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FICTION

Photographs
Rebirth Through Fire

ARTICLES

Out of the Past
But What If I'm Stopped?
Important Project
Rachel's Ramblings

HISTORY

Delayed Revelation

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Sexual vs. Genderal Identity—
The Real Confusion

Vol. XVII No. 97

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.

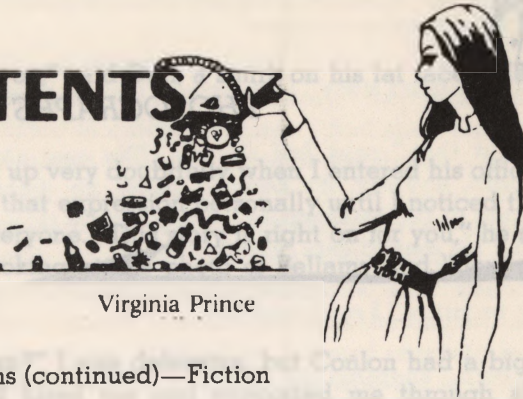
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"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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Virginia Prince

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VOL. XVII

NO. 97

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

PHOTOGRAPHS

Dee Raymond

Dan Smith, the City Editor, was the first one to bring it to my attention. After all, I was a defender of the antics of the current crop of rock stars, however bizarre. "What do you think of that?" he asked, shoving a copy of one of our rival papers in front of my nose.

It was a picture of one of the "glitter-rock" stars nuzzling up to a pretty redhead under the caption, "Is it a bird, or is it a bloke?"—showing that it was a feed-in from Britain. I nodded to Dan and looked back at the article I was typing that I knew Jeff Conlon was going to reject anyway.

"Have a good look," Dan's voice was just a little too eager, and so I looked. Arthur Bellamy had the long hair and touches of makeup that so many of the glitter-rock stars had. Nothing too unusual. My eyes drifted down to the caption and the words "... gives a nuzzle to transvestite Romy Pohlman in a break from his European tour ..." leapt out at me.

Now I took a good look at the woman. She was leaning over the guy's shoulder, her eyes closed, while the big star kissed her tenderly on the cheek. It was such a feminine face, small, slender nose. Her eye makeup was tremendously attractive. Her mouth was open, showing even white teeth surrounded by "luscious" red lips. At her ears were butterfly shaped earrings, and what could be seen of her dress showed a modern fashion with just a little of the neck open down to the edge of the photograph. She was very beautiful.

"So," I said, looking up at Dan's leering face. As soon as I could get this cottonpicking article on the wives of the contenders in the Senate race completed, I'd be free and off on a European vacation of my own.

"Jeff wants to see you," said Dan, a smirk on his fat face. "He's got another job for you."

Jeff Conlon looked up very doubtfully when I entered his office. For a while, I had taken that expression personally until I noticed that he was "doubtful" of everyone. "This story is right on for you," he stated carefully. He was looking at the photo of Bellamy and "Romy Pohlman."

"What do you mean?" I was defensive, but Conlon had a big hold over me, since he'd hired me and supported me through all my troubles. I just couldn't treat him in the same way I did my immediate boss, Dan Smith.

"Your passport came through at last," he said. He had to recommend me, of course, and now he was letting me know that I wouldn't have been taking a vacation at all without his help.

"Yes," I said, my nerves tightening as I guessed what was coming.

"We'll pay for the trip," Conlon stated firmly, "along with any reasonable expenses. It's time for an expose on these rock stars, and on the whole change-of-sex thing. In Europe, they're having an epidemic of drag shows, all a part of the decadence of the Seventies. It's just a foretaste of what's going to happen here next. You know our point of view."

Sure I knew the paper's point of view—sensationalism, but covered over in tones of mock puritanism and fake anger at the decay of western civilization. And so most of the staff was like the cynical Dan Smith rather than the straitlaced old Editor-in Chief. Generally, Jeff was thought of as being the only true Puritan on the staff. It could have been an act but he often seemed genuinely surprised by the garbage we dug up.

"How about the Senators' wives . . . ?" I began, but Jeff cut me off.

"Visit the Carrousel in Paris," he said, a faint blush on his usually grey face. "And Hamburg. There's plenty of stories and photographs you can find. We'll dig up some new angles on Bowie, Cooper and the newer groups to put it all together. Check out this Romy Pohlman. Could be a good story there."

"I'm on a good story," I persisted. "Both of these wives . . ."

"Forget that," said Jeff sharply. "No one cares too much about alcoholics, anyway. It's become passe, no shock value." He tapped the photo of the transvestite. "If we handle this right, we'll sell newspapers." He looked very doubtful again.

"My vacation," I said angrily.

"Do both," snapped the old man. "We'll extend your vacation for a couple of weeks. Start on it right now. I don't think you'll have to do much background after the articles you did on the Women's Singles at Forest Hills."

.....

And that's how it was that the following night I was sitting in a Parisian "boite" watching a bunch of fairies and assorted show types making out on a crowded dance floor. Ray Gerhard, assistant to our Paris office was doing a pretty good hustle with a young blonde model while I took in the atmosphere of the place and sipped on a fruit drink.

Rivulets of perspiration running down his face, Ray finally came over to me in the booth we'd grabbed on entering. He flopped down. "You gotta try it, Al," he croaked. "You just don't know what you're missing."

"It's hard to keep off the floor with the kinds of sounds being pumped out as "disco" music, but the sounds resembling a woman in orgasm have never turned me on—not in public, anyway. "I've got a job to do, Ray," I shouted into the wall of sound being launched at us from a nearby speaker.

Ray wrinkled his mouth in disgust. I didn't really blame him. The blonde was still ogling him, her green eyes flicking towards the

dance floor in open invitation. She gave a sensuous little twitch now and then and I could see several guys at the bar watching Ray and ready to pounce if he passed it up. With an effort, he did and she disappeared promptly with a young Teuton, all blonde hair, blue eyes and erect posture.

"Romy Pohlman was here with Arthur Bellamy," Ray yelled into my ear. I was leaning forward to catch his words. "And she's here two or three times a week. We'll just have to wait until she shows."

I'd already agreed to that which was why I didn't want to dance. I didn't want to be caught out on the boisterous dance floor if or when Romy Pohlman decided to put in an appearance. The "boite" was becoming more crowded by the moment, too, and the booth that Ray and I had had to ourselves was invaded by a crowd of young people. They all wore heavy eyemakeup, both the men and the women, and they spoke affected English in which every other expression seemed to be, "How divinely decadent, darling!"

I looked to Gerhard. He was put out, by and large, but not overly shocked. While I, of course, was unshockable. I turned on my bored act with the little group, and they soon ignored us, too, lapsing into Parisian French, spoken with the veracity of a native to the city.

I was about to suggest to Ray that we call it a day since it was over an hour past midnight when he suddenly poked me in the ribs with a sharp elbow. I looked towards the bar but the smoke haze had become so intense that I could hardly see a thing.

"That's Romy's crowd!" Gerhard yelled in my ear. "Arthur Bellamy and the Countess von Lister!"

I got up and pushed my way out from the booth. When I stand and draw myself up to my full height, people usually clear out of the way. They did it this time, too. One look at my grim face seemed to be enough for most. Ray's blonde friend gave me a little smile and whispered something in my direction but I didn't catch it.

Arthur Bellamy was half-standing by the bar, his frizzy Afro resting on the shoulder of the Countess who was nearly as tall as me. She gave me a sardonic, little smile from her precisely outlined, red

mouth and nudged Arthur. The "big star" was clearly zonked out of his mind. I don't know what drug he was using but it left his pupils dilated as he stared incoherently at some inner vision. I turned away in disgust. I'd pulled out my press identification and could see that the Countess had recognized it right away. She was trying to organize him, but I'd get nothing out of him that night. I left Ray making up lies why I'd pulled out of our "interview" and headed for the exit.

I saw the legs first on the stairs. Slim legs on high heels, open to show off her painted toes. Her midi-dress was fashionably old-fashioned as she pouted at me from very bright red lips when my eyes reached her face. Her red hair was just like in the photograph, a heavy curled fringe with the side hair swept back behind her ears to show off the butterfly earrings. Straight on, I could see the face was wider, with high cheekbones that set off her attractive smile, than in the photographs. Again, her beautiful, small nose, so feminine, raised doubts in my mind.

"Guten tag, Romy," I said and she was both surprised and amused. There were two other feminine apparitions behind her on the stairs, both blonde, and eagerly sizing up the men in the place, including me.

"I don't know you," she said firmly in English. Her voice was as female as any I'd heard, not a trace of masculine throatiness. I couldn't see a sign of Adam's apple, either, at her neck, and somehow I was disappointed.

I took out my credential again. "Al Evans," I shouted, as the next record began to blare. The two blondes, I still didn't know if they were men or women, were swept away onto the dance floor, but I shepherded Romy towards the bar. She accepted the drink readily enough while examining my identification minutely.

She sipped daintily on the daquiri which everyone drank, while handing the press card back to me. "You should talk to Arthur," she yelled, not giving away a trace of masculinity, even at volume. "That's a story for you."

I shook my head and made a sign to show that Bellamy's brains were scrambled. She looked longingly at the dance floor. So, I did what was necessary.

She was an excellent dancer. I've done a few places, too, in my time, and she'd rank right up there as a dancer, in any of them. I couldn't get over how gracefully feminine she was, both in her figure and in her movements. She was rounded and narrowed in the right places and she gave me lots of encouragement. I even felt that I was having as good a time as she was.

"Thank you so much," she said, slipping her arm through mine quite naturally. We'd done a set of three and I could feel the shirt sticking to me beneath the leather waistcoat I'd worn. I hate to have my clothes sticking to me. My hair, too, felt very wet and I was sure it was stuck to my forehead. Romy had hardly a hair out of place, and if there was a little perspiration on her face, you'd have to look hard to find it.

Our drinks had disappeared from the bar, as had Ray Gerhard and Arthur Bellamy. So, I bought new ones and ushered her over to a corner booth suddenly vacated.

She gave me a puzzled look and then beckoned me to lean over so that she could speak in my ear. "I'm Romy Pohlman," she said. "I thought you knew that. I hope you know, too, that I'm a man, just like you."

I had to smile at that, particularly at the earnest expression on her face. It was pretty brave of her, too, to be so honest. I doubted that her blonde friends were. I gave her a slow look up and down. A look that took in the small mounds of her bust, the long, slim fingers, with their long, pointed, scarlet nails and her feminine figure. "You're not a man like me!" I shouted into the butterfly-tipped ear.

She laughed, but there was still a wariness about her. She hadn't quite worked out what I wanted, but I think she had a suspicion.

With the amount of sound in the place, it was easier to dance with her than to talk to her, but I didn't have her to myself for long. She was obviously well known in the place and there was a steady stream of partners for her to dance with—including most of those I'd tagged as "fairies."

When she was worn out, and I could see the lines of fatigue at her eyes, I offered her a ride home. "My friends . . ." she began, indicating

the blondes, the center of a boisterous and obviously adventurous group of tourists—"I only hope they knew how adventurous they were being!"

"They're doing all right," I said. "Perhaps you'd rather join them?"

I waited while she gave me a quick look, trying to weight up what it was that I wanted. For a man in her position, presuming her to be a man, she probably had to be very wary of casual contacts like me. She'd never know when she might attract a real freak—that is, if she didn't consider herself freak enough.

"Very well, she said lightly. "I'm very tired. You can take me home." I rose quickly, but her hand held on to my arm. Her eyes were staring up at me, and I saw that they were green. "That's all," she said seriously. "You just take me home."

Gerhard had had the sense to leave the car for me whenever he had left, as I had guessed he would. I wondered how long he had waited before he'd found a taxi or stomped off to the Metro. He must have been tempted to use the spare key to the car that I'd insisted he carry.

Romy lay back in the seat while I drove the car out of the narrow alley and edged out in the general direction of the Champs Elysee. Her head lolled on the edge of the seat and rested against my shoulder as the Citroen eased itself into the late night traffic. She lived in a hotel, a middle-priced unpretentious building in the district of the address was anything to go by.

As soon as the car's ignition was turned off, Romy awoke, blinked rapidly and hastily pulled herself away from me. Then, seeing my amusement, she laughed, too, in unselfconscious humor. "I'll see you to your door, fair damsel," I said flippantly, getting out rapidly and going round to her door.

"Thank you," was all she said when I took her arm, slipped it through mine and escorted her in through the main doors of the hotel.

The solitary night clerk gave us a nod and a quick appreciative glance as we strolled over to the fairly modern elevator. "They all

know me here," murmured Romy. At my unspoken query, she added, "They know I'm a transvestite."

"Just what is that?" I asked as we stepped into the elevator.

Her head swivelled quickly to look at me. "You don't know?" she said in astonishment.

"Oh, I know you're a man now," I said, returning her stare. "But you won't always be, right?"

She shook her head violently. "That's a transsexual," she said quickly. "A person who wants to change their sex is called a transsexual. A transvestite is happy with the sex into which they were born."

"Oh," I said, eyeing her up and down. "You just dress up like a woman to attract men."

We'd reached her floor. Her face was a picture of outrage and shock. "I am not a homosexual," she hissed at me. "Men do not attract me at all."

I pushed my way along beside her until she stopped at a door and began to fumble frenziedly in her purse. "You only dance with men," I said pointedly.

"I like to dance," she snapped. She had found the key and had inserted it into the door lock. "Now, if you don't mind, will you please go away? You obviously have the wrong impression about Romy Pohlman." She stepped into the hallway beyond and began to close the door.

I stopped the door closing. She tried to push it and glared at me furiously as I casually held it open with one hand. "You like to dress as a woman," I said slowly, "because it feels right for you. There's a strong feminine side to your nature that has to express itself and you even feel relaxed and secure as a woman."

She stopped pushing at the door. Her eyes opened wider, the eyeliner and eyeshadow making them huge and feminine. "You too?" she asked doubtfully.

I had to laugh. "Do I dress in women's clothing?" I couldn't keep the laughter and mockery out of my voice. She nodded, her face still, and I guess she must have met plenty, those not so brave as to declare themselves like Romy, of all shapes and sizes.

"No," I laughed. "I never dress in women's clothes. I never think that I might and I never will."

For some reason that didn't relax her too much. "You understand my cross-dressing a little?" she asked dubiously.

"I'm a newspaper man," I said. "There's been transsexuals in every place in the States, even in Ladies Tennis. I've covered stories like that."

"But I'm not a transsexual," she was adamant.

I nodded. "I was checking," I said, feeling a little abashed at what I'd done. "I just wanted to know where you stood."

"Now you know," she said abruptly.

"Now I know," I said. I smiled, and she returned it slightly. I think it was because she was so fragile and demure, like a little china doll, that's so perfect you have to touch it to see if it's real, that caused me to do what I did next. I reached over to Romy and pulled her up against me. Then I kissed her on her red, painted lips. Her hands struggled but I had those pinned easily to her slim body and her head was trapped by the door frame. She didn't exactly return my hard kiss, but her body did stiffen and press against me though it seemed she was trying to resist me. When I released her, she hesitated before she pulled away and I got to kiss her cheek again and squeeze her hand before I said "good night" and went for the elevator.

The door slammed and the bolt clicked into place before I even got my finger onto the elevator's call button.

* * * * *

Ray Gerhard could dig like no other research assistant I've ever had. At noon the next day, I had Romy Pohlman's life history, in words and in pictures, spread out in front of me on my desk.

I was surprised by the wealth of the Pohlman family and by the inheritance that Romy had received on "his" eighteenth birthday. It was that money that had sent the young Gustav Adolf Pohlman to the best plastic surgeon in Paris to re-emerge with the tiny, feminine nose. At first, he had looked absurd, but as later photos showed, he must have had quite a series of adjustments until "Romy" had finally appeared. He hadn't hidden his true sex at all while all of this was going on and he had even been an "actor" and a "dancer" at several nightclubs while he was being worked on. There were several photos of Romy in blonde and black wigs posing in sexy black underwear for shows in Hamburg, Amsterdam or Paris. But that seemed to have come to an end at least a year ago.

Besides that, Romy Pohlman had attended, in female dress naturally, just about every important public relations happening in Europe in the last three years. If there was a place for the transvestite male in the "jet set" of the world, then Romy had found it. He had the money, of course, to keep up with the trendsetting in-crowd, and was such a constant companion of the famous that he seemed to be treated as a beautiful girl by everyone, and there were several pictures, similar to the Bellamy one I'd seen first, either bussing or cuddling up to well known people. It almost was a sign of "having arrived" for a star to have their picture taken with "her."

