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TRANSVESTIA

Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.

Because being a woman—is everything.



VALERIE

VOL. XVIII

For The Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 107

PUBLICATION POLICY

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

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

PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA

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

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding — Self Acceptance — Peace Of Mind

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

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

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

TRANSVESTIA

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For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 107

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Carol Beecroft

Box 194

Tulare, California 93275

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FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

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Editors Choice

Carol Beecroft

In the last issue of Transvestia, I was able to tell you about a young lady by the name of Rhonda. She was doing the typesetting for me and certainly was a great help. Unfortunately, about the time that Transvestia was sent out in the mail, Rhonda was raped and assaulted, and shortly thereafter, she left town. Such a terrible thing to happen to such a nice girl. The experience left her an emotional wreck and it was necessary that she leave town in order to settle herself down. But that certainly crimped my style, and it wasn't until very recently that I was able to find another young lady, by the name of Linda, who was able to step in and help with the typesetting.

Linda is also a legal secretary and has become most understanding of the phenomena of crossdressing. She is very fast with my composing machine and is quite interested in whatever we are doing at the moment. Her accuracy is very good and she has made several suggestions of which I have used in my work. I believe that I am a very lucky person to have Linda help me. She's single, in her 30's and a very intelligent girl. You should

be so lucky to have her as a wife!

I have been wanting to say something about the quality of the pictures that are submitted for publication. In the first place, when taking a picture for either Transvestia or the Femme Mirror, please see that YOU are the subject in the picture—not your being just one of the many objects in a room full of furniture and things. In other words, please take a picture of yourself in a CLOSE-UP!! I would much prefer something that way than try to print a picture when you are LOST among all the things in the room. We can do a lot better in this area. Also, try to get pictures that are taken out-of-doors. These shots are usually of better quality as compared to pictures taken inside and which are often under-exposed. So let's get outdoors with more of the pictures that you send.

If you are wearing clothing which is dark, please see that you have a light background, even if you have to use a sheet. The reason for this is that you tend to fade into the background if you do not stand out in the picture. If you are

wearing something rather light, then use a dark background as a contrast. These instructions also help in the case of color pictures—we receive so many. Use light backgrounds with dark clothing and vice versa.

I hope that you enjoy the new long story that we have in this issue of TVIA. Dee Raymond is one of the best writers that we have and we are honored to have one of her stories grace the pages of Transvestia. It is your Editor's hope to eventually publish a number of her stories separately and sell them through Chevalier Publications. We have a number of instances of poetry appearing in this issue and I hope that more of our poetry-oriented sisters will sit down and write pretty thoughts for us.

Before I forget, Tri-Ess Sorority is again sponsoring a Holiday En Femme in New Orleans in late March, early April in 1983. Live four complete days as a girl and put your male clothing in the closet for a change. We do not have any problems regarding crossdressing, so kindly drop me a letter if you are serious about going.

I Talk To Myself - A Lot!

Elizabeth Warburton



"I live alone now and love it. My wife exited several years ago—she loved brother Robert, or so she said, but me, Liz, she despised. I never could convince her that we are one and the same person. She regarded me as the 'other woman' who interfered in their marriage and refused to stay in the closet. Well, you win a few and lose a few, though I was unable to be so casual at the time."

"My marital status, is not the reason for this literary gem."

"Good grief! Is there no end to this gal's self-praise?"

"Hush, Robert! I am not addressing you; don't be rude. I want to tell you about the first time I ventured from my own home, in the east end of Boaton, and drove out to the Tiffany Club in the suburbs, fully "dressed," of course. It is an absolutely spell-binding tale."

"Good grief! Spell-binding she calls it. Believe me, it's a positive bore and she has told it so many times, with more flair and exaggeration each time, that there is only a semblance of truth in it."

"Why, dear brother, do you insist upon humiliating me? You used to do that to Margaret, you know—that may be one of the reasons she left. And, speaking of boring, you are totally oblivious to the silence and cold stares you get when you start telling those miserable ethnic jokes. Now, hush! — So, as I was saying before that interruption, I decided to dress at home and drive out to the Club. The Tiffany Club has a per-

fectly good facility, but as you know, there is no place like home."

"Good grief! No place like home? Can't you come up with something better than that?"

