases of male to female TSs after surgery claiming that they could get as much pleasure out of masturbation as before. Therefore such orgasms as they claim to have had must have a very high psychological component of the "Look, wow! I'm a female having intercourse with a male, so that proves I'm real," variety.

Finally there is the application of all this to femmiphilia. A male person (1) who chooses female sex partners (2) but who, in varying degrees and for varying periods of time, expresses his sense of femininity, moves along line 2-6. This is the femmiphile line.

The value of the chart is that it shows the extremes of all of the three variables. At the same time practically nobody could be placed exactly on one of the corners. Anatomically a person might be clearly an XY person but have some bodily characteristics that were slightly on the feminine side such as sparse beard, a tendency to gynomastia, wide hips, somewhat feminine fat distribution, etc. This person might also be more interested in art and music than in baseball and football, he might be more compassionate and gentle than selfish and rough, and he might have had a half dozen homosexual encounters in his lifetime such as while in the army. How it should be obvious from these conditions that he would be placed a little bit out in the direction of 4 on the 1-4 maleness line; a little bit in the direction of 1 on the 2-1 line (not

entirely heterosexual, that is a 1 on Kinsey's 0-6 scale); and a little way along the 2-6 line in the direction of 6. That would put him on the inside of the cube at a point a certain distance over, down and back in from point 2. Other persons could be characterized as to their positions along the three axes and thereby located at some point within the cube.

The virtue of this cubic way of considering the problems of sex, gender and choice is that it becomes clear that there is not one continuum but a three-dimensional continuum in which all people fit somewhere. Check yourself out and see where you would fit. Wouldn't you like to be at the dead center of the cube—an hermaphroditic, androgenous, bisexual? Boy (girl?), you'd really have it made.



Here we have specie *Homo transvestus*. It belonged to a tribal unit called FPE. It became extinct circa 1970's because members of the tribe lost the ability to answer correspondence.



Sonya-Yugoslavia

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We have retained a lending library of 3 copies of all issues of *TRANSVESTIA*. They may be rented for \$6 per copy, \$3 of which is a deposit and will be refunded or applied to something else upon returning the rented copy. This way you can ready every issue from No. 1.

### MERCHANDISE

Item 1. **SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS.** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a poly-vinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

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JELLY KIT \$5

Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

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INSERTS PER PAIR \$5.50

NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks." That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness

and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

Item 6. "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two separate shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derrier to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only.

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Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline.

PER PAIR \$5.50

Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off.

PAD, EACH \$4.25

Item 9. A small front pad designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth, rounded feminine control.

PAD, EACH \$3

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## 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. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore 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 deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. After having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues, having read them, and deciding that we are your kind of people, ask for an application to join. Acceptance into FPE is dependant upon approval of the application, payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in the FPE Directory of Members. Admission into local chapters of the sorority requires an interview with the appointed interviewer for that group. Five or more members may form a group and can request designation as a chapter.

### *PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES*

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressee's femmename and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

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