"Sickening, isn't it?" Gerhard said in disgust, throwing a new folder that he'd dug up out of the Paris office news library onto the already crowded desk. "And this is just part of the Carrousel files," he added.

There wasn't much I could say to that. It might have been unfair to put Romy in the same group as the emasculated males of the Carrousel—such beings never turned me on, no matter how gorgeous they looked—but, with most people, there'd be no attempt to draw fine lines between degrees of deviation. Men who dressed like women and men who became women surgically were lumped together even by people like Gerhard, who should have been better informed.

"Is there really a drag show boom across Europe?" I asked Ray, "or is it just that the media is paying more attention to what's always been there?"

Ray shrugged. "There's more work for impersonators," he said, looking at his watch. He always had a lunch date, and he appeared

impatient to get away. "And there's more of them. Yeah," he nodded, giving me a penetrating glance. "I'd say it was a boom."

I didn't keep him any longer. Conlon's articles would be easy to put together. I knew what Jeff would want. Jeff had lived in Berlin in the pre-Nazi days and he tended to see the world in those terms. Even the slightest trend towards "decadence" he foresaw as the prelude to a fascist reaction. So, the point of view of my articles was already set.

I'd finished the first three by the time Gerhard had returned. He grunted as he read over my anguished prose. "The old man wants it like this?" he asked in surprise. I nodded. "But you haven't even been to the Carrousel or Madame Arthur's or . . ."

I cut him off. "Now why should I do that?" I asked. "It'd only spoil my objectivity." Yes, there's more than a touch of the journalist's occupational disease in me, too. "We'll need up-to-date photographs," I added, "especially of Romy Pohlman." I'd given "her" prominent place in the first article along with the "heroes" of glitter-rock.

"I'll get on it," said Gerhard.

I'd more or less finished the series the next day, the words just flowing from the old Olivetti, when Gerhard came in with a dark, sallow-faced, thin little fellow.

"Francois Hebert," Gerhard did the introduction. "He does photographs for us on occasion."

"So?" I snapped. I was into the conclusion, and I always find that tough, trying to think of an adequate positive way to end what is essentially an observation of life and its foibles. But Jeff always insisted on an "uplifting" ending.

"This bird has flown," said Gerhard, tapping the dossier on Romy Pohlman which was still on my desk.

"She's gone?" I was quite surprised.

"Mais oui, monsieur," Hebert looked very nervous. "But I have the photographs of her blonde friends . . ." He glanced at Gerhard. "They did not object," he murmured.

"Damn," I said. "We should have got them earlier this week. "Wasn't there a forwarding address at the hotel?"

"Non, monsieur," Hebert shook his head. "Mademoiselle Pohlman has also released the hotel room. The manager told me she'd been there for nearly six years."

Well, I thought, we could always run one or two of the older photos, ones we'd never used in our paper before. But Jerry Conlon wouldn't go along with it, and I knew that. Before I could commence my already disrupted vacation, I'd have to make sure that the photographs with the articles were both new and provocative.

"Let's find out where she's gone," I snapped at Gerhard. "And you," I pointed at Hebert. "You be ready to go whenever you're called for."

If being a guest on the yacht of an American millionaire could be called hiding out, then Romy was hiding out in style. As far as the supplier of the "Beau Sejour" was concerned, Brennan Lawrence's red haired girl friend, Romy, was just that. So much, I thought, cynically, for the line she'd been shooting at me. She could just as easily have told me that I didn't turn her on. I'd have believed that.

Francois got a few good photographs of her, and of the five other girls, real or not, we didn't know, on the sundeck of the yacht. Romy, in a black, silky bikini, was incredibly gorgeous. She was quite small-breasted, but her narrow waist, rounded buttocks and slim legs left no doubt as to her "belonging" to the female sex. There was not a vestige of masculinity in her as she mixed easily with the other girls, dressed just like her. When they removed their bikini tops for sunbathing, she did the same with a few laughs at Brennan and the other two guys on board the yacht. No one gave her special attention as she lay in the sun, the small, well-formed breasts thrust up into the sunshine just like those of the other girls aboard the yacht.

I was glad at last when Francois decreed that he had enough photographs and left for Paris. I don't go much for sunbathing myself, and I found the amount of flesh on view along the coast more than a little too much. England was the place I intended to head for just as

soon as the money that was supposed to be wired to me from the States arrived in Monte Carlo.

It finally arrived at the bank and I was busy converting to francs, with a lot going into sterling, when I happened to glance up. Maybe, I felt her eyes upon me, I don't know, but Romy Pohlman was staring at me, unveiled hostility in her green eyes. She'd just completed a transaction of her own, and she was putting money away into a white purse that matched the short, white dress she was wearing. The plunging, lace-edged neckline showed off both her tan and her figure.

"You've followed me down here!" Her auburn hair was loosely combed about her neck and with no makeup, save for perhaps eyebrow pencil, Romy was more femininely attractive than I'd ever seen her.

I shrugged. "I'm just leaving," I said. "I have a plane for London tonight from Nice."

A young man joined us. He was slim and dark. His hair was short, but there was a definite, effeminate air about him. The thin, shaped eyebrows didn't help in assuring anyone of his maleness. "Excuse me, Romy," he touched her lightly on the arm. He sounded fruity, and he jerked his hand in an exaggerated fashion. "We've all finished now. So, whenever you're ready . . ." He gave me a smile, but it vanished as I scowled fiercely at him.

"This is Al Evans," Romy's contralto was flat and expressionless, "an American newspaperman." She made a graceful gesture with her left hand. "Brennan Lawrence," she said to me curtly.

Lawrence gave me a very quick once over. "Uh," he coughed. "You're on a story, Mr. Evans?"

I laughed, and was pleased to see what I thought was apprehension on both of their faces. We were all edging towards the main entrance "Transvestites," I said, grinning. "And all the different kinds of perverts that there are."

Continued in TVia #98

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OUT OF THE PAST

Havelock Ellis

Editor's Note: This is another excerpt from "Eonism and Other Studies" by Havelock Ellis—a famous Sexologist in the early 1900's. It is reprinted here because it is so descriptive of feelings of FPs. They don't change much in 50 years.

I began to take the greatest pleasure in the sight and details of female clothing, especially the pretty underthings, an accidental glimpse of which, given by an extra short-skirted girl or women, I got to be always on the lookout for and keenly enjoy. So keen did I get on this that I would do almost anything to see a girl or a woman in any condition of exposure or undress, loving the sight of her clothing. I think, quite as much as that of her limbs or body. Many a young girl with particularly short skirts I have followed for miles enjoying the sight of her shapely legs and occasional delicious glimpses of her pretty underclothing, while one summer at the seaside almost every day I used to go up some cliff steps behind a girls' school in order to enjoy looking up their clothes and feast my eyes on the details of their pretty drawers and petticoats. My constant presence and purpose was, I am almost sure, noticed by one or two little coquettes, for once or twice I noticed that drawers had been pushed up and that petticoats were being bunched up with the result of the display of garters and even of bare thighs above them.

"Then, somewhat later, came, quite naturally, the next step in my development. While one day enjoying being naked in my sister's bedroom, where there was a large mirror in which I delighted to see my naked body and limbs reflected. I came across a lot of her prettily

trimmed underclothing, and was seized with the desire to put in on. I did so—and from that moment I date what I term my change of sex. I cannot describe to you the pleasure I felt when thus dressing myself for the first time in female garments. It was exquisite, delicious, intoxicating, far and away transcending anything I had before experienced, and when, after some trouble, I was completely attired a girl, and placed myself in front of the glass, it was a positive revelation. I felt that here at least was what I had been longing for. Now my bashfulness mattered no longer. Here before me was a pretty girl, whom I could see in any stage of dress or undress, whom I could pose in any position I liked that would show off her body of limbs or underclothing. I could experience all my old pleasures of nakedness and exposure and as a girl at the same time in the same condition. I was both boy and girl at once, and since that time I have never been a male pure and simple again, and today I am actually more female than male, in spite of the actual physical facts to the contrary. Feeling as I thus did, it is no wonder that the new pleasure become a position passion with, which I lost no opportunity of gratifying, surreptitiously borrowing articles of female attire at every possible occasion in order to enjoy the exquisite sensations caused by wearing them. The ladies' newspapers became of the greatest interest to me and I gloated over their illustrations of sweet chemises, dainty drawers and charming corsets; and gradually, through their medium, I began to get a collection of such things for myself. To such a pitch of refinement have I carried this passion for dressing as a female that I have now complete costumes of various kinds, and can appear in full evening dress, with bare arms and neck, and naked shoulders and bosom, as a dancing girl with yards and yards of lace petticoats, as a young girl in short skirts displaying her beautifully frilled drawers, or even as a child with socks instead of stockings and delightfully naked legs. Each of them gives me a different variety of pleasure as I wear them under fresh conditions or in fresh places, or pose and expose myself in some fresh variety of voluptuous position. For instance, I have when staying in the country, on going to bed, dressed myself as a short-skirted young girl and when everyone else had retired, come downstairs and gone thus attired out into the garden, and walked about in the moonlight, pulling up my lovely lace petticoats to still further expose my shapely legs and frilled drawers, deriving the most exquisite pleasure from imagining myself to be a young girl thus behaving herself.

"And I have walked down a country lane, in full evening dress at

night, revelling in the nakedness of my neck and arms and the complete exposure of my bare bosom, and enjoying the feel of the billowy laces of my petticoats foaming round my silk stockinged ankles as I walked.

"I have also stripped and redressed myself as a girl in the railway carriage of a long journey non-stop train, and derived the most exquisite pleasure from the daring situation.

"Perhaps, however, my most absolutely caring exploit in this way was when I went into the garden of a London Square late at night, from one of the adjoining houses, clad in a charming combination of evening and young girl's dress, with a sleeveless bodice cut low to the last possible inch, and with the shortest possible skirts and petticoats, in which the delicious nudity of my bosom, and the naked exposure of part of my thighs between the tops of my elaborately gartered openwork silk stockings, was exquisitely exciting and in delightful contrast to the compression of my body in my tightly laced corsets. Over this I put on a long overcoat, which on reaching the square garden I threw off, and stood thus girlishly dressed and exposed in the open air, feminine, half naked, and more than half mad with excitement and pleasure I walked about, tossed my lace petticoats, sat upon seats and still further exposed my legs and drawers, pulled even lower my bodice to still further bare my heaving bosom then frantic with the lasciviousness of my feelings. I took off garment after garment, placing myself in some fresh extraordinary position in each stage of undress, and finally throwing all upon the ground and myself naked upon them I lay madly rubbing my frightfully erect organ until I spent more copiously than ever in my life before. Such is the state of things to which my passion for female dressing has at times driven me.

"What I have already told relates to the eariler development of my condition, and up to this stage my aberrations were always solitary. They did not, however, after a while continue to be so, for I became acquainted with a widow lady, of handsome face and figure, though considerably older than myself, and conceived for her a great admiration, which she graciously accepted. I don't know what she could have seen in me, or whether being herself of a most ardent, not to say lascivious temperament, she readily guessed mine to be the same, but anyhow the affair very quickly ripened and under her encouragement

and skillful treatment I quickly became not only her admirer but also the absolute slave of her passions as well. When once encouraged I became very bold, and the first familiarities certainly came from me, but she soon convinced me that I was a mere tyro in voluptuousness, and taught me more than I had ever previously known or suspected. Confession of my half female condition she soon got out of me, and my state seemed to amuse her like a new toy, for she gave me every encouragement and assistance in it, delighting to dress me in her own clothes and even having some things especially made for me, such as corsets with special bust improves in order that I might have the figure of a woman, and into these she loved to lace me until I was almost cut in two in the middle and suffered a curious blending of pleasure and pain. She herself was a confirmed tight-lacer and experienced much the same thing when she made me lace her in a similar manner. She liked the feeling and I the sight of her full firm breasts being forced upwards and outwards till they stood with erected nipples well out of her elegant corsets and courting the kisses and caresses which I loved to bestow and she to receive on these most sensitive parts of her beautiful form. Apropos of this I may add that another of my feminine characteristics that my own breasts also have is this extreme sensitiveness and that I love to have them kissed and caressed as they rise from the tight-laced corsets or low cut evening dress. Some time ago, on my longing to have real female attributes, I tried to develop them to female proportions with an advertising preparation for improving the bust, but failed. When dressed as a woman and with my bosom bare I want real breasts very badly indeed. My lady friend was, however, an adept at caressing, kissing and tickling what I have got, as also in doing the same to another place where I also have extreme and quite feminine sensitiveness, namely, the insides of my thighs. To have between and upon these the feel of the frillings of very short drawers is just lovely, while to have them touched or tickled by female hands or lips is exquisite in the extreme.

"In little tricks like these, and in the mutual handling and excitation of our private parts, we used to spend most of our time together, she either nude for her own pleasure or perhaps partly clad for me to enjoy the sight and feel of her underthings, and I usually in some variety of female attire. At times the pleasure of the latter, my sense of being actually female, my unrestrained exposure before my mistress, and her caresses and libidinous actions would almost cause me to swoon with the exquisiteness of my pleasure. At others my

masculinity would come uppermost and the seance would end with a connection but may flantly confess that unless the latter were performed in some extraordinary manner or position. I did not enjoy it so much as when we kept up the illusion of my being female, as we sometimes even did to the extent of her dressing as a man and going through a scene of the seduction of myself as a woman. I may add that it was curious to note that just in the same way that I like to be tight-laced in order to feel thoroughly transformed into a woman and so enjoy my most delicious sensations, she liked to be the same during an ordinary connection, saying that it increased her pleasure to an extraordinary degree.

"This particular amour is some good time ago, but I have since had others more or less like it, some with younger women and girls who were glad to find a male admirer who could indulge in unlimitede lascivious caressing without wanting to go always to the full length of actual connection, sometimes my masculine and sometimes my feminine desires have been uppermost, but the latter have always the increase, and I have now I think almost reached the stage described as actual sexual inversion. When dressed as a woman, I am a woman, with all a woman's feelings and longings. The clothing still gives me all the exquisite pleasure it ever did, and, indeed I sometimes think that to be dressed in lovely feminine things, down to the last possible detail, with all of them designed and arranged for voluptuous effect, and when in them to be able to expose oneself to the lascivious gaze, or receive the lacivious caresses, of a pretty woman similarly attired, or to pose for oneself in some extraordinary position in front of a mirror, or to lie half naked half femininely in a voluptuous dream, is the absolute height of sexual pleasure, yet at times when excited to the last pitch of female desire I sometimes find myself longing for a male instead of a female lover. Dressed as a girl I seem actually to become one. With my feet in high heeled shoes, and my legs looking exactly like those of a girl in black silk openwork stockings; feeling the clasp of my elaborate garters and the tickling of the frills of my drawers; clad in a delicate delicious chemise, laced to the utmost in shapely corsets; with a foam of lace petticoats round my ankles; with my neck and arms bare, and my bosom and shoulders rising nude out of the cliffons of a low-cut evening bodice, I look like a woman, and I feel like one, and then I seem to want a man to expose the charms of my person and clothing, to kiss and caress me, while I give myself up to him in I know not what mad orgie of lascivious and voluptous pleasure. I have not yet gone to the length of

doing any such thing in reality, even if there exists anyone who would abet me in such a thing, but when, in my calmer moments, I reflect on the extreme depravity of such desires and realize the depth to which I have actually fallen by the indulgence instead of the repression of my extraordinary feelings, I know that I have gone far enough and that it is quite time the whole thing was in some way stopped and treated. I think I know myself well enough to say that if the right road to a cure is pointed out to me I have strength enough to follow. Not that it will probably be easy, but the same spirit that has hitherto made me seek gratification at any cost may also serve me to practice renunciation in the same way.

"I may say that my feminism is almost entirely mental, for physically, in all the matters of conformation, growth, and distribution of hair, sexual organs, voice, etc., I am quite an ordinary and normal male. I have, certainly, rather small and well shaped hands and feet, and my legs, when seen in dainty stockings are surprisingly feminine in shape and appearance, and I hate to have my hair cut, but apart from these things I have no marked bodily female characteristics—though I have often the most intense longing and desire especially when enjoying the nakedness of my bosom in a low cut evening bodice, to have female breasts, that is in shape and size, for I already have the feminine quality of extreme sensitiveness in those parts, and keenly enjoy having them kissed and caressed, in which pleasure my lady friend used to very often indulge me, getting me, as I was nothing loth, to kiss and caress her own very fine well-developed breasts in return. My other feminine characteristics are, as I have said, chiefly mental, beginning with the intense longing and desire to be a woman, and going through the faculty of, under certain conditions, acutally being able to imagine myself to be one, to the love of and exquisite pleasure in the wearing of female clothing, and to the minor ones of a great love of perfumes, of jewelry in the way of rings, necklaces and bracelets, and of pretty thing generally. The last is probably merely a part of the artistic tastes which makes me hate anything—that is course and ugly and love the beautiful and elegant. As an artist I get all my pleasure through the eyes, and suppose I carry the same thing into my sexuality, and naturally love the sight of a pretty woman quite nude, or displaying her charms and her pretty clothing together in some voluptuous or suggestive pose.