"I have everything at home, an abundance of pretty clothes, shoes, wigs, and delicate things. I'll give him his due—Robert has arranged perfect lighting for doing makeup, so I enjoy getting ready so much more in my own environment. — Having the wisdom and foresight, as well as splendid organizational skills that I do, I had Robert move the car away from the house, around the corner, so that our neighbors could no longer see it. (We live in a closely-knit family oriented neighborhood in which Robert is respected and cherished—though, for the life of me, I can't see why! If they knew him as well as I do, they might have second thoughts.)"

"Good grief! She makes statements like that and expects me to keep quiet! Just exactly what do you mean by that?"

"You're a spendthrift, you're penny wise and pound foolish. You're a procrastinator, in fact, you're downright lazy!

Is the back door fixed? No, of course not, it still sticks. You're a chauvinist; you never help around this house. Is that enough?"

"Who's a spendthrift? I have one small closet for my clothes—you've taken over an entire third floor room for yours."

"And just why would you need more space? You slop around here in jeans and a sweat shirt most of the time. I, on the

other hand, have a reputation to maintain. Are you forgetting that I am Miss Tiffany and have a plaque to prove it?"

"Good grief, my dear sister, that's a cheap shot! Really below the belt. Are you so insecure in your own image that you have to keep reminding me of that? I mean, OK, Miss Tiffany is fine—but you're not exactly Miss America, you know!"

"That's something else that annoys me. You feel it's necessary to intellectualize everything. I am perfectly secure in my own image."

"Why are we arguing, do you know? I suddenly feel as if Margaret is back."

"Margaret wasn't always wrong. Some of her complaints and observations were quite justified."

"I really don't need you to tell me that. In retrospect, I have enough self-recriminations. Come on now, let's stop this bickering. I really am very fond of you, you know. For what other reason would I have promised to take you to dinner? You'd better start to dress."

"But, I haven't finished my story!"

"It will keep, dear sister, it will keep. You can finish it tomorrow, or next week."

"Procrastinator!"

"Good grief, again?"

"Will you take me to the Ritz Carlton for dinner?"

"You're pushing, Liz, you're pushing..."

"I know, but someone has to."

"Good grief!!"



Felicity

Has The Best

Of

Both Worlds

NY-16-M

Now that Winter has really set in and the outside work is pretty well done I am relaxing and enjoying myself. I go days at a time enfemme, do all the shopping, errands etc. as Mrs. Joan Miller, my own "Sister-in-law". The other day I visited two wig shops, was fitted and bought one on the spot and wore it home. In the other shop I ordered two more on approval when they arrive. The two ladies in attendance in the shops were most courteous and gave no indication whatever of suspicion. They accepted my checks and my driver's license and SS number as identification. My checks have Joan Miller printed on them as well as John and Edith Miller. At Montgomery Ward I studied the mail order catalogue and selected a pair of mastectomy inserts and the young lady in charge of the mail order desk filled out the order for me, examined my credentials and accepted my check. I have also gone on a small spree of dress and shoe buying to catch up on lost time.

The cold weather gives me the opportunity to wear my coats and wool skirt suits, boots etc. Pretty shoes are back again, happily so I have the latest high heeled shoes and boots. My new wig is gray, commensurate with my age, and looks wonderful.

It's fun to shop in the same markets where I go as John and pass people who know John but fail to show any recognition. The other day I went to a hardware store where I am well known, bought several minor items needed for the house, and the clerks who know John well showed not the slightest sign of curiosity. It is fantastic, like being in another world or having died and returned to life in a different form, and almost eerie sensation. I am enclosing a snapshot taken of me on my return from shopping today. Due to so much use my femme voice has improved very much and I have no trouble with long conversations with the many women and men when making purchases etc. I even go to my own banks to make



deposits for John. Since completion of facial electrolysis a number of years ago and my careful avoidance of sun my complexion is quite good for a 74-year old lady. I have also avoided exposure of hands and arms to the sun as much as possible, since 1961 when I first started going out, so they have greatly improved. Of course before that I practically lived outdoors, flying, hunting, etc. Now, I do the same things but protect myself from the sun. Even an open collar shirt will result in a triangular tanned area under the throat, and short sleeves are a no-no. I even wear gloves as much as possible when in the sun, mowing the lawns etc. and also a Western hat to protect the face. My hands are large but well formed with beautiful nails which I keep fairly long and well shaped. I always wear a wedding ring and engagement ring when dressed for greater authenticity and to help repel any romantically minded males on the make. (I have been approached several times,

usually in restaurants). I make a point of removing the left glove to make the rings visible. I do a lot of mechanical work but am careful of my hands and nails.