"That the charms of the underclothing exercise even a more powerful effect upon me than those of the woman herself is probably



Felicity NY-16-M

due to the fact that when I wear them myself they, to some extent, help to satisfy my longing to be actually a woman, and so gratify both my "feminism" and "erotic fetichism" at once.

"Beyond these there, however, still remains my extraordinary delight in nakedness and exposure. This is a matter of feeling as well as seeing, for when, for instance, my neck and shoulders, arms and bosom are bared by a low-necked evening bodice, or a set of stockings a space of naked legs or thighs I enjoy the feeling of nakedness and exposure, quite as much as the sight of it in a manner or on a pretty girl similarly exposed.

"This exquisitely delicious feeling is tremendously increased in the case of my bosom when I am extra tightly laced in a pair of shapely corsets, and in the case of my legs and thighs when I have on very tight garters or the bands of my frilled drawers fit tightly round my thighs. It is also more delightful to be thus half naked out of doors than in, and most of all to be in that condition in the presence of and before the eyes of a woman, who will give the nude parts the caresses they long for and enjoy. To be dressed like a woman, exposed before a woman, all at once and the same time, while she herself is in a similar state of undress and exposure has been to me the absolute height of erotic pleasure—until recently I have been assailed with the further longing to give myself thus to a male instead of a female lover, and at this point have decided that things must stop, or they will certainly get to the "disgraceful" stage which they have not yet reached. I think I have the necessary will power to stop this.

"With regard to cultivating the masculine side of the highly erotic temperament I may be able to do something, but I fear that any sort of sexual indulgence with a woman will keep up the present state of things as my feminism and erotic fetishism are so absolutely a part of my general sexual feelings. I could not see a woman undress without at once being mad to put on her underclothing and experience again all the exquisitely pleasurable sensations of being myself feminine. So potent has this erotic fetishism become that I can hardly tear myself away from the windows of an underclothing shop, or that of a corsetiere, while the sight of a girl's or woman's accidentally exposed legs, petticoats or drawers will sometimes almost madden me with pleasure.

"Dressed in elaborate female underthings, corsetted and laced to

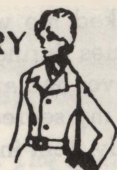
the last gasp; low-bodiced and short skirted conscious of my exposed legs, my high-heeled shoes and tight garters found my thighs; with my breasts heaving in exquisite nakedness, and with the long hair of my wig flowing over my bare neck and shoulders and in this condition shamelessly displaying myself before a pretty woman in a similar condition, I become absolutely intoxicated with the exquisite femininity of my feelings and I feel that the next development of wanting a male lover would be actual madness and so must be resisted with all the means in my power".

AT LAST - A NEW BOOK!

I'm sure that many of you thought that Chevalier would never again get around to bringing out a new fiction story. Frankly I began to wonder, too. The principle reason was that I could never manage to get money ahead to invest in a new publication. I was constantly running out of the old books which had to be reprinted and *TVia's* new issues which had to keep coming used up available funds. Although the price had to be raised a couple of years ago and the postal surcharge had to be advanced to 15 percent when Uncle Sam upped the ante, the typographer, the printer, the paper, the bindry, and everything else keep on going up too. Thus I had to find some financial assistance in getting a new story together. I am glad to acknowledge with thanks the cooperation in the form of a loan from Lee Brewster, publisher of *Drag* magazine. We worked out a deal that was profitable to him and provided me the money to pay off the printer when it was due.

The other problem was to find a worthy story, long enough and interesting enough and appropriately TV in nature without getting involved in a lot of other stuff. Finally one was submitted by Dee Raymond who has provided so many good stories for *TVia*. It was a treatment of an idea I suggested to her and it is a really good story. Being quite long, it has been published in three parts, each of which is priced at \$4.50. I think you will really like it and I'm only sorry that it took so long to appear. I must also thank those of you who subscribed extra money some months ago (years?) to help get it off the ground. Its title is *Ideal Marriage*, and it was, too.

Virginia



DELAYED REVELATION

Joanne PA-20-N

I am enjoying the Chevalier publications . . . I didn't know that *TVia* existed until a month or so ago, and I've been a TV (actually an FP) for 40-plus years!

From my limited reading on the subject, I've come to the conclusion I'm probably a typical FP case, and I'm sure my cross-dressing inclinations were inborn. My earliest recollection of childhood was at age five or six when I swiped my sister's panties and was discovered wearing them by kindergarten classmates.

I have always been fascinated by lingerie and longed to wear feminine clothes, but kept these desires pretty much in the background through childhood, college, military duty, and the early part of my marriage.

Shortly after marrying, I began to buy lingerie items in quantity. Also, when my wife wasn't around, I liked to dress in her clothes. Fortunately, she was about the same size. Periodically I would feel guilty about this, believing I was some kind of weirdo, and dispose of my purchases. The desire always came back within a month, however, and I would find myself again in a lingerie department. I must have bought and later discarded well over 500 pairs of panties, dozens of slips, nighties, bras, girdles, etc., over the past 20 years. My wife never discovered this, although there were numerous close calls.

A little over a year ago, she bought me *The Joy of Sex*. She figured it was time to jazz up our sex life a little. There is a very brief mention in this book on how some women and men like to dress the man in feminine clothes for lovemaking. When we both finished the book, she

asked me what "new thing" I wanted to try out. There were many times during our marriage that I wanted to tell her of my desires but never had any courage. Now, however, I was determined to put an end to my secrecy and the book gave me an opening. I told her that the only item in the book that appealed to me would be to make love to her while dressed in her clothes.

Her reaction was completely unexpected, because she said she also read this and thought that it might be exciting! (Sometime later I began thinking about her reaction and wondered whether she knew of my habit but never let on.)

That night she dressed me in some of her best lingerie, including a bra, panties, slip, nightie and stockings. Then we made love like we hadn't done since our honeymoon. The fact that I was turned on also turned her on. I slept that night in her lingerie and the next morning she could see that I was in no hurry to take her clothing off. Seeing as though she was not outwardly disenchanted with me in her clothes, I decided to confess my lifelong desires to her.

My wife had always been a very loving and understanding woman. It took me over an hour to explain all of my desires. The amazing thing was that it didn't upset her a bit, and she was a conservative woman. The hardest thing for her to understand was why I waited 23 years to tell her! She was very concerned about how frustrated I must have been all this time. Of course, the reason I didn't tell her earlier was because I was sure that this might lead to divorce. Now when I think of all those youthful years that were foolishly wasted due to the fear of discovery, I could cry.

Once this thing was out in the open, my wife continued to amaze me. Over the years I had bought her many frilly nightgowns, very lacy panties and other exotic lingerie. She hardly ever wore them, preferring more standard items. She then cleaned out her dresser and gave me all of these items! Needless to say I was flabbergasted, and since that time I have worn nighties every night.

She saw nothing wrong with me wearing panties and nylons every day, commenting that I looked sexier wearing panties than "those ugly men's shorts." She was a little concerned about what would happen if I met with an accident and had to go to a hospital, but for some reason this never bothered me. The only thing she didn't want

me to do was wear a bra to work (I wouldn't anyway). Since that time, I have worn under my male clothes any feminine item that could not be detected by co-workers, with her full knowledge and approval.

Our love life, which had always been good, got better. The next six months were the most fantastic part of my life. Today I don't feel dressed unless I'm wearing panties and stockings under my everyday male clothing. She began surprising me with gifts of frilly undies. What amazed me the most was her comment one day that she would like to see how I looked dressed completely as a woman! My eyes must have popped out of my head, and the next day she came home with a wig and high heels in my size. I thought the wig was gorgeous, and it is now my favorite feminine item.

She soon had me completely dressed as a woman, including make-up. She thought I looked beautiful. I doubt, however, that I would ever get up enough courage to go in public this way since there are so many female mannerisms to conquer, plus the voice problem. There have been four occasions, however, when the kids were gone all day that I was able to lounge around the house all dressed up or in a peignoir outfit. My wife encouraged this because she saw how happy it made me.

There is a very tragic part to my story. Not six months after all this openness began, we discovered my wife was seriously ill with an incurable form of cancer. The doctors gave her two years but complications set in and she was dead four months later. Her death was a crushing blow. Now I'm trying to figure out how I want to spend the rest of my life. There are certain advantages to being single if one is a TV, but I need someone to share my life with. The problem is finding an understanding woman that would have the same open mind as my wife possessed. I am certain of one thing—she would have to know of my needs before marriage. No more secrets.

That's a brief history of my TV life. I don't know why I am so inclined, but I enjoy every minute of it and consider TVism as absolutely essential to my life.

I have begun to read extensively the pertinent literature. The most pleasant surprise was finding out that there may be a million or more men in this country with similar habits, although I have yet to meet

another TV. Someday, if I find the courage, I'd like to attend one of the FP get-togethers. If I had one wish, it would be that society's barriers be lowered so that we could freely appear in public dressed as women with absolutely no stigma attached to it. This will probably never happen.

SALUTE TO NORMA

It was announced in *TVia* #96 that I was turning over the mail order part of Chevalier Publications to Carol and her wife Norma who share the operation of Tri-Sigma with me. Things have worked out in such a way that Carol is so involved with Tri Sigma activities (besides her regular business) that she hasn't much time for the mailing activity. As a result, Norma has, in fact, become my replacement in this area of things. Since she lives in Tulare, California, which is about 200 miles north of Los Angeles, it has been necessary to open a Post Office box in that city under the same name so you can send your orders to:

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Post Office Box 194, Tulare, Calif. 93274

Norma will take care of all ordinary orders at that address. But orders for out-of-stock-back-issues and for rentals still come to me at the old address. This is because there are only a few of miscellaneous issues available. If any of you have out out-of-stock issues especially prior to #50 I will buy them back for \$2 in cash or credit.

Please note that due to the recent increase in postal rates it has been necessary to raise the postal surcharge to 15 percent of the invoiced amount. Sorry but it was that or another small price raise and this seemed the easiest solution all around.

I remain as the editor and publisher of *TVia* and the other Chevalier items but Norma's taking the mail order burden off my shoulders allows me a little more time for other things I'm involved in. She will operate under the same rules and arrangements that I have over the years. You will find her sincere and helpful —

Virginia



KAREN PHOENIX
A STORY OF REBIRTH THROUGH FIRE

Joy—England

As always when I went on an extended trip I'd taken two suitcases with me—an ordinary one, containing all the normal needs of a man on a lengthy absence from home and an extraordinary one, ivory coloured with a red trim, red nylon lined, in which lay clean and pressed a selection of my other clothes and of my make-up and jewellery. Also in it in a special compartment sat my favourite wig just back from the hairdresser. And the things in the second case I greatly preferred to those in the first.

Before I was fifteen I had accepted that I have what the world terms a problem. Not that it is to me—not by a long way—but as I knew then that the urges that I feel are wholly unlike those of other men I felt compelled to keep them hidden deeply inside me while I tried to find out the truth about myself. I don't mean different in the usual way—all my urges in that area are strictly heterosexual—but in the way I long to appear to myself and before the world.

By the time I was nineteen I'd read everything I'd been able to lay my hands on which appeared to bear on my case and while I found nothing which I could pin down as being the cause of my desires I at least learned enough to know that the condition is incurable (as if, having once experienced the ecstasy of complete transformation one would want to be 'cured') and came to terms with myself.

Being stuck with this problem it seemed to me to be sensible to make the best of the situation, and to do that I thought I could do better than join an amateur theatre group. In that way I could learn how to act and then could transfer the knowledge I gained to my private life to ensure as far as possible that I would behave as a

woman when I was dressed like one. The scheme worked. After two years I had played several parts in the group's productions—nothing very grand but then I was not only inexperienced but I was a bit too short and slight to play big he-man parts—and had not only been complimented on my performances but had learned a great deal about the craft of acting. This, added to the continual and intensive study I made of women of about my own age group—how they moved, sat, talked, dressed, behaved, every tiny detail I could glean by observation—made my presence when I was dressed and made-up more and more convincing.

But the girl I became in private stayed in private. As I had no woman to criticize my performance I could not screw up my courage to go out in public. The fear that I might unknowingly display some blatantly masculine trait was always with me and I could not bear the thought of publicly failing in this precious of life's activities.

So that was the reason for the second suitcase. In those days I lived by myself in a flat and when I was alone dressed as I liked to be. But an active social life meant that I was very rarely alone and because of this I used to grab at any reasonable excuse for a trip away just so that I could bring my other self with me. She could appear in her tulle glory in my hotel rooms far oftener than she could ever manage at home in my own flat.

So there I was at the beginning of a new trip—eight o'clock in the evening in a bedroom in a country hotel in the South of Scotland with the door locked and the air smelling faintly of "Fleurs de Rocaille" as I gazed in the mirror. Calmly Karen gazed back at me. For the thousandth time I studied her appearance. Dark hair prettily styled, blue eyes, peaches and cream complexion complemented by a carmine lipstick, pale blue turtle neck sweater softly folded over a shapely bust and curving in the narrow waist and the A-line skirt of the powder blue costume, slender legs ending in blue court shoes with tall slim heels. In her ears small pearl earrings reflected the pearls of the short two-strand necklace while on the third finger of the left hand a sapphire and diamond engagement ring sparkled. On the dressing table stood the navy handbag and carelessly slung over the end of the bed were the costume jacket and the three-quarter length fur coat. In my eyes she was lovely, the epitome of beautiful womanhood. If only others could see her as I did—men turning to stare in admiration, girls gazing in envy. Why couldn't I bring myself to go

outside my locked room? I fantasised myself walking down Bond Street or Piccadilly, a woman among women, but it was only a dream. I sighed. It would need much more than just my own strength of will to force me to go out in public and how could that ever happen?

I busied myself about the room. Having earlier decided on the blue costume for this evening I carefully repacked Karen's case with everything she would not require for the moment, checking off each item as I did so. This was an insurance against accidental discovery by the maid in the morning of some revealing and embarrassing item which could only belong to a woman. I was to stay in the hotel for some days and I had no desire to be suspected of masquerading as a woman or even just of having one overnight in my bedroom. It didn't take more than a few minutes to clear up and it gave me a comfortable feeling of security when it was done.

Subconsciously as I worked, I had noticed that a thunderstorm which had been grumbling in the distance as I dressed had been coming closer. Now a louder than usual crash really made me jump. Thunderstorms frighten me and I began to feel uneasy. I put on my costume jacket, turned off the room lights and stepped cautiously out onto the balcony.

I strained to see in the dense blackness beneath the thundercloud. It was dry for the moment but rain was all around. The wind was gusty and I could feel my skirt blowing about my knees. Ridiculously I was fanning the air before my eyes to brush away the darkness when, with terrifying suddenness the sky was white lit by a brilliant flash and a giant oak tree not far away was struck by lightning. In the almost continuous flashes which followed, gripping the balcony rail in agitation I watched the tree's death throes as it slowly leaned over and, burning brightly, crashed to the ground. The noise was tremendous, the thunderclaps deafening. It began to rain. As I hurried back into my room the wind blew the balcony door against me and I struck my head on the door frame.

The bruise itself was nothing but the bump untied my wig and I went over to the dressing table to put it on its stand and brush it back into shape. I loathe the sight of my man's short haircut when I'm made-up for it totally destroys the illusion I've been at such pains to create and I hurried to complete the repairs as yet another brilliant flash lit the room. It wasn't until I'd replaced the wig and was patting

the hair into place that I realised that something was wrong. That was different for there had been no accompanying crash of thunder. As I looked in the mirror, unexplained dread in my heart, a man, camera in hand, stepped through the curtains. Twice-thrice—as I rose and turned towards him the camera flashed. Sick and frightened I stood irresolute.

"Good evening my dear."

His voice was educated but much too smooth.

"I fear I must have misread the register downstairs in the lobby for I really thought that this room was occupied by a Mr. Davidson—a Mr. Keith Davidson of number 17, Porter Street in West London. I had no intention of calling on him this evening until I saw you a little while ago standing on the balcony. In fact I was so surprised to see a pretty girl in what I took to be a man's room—though why that should have surprised me I can't imagine—that I took the liberty after you had gone back indoors of crossing onto your balcony and taking a few photographs."

My brain revolved busily. Was he going to try and blackmail Keith for having a girl in his bedroom? "A pretty girl," he'd said. Karen glowed. Or was everything obvious to him and he was leading up to blackmailing Keith for being Karen? Or what?

"And yet," he went on, "I did have a reason for checking up for this afternoon I saw Mr. Davidson arrive. The contrast between the old brown workaday suitcase on the one hand and the smart and pretty woman's case on the other was very marked. And when this was taken together with only a single name in the hotel register it immediately set my imagination to work. For you see I am gay and even the tiniest clue can set my desires surging. And when I'm like that I'll go to practically any lengths to find a way to be satisfied. And this time I believe there is indeed a way."

For a moment I couldn't think what he was driving at—and then I couldn't believe what my mind was telling me.

"You see, Mr. Davidson, I hold all the cards. I know your name and address and I have a series of photographs of you. At least one of them shows you sitting at your mirror in your pretty clothes and all

made-up but without your wig. And although your make-up is excellent I don't think I'll have any difficulty in persuading your friends and neighbours that the person in the photos is you."

Waves of nausea swept over me. I was trapped and the thought of what he obviously intended to subject me to was unspeakably revolting. I couldn't believe it was true, that this disgusting action was going to happen to me. The menacing voice continues.

"I give you a choice. Either you will do as I require, co-operating fully and enthusiastically in anything I ask as a ransom for the film I have in the camera or I'll arrange for sets of prints of all the photographs to be sent to your relatives and friends and to various magazine editors who are always on the lookout for this sort of thing."

"I — I — "

I couldn't speak. I thought I was going to be sick. But his desire was obviously overpowering him. Urgently he demanded:

"Hurry up—lift up your skirt and pull down whatever you've got under it or I'll—"

There was a terrifying, an earsplitting crash and through the closed curtains blinding blue-white light blazed. The room was plunged into darkness. Utterly terrified I had only two thoughts left in my head—to get away from that horrible man in the confusion and then to get changed back into Keith's clothes. The man, his mind temporarily diverted by the lightning, had run out onto the balcony—I could see him silhouetted against the sky—and urgently I forced myself round the room grabbing what I needed. Then, quietly, I unlocked the door and slipped into the corridor.

Others in the hotel were also aroused by the storm. From the direction of the main staircase came shouting and the sound of running feet. Instinctively, dressed as I was, I turned towards the other end of the corridor where I recalled having seen emergency stairs. Heart in mouth and ready for instant flight I crept along. There was a little light coming from somewhere and I had no great difficulty finding the stairs, my heels clattering loudly as I stepped from the carpeted corridor onto the stone staircase.

Once on the ground floor my urgent need altered from escape to finding somewhere to change my clothes. With mounting anxiety my eyes searched everywhere for a reasonable place—a girl can't just undress in the middle of a corridor—until I was alarmed by the sound of raised voices and approaching feet. In despair I darted through a half open door to find myself in the open air.

The rain had stopped again but it was still very dark and it was only by the occasional lightning flash that I could see that I was standing at one end of the hotel building with just the open countryside and, to my right, the main road. Nowhere was there a scrap of cover. I stared around shivering in the cool evening air trying desperately to think what to do. I had only a few seconds left for I could hear the voices approaching the door through which I had just passed. Then, like a miracle, I saw the little van standing on the road. The lights were out but I could just see that one of the rear doors was open. At least it was cover. I ran.

My relief was short lived for I heard the voices approach. Hardly daring to breathe I waited in the darkness of the van body. The door was slammed and the van lurched as two men got in. And at that instant there was the loudest thunderclap ever. The strike could only have been within yards of us.

"God!" yelled one of them, "this is getting bloody dangerous—let's get out of here."

"Ay—that one hit the hotel—I saw it in the mirror."

Instinct urged me to run back to see if I could help—perhaps people were hurt—but the starter whined and with a fearsome jerk—the van practically leaped into motion—we were away. Tensely I hung on tightly to prevent myself being thrown about as we roared along the not-too-well surfaced road. One bit of luck—there was a division between the body of the van and the men in front for if there hadn't been I would certainly have been discovered.

As time passed and we got away from the centre of the storm I calmed down sufficiently to take stock of my position. On the whole I thought it wasn't too bad as long as I could avoid being seen. I had escaped from the man in my room and once I was cleaned up and back in Keith's clothes—I can't remember any other time when I've

looked forward to changing back into trousers out of my skirt—I could return to the hotel. All I had to do now was to get out of the van and find somewhere to change. It was then that the adrenaline surged and my heart thudded in my throat.

Karen had been the occupier of the room when the man stepped through the curtains and it was she who had swept so swiftly about the room after the lightning strike. Over my knees lay my fur coat with my handbag balanced on top. My seat was the red trimmed ivory case containing Karen's—and only Karen's—clothes. Panic stricken I searched for something of Keith's. All I found in my coat pockets were Karen's bits and pieces off the dressing table. I had nothing at all of Keith's. At the hotel there could be nothing at all of Karen's.

Stunned I sat on my case, my mind numb, unable to think sensibly until urgency came to my aid as the van slowed and stopped. We lurched as the men climbed out then the doors were slammed and I heard their footsteps recede. I waited till there was complete silence then cautiously edged my eye to one of the dusty windows in the door.

We were in a short ill-lit side road at the end of which a sign announced that BENBRAE STATION was round the corner to the left. An idea began to glimmer in my mind, I couldn't risk going back to the hotel because I would have to explain how I came to be dressed as a woman when I got there and anyway there was the unbearable prospect of being caught again by that loathsome man. There was no way that as a smartly dressed woman I could go shopping now for a complete outfit of men's clothes and in any case there would be no shops open at half past nine in the evening in a small provincial town. But Benbrae, though small, was an important rail junction and all trains stopped there. And if there was a late train to London I could go back to my fault with a good chance of not being seen. And once there and changed back to Keith again I could decide what to do.

As a part of my changeover from Keith to Karen I always transferred anything which could be appropriate to a woman from pockets to handbag and so I not only had money and my credit cards but I also had my keys. I looked again through the window. There was no one about. I edged open the door, stepped out into the road, put

on my fur coat, retrieved my case and handbag, closed the door and set off cautiously down the road, my heart, now that I was so acutely aware of the tapping of my heels, the swing and rustle of my skirt, the stirring of my hair in the light breeze and the aura of unmistakably feminine perfume in which I moved, thudding in my chest like a trip hammer.

I reached the end of the road and peeped anxiously round the corner at the station about a hundred yards away. An illuminated sign caught my eye. "9:55 P.M. LONDON." I glanced at my watch. My goodness it was already 9:45. All nervousness forgotten I stepped out quickly towards the station.

It was all so easy. Karen has always been elegantly (which I might add nearly always means expensively) dressed and no one seemed to question my appearance for an instant. The clerk responding to my soft voiced request for a ticket to London took my money and handed me my change without a second glance, a burly porter seized my case, the train drew in, he installed me comfortably in an otherwise empty compartment and in a few minutes the train pulled out. And there I was sitting in comfort hugging myself in happiness that nothing had gone wrong, that everyone believed I was a woman and that the first scheduled stop of the train would be London itself. Little did I know of the shocks fate had in store for me.

* * * * *

I dozed off and on on the six-hour journey. My keyed up mind kept me from falling asleep which was just as well for unaware movements might easily have caused my wig to end up over one ear or my skirt reveal much more than it should. But at least I got a little rest.

As we came to a halt in the echoing vastness of King's Cross station I braced myself for the next and, I hoped, final step. My handbag mirror confirmed my wig and make-up while my dim reflection in the compartment window showed that my jumper was smooth and tucked neatly into my skirt. I dusted off my jacket shoulders, twisted myself to check that my tights were still straight, put on my fur coat and gloves, made sure I had a piece of money handy as a tip, struggled woman-like with my case to the compartment door and looked up and down for a porter.

One came straight to me, ignoring calls from several other passengers on the way—how nice that made Karen feel—and grasped my case in one enormous fist while politely handing me down from the compartment with the other.

"Thank you. Will you get me a taxi please."

He looked doubtful.

"I'll try, Miss, but there aren't many around at this time in the morning. There wasn't even one a couple of minutes ago."

Instantly depressed I was wholly Keith. "Why can't anything go for me? Now I've got to hang around here for heaven knows how long and someone's bound to see I'm a man." But then Karen took over, firm and confident. "Pull yourself together and stop moaning. If there's no taxi ask him to take you to the Ladies' Waiting Room. Buy a paper and sit and read there for a bit. Don't forget that as a woman it would be unwise to just hang about the station."

Sensible advice. There was no taxi. On the way to the waiting room I got the porter to buy me an early paper and made him promise to come and get me as soon as a taxi turned up. He was more than ready to do so—marvellous what a girl's smile will do.

The paper was like all other cheap papers worldwide—filled with the platitudes of inept politicians side by side with details of the more sordid crimes. Even now, I thought, I might still figure in such a rag if anyone were to see through Karen and find Keith. Almost I could see the headlines—"Smartly Dressed Woman A Man," "Beautiful Girl A Fake," "Petticoated Man On Station." And then my confidence crashed in ruins about me for I really did see the headlines. But there was nothing about Karen in them. Just "Hotel Fire In Scotland," "Lightning Strike Starts Blaze," "Man Dies." And as I read the short account a cold chill settled around my heart.

"In a thunderstorm last evening the Glenburn Hotel near Benbrae in South Scotland was struck by lightning. Considerable damage was caused to the upper floors before the resultant blaze could be brought under control.

"Later the body of a man believed to be a Mr. Davidson of West



Joy—England



Dierdre—No. Ireland

London was discovered in the ruins of the room into which he had moved just a few hours before the storm broke."

I gazed in horror at the lines of print. The paper said I was dead. What on earth was I to do? My immediate reaction was to run for the security of my flat but I quickly decided against that. If the papers had the story presumably the police had as well and there might even be a policeman waiting there. The thought of explaining away my feminine appearance to the police made me shudder. And anyway even if I could screw up my courage to do so would I just be putting my head in a noose? Was it illegal for a man to be in public dressed as a woman? I didn't know. And talking of nooses the paper said there was a body in my hotel room. Could it be the homosexual's body? Had he perhaps returned to my room after I'd left and somehow been caught by the fire? I couldn't—I just couldn't—explain to the police not only what I myself had been doing but what that loathsome man had demanded of me as well. I felt so sick that I thought I would faint.

Vaguely I was aware that my faithful porter had reappeared. With an effort I pulled myself together as he announced triumphantly:

"It never rains but it pours! There's a whole flock of taxis out there now, Miss!"

"Oh thank you. But now I must phone—can you take me to the nearest box, please?"

I'd had a brainwave. Alan would know what to do—Alan who was really a female (and who, when I first met her, was still calling herself Ann) but who now was tall, short haired, man-dressed and thoroughly masculine. Alan who always seemed so protective towards me when we met and who inspired in me such wondrous but impossible dreams—he would come to my rescue.

My porter took my case and led me to the phones and his chatter as we walked allowed me to regain my poise. I made up my mind how I was going to play this. I could hear the phone ringing for some time before a sleepy voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Alan—is that you?"

"Yes—who's that?"

"It's me—Keith. Look—something awful's happened—can I send a friend of mine round to see you—now—she'll explain—"

"She—"

"Yes. Her name's Karen—she'll be round in a few minutes—"

"But it's only half past four—"

"I know—but please Alan—I can't explain now but she'll tell you—I really do want your help—please—"

"Oh all right, but give me a few minutes to get organised before she comes."

"I'll tell the taxi to cruise about for a while before he delivers her. And thanks Alan—'bye."

My nice porter found me a taxi and I settled back to plan my moves. I had decided to appear to Alan as Karen for if I could fool him for any length of time I could surely fool other people too and this might be an asset in the immediate future. The driver carried my case to the door and I rang the bell wondering what the next few minutes would bring. Would he take one look and demand to know what I was doing in women's clothes? Or would he take me for what I appeared to be? From every point of view I hoped the latter. The door swung open.

"G-good morning—I'm Karen—Keith Davidson rang you about me."

"Yes. You'd better come in."

A cold voice, a slow withdrawal from the door to let me enter, no attempt to help me with my bag, a very reluctant acceptance of my presence. This was so unlike the Alan I knew that I was momentarily put off my stroke. I edged past him into the hall and then followed him through into his living room.

"Sit down—now what's this all about? Where *is* Keith? Why couldn't he come and see me himself?"

I sat on the sofa, my handbag at my side, and drew off my gloves one by one. As I smoothed them on my lap I began, nervously, to tell my story.

"He's—well we travelled down from Scotland together and after he'd rung you from the station he left me—I don't know where he's gone—he said to say he'd contact you later."

"You'd better say what he told you to tell me than."

I've never known Alan so unsympathetic or so short and it was even more nervously that I told him my story, although with a few crucial omissions. I explained how I—Karen—had been travelling away from Edinburgh (where I'd been visiting my fiance) to London when at Benbrae station my compartment had been invaded by Keith looking anxious and distraught (and *not* dressed in women's clothes). How he was so upset that he had, after a while, told me the story of being attacked by the homosexual and of his flight and instinctive hiding in the van, of the resulting journey to Benbrae and of his decision when he arrived there to go home to his flat to sort himself out. As I spoke I noticed that Alan's antagonism lessened considerably when I told him that I'd never met Keith before he entered my compartment.

"So he's gone to his flat now?"

"No—well I don't think so—he said something about going somewhere to think—I don't know where his flat is but he said something about an hotel I think."

Again that lightening of the atmosphere. In a flash of intuition I realised what was upsetting Alan. He was jealous—as a female he was jealous of Karen because of an imagined association with Keith. But Keith had never for an instant imagined that Alan considered him anything more than a good friend. To the surge of pleasure that his jealousy of Karen produced—I must really be a believable girl—was added the incredible happiness of knowing that as a female he was fond of Keith. Despite my problems life began to glow as it had never done before. With an effort I concentrated on the immediate moment.

"You see I haven't quite finished. When we got to King's Cross we had to wait for a little while for taxis and we bought an early newspaper—here it is—and you can see why he was so upset—this paragraph here."

With new eyes I watched him as he read. How tall he was—taller than me—and how well and fit and—yes—how strong he looked. Absolutely no conventional feminine looks or shape at all—very much masculine rather than feminine—but oh, how he turned me on. My heart thudded and marvellous feelings surged through me.

"But how awful. This man who's dead, could he have been the homosexual? But—but even so I still don't understand why Keith has disappeared."

"Well—well he said to explain it to you like this—suppose this man, this homosexual, had imagined for a particular reason which I'll come to in a minute that he could force Keith to be a—a partner in his homosexual activity. And suppose that just as he was about to attack Keith the lightning struck and Keith took the opportunity and ran from the hotel. Then that would leave him later—after he'd escaped from the van I mean—near Benbrae station but still apparently at least potentially a homosexual—"

"But—but did you think that of him? I'm certain he's not anyway."

"Oh no but then I—well let me go on. He takes the train to London but then he's horrified to find a newspaper report which says he's dead. He immediately realises he daren't go back to his flat to ch—to—to rid himself of the evidence which surrounds him for if he does the police in that area might recognise and perhaps question him. And if the dead man in his hotel room is really the homosexual the police—who are always aware of the movements of such very militant gays as this man apparently was—might immediately put two and two together and jump to the most terrible conclusions about him. About Keith I mean. Almost certainly that he was also a homosexual and perhaps even that he and a partner had been together in the hotel and that they'd had an argument—a fight—and Keith had killed him and then run away and—and he'll go to prison for ever and ever and—"

And I burst into tears, real tears, and buried my face in my hands.

I felt Alan sit beside me. One arm went round my waist while with the other he proffered a hankie. I dabbed my eyes and pulled myself together.

"I-I'm sorry—that was so stupid—I don't know what came over me."

"I'll make you a hot drink and then you'll feel better."

While he was away I managed to pull myself together. And I thought:

"This must be the time. He hasn't the faintest idea and I've been here for nearly an hour. I—I wonder what he'll say."

Alan came back and the hot tea really did revive me. The moment arrived almost at once.

"It makes it so tricky to think what to do when Keith isn't here himself. You've no idea at all where he went?"

"Well yes I have in fact—he came here with me!"

"What? Here? But you said—you mean he's here—outside the door?"

He half rose to his feet.

"No, no I mean he's here—in this room."

"But—" he turned and looked at me questioningly. Even then he didn't catch on.

"How do you mean—here in this room?"

"Well—" I took a deep breath—"he's been sitting here talking to you for nearly an hour. Alan—I'm Keith."

It was marvellous. He just stared at me, completely confused.