I dressed as usual lately, enfemme, first thing in the morning for the day. Edith and I are in the house alone but I do meet certain people at the door. There are some who are familiar and understand my "condition," all women, except my son who is fully aware and non-understanding. Since my home is in a rather choice residential area with houses apart, I can drive away and back without notice. I am the oldest and the longest resident in this restricted area, having been in the same house 59 years this month. Incidentally, I have now completed 56 years of flying, beginning on my 18th birthday, 12/15/23. At that time I had attained 6' 2 1/2" height and remained so for most of my adult life. However, in the past few years I have had a loss of height of almost 3" and now measure just about 6' even, in the morning, and about 5 11 1/2" late in the day. This loss of height has surprised me for I am not bent over at all. Height has never bothered me when dressed. I walk proudly and erect. So many tall girls slouch and it looks awful. I consider my height an actual advantage in the deception, for who would expect a six foot man to appear in public dressed as a woman? I wear high heels always for who would expect a mere man to be able to walk so well on high heels? I have worn high heels at all times in the house for over 50 years and much more than my wife has. She has difficulty in walking on heels over 2" high, while I wear them over 3" habitually on my size 12 shoes at home and when dressed and walk on them gracefully and comfortably I find high heels more comfortable than low

heels.

My first wife was very understanding but she died after our 30th wedding anniversary. Edith and I are very happily married. We are now well into our 15th year. Our sex life is just fine. I would not want to be a female woman but I am fully satisfied with being a male. I just like to be a part time lady. I would not want to do it full time but could do so with ease. I therefore have no desire for a sex change. For one thing it would ruin my sex life and therefore my married life. For another it is not necessary. I get along just fine the way I am. I have had a very exciting and adventurous life and it continues, as a man. Being a part time lady is a wonderful recreation and it is a part of me that cannot be erased. When a lady I just forget being a male and simply live the part of a woman except that I have no interest in men at all. I have no interest in drinking or smoking. Who needs them? I am certainly one of the happiest people in the world. I consider myself a "dualgenderite", not just a "femmepersonator" or "transvestite". My mother dressed me when I was very young, starting before I can remember, and taught me nice manners as a girl at age 5 1/2 the last time she dressed me. After that, my long hair was cut and I stayed a boy 'til about age 12 when I could no longer resist dressing and did so in the closet with my mother's clothes at first, and then later on, with my own. Dressing has never been an erotic experience with me. It has simply seemed natural to me. When I was very young, and even continuing for a few years after my mother stopped dressing me, I honestly did not know the difference between the sexes and thought it was simply a choice to be made as to how to act and what clothes to wear. I thought that those who grew

to be big would be men and the smaller ones would be women, and wear the pretty clothes. On a recent television program I saw Dr. Wardell Pomeroy define a transvestite as a person who gets erotic satisfaction out of wearing the clothes of the opposite sex, meaning of course mostly men. If that is true then I am not a transvestite for to me feminine garments are natural to me and give me no more erotic satisfaction than masculine garments do.

Two of our lady friends have stopped in so far to visit Edith and Joan. The second one is staying for dinner. The amusing thing about her is that she never wears a dress or skirt but wears pants all the time. She said to me that she owns only one dress and that has not been out of the closet in years. The only shoes she wears are sneakers. But she compliments me on my appearance, seems to like me very much and said that I "put all us women to shame", meaning not only my nice clothes but especially my trim figure which she doesn't have. I am a much better looking woman than any of the ladies who come to visit us, yet they do not seem to mind. Apparently they have just given up on trying to get themselves back in shape. They are all overweight and bulgy, from legs to face. I have a female cousin who has seen me dressed in my finest but who violently disapproves, yet she too wears pants at all times and has told me that she has gotten rid of all dresses and skirts. We were at a New Year's Day dinner and both of those women were there with their pants and sneakers. The dinner was given by a sister of the cousin mentioned and she approves of Joan and we go out shopping together, including lunches, and we visit each other often. She is a retired R.N. and a spinster whereas her disapproving sister could not make a success of a

marriage though she had two fine sons. She just does not like men, yet dresses like one as closely as she can. The retired R.N. cousin phoned me one day to say that she had invited a gentleman who is a mutual friend to dinner at her house and asked if I would come too so as to make it respectable for her. I consented provided I could come as Joan and try to pass even though he knew me. I did so and the entire evening was a success. We had long conversations on numerous subjects. When he asked me what I did for a living I told him that I was self employed as a "ghost writer." He never did catch on and my cousin says that he sometimes asks about that tall Mrs. Miller. Even with that name he still did not catch on. My cousin and I even told him that we were distant cousins!