"I don't under—*what* did you say?"

"I'm Keith."

"But—but you can't be. I don't believe it. Keith's—you're—"

"Would you like me to give you proof?"

"Yes I—NO—oh lord, do you really mean it? You're Keith—a man?"

"I do, and I am."

He stared at me, only half believing until a great big grin spread across his face.

"But how absolutely fantastic! I'd never have believed it possible. You're so real, and so very pretty. You must have been doing this—you know, dressing up—for ages. How didn't I ever know? Does anybody?"

"Not a soul in the whole world."

"But—but—oh Keith you're fabulous! I couldn't think of anything more wonderful if I thought non-stop for a month!"

I was flooded with relief. I had dreamed for so long about him—about us really—that I could have borne to have him think contemptuously of me. To discover sheer delight as his reaction was out of this world.

Eventually, as time moved on filling the room with the sunshine of a golden dawn, we had to turn to practical matters but it was not until after breakfast that—showered, remade-up, hair tidied and now dressed in a cool sweater and a clean but suitcase crumpled denim skirt—I took over as Alan left for his office. I cleaned up the dishes and then, full of enthusiasm, made up the bed in the guest room for myself before sweeping like a hurricane right through the flat dusting, hoovering, polishing furniture and cleaning windows. By three o'clock the whole place sparkled, and I collapsed on the sofa for a few minutes, hot and sticky, shoes off, my hair straggling from under the scarf I'd wound round it, to drink a reviving cup of coffee. And in the midst of the silence Alan's voice suddenly called.

"Hi—I'm back—got some time off—told the boss a relative had arrived unexpectedly—why, whatever's the matter?"

"O-o-o-oh—I was going to get everything done for you and then have a bath and change and get all prettied ready for when you came back—and now you've arrived at just the worst possible moment and spoiled it!"

"Well, never mind my love for I've got some things to tell you."

"Like what?"

"Well—first of all I stopped at your flat. Found a policeman there and showed him the newspaper and told him I was most anxious about Keith and was the report true? He was very cagey and referred me to the local police station who said cautiously that they hadn't much information and how well did I know Keith? I said very well, and was then told I might be asked to identify your body as you don't appear to have any relatives! I gave them my address and they said they'd be in touch. So that was that. Only a little bit further forward than we were before."

"In what way?"

"Well, as you feared the police are already at your flat so that means that neither of us can go there now. And the second thing is that as the superintendent is going to be coming round here to see me there must be no possibility of an accidental meeting with Keith. So, young lady, Karen you are and Karen you must stay till this is all over!"

Full of apprehension about the outcome of the whole affair as well as the prospect of living completely as a girl for some time—though this was marvellously exciting as well—it was lucky that we didn't have to wait too long for the appearance of the police superintendent for it was just six that evening when the door bell rang. By that time I'd changed into the outfit I'd meant to be wearing when Alan arrived home—cream long sleeved blouse and pleated skirt with a narrow tan belt, cream and tan striped jacket and tan court shoes with four-inch heels—and I'd really taken a lot of care to make myself as attractive as I could manage. So although my heart was fluttering like a frightened butterfly I was able to present an appearance of femininity which completely deceived the policeman and which, indeed, seemed to have considerable attraction for him. It was an interesting twist that this tall good looking man was obviously very

interested in a male whom he took to be a female and practically ignored a real female standing near whom he took to be a male. It crossed my mind that it could be absolutely disastrous for me if he were to find out he'd been deceived. But as he spoke—officially to Alan but mostly looking at me—the threatening terrors began to disperse.

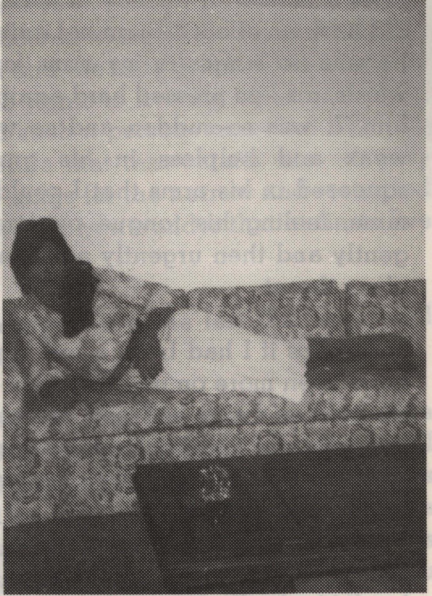
"We've now had more information from Benbrae and I can reassure you that you won't have to identify the body for we not only know who it is but we've had a murder confession as well!"

As he continued to speak it became clear that the body in my room was indeed that of the homosexual, murdered by the "friend" who shared his bedroom. They'd had an argument and he (the dead man) had stormed out of his room onto the balcony, seen me by the glare of the lightning and subsequently entered my room. The friend had followed him onto the balcony and although he hadn't seen me or entered my room he had smelled perfume on the air, concluded in disgust that he was being thrown over for a woman and in a fury had struck his partner down when he reappeared on my balcony. Horrible to think that while I was hastening round my bedroom collecting my clothes a man was being murdered just a few feet away. As the dead man had been found on my balcony and not actually inside my room there was no suspicion or police interest in me at all—the newspaper report was as accurate as so many such reports tend to be—and apart from details the case was already closed.

As soon as I heard the front door close behind the superintendent I felt the relief surge through me. The horrible threat which had been hanging over me was banished and I could unwind in happiness. As Alan came back I grabbed him and started to waltz round the room, both of us giggling in sheer delight. But after a minute or two he stopped and just watched me, his face puzzled as I danced on by myself, singing in happiness. And then, and there was excitement hidden in his voice, he said:

"I damnwell don't believe it! Of course you're not Keith! You can't possibly be! No man could ever look and move and act as you do! You must be a girl!"

I was completely taken aback for a minute, then did the only thing I could think of. I seized him in my arms and, standing on tiptoe to reach, kissed him fiercely.



Juanita FL-4-G

As a masterful display of masculinity it was pretty pathetic but it did have an effect though not quite the one I intended. Within seconds he was no longer in my arms for I was in his, half bent over backwards, his lips pressed hard against mine as he crushed me fiercely to him. It was so sudden and so wonderful. He was strong and I felt weak and helpless in his grasp. I surrendered completely, so squeezed in his arms that I could hardly breathe, his lips fused with mine, feeling his tongue penetrate and explore my mouth at first gently and then urgently and fiercely almost, it seemed, to the back of my throat.

Perhaps if I had been a real girl in the arms of a real man I might have been more on my guard but I wasn't and the slight relaxation of his hold on me as he freed one hand to caress the curves of my waist and hips did nothing to prepare me for the sudden thrust under skirt and slip or the indignity of a swift, thorough and none too gentle finger investigation.

But even if I wasn't a real girl I reacted like one. I wrenched myself free of his encircling arms, slapped his face hard and then collapsed in tears on the sofa. In seconds he was on his knees beside me babbling incoherent apologies and explanations.

"I'm sorry darling but I just had to do it—I had to find out—you're so lovely and—and you're everything I've ever wanted—and now I know it's true—and I've found my dream at last. And darling I'm so sorry and—and I'm so glad. Oh my love—"

He sat on the sofa and put his arm round my waist gently pulling me towards him so that my head rested on his shoulder. And as I instinctively cuddled up to him, still very tender beneath my skirt where his fingers had probed so urgently, still snuffling and tearful it dawned on me that something wonderful was about to happen.

"Ever since I was little I've known that I was odd. Dolls and dresses and the things which other little girls adored never attracted me and only boys' interests have ever given me pleasure. I've always worn shirts and pants—the last time the aunt I lived with managed to force me into a dress was when I was eleven. After that I was too big and strong for her to risk trying again. More and more as I grew older I wanted to be a man, to have been born into the form that all my desires and instincts demand and more and more as time has passed

I have come to the conclusion that I'm a freak—unique—unlike any other female in the world and doomed to single misery. For I am female but living my life as a man and the only partner I'm prepared to accept in that life is a male who wants to live his life as a woman. And where in the world will I find such a person—someone who was born male with all the limitless future that that entails who not only wants to pass it all up but actually longs for the narrow and restricted life of a woman? Obviously nowhere. Do you wonder that at times I've thought of suicide?"

I snuggled up closer, hardly daring to breathe lest this wonderful confession should be only a dream.

"I liked Keith from the first time I met him. Not that I had any idea then of him as a partner but because he was so small and slim that I could built my fantasies around him—in my imagination dress him as a girl and then take him as my wife—and you've no idea how jealous I was when you came round this morning and I thought you were his girl friend and you were so pretty and—and I was ready to hate you with all my heart. And now—and now—oh Karen—Keith—tell me—are you really the man I've been searching for? Do you really long to your life as a woman just as I long to be a man? Do you? Or is this just a game to you, something to be taken or left just as you feel?"

Hesitantly I told him my own story which matched his in so many ways, almost an exact mirror image. I was in a daze, confused and yet so miraculously happy. In an emotional release I found myself crying softly and gently, the tears spilling down my cheeks to make damp patches on his shirt front. Although the feel of his strong arms round me was so firm and secure I clung tightly to him lest he should disappear.

I don't know how long we stayed like that. Once I heard him murmur "Oh Karen, beloved—" Once he turned and kissed me gently on the forehead. Peace and contentment filled up my soul. The future opened before me, golden and sundrenched.

At length, breaking into my dreaming, he spoke again:

"I suppose you go out in public most of the time as a girl?"

"Oh no—I've been dressing for years but always in private. Last

night was the first time that I've ever been out in public. And wild horses couldn't have dragged me out even then but that horrible man did."

"But how do you manage about clothes and things if you never go out? Where—how do you get them?"

"Well—Keith buys undies and accessories and things as gifts for his sister. Dresses and coats and shoes I get mail order, usually as Karen. I took a correspondence course in dressmaking as Karen. Got a commendation too at the end and a dress I made was put on exhibition by the school. They wrote and asked me to model it for the end of course display and I had hurriedly to invent an unbreakable engagement to get out of that one. I make things now and alter things that I've bought if they need it."

There was another silence. Then so softly that I could only just hear:

"Karen darling, does your sewing skill—could you—would you like to make a gorgeous wedding dress?"

My heart thumped.

"For whom?"

"For yourself."

"And who, kind sir, am I to marry?"

"M-Me. Please. Oh please darling, me. Please, please say yes."

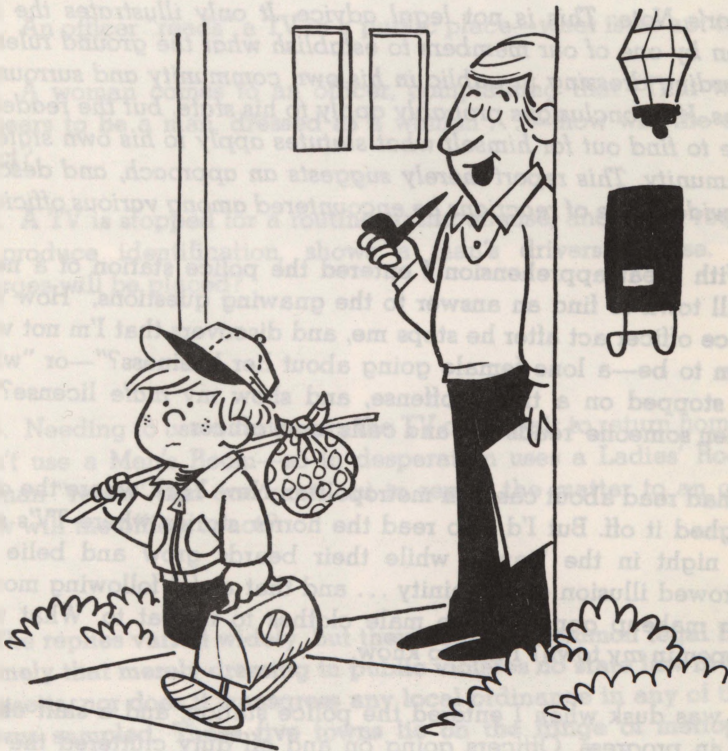
"Oh Alan beloved. Oh yes, please yes."

.....

And it is a gorgeous wedding dress—creamy white silk—real silk, not nylon—with a veil of old Brussels lace and a square neck line and long sleeves and a tight bodice and a full skirt. And the veil is old and the dress is new and Alan, would you believe (?) has loaned me a hankie he had when he was a little girl and that's something

borrowed, and I've got a single blue garter to wear above my right knee and that's the blue. And tomorrow I'll wear it all for real.

And I've made lots of other things too and you should just see the nighties I've made for tomorrow night. Black chiffon and—but no, on second thoughts you shouldn't. That secret I will keep for my beloved Alan alone.



"You forgot your pink dress!"



... BUT WHAT IF I'M STOPPED?

Carole—MA

Editor's Note: This is not legal advice. It only illustrates the steps taken by one of our members to establish what the ground rules are, regarding dressing in public in his own community and surrounding areas. His conclusions probably apply to his state, but the reader will have to find out for himself what statutes apply to his own state and community. This report merely suggests an approach, and describes the wide range of reactions he encountered among various officials.

With great apprehension I entered the police station of a nearby small town to find an answer to the gnawing questions, "How will a police officer act after he stops me, and discovers that I'm not what I seem to be—a lone female going about her business?"—or "what if I'm stopped on a traffic offense, and show my *male* license?"—or "when someone 'reads' me and calls in an officer . . ."

I had read about cases in metropolitan New York, where the officer laughed it off. But I'd also read the horror stories where TV's spend the night in the "tank," while their beards grow and belie their borrowed illusion of femininity . . . and that awful following morning, with makeup gone, but no male clothes to retreat to. What would happen in *my* town? I had to know.

It was dusk when I entered the police station, and a shift change was in progress. Officers going on and off duty cluttered the area. Several of them asked to help me, but I didn't want to tell the story repeatedly, so I asked to see the "Chief." . . . He's busy—what do you want?—One of us can take care of anything you want." This was getting off on the wrong foot. I know I couldn't trust the answers from lower levels as being official.

After my insistence, I was led into the Chief's office. I was uptight and a little shakey. Fortunately my story was one that justified my being shakey: I'd just been shocked by the discovery of my close friend on a shopping spree in a nearby shopping mall, dressed ... well how could I say it? ... as a woman! I needed to know if he was in trouble with the law? He's a fine man, with loving family and kids, active in the community, and certainly not a homosexual. Is he in legal trouble? ... His lawyer tells him there are no state laws against this, but what about local statutes in *this* town? ..."

I asked the same basic questions of police officials in five different towns, each representing a different size, composition and social makeup. These questions were:

1. An officer "reads" a TV in a public place—what is he apt to do?
2. A woman comes to an officer, complaining that "That woman appears to be a man, dressed as a woman ..."—how will the officer react?
3. A TV is stopped for a routine traffic offense, and when required to produce identification, shows a man's drivers license. What charges will be placed?
4. Needing to use a rest room, the TV can't wait to return home, and can't use a Men's Room—so in desperation uses a Ladies' Room. A woman "reads" him and goes out to report the matter to an officer. How will the officer react?

The replies varied widely, but they all had a common legal basis—namely that merely dressing in public violates no state law in Massachusetts, nor does it transgress any local ordinance in any of the five towns sampled. These five towns lie on the fringe of metropolitan Boston, some with their own commerce and industry, and others simply "bedroom" communities, dominated by highly respectable professional people, well informed and with typically regimented moral standards. I add this detail because police attitudes commonly reflect the moral viewpoints of the supporting citizenry.



Gypsy—England

Community A (pop. 100,000)—industrial town

I made an appointment with the chief of the vice squad, who was very busy and tried to find out by phone what the subject was. I insisted that it was too complex to discuss by phone, and saw him in his crowded office (fortunately empty). I explained the situation (as described above) and asked what law was being broken?

His reply was forceful and straightforward: "No law is being broken—at least not at present!" He then checked his Massachusetts law books for several minutes, but this confirmed his belief. (He was obviously well informed.)

He noted that he knew all the TVs and TSs in town—there are no longer any TVs because they became TSs ("he-she's" as he called them, one a pre-op in his 30's). On the specific questions, he replied:

1. If an officer spotted a TV on the street, he would take *no* action.
2. If a citizen reported that "that woman is a man," the officer would explain that no law is being violated.
3. If a TV is stopped on a routine violation, he would be written up only for the minor violation. He would *not* be brought to the station unless the other violation called for it.

Of course if the TV accosts anyone (either physically or by loud or lewd language) that would be a chargeable offense. (Even touching someone lightly might be considered as physically accosting!)