While I still have the space on this page I wish to add something that should have been ahead of the previous paragraph about my cousin who wears pants all the time. She called me shocking, disgusting and disgraceful! I countered the with the question as to why the same adjectives were not applicable to herself, since she was wearing pants and other masculine styled attire, why was it so disgraceful for me to wear what I like and not for her to do the same. She said, "That's entirely different. You're a man and men are not supposed to wear women's clothes, it's illegal and immoral and just disgusting for a man to wear dresses, high heels and long hair and makeup. It means you are a homosexual and that is disgusting!" This to a man who had been married happily to an understanding wife 30 years to her death and had fathered three children by her and then re-married to date 14 years to another outstandingly intelligent (M.D.) wife who also happily tolerates him! I

told her that in my opinion she was upset for at least two reasons. First, I made a much better looking woman than she and she could obviously see that. That of course made her angry and was intended to. Second, In spite of her great preoccupation with women's liberation she still held on to the belief that women should have a monopoly of the wearing of beautiful clothes and the privilege of making themselves physically attractive and beautiful and that since she believed that a man who showed any feminine characteristics disgraces himself because he is supposed to be above such things. In other words she still clings to the old belief that males are superior to females and therefore if a male shows any femininity he degrades himself. I asked her if she really believed that and she responded by calling me a male chauvinist, by what reasoning I don't know. I explained to her that I do not believe in all that male superiority stuff and believe that I am complementing women by wanting to imitate them. I explained that the only way I can wear her clothes is to disguise myself as a woman and that I find it to be very pleasurable and relaxing, probably the same as she finds it comfortable in her way to wear masculine clothes, which she can do without criticism. In fact women closely imitate mens' clothing and it is considered smart whereas if a man should be seen merely using a woman's colored umbrella in a downpour, or letting his fingernails grow more than a sixteenth of an inch long he would be under suspicion. I can clearly remember when men first started wearing wrist watches and low cut shoes during World War I and were laughed at for it. Men were supposed to carry big watches with a chain, smoke cigars and wear high shoes with a loop in the back for pulling them on.

Before WW-I cigarettes were the feminine counterpart of cigars and were for women when first introduced, and only "fallen" women at that. Even now men are required to wear high collared shirts, neckties, a jacket and even a vest even in the hottest weather in order to be admitted to certain places. The sheriff right here in our own county arrested hundreds of boys and young men and charged them with vagrancy or disorderly conduct because of the length of their hair, took them to the county jail and cut their hair with clippers, until finally stopped by the courts. I told her that BOTH men AND women need liberation. She has been very pleasant to me ever since and at Christmas gave me a very nice present of a set of scented soaps. For quite a number of years, she was the chief of the window trimming department in the city's largest department store, and she made up beautiful displays of women's clothes. The store succumbed to the competition of the out-of-town shopping malls. I would not be surprised if sometime she should give me a really feminine present such as a dress! And with that background, she will not adorn herself with anything feminine, from head to heels, except makeup and earrings and hair pulled back tightly.

Recently I have become acquainted with Eileen, NY-11-J, and Joan, NY-9-F, and have visited at their homes and they at mine. Eileen's spouse is certainly Class A. Edith and I visited them one evening (I as Felicity/Joan) and had a very interesting evening. Eileen came to visit us alone (the spouse had to stay home with their two youngsters) and we noticed she was wearing a coat too small and not warm enough for the cold weather here. Later, I thought about it and phoned to offer a new coat of

mine (we are same height) and she came over another evening and I gave it to her. She was delighted and looks good in it. There is no doubt in my mind that the requirements for Tri-Ess result in a high class of members. I had long ago given up hope of finding other FPs in this area. Imagine my delight at finding them listed. I hope to get both of them, with spouses, to visit at my home in the near future. Incidentally, Joan NY-9-F, has hair long enough for both roles, so needs no wig. Perhaps sometime I can get these two and some others not too far way to get a little chapter going. One party I had here in November 1961 was wonderful success but they were the Suzanna group and no FPEs. One ambition I have had for a long time, still unfulfilled, is to fly my Bonanza or Baron across the continent and back as a lady pilot and just see what kind of treatment I get along the way.