Aside from legal reactions, I asked what he thought a police officer's personal reaction might be. He observed that policemen are people, with a wide range of reactions, but in a typical case he thought the officer would find it humorous and laugh it off.

On the fourth question, entering a Ladies Room could be a chargeable offense *if* a lady lodged a complaint, but very few people seem willing to lodge such a complaint.

Community #2 (pop. 20,000)—many small shops and businesses

I entered unannounced, asking for the chief of the vice squad. He was working but wasn't alone. The second officer in the room unnerved me, but he soon joined in the conversation, and seemed quite familiar with the phenomenon. The vice squad chief seemed stern and moralistic when I started—I thought he would give me a hard time. But when I finished, the other officer offered that "your friend is a transvestite" . . . after which he explained the nature of the behaviour in a very constructive way.

The vice-squad chief then addressed the legal aspects, opening with "no law is being broken" by my TV friend. The basic consideration is *state* law—it would be unconstitutional for a community to pass an anti-dressing law, and would violate the individual's rights. He then answered my four questions:

1. If a TV is spotted by an officer, he would take no action.
2. If a citizen reports to an officer that "that woman is a man," the officer would simply advise that no law s being broken.
3. If a TV is stopped for traffic or other routine violation . . . he never really answered this, but projected that "sooner or later, like tomorrow or 20 years from now, the TV will get in trouble on his own, like getting beat up or inadvertently breaking some law or other. If he "approached" someone, that might be a chargeable offense.
4. If he used a ladies room (didn't know what the charge would be, but speculated that it would be "lewd and lascivious behavior"), but that charge is unlikely because it would be unusual for anyone to want to *file* a charge. People just don't like to become "involved."

He closed by telling me not to worry about my friend; . . . "just let him do his thing."

Community #3 (pop. 30,000)—residential, with only a few stores

I asked for the chief, who was out—as was the chief of detectives, who was out on patrol, but they offered to call him in, if I needed him. The desk sargeant wanted to know my problem, and I thought the answers were getting sufficiently routine to settle for his views. He

was a young, clean-cut all-American boy type, with moral standards to match. I told him my story in bold outline, and asked if this were a legal or police matter. His reply:

1. In these days of very liberal interpretations for the upper courts ("and I don't particularly agree with the way things are coming out"), there isn't much we can do about this sort of thing. "What's one man's folly is another man's..." The metaphor was garbled but his meaning was clear: dressing is not a prosecutable offense in this town.

2. If a TV is snared in a minor or traffic offense, only the primary offense would be prosecuted, the same as with anyone else.

But then he pressed me for the name and address of this person, because the police would like to "keep track of him." I told him I wasn't about to "finger" my friend, to which he assured me that my identity wouldn't be recorded, only the TV's identity. I continued to decline, and we parted on a less amicable note than had been the case in other interviews.

Community #4 (pop. 5000)—strictly residential town

I was admitted to the chief's office and told my story, asking if this was in any way a police matter. He was businesslike, not unfriendly, and has a reputation for being fair, efficient, and very capable.

But on this subject he promptly showed his bias with, "Your friend is breaking no *law* in this town, but I recognize the desire to cross dress as simply symptomatic of something more serious that's wrong, and in my experience, the guy is apt to get into trouble in 'other' morals areas." (The fact that the chief is wrong won't help!)

At the outset he wanted to know, "Do I know this man?" Naturally, I believed he did not.

In reply to my standard questions, he commented:

1. He'd take a dim view of tolerating a TV in his town because he didn't want the word getting around that (his town) is a haven for that kind of activity. I asked him why one person appearing dressed in public constituted a "haven," to which he replied that he didn't want to seem permissive in such matters because it gives (his town) a bad

name. And then the real tip-off: "Of course, the idea of dressing up is repugnant to me personally ..." He hopes to secure new local ordinances against previously unnamed vices, and may include cross dressing among them. (Either he can't legally do that, or the police in Community #2 were in error.)

2. With such a bad start, I didn't bother to ask questions 2 and 3! He then pressed me fairly hard to identify my TV friend, saying that if any morals problems came up in his town, he'd like to have a starting point for his investigation! Now we can see what sort of attitudes triggered the witch hunts in the 1600's! It's surprising that a capable, well-informed official can be so far off the beam. (Recall that Virginia found similar attitudes in some large cities, such as Denver.)

He added that police chiefs in the area keep in touch to work out common problems, and he was aware that ... (Community #5, below) had passed an anti-TV ordinance, and were prepared to prosecute under it. That sounded ominous, but let's see what the facts are. Read on ...

Community #5 (pop. 20,000)—mainly residential with light industry and large shopping areas

The police chief was very impressive—capable of rapid, penetrating decisions, and with the appearance (no uniform) of a top business executive. But in dealing with a personal problem, he was relaxed, warm and friendly.

After hearing my story, he (too!) asked, "Do I know this man?"—But he had a far different reason. It seems that while he was in a store recently, the merchant called him over to report that he believed the "woman" nearby was really a man. So the chief approached the "woman," and determined that the TV was really a well-established citizen and property owner in the town. So he asked the TV why he dressed this way, and was told, "I just like to, that's all."

The chief assured the merchant that such dressing was OK, so long as it wasn't a cover-up for illegal activity. On telling me the story, the chief didn't act as though the TV was the town "character"—it was the first time he had encountered the TV, and it didn't shake him up in the least.

The chief's approach is remarkably common sensical, even though he'll take more action than towns #1, 2 or 3, when I told him about my TV friend, roaming his town in public, he said my friend was doing nothing illegal ... But when the chief discovers such a situation, he always wants to find out what the person's *real* reason is for dressing ... and the real reason might turn out to be a police matter.

For example, some TVs take clothing off clotheslines, because they're too chicken to buy it at the store. That's larceny and his force would surely prosecute for such actions.

Other TVs accost people (sometimes females, sometimes males) for reasons of their own, and that must be prosecuted.

So I assured him that my friend just wants to be left alone, had plenty of clothes, and if he wants more, he'll enjoy buying them. The chief commented, "I wouldn't prosecute him for that, or even stop him. To the standard questions, he replied:

1. If his officer "reads" a TV in public, he would take no action.
2. If a citizen reports a "man in dresses," the officer will tell the complainer that no law is being broken.
3. But if an officer finds the license reads "John Doe" when the driver looks more like "Mary Roe," nothing the driver could say on the spot will stop us from bringing him to the station, to find out why he's dressed this way. As soon as the driver can identify himself for sure, he'll be released with no charges placed (and presumably no "big deal" about the TV's eccentricity).

He explained, "In these days of higher court decisions that are more and more permissive, the message is clear that trying to prosecute such matters are a waste of time, even if I wanted to (which I don't)."

This was no passive, namby-pamby, trying to avoid a confrontation—he's a two-fisted leader who deals aggressively with tough situations. But his views on TVism were summarized in closing, with a friendly smile and a shrug: "I don't understand such things (as TVism), but who am I to tell your friend he can't do (his thing)."

#7—State Police Barracks

I talked with the "officer in charge," who was very brusque, and punctuated his replies with much profanity. He didn't really want to discuss the subject, and made each answer sound as though the conversation were over!

When he heard the situation, concluding with "my friend believes he is breaking NO law ..." he interrupted with, "There's no law against that, unfortunately."

I asked him why it was "unfortunate"—did he wish he could prosecute? His reply, with profanity removed, was "No, I don't give a ... I wouldn't touch it with a ... 10-foot pole. With this ... liberation movement these days, nothing can be prosecuted." I asked, "What might he be charged with—impersonation?" The reply: "Who's he impersonating?—No one!"

I asked him how he felt about it personally: "I couldn't care less. I don't feel about it one way or the other."

I asked him about the case of a TV, snared in a minor offense or a traffic violation, but producing a male driver's license—what would the officer do about the discrepancy? "Not a damn thing—he's only interested in the traffic violations." I asked, "There'd be no charge on anything else?" His reply: "Of course not!"

I ventured, "I presume he'd be in trouble if he went into a ladies room." Reply: "Not necessarily. Don't know what the charge would be, unless it were for exposing himself."

He concluded by repeating, "There's no law against it."

Whatever you do, dear reader, DON'T conclude from this report that the millenium has arrived, and that it's OK to mix freely in public. These discussions relate to the above-average TV who passes well enough not to attract attention from the average observer.

Even in this small sampling, there was a wide range of police reactions. Admittedly the majority were unconcerned with TVism, but in a random sampling, you are just as likely to encounter the anti-eonist official, who will seek every opportunity to pin an unrelated

charge, if it will serve his immediate purpose, such as solving a baffling case.

This sampling was conducted in a state which broadly tolerates anything liberal, including the TV. But that isn't necessarily true of your state or community. The point is, YOU must seek out for yourselves what official reactions YOU are likely to encounter. This report suggests a way of going about it, without putting your reputation on the line.

And when you find out the answer, tell us. We'll be interested to find out!



"Yes, Betty, I really do understand how much better you feel after a new hairdo and professional make-up job."

IMPORTANT PROJECT

Many of you have seen the book, *Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment*, by Green and Money. Well, Dr. Richard Green, one of the authors, is a long time friend of mine. We recently met at the Convention of the American Psychological Association in Toronto. He took me aside and told me about a project that he has in mind. He has done research and published a paper on the children of lesbian and sex reassigned parents and found that the attitudes and activities of the parents had no effects on the children—that they were just like other kids. He would now like to do a similar study of the children of transvestites.

He told me that homosexuals through the efforts of gay liberation and transsexuals through all the publicity of people like Jan Morris, Christine and Renee Richards have a fair degree of understanding and acceptance by the public but that such is not the case with transvestites. Of course this is something I've been saying for a long time—that we are at the bottom of the ladder—but it was nice to see that one of the authorities also recognized it. Therefore he said that a study of the children of TVs would be a step in calling the subject to public attention and of alleviating one of the most built in fears that wives have about it. Thus he would like to have my/our/your cooperation.

He is a post-doctoral research fellow and has a limited amount of funds to do such research and thus it has to be planned out carefully. He would like to interview some parents but can't have his man travelling all over the country seeking out willing parents. Thus we have settled on four areas that can be readily reached: 1) the Los Angeles-San Francisco Bay area, 2) the Chicago area, 3) Boston and 4) Washington D.C.-Baltimore area. He would then also like to survey others by mail, thus dividing up the research into actual interviews and mailed questionnaires. He asked me if I would give some publicity to the idea and ask those of you who would be willing to cooperate to let me know so that we could make some plans. So I solicit your help and would ask that you write to me saying if you would be willing. Before you make up your mind, here are the conditions:



Beverly FCQ-4-C

1) It will all be done in confidence. All mailed questionnaires will be mailed by me and I will receive them back and forward them to him, they would not have any identification on them.

2) Those who would be willing to be interviewed would of course have to give Dr. Green the name and address so that arrangements could be made for the personal interview—this applies to those in the areas mentioned above. However, all information will be coded and kept in confidential files. Dr. Green, like Dr. Kinsey before him, has interviewed a great number of people on a variety of very personal subjects and is well aware of the importance of security and confidentiality so you need not be worried about this.

3) He would like to interview both the TV and the wife in regard to how dressing fits into family life in order to get some idea of where the child fits into the picture. Then he would like to interview the child (regardless of age) but would do so with a general questioning format that would not bring up the subject of the father's dressing at all (unless the child already knew about it and the parents were willing for it to be mentioned). The excuse for the personal interview with the child or a mailed questionnaire to him/her would be that they were conducting a survey of average American family life and that your family just happened to be among those selected. Since the child would be compared with similar age and sex children of non-TV fathers they would both be asked the same general questions. Since questions about dressing wouldn't make any sense to the child of a non-TV father they wouldn't be used for them and therefore would not be used on your kids either. Any unusual attitudes or variant patterns can be determined from psychological questions that have nothing to do with cross dressing so the fact that your child doesn't know now about your dressing won't be changed any by the questionnaire or interview.

So if you would be willing to cooperate on this study, please make a slip of paper or a 3 x 5 card with the following information on it and mail it to me.

1. I live in one of the target areas for personal interview and I *would* be willing to be interviewed by the researcher.
2. I do not live in a target area but will be willing to fill out a questionnaire for the study.

3. I have _____ children whose ages are _____
4. They do _____ or do not _____ know about my dressing.
5. I will be willing to have them interviewed in person (if in target areas) or I will give them the questionnaire to fill out with the clear understanding that in neither the interview nor the questionnaire will the subject of transvestism be brought up. It will not be discussed unless I give my special permission to do so.

I really hope that a lot of you with children will respond and cooperate in this study. I hope you realize that very few studies on our subject have been made by professionals. None has been made on the matter of children. Since one of the big worries of wives is what would happen to children if they found out, this study should help set their minds at ease. Additionally, Dr. Green is a very widely known authority in the field of sex and gender and has published many articles in the area. He is also the founding editor of the Archives of Sexual Behavior. His research is quoted widely and he speaks in a lot of groups. Thus if this research should turn out as we both would expect — namely that the children are not affected by the fact of their father's transvestism, it would help bring the whole subject to public attention and in a favorable way by a well known authority. That would certainly help as we have very few ways of achieving public acceptance and understanding. Naturally children who *have* been told about the transvestism of the father will be the most valuable to study whether by interview or questionnaire. Again I strongly urge your cooperation on this matter. Please send me a card promptly so that we may be able to know the number of participants we will have and thus Dr. Green can plan his study. So-o-o-o-o how about it?



RACHEL'S RAMBLINGS

Rachel GA-12-E

A true incident happened last night and proves a point which was made at least one time before.

It was a most pleasurable evening.

I was invited by an FP friend in Atlanta to go watch another FP friend perform at a local gay bar. I spent the afternoon showering, shaving my legs, manicuring my nails and all those other lovely little feminine things we all like. Kathy, my wife, insisted I pack all my femme things in a suitcase and dress at my friend's house. My children don't know of my pleasure yet and it would have been difficult to create a diversion to keep three of them from running loose long enough for me to get from the boudoir to the door. I packed all my paraphernalia in a suitcase and off I went. I'm surprised women aren't stronger on one side from carrying all the necessary junk.

When I got to my friend's house she was already beautiful. So I started changing from caterpillar to butterfly. Since the place we were going had a nightclub atmosphere and is a "do your own thing" type place, I decided to wear one of my "fantasy" outfits. I wore a bold print mini-dress of nylon jersey which falls from beneath the breast and gives a "little girl" look, and de-emphasizes the waist. The dress has long puff sleeves and a pretty pair of matching nylon panties (necessary since any stretching movement hikes the dress up pretty high). A pair of Givenchy pantihose (the shiny kind) and silver strap high sandals finished the flash of my legs. I added a brown medium length hairpiece, brownish make-up and gold circle earrings and gold circlette bracelets. Since it was cold I wore a bulky

knit short pancho. BEHOLD! In the full length wall mirror stood a rather tall girl with a pretty (?) face and shiny smooth coppertone—legs, legs, legs! Good Lord, did I feel delicious.

We had a wonderful time and really enjoyed the stage show. In between shows we went and played pool in the back room. I felt like a very sexy pool player. I was very conscious of the eyes behind me when I made center table shots. The rear view must have been very entertaining. One older gentleman came in, watched for a minute or two and then asked if we were "professionals"? Professional what? Pool players? Drag queens? Then it dawned on me. He probably was a little drunk and didn't know where he was. He thought we were professional prostitutes. I really wasn't offended by his obvious misconception. After all, the profession has been around for a long time and any positive (?) reaction to Rachel is flattering. I surely wasn't tempted to take him up though.

After the show we went to a small restaurant which is frequented by gays of both sexes and where all are welcome. When we all got there there was a policeman and several other "straights." They were very amused by the three sexy ladies with men's voices. I was amused by their amusement. I looked at them and said to myself, "You poor souls, you walk life's straight line and live in a cage which society has built for you. I'm glad I provide a little amusement for you." They probably thought, "You poor soul. You oddball, you should be put in a cage where you can let people look and be entertained." We sat looking in utter amusement at each other, both enjoying our respective cages.

I started home feeling very wonderful inside. Occasionally I glanced down at my shaved legs covered only to the high thigh, and shimmering in nylon to the glow of the dash lights. Euphoria. Then, flash—RED—the generator light came on, on the dash, followed a few minutes later by the temperature light. Very strange, I didn't feel panic or worry, just extreme annoyance at the damn car. As soon as the light came on I started looking for a somewhat secluded telephone booth which I found just as the car overheated. I hopped out and called Kathy to come and pick me up. As it turned out I could have fended for myself. Boy was I glad I had my boy-clothes. Within two minutes I had metamorphosed myself back to a man. *TWO minutes.* At minute number three, two county policemen pulled up to

the closed service station and spied me when they were leaving. I waved and pointed at the phone booth and they just cruised off. MORAL?—YES!

1. I wasn't worried or upset. I didn't panic. A credit to you, dear Virginia. You have given me confidence in my ability to accept myself without guilt and provide a good explanation of our enjoyable hobby if needed.)

2. Carry your boy-clothes in the car. I was able to pop out of my falsies, get my dress off, and my shirt and pants on in two minutes flat (pun intended).

3. Choose your boy-clothes to cover quickly. In the winter, a long coat. At other times a bulky pullover can be worn over a fair sized set of falsies.

4. Carry baggy, slightly longer than normal, beltless slacks. These can be pulled on over femme slacks or even a short not too bulky dress. The extra length will cover the barefoot look of sheer stockings when you are walking.

5. Carry quick slip on loafers which are comfortable to walk in. Keep it all handy, not in the trunk (all these things I did accidentally).

6. Carry a kit (perhaps disguised as a first-aid kit) in the glove box. It should contain: A small bottle with two or three pledgets saturated with nailpolish remover (seal the bottle tightly); a small jar with eye make-up remover or coldcream on a suitable applicator; three or four Handi-wipes or Towelettes in foil wrappers.

7. Just as in fire drills practice a little. Today I got all dressed up and saw how quickly I could "quick change" back. In about three minutes all that was left of Rachel was a very pleasant hint of "Charlie" perfume. Not unacceptable to the least liberal of males. If you place perfume strategically in places rather than drenching in it, you can remove most of it with a Handi-Wipe.

8. Miscellaneous. Keep a brown paper bag or small case to switch and cover femme clothes for boy-clothes on the front seat. Wrap around sunglasses can be used to cover eye make-up in daytime.

Keep your wallet (boy-type) handy, not buried in your purse, Make sure it has your driver's license.

9. If you're caught flatfooted in high heels, *DON'T PANIC*, own up and have your story ready. In your spare femme-time read and re-read the section on "Going Out" in *How to be a Woman Though Male*.

This isn't meant to discourage anyone. It probably won't happen to most FP's. However, in this case, it averted a *certain* embarrassing conclusion at best; Rachel has another very enjoyable memory to paste in her photo-scrapbook-diary, and not an arrest record at worst.

A tolerant wife is worth a million friends. Kathy looked like the original angel of mercy coming down the road in my truck at 2 a.m. A very lovely protected feeling. I now know how *she* feels when *he* puts *his* arms out and encircles *her* with *his* inherent protectiveness.

Play it safe. If you have two or three undetected minutes, you can go from girl to boy and save an embarrassing situation.

WHEN WORK IS DONE

June

When the work of day is done
 And the night time has begun
 It's nice to sit in my easy chair
 Clad in the clothes that women wear,
 To exchange the curse of pants and shirt
 For the comfort of a blouse and skirt
 Or else to wear a pretty dress.
 I love to feel the soft caress
 Of lacy nylon lingerie,
 Panties, bra and slip. I may
 Put on make up and jewelry;
 That's very nice as you can see.
 It's a joy to just relax like this,
 A joy it would be a shame to miss.



Michelle 32-M-1



Muriel—Del



Carol—IL

PUDGY'S REPLY

Last issue I published a "review" of the TV and His Wife book by Eve Browne. I also provide space for a reply. I received one and here it is.

I don't think I need much comment, the attitude and tone of Pudgy's effort speaks more eloquently for itself than anything I could say. Just two points however—1) after accusing me of boosting my ego he devotes most of the reply to boosting his own, and 2) the number of people who read something is no measure of its quality. Many more read the *National Enquirer* than the *Scientific American*, but I'd hate to trust my education to the former. Personally I would rather say something important to a few than to shout empty generalizations and sarcasm at a multitude. But you make what you want of it.

It is most enlightening to learn that Pudgy "is the influence behind the popularity of cross dressing today"! I wonder how most of you and myself ever managed to get started in the field without Pudgy's help. I do wish that Even and Pudgy would get together on their epithets however, to Eve I am "no spring chicken" but an "alleged grandma" while to Pudgy I'm a "senile old man." Tsk Tsk, how confusing now I don't know whether I'm a man or a woman.

Yours pathetically,

"Old Know Nothing"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN . . .

An open letter to Charles "Virginia" Prince's idiotic comments in her TRANSVESTIA V.XVI, *95.

When I was handed a copy of your recent rag (heaven knows I would never BUY such tripe), I read your comments on EVE BROWNE'S reaction to your booklet: *The Transvestite And His Wife*. It seems that you are not only making an attempt to belittle Eve's own personal opinion, but you make poor attempts to slander me!

I say now, as I have said in the past: You are nothing but a senile old man, who neither has the facts straight, knows what you are chattering about, or even knows what it is all about!

Your letter was so completely filled with inaccuracies, lies and obviously another excuse to try to boost your OWN ego, that the FEW readers of your little publication could make little difference in the popularity, futures or validness of either Eve or myself.

Again I repeat myself, in saying that both you and your pitiful publication are antiquated, have little to do with the real efforts of the cross-dresser from the past, in the present and can have little (if any) to do with the future of the cross-dresser.

Eve's popularity by far . . . exceeds yours. In every degree!

And . . . ten years ago, I not only passed your popularity with my column in Candid Press (the nation's leading tabloid at the time, with a readership of over 350,000) but have continued to excell in every single way!

The proof of this is that I am directly (or indirectly) the influence behing the popularity of cross-dressing today. With my writings, drawings, performances, creations, etc. used by the majority of cross-dressing publishers, public and population!

More people have read my FEMALE IMPERSONATORS HANDBOOK than the entire amount of publications you have EVER put out! My realistic creation - the Treasure Chest - is worn by nore people than you have in your entire readership! My contributions are more known that yours will EVER be!

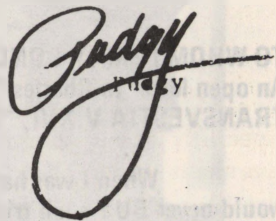
You have every right to your opinion, but no right to distort the facts or the truth!

I would like to publicly thank the crusading EVE BROWNE for allowing me to use this space to reply to Mr. Prince's inaccurate comments. The basic reason for not having written Charles directly was that there would not have been sufficient readership to hear my comments, that my letter would have given a nothing publication more content (it is basically filled with contributions) and that it would have possibly been distorted, changed or altered.

I am available as always to help, educate and advance the practice of cross-dressing.

PUDGY ROBERTS
New York City

PO Bx 29 - Canal St Stn
NY 10013



"Dear
Editor"



Letters

Dear Virginia,

I am an instructor. In November '77, I had a female student—Marilyn—to whom I became very attached. In fact, at the end of her training, I took her out to dinner where we discovered that we loved each other very much. Marilyn and I started going together—we wanted to get married in August as soon as my divorce is final. Now came the big decision—should I tell her about Peggy.

I took my heart in my hand and told her. I showed her your book, *The TV and His Wife*. Let me tell you I was scared. I didn't want to lose her, yet I felt that I owed her the truth. Do you know what she said? "Big deal, so what, I'll always love you." I was in heaven. She still was a little unsure until she read your book. Now she helps me shop for clothes, helps with makeup and dressing and let's me dress whenever or as often as I want. She is what your book classes as a B+ wife. My pains are completely gone now—I feel like a 37-year-old going on 21. Marilyn, Peggy and I have a nice apartment in Barrie and we are extremely happy. In fact, Marilyn is looking at an ad for makeup right now. She is even willing to meet other TVs and their wives. She would like to write a few words to say how she feels, especially about your book that helped her to understand me, but says she is too shy. Bye for now.

Thank you,

Peggy

Dear Virginia:

Again I want to thank you for your books, *Understanding Cross Dressing* and *The Transvestite and His Wife*. So much of what we had read on the subject of cross dressing did not have much class or merit. Other than knowing that others had the same urge, little valid information was gained. However, *Penthouse* (or *Forum*) did offer a service in that it mentioned your book. Your books were a breath of fresh air. They were professionally done and satisfied both my wife and me intellectually and spiritually. Jesus Christ is the center around which our world revolves—we are Christians and love the Lord very much. But this area (need to cross dress was) something that always presented a stumbling block, especially for me. A mature Christian should be constant, in and out of season, yet I was constantly "driven, yet repulsed" by this desire. I would buy, wear, swear off, discard and buy again. And the most puzzling aspect was knowing that all my moods were genuine. Your book helped me put the puzzle pieces together in a way that made sense and does not contradict my Biblical Christian understandings. The Bible says God made us male/female; but the gender expression should be open to both sexes, since they are social inventions. The Bible says homosexuality is wrong because it violates God's intention that women love men sexually and vice versa. Not men with men; or women with women—because that is a distortion of His original good intention. In my desire to capture femininity, I sometimes would find myself mentally impersonating a woman during coitus with my wife. In effect, establishing a "lesbian" relationship which I didn't want. But now with your insights via your books, I understand that I am *one* person, with both masculine and feminine aspects—thus I am not changing sexes, but expressing one aspect of me that hasn't been expressed much in the last 35 years. Because I now see more of my wholeness, I have no desire to compartmentalize it (a "male" name for me and a "female" name for her). I will just be *me*—dress and speak and think and feel as I wish to feel at the moment and relish it. Now I decide whether or not to do something solely on the basis of whether I want to do it rather than "is it masculine or feminine?"

I understand now some of the whys and wherefores of my personality—my strengths and weaknesses—my love for the feminine. And this understanding has added so much to our marriage. A whole new area of give and take has been freed. We love each other very much and work hard to be all to each other that we possibly can. She,

like me, has completely accepted our situation and is beautiful. Already our relationship is so much deeper and broader based.

I am pleased to say that we have no need now for *Penthouse* or other such publications since you have met all our needs. I especially like your statement urging cross dressers to be mature in their expressions—to grow in it—not just live entirely in phantasy.

Again, believing that credit should be given where credit is justly due, I thank you (we both do) for your efforts on behalf of others and ourselves. And we pray that our Lord will bless you and those close to you and continue to bring meaning, purpose and joy into your life.

Sincerely,

Bob—KY

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

Thank you for sending me the copy of *The TV and His Wife*. My wife and I got more from your book, so far, than we did from the past half dozen shrinks. *Thank you very much* for this!

I want to keep this short, I know you're very busy. Basically, I want to sincerely thank you for your books, materials and Tri-Sigma. I still can't believe there are other TV's out there. I am, for the first time in my 34 years, beginning to accept my self for what I am. I have you to thank for this and not my expensive shrinks. I am really enjoying learning to live with my self and family the way I am. *Thank you!* Keep up the excellent work and please let me know if I can do anything to help you in advancing "our" cause. I'm not even a member of Tri-Sigma yet, but I feel as if I've known everybody for years.

Thank you once again—hope to hear from you soon, I remain—

Sincerely,

Angela

P.S. How's that for a femmenname! My wife's idea!!!

* * * * *



POEM

THE THOUSANDTH WOMAN

Rachel GA-12-E

Rudyard Kipling, poet and author, was a "man's, man." I have adored his works since childhood. In spite of the fact that many of his poems point to male hubris, he was a keen observer of human nature and obviously tolerant of variations in man's value system.

So I have stolen one of his poems, which has a great meaning and is the basis of Tri-Sig or any sorority. I have translated it exactly with one notable "transvestation"—I changed gender.

Were Kipling alive and I could talk to him, I'm sure he would understand our motives.

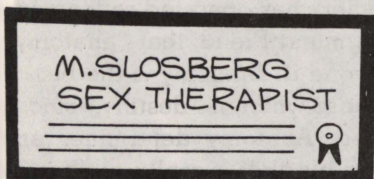
One woman in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a sister,
And it's worthwhile seeking her half of your days
If you find her before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the thousandth woman will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go

By your looks, or your acts, or your glory,
 But if she finds you and you don't find her
 The rest of the world don't matter;
 For the thousandth woman will sink or swim
 With you in any water.

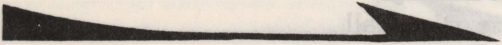
You can use her purse with no more talk
 Than she uses yours for her spendings,
 And laugh and meet in your daily walk
 As though there had been no lendings,
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
 For silver or gold in their dealings;
 But the thousandth woman, she's worth 'em all,
 Because you can show her your feelings.

Her wrong's your wrong, and her right's your right,
 In season or out of season.
 Stand up and back it in all men's sight
 With THAT your only reason!
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
 The shame or mocking or laughter,
 But the thousandth woman will stand by your side
 To the gallows-foot—and after!



"Put on two falsies and call me in the morning."

*SEXUAL IDENTITY VERSUS
GENERAL IDENTITY -
THE REAL CONFUSION*



Virginia Prince, Ph.D.

Editor's Note: Once again I am filling the Virgin Views column with a paper. It is a paper read at the American Psychological Association convention in Toronto over Labor Day and it might be of interest and use to you to see what I told the psychologists.

I am afraid that I must start this paper by taking immediate exception to the title of the symposium. What I will talk about and I suspect is at the root of what the others will deal with, is not sexual identity but general identity. After all, how many people are there who don't know whether they have a vagina or a penis and thus are female or male respectively? Unfortunately our society has operated so long on the idea, as so succinctly put forth by Sigmund Freud, that "anatomy is destiny" that we are unable to see beyond it. Anatomy is the basic social determinant of gender but it is gender which is "destiny," since it determines how one's life will be led. Anatomy determines an individual's role in the productive process but that is really *all* that it determines. The rest of the total of our life functions is not sex but gender and it is a psycho-social function and not an anatomical-physiological one.

Money and others have shown that gender identity is almost completely established by the age of two or three and there is seldom much confusion about it in the mind of the child. The only way a child is liable to become confused is when the parents themselves are in doubt of the true sex, due to some genital anomaly. In that case they give contradictory signals to the child. Such children may develop what Stoller has termed "hermaphroditic gender."



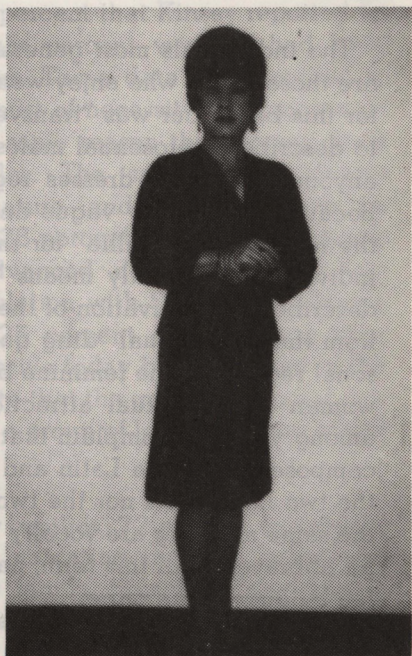
Cleo IL-21-S



Michelle-NV



Mary Ann-NM



Rita MO-10-Mc

An individual may be very dissatisfied with his or her sex or his or her gender and be very anxious to change one or the other or both, but he is seldom confused about it. He or she knows that they are a man or a woman but they also know what the opposite gender is. To want to leave where you are and go someplace else implies a fairly clear concept of both. A truly genderally confused person would not know which gender he or she belonged to and would not be able to act and live in any consistent pattern, nor would they want to change because being that confused they wouldn't know what they could change into.

The word "confusion" in the areas we are interested in should more properly be applied not to the individual but to the outsiders, including the therapists, he comes in contact with. They live in tidy little male = man and female = woman stereotypic worlds and they can't conceive of anyone wanting to be other than what they are (sexually), and have been trained to be (genderally). They are the ones who are confused about the whole area of sexual vs. genderal identity—two very different concepts but which are frequently thought of and spoken of as though they were one and the same.

The individuals most generally considered to be gender confused are those males who enjoy wearing feminine attire. The original term for this behaviour was "transvestism," and it was coined specifically to describe heterosexual males. Today it is used indiscriminately for anyone who cross dresses regardless of his reasons for doing so. Because of this now vague and non-informative term I have coined the name "femmiphillia" for the condition, and "femmiphile" for the individual. It literally means "lover of the feminine" and precisely describes the motivation of the heterosexual cross dresser as distinct from the homosexual "drag queen," who generally has no great personal regard for the feminine but who uses the outer appearance of a woman for its sexual attraction for other males. Linguistic purists among you may complain that the word is illegitimate because it is composed of both a Latin and a Greek root. This is because neither the two Latin roots nor the two Greek roots which would translate to the same meaning are vocally "comfortable" or euphonious. I will use an abbreviation of this term, namely "FP" to describe such persons in the balance of the paper.