Jottings

From

Janna

JANA IO-201-T

† Here's how to remove yellow stains from your nails, whether caused by tobacco smoke or from using polish without a base coat: Simply rub half a lemon over the nail.

† To avoid embarrassment when buying (as a man) a suit, dress, or lingerie in a store where you're not known, ask to have

it gift-boxed. I've done it several times, and have received such comments as: "That's a lovely color; your wife should like it."

† Tri-Ess sisters don't fit the typical women's stereotype.....at least as far as revealing age. More than 90% of the gals listed in the 1980 directory and 1981 supplement tell how old they really are. And what is the average age of members? About 44. (For math purists, the mean age is 44.1 and the median is 51.) 44 seems to be about in the middle, though.....with almost equal numbers of gals either above or below that age.

† A good source I've discovered for femme eyewear is Prism Optical, 10992 N.W. 7th Ave., No. Miami, Florida 33168. You can order by mail, prices are reasonable, quality is good, and you needn't send your vision care doctor's prescription slip: Just copy all the pertinent data onto the order form. The Prism catalog is free.

† Some miscellaneous facts from the American Council of Life Insurance: A female born today can expect to live 77.1 years on the average, compared to 48.3 years in 1900. The longevity of a male child born today is 69.3 years, compared to 46.3 at the turn of the century. (Maybe this is why so many of us are femme persons!)

† It may be dangerous to health, but many sisters (including me) are cigarette smokers. One sure way to spoil the femme image we try so hard to project is to unconsciously revert to masculine techniques as we puff away. Here are a half-dozen ways for keeping the smoking habit as feminine as possible:

1) Never hold a cigarette in the mouth without the fin-

gers assisting. (In other words, no dangling cigarettes.)

2) Hold the cigarette in your hand as you strike the match and THEN place it between your lips for lighting.

3) Hold a cigarette as close to the tips of your fingers as possible.

4) Always hold the lighted end of a cigarette toward the ceiling.....so the smoke doesn't curl through your fingers.

5) Don't flick ashes from your cigarette. Instead, ROLL them off gently.

6) To put out your cigarette, roll it in the ashtray until there's no longer smoke.

(An aside to a Chicago friend: Don't smoke CIGARS while you're "en femme.")

† If you'd like to lose weight without undertaking any special regimen, dietitians recommend drinking a large glass of water about 20 minutes before mealtime to curb the appetite.

† When posing for photos, professionals suggest a hair-do parted off-center. Center parts, it's said, tend to accentuate facial imperfections. And if the picture is black and white, don't wear bright red lipstick. It will appear very black in the photo.

† A man's skin is less elastic and oilier than a woman's. To keep the facial area soft and elastic, follow every shave with a good moisturizer. In the summer, says a cosmetic firm researcher, "a man needs a sunscreen every time he's outdoors....."

† Beauty advisors say your eyebrows control 25% of your facial expression. Attractive brows are a must for an attractive woman.



COVER GIRL

VALARIE
OH-210-J

What a surprise! ME being asked to be a Cover Girl for Transvestia! It seems like only yesterday that the thought of my picture being seen by anyone would have sent shivers up my spine.

To start with, my name is Valerie. I'm 28 years old, and I've had a fondness for women's clothes as long as I can remember. I remember putting on my mother's stockings as early as age five. Even then, I could appreciate the cool feeling of nylon against my legs.

As you can guess, my interest in dressing up progressed as the years went by. By the time I was 14, I had assembled a complete feminine wardrobe. This mainly consisted of things thrown away by my sister who is four years older than I. I spent a great deal of time going through bags of old clothes about to be thrown out or given away. I even found some of my sister's old makeup she had tired of and was destined for the trash. It was during that time that Valerie was born.

The biggest problem facing me at the time was finding the time to get dressed. It seems like someone was always around the house, but a determined transvestite would never let a little thing like that stop him. Somehow, I always found a way to put on my frilly clothes for an hour or two.

I was very concerned about someone possibly discovering my feminine hobby, so I started getting into things other kids my age were getting into--and that usually was trouble. Growing up in an urban area presents many opportunities to go astray. Running the streets got me in more tight situations than I care to remember. The streets did give me exposure to men who dressed like women

for the first time. In the neighborhood where I lived, there were several male prostitutes who were always in ladies' attire. Although I wished I had the nerve to go out in public as they did, I knew that my crossdressing was headed in a totally different direction. Surprisingly enough, they didn't attract any more attention than any of the strange types who live in the inner-city.

It didn't take long to realize that I was headed down the wrong path by hanging in the streets, so I started channeling my energy into sports. This led to the first purge of the feminine wardrobe I had acquired. Somehow the urge to wear those frilly garments returned, and I started a new collection. In Junior High school, I had started wearing panties and stockings to school under my regular clothes. How I envied the girls in school, wearing those beautiful skirts and blouses. I really loved the styles of the time—mini-skirts were just becoming popular.

Eventually, football practices cut into my crossdressing and, again, I went through a purge. Again, it didn't last. I was continually playing the role of a macho jock, while slipping into femininity when the chance presented itself. Upon graduation from high school, I attended college on a partial football scholarship. This meant packing away my secret identity for two years. After two years, I had learned just how good a football player I wasn't, so I left school and found myself a job.

Eventually, I met and married the girl of my dreams. For two years, I kept my little secret to myself, but deep inside I knew that I'd have to share my whole life with her to be truly happy. After two months of trying to build up the courage to expose my secret, I dropped the bomb on her. For the next

month, I wasn't sure that I'd have a wife when the smoke cleared. Fortunately, we always communicated openly with each other. She finally understood that the qualities she admired and respected in me were merely an extension of Valerie. It took quite awhile, but Valerie really started to grow on her. We started sharing clothes, doing each other's makeup, even shopping as two girls. I think she enjoyed spending time with Valerie as much as with my regular self.

All the joy and happiness came to an end when she died in a car wreck this year.

Actually, I've just gotten my life back into decent order recently. Now I'm spending a little more time trying to refine the image of Valerie, trying new styles of clothing, and such. I love going shopping en femme. So far, I haven't had any problems.

I don't think there is much more to tell about myself, except that I love being in Tri-Ess, and I especially love hearing from my sisters across the country.

I hope to hear from you, too, real soon.

Valerie ——— OH-210-J

KAREN'S STEPPING OUT

Tonight

Gonna put on a red dress.

Tonight

I'm gonna be more than anyone would guess.

Walking down the street

My feet barely touch the ground.

Feeling pretty, feeling sweet

So, there's no one else around.

They wouldn't know what it's all about,

Because tonight

Karen's stepping out.

Just because it's a house

Doesn't mean it's a home.

Just because it rhymes

That doesn't make it a poem.

Any way you look at it

I shine and I've shown

Betty, see how

Your little sister has grown.

Tomorrow

Gonna have to disappear.

Tomorrow

I'm gonna have to stop and shed a tear.

Back to the ordinary

(Must it always be this way?)

I'm not just Tom or Harry

Every girl must have her day.

Maybe tomorrow I'll sulk and pout,

But tonight

Karen's stepping out.

KAREN - IL-3-MC

LORI'S CROSSDRESSING SUMMER

OH-200-K

I'm sure most of us can remember back to our school days when the first homework assignment of the year in English class was always an essay on "What I Did Over Summer Vacation." I'd like to use that theme to share with the sorority some experiences I've had over the past few months.

In early May, I was able to get a weeks' vacation from the old "salt mine." One activity I'd planned beforehand was a day in Columbus. I took this opportunity to meet Jackie (OH 10-S), select a new wig and spend some time in public "en femme." To say that the day was enjoyable is an understatement.

I arrived shortly after 1 PM on a day that Jackie's shop was closed; thus, we didn't have to worry about customers dropping in, nor was time a big concern. For the first hour or so we gossipped (as women have a habit of doing), exchanging tidbits of information concerning crossdressing & generally getting acquainted. Then it was down to business. I dressed and began trying several styles, colors & lengths of wigs to try to find one I especially liked. Drawing on Jackie's expertise, I finally chose one known as the "short Farrah" (guess who it's named for!!) After some makeup point-

ers from Jackie, it was out to supper. We went to a nearby Chinese restaurant where Jackie says she frequently dines. As business was slow, we had the place virtually to ourselves.