For the last 20 years I have published a magazine for this type of person. It is called *Transvestia* and is designed specifically for what I

call "uncomplicated, heterosexual cross dressers." Uncomplicated, that is, by other variant behaviour patterns such as homosexuality, sado-masochism, bondage, punishment, fetishism, etc. The purpose of the magazine is not only to entertain and to provide a medium of expression, but also to educate the readers in the nature of their behaviour pattern, to let them know that they are not alone, which is an almost universal concern among FPs, but especially to allay their fears that they must be homosexual or mentally ill. The average FP has these worries because that is all he can find in what little literature exists on the subject. Yet he is usually married and a father and successful as a breadwinner and regular guy. Through publishing this magazine I have had written, phone and personal contact and consultation with several thousand such people. Some years ago I sent out a questionnaire to the readers attempting to collect some useful statistics about the pattern. I received back 504 responses. This is more cases than appear in all medical literature combined.

Although the common view is that cross dressing is indicative of active or potential homosexuality, only 28 percent of the respondents said that they had had even one homosexual experience in their lifetimes. This compares with the 37 percent that Kinsey reported for the general population. Seventy-eight percent were or had been married and 74 percent were fathers. These data are provided to oppose the idea that cross dressers must of necessity be homosexual since they dress like women for the same reason that women dress femininely, namely to attract males. The sample was clearly overwhelmingly heterosexual in nature and activity. Data on educational level showed that about 25 percent had college degrees and a further 13 percent had advanced degrees. Income was somewhat ahead of the general population with 56 percent earning between \$5,000 and \$10,000 and 25 percent earning more than \$10,000. These figures are not impressive today but they were in the early sixties. They are cited to indicate that the group in general was socially competent rather than being a group of losers as some would suppose.

Since 82 percent came from intact families, 72 percent reported a good father image and 51 percent indicating that the father was dominant, there is little support for family causation from absent fathers or dominant mothers 83 percent disclaimed any special predictive treatment as a boy saying that they were treated just like other boys their age, yet 54 percent of them began their dressing

before the age of 10. The literature on the subject, such as it is, has it that three of the most common predisposing factors are that the mother wanted a girl and raised the boy in a feminine fashion, that the boy was punished by being made to wear dresses or that mother couldn't bear cutting his baby curls so that he was kept in long hair to a later age than other boys. This last would have no meaning today but it did up to 10 or 15 years ago. Only four percent of the subjects indicated that they had experienced any of these. While 76 percent had never consulted a psychiatrist, only nine percent had undertaken serious treatment. Thus with less than 10 percent of the population submitting themselves to any real psychiatric evaluation it is obvious that it is only that same 10 percent that provided the bases for the reports appearing in the literature. Obviously then, there is a considerable area of ignorance on the part of therapists as to what causes the cross dressing pattern, what its motivations and satisfactions are, and what to do about it if anything.

Since such behaviour is at wide variance from what is considered usual boyish behaviour—I carefully avoid the use of the word "normal"—it is generally regarded as a psychological problem and therefore to be treated by some form of psychotherapy, with the object of getting the boy or man to discontinue the practice and settle back into the stereotypic rut laid out for him by society. The fact that such therapies are so generally unsuccessful in accomplishing their goal ought to be an indication that there is something involved that psychotherapy is not equipped to deal with and that the psychotherapist him or herself is not taking into account. It is my belief that the problem is not a psychological one to begin with but rather is a social one as to its cause and in its handling and understanding.

If you will forgive me I would like to utilize an allegorical fairy tale to illustrate this matter rather than relying on cold, logical verbal explanation. First I would like to call to your attention the old tradition that says "pink is for girls, blue is for boys" and which leads to blankets, booties and nursery furnishings to be appropriately colored. Such external distinctions don't have any effect on the infant since they do not know the significance—they are mostly for the benefit of the adults. When, however, one sex is given dolls and the other trucks and blocks to play with it does become significant because the toys begin to structure the world and the infants relations to it and thus have permanent effects. Now to the story.

Once upon a time, as all good fairy tales begin, there was a society in which all people suffered from a common genetic defect of extreme near sightedness so that everyone had to wear glasses. Even babies could not see very far into their world and could not apprehend a lot of what surrounded them. Thus they too were fitted with glasses at an early age. For some reason lost in social tradition, it became customary for all little boys to be given blue tinted glasses and all little girls got pink tinted lenses. With the glasses they could visually reach out and recognize and understand the world around them much better. Other than the glasses there was little visual difference between males and females, their clothing and hairdos being generally the same.

Remembering your high school physics you will recall that blue filters do not pass yellow light and red or pink filters do not pass green light, both pairs being complementary to each other. Thus the little males with their blue glasses saw the sun, buttercups, daffodils, pears and lemons for example, as blobs of various shades of grey. The females, on the other hand did not see the grass, shrubs and trees as being green. They too were grey. But this didn't bother the children any because they didn't know any better. They just accepted the world as they saw it and presumed that it looked the same to everyone else, particularly to other children. Without their glasses they could hardly see anything so each became acquainted with his or her world as the information arrived at their retinas.

However, as they grew older it became obvious to the little boys that the world must look different to girls than it did to them because girls became very fussy about the appearance of clothing and other articles which, to the boys, all seemed to be some sort of unimpressive grey and not worthy of much distinction. The girls, of course, regarded the boys as being insensitive since they didn't react to differences that seemed important to the girls.

One day one of the boys was home alone and walking past his older sisters bedroom, he noticed that her spare pair of pink glasses were on the dresser. Without any preconception of what he was doing but purely out of curiosity as to what it might be like to wear pink glasses he went into the room and quickly replaced his blue glasses with her pink ones. Instantly everything was transformed. He was amazed at the new appearance of the yellow pillow on the golden bedspread—they had both been nondescript grey before and he

couldn't understand why his sister had been so pleased when they had been given to her at Christmas. He then went outside to see what the larger world was like. He was speechless at the thrill of the big golden ball in the sky, the bright yellow fruit on the lemon tree, and the daffodils, daisies and buttercups in the garden. All these things had been an unimpressive grey before, so it was quite a fascinating experience. Of course there were some limitations too because the lovely green lawn that he was used to and the leaves on the trees had lost their accustomed color and become grey. But no matter, he had seen them for so long that his memory made them green even if his eyes didn't. Suddenly he heard his sister's car returning so he hurried back into the house and returned the pink glasses, resuming his own blue ones. Naturally he didn't tell anyone about his discovery marvelous though it was, because after all, what self respecting boy would be caught dead wearing pink glasses?

But you may be sure that whenever he found himself alone in the house on future occasions he repeated the experience. And why shouldn't he? Wasn't the *whole* world his as much as it was hers? He had often seen his sister wearing blue glasses when she played softball or went hiking in the mountains. Wasn't turn about fair play? Didn't the golden sun and the yellow apricots and the beautiful daffodils belong to both of them?

Alas there came a fateful day when his mother came home unexpectedly and caught him wearing pink glasses. That evening she told his father and he was fit to be tied. He pointed out to the boy that only sissy, effeminate, homosexual boys would wear pink glasses and he was damned if he was going to raise a "prevert" in his house and so on. It was decided that the boy must be mentally ill to do such a terrible and ridiculous thing and therefore therapy was indicated. They sought the services of a well respected psychiatrist and took the boy to see him.

The therapist was familiar with all the literature and therefore he "knew" that such boys were "latently" homosexual, or that they had not resolved their oedipus complex, or that they had a "pink" fetish, or suffered from sibling rivalry and all the currently accepted explanations of such irrational behaviour. So he set about treating the boy with all the accepted therapies...he was given all sorts of

written and behavioural tests, made to draw pictures, report his dreams, freely associate on the analytical couch and so on. But none of them seemed to get anywhere. Finally he decided on behaviour modification through aversion therapy and made the boy stand barefooted on a metal plate while he was wearing pink glasses and then applied electricity to the plate. It kind of bothered the boy at first but he came to look forward to the sessions because it gave him a chance to wear his pink glasses in the presence of the nurses who were of course wearing theirs. He knew that he was one of them for the moment because he could see the world exactly as they did and he could thereby share their experience of being girls and women. It was all very thrilling, satisfying and fascinating and it didn't cure him at all.

After a time he found that the doctor was much happier and smiled a lot when he gave certain responses, picked out green toys rather than yellow ones and drew pictures of boys wearing blue glasses, etc. So he did this a lot and the doctor was so impressed that he told the parents that the boy was "cured" that he need not come any more. So that night the father expressed great satisfaction that his son had finally come to his senses and was straightened out. He concluded by saying... "and don't let me ever catch you wearing pink glasses again!". You can be sure that the boy took his father's admonition literally and his father never *did* catch him again because he took great pains to avoid being caught. But the doctor had been wrong. He was not even close to being "cured" but he was a lot smarter about the ways of the adult world. He continued to take every safe opportunity to wear his sisters or his mother's pink glasses and to escape by this means from the constraints of the blue and green masculine world into the golden world of femininity. You see he had become a confirmed femmiphile—a lover of the feminine world. The psychiatrist would never have understood that.

When he was older, had a job and some spending money of his own, he went to the Salvation Army Thrift Store one day and on the pretext of going to a masquerade party, bought a pair of old pink glasses for himself. They weren't to his prescription and they were too large for him but what matter. They were pink and he could see the daisies with them. He used to wear them secretly in his room until one day he got brave enough to wear them out in the street. Everybody accepted him as a girl because after all he was wearing their uniform—pink glasses. It was a beautiful world now because he



Betty Ann IL-17-A



Patricia NY-20-G

could not only see the green grass and trees through his blue glasses when he wanted to but he could see the daisies and the daffodils too when he wore his pink glasses.

He often wondered about his parents and the psychiatrist and why they had made such a big thing over the pink glasses. He now had an advantage over either other males or females because each of them was limited to that half of the total world that was visible to him or to her through their respective glasses while he had access to the *whole* world. Why shouldn't he experience and enjoy this total world once he had discovered it? Why should he be denied it just because other people couldn't understand it? He decided that that was their problem and their own limitation, but as for him he was going to extract just as much beauty, depth and pleasure from his whole world as he could. And he did, and lived happily ever after.

Now I hope that little story will appeal to your holistic and feeling right brain better than a logical explanation would to your left hemisphere. I hope now you can better appreciate what goes on when a boy or man puts on feminine things and that it is primarily a sociological matter. It is only a psychological matter for psychologists and psychiatrists because of their training by way of a medical model. Such a model assumes that there is an anatomical, physiological or psychological condition which can be taken as the proper state of the organism and that someone who varies from that state should be helped, by whatever modalities might be appropriate, to return to that proper or normal state.

In reality society has, with its customs and traditions—which may have had survival value long ago—deprived each of us of half of our total humanity. As long as we wear the uniform of one gender.—Clothing, etc. or glasses in the story—we can only experience that half of the possible world that is appropriate to that gender. But when we change clothes—glasses—we can experience a whole new, previously unknown way of seeing and experiencing our world. Once a male has had the experience of wearing the feminine "uniform", and has therefore been temporarily admitted into this aspect of existence, he finds that what he can feel, experience and express is not something from outside, but something that is really his on a very fundamental level. Although he may experience tremendous guilt about doing it, the fascination of the experience is so strong that it pulls him back again and again in spite of repeated

resolutions to "give it all up". Why should he give up this new aspect of himself just because society in the form of parents, wife, or therapist would feel better if he did. So he compromises—gives them what they want and goes "underground". This is an extremely common experience among FPs. The concept of combining the masculine and feminine sides of human experience and thereby achieving a state of peace, happiness and fulfillment was stated clearly 2000 years ago by Jesus, one of whose reported sayings was, "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". Of course Jesus didn't distinguish between sex and generation since what he meant was, "when you make masculine and feminine into a single one".

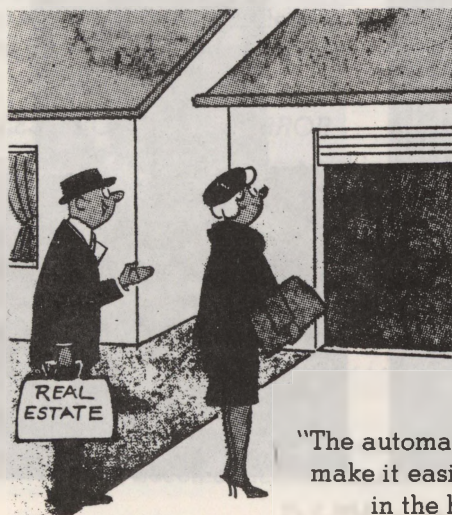
I have said that therapists are generally unacquainted with the nature of this behaviour. Perhaps my little story will illustrate one reason for this—that it is a phenomenon beyond the range of most psychological training since it is really not in essence a psychological problem, either in causation or in practice. Where the therapist can do most good would be in helping parents and wives to a better understanding and the individual to a guilt free acceptance of himself. Much more harm comes to the person and those with whom he is associated such as parents, siblings, wives, employers etc. from the misapprehensions about cross dressing, such as homosexuality, than from the behaviour itself. Too often therapists who themselves see cross dressing as a sure sign of homosexuality contribute to the problem. My own marriage was destroyed by a psychiatrist my wife consulted in precisely this way.

Now I have just mentioned a wife. If you have not guessed it before, I am a male, but I am also a woman—a male woman if you will, but you probably won't. If you won't it is because you have not been able to really accept the idea that sex and gender are two different things. I have been married twice and fathered a son. I am not homosexual. I have lived completely in the gender of a woman for the past 10 years and traveled extensively and done everything any other woman might do except have relations with a male sexually. That would be a sexual and therefore a female act and I am not female.

This brings up the subject of transexuality. I am not a TS either. People seeking sex change surgery come from both the homosexual and the heterosexual world. The former basically seek the change so

that they can have more orthodox relations with males, and the gender change is just a logical extension of the sex change. Heterosexuals basically seek the right to a change of gender and the right to live in the world as woman. Unfortunately, being unable to separate sex from gender change can be made. Additionally the anatomical change is insurance against social and legal harassment by the authorities. It is exceedingly unfortunate that our society has such medieval ideas about sex and gender that people must go to all the expense, surgical risk, and pain involved in such surgery, just to legitimize their desire to experience the other half of their humanity by living in the opposite gender.

Sex and gender are not two names for the same thing—they are not parts of the same continua—rather they represent two different continua. One runs from maleness through hermaphroditism to femaleness the other runs from macho masculinity through androgeny-gynandry to the extremes of femininity. Surgery is therefore a logical endpoint for certain insertee-type homosexuals. It is not the logical endpoint of heterosexual cross dressing though a great many lay and professionals alike see it that way. The real logical endpoint of such behaviour is simply full time and complete adoption of the feminine role as defined in a particular culture. Such a person is a male woman—a change of gender, but not of sex.



"The automatic garage door opener will make it easier for your husband to get in the house while dressed."



Frances

Janet



Frances ME-1-G

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MERCHANDISE

M2 JELLY KIT, FOR INSERTS: Consists of two chemicals—one liquid, the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly-filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided, also suggestions for producing "cleavage." **JELLY KIT \$6**

M4 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. **INSERTS, PER PAIR \$6**

M8 MASTECTOMY INSERTS: For those desiring a larger bust, it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give, thus being more natural on a larger figure. **INSERTS, PER PAIR \$6**

NOTE: M9, M10, and M11 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.

M5 "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 derriere to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. **PER PAIR, \$5.50**

M9 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, \$7

M10 FRONT PAD WITH A GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs up against the stomach. 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. Wear with a lubricated sheath for greatest comfort. PAD, EACH \$5.00

M11 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 \$3.50

All items are sold on a cash in advance basis. C.O.D. and open account orders cannot be honored. Canadian subscribers should make payments in U.S. funds by postal money orders or bank drafts, not by personal checks.

Other foreign customers should pay by checks from their bank drawn on a U.S. correspondent bank and in U.S. funds. Allow extra money for postage and a credit slip for the excess will be returned with the order. Foreign postage is higher than the 15% applicable to domestic postage.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
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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 for all. It is published for the enjoyment of all heterosexual cross-dressers and as your magazine, your support is needed. Material is solicited on the following basis:

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

The Society for the Second Self

This is our social organization. Application for membership in the Society (more informally known as Tri Sigma Sorority) may be made after fulfilling either of two prerequisites: a) having purchased from Chevalier Publications *and read any* five issues of *Transvestia* or b) purchasing and reading a copy of a special booklet about the Society obtainable from the Society at the address below. Acceptance into the Society is dependent upon approval of the application payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in making your entry in the Directory of Members of Tri Sigma Sorority. Admission into local groups generally requires an interview by some member of that group. Five or more members may form a group and request designation as a chapter.

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