After a quick stop back at Jackie's shop, it was out to a local shopping center. Jackie compared prices in wig shops in the center, then we browsed in a book store for about 15 minutes. After another quick stop back at the shop, we headed out for a couple drinks to top off the evening.

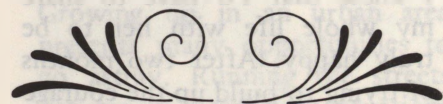
All too soon it was time for the dream evening to come to an end, and Jackie and I headed back to the shop where I once again became "M" and headed home. But never will I forget what a wonderful day it was. Contrary to what I'd anticipated, people didn't even give us a second glance—no hassles, no troubles. I did feel a bit uneasy spending so much time in the bookstore, but if I was "read", no one gave any indication that they were aware of a "wolf in sheep's clothes". It was an experience I'm looking forward to repeating.

June found me "on the road"—this time to Ann Arbor, Michigan for a two day seminar on gender identity at the University of Michigan. The school focused mainly on the gay

lifestyle, but it did touch briefly on transvestism and transsexualism. Unfortunately, in two days, no one topic could be handled in much depth—but all was not lost! I had the chance to meet & spend some time with Elaine (MI-16-W). I was amazed at the number of periodical articles she had collected on gender identity, ranging from general reading to medical journal reports, and I obtained copies of several articles to add to my own "library". We tried tracking down some information on the University of Michigan's Gender Identity Program but were unsuccessful, mainly because of limited time. While I wasn't able to dress on this trip, the new information I gained and having met yet another Tri-Ess sister was well worth it.

July brought yet another new experience. For several months I had been going to unisex hair salons for my haircuts. Then in July, I thought I'd try a "perm" to give my hair some curl & body and to make it appear fuller. The curlers, the chemical solutions, and sitting under a dryer in a roomful of women WAS a new experience. I was unsure how my new hairstyle might be received in the bastion of "machismo" where I work, but reaction was surprisingly mild. The strongest reaction was "What did you do to your hair?"; one co-worker said my perm looked nice.

Yes, this past summer certainly was an eventful one, at least for this sister—May: a day "en femme"; June: a school on gender identity; July: a new permanent. and August? Writing this article, of course!!





Kay CA-327-G



Karen WI-108-B



Kathy WA-2-G



Sylvia FCQ-1-K



Frances ME-1-G



Patricia CT-8-G



Terri Lynn



**Johnnie Ann, New Mexico
Her own hair!!**

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

Face Powder

Although I believe that you can achieve a perfectly fine makeup without face powder, many women wish to include it in their routines. It does provide a wonderful matte finish to a makeup and is good for the "T" zone, where you want a nonshiny look. If you have a shiny nose, by all means powder it. But remember that powder does not belong all over the face. Powder has a tendency to settle into lines and wrinkles, emphasizing them. I never use powder around the eyes, because that area, as well as cheeks and lips, should always look dewy.

Powder, if it is used, must be used intelligently. By that I mean sparingly. Great clouds of powder can not only coat you and your clothes (both unbecoming) but it can also clog pores. Tinted face powder presents another problem—it has a tendency to turn color, becoming yellow or orangey, depending on your skin tones.

Luckily, modern cosmetic laboratories have revolutionized face powder. Today's colorless powder seems spun out of air. Its formula has helped relieve both the clogging and the color-buildup problems. This translucent colorless powder is the only one I use on my clients and the only one I recommend without hesitation. Colorless powder really means less color, rather than no color. The powder goes on invisibly, but is available in three tones: light, medium and dark. Therefore you only need one shade—a good economic factor. Once you find the right one, you'll never have to change or need any other.



PART

**A GUIDE
TO CORRECT
MAKEUP**

The same fine consistency works for black, Caucasian, Oriental, Indian—any skin tone. It doesn't change the color of your foundation or your rouge. It simply helps set whatever you've used and keeps it nonshiny -- a divine invention. This powder comes in two formats, loose and compact. If you are a heavy powder user, I suggest the loose kind, to everyone else, the compact.

For loose powder, a clean puff and cotton balls for removing excess provide for the best method of application. You can use a sponge, moistened and wrung almost dry, to help set the powder.

For compact powder, the best tool is not the puff but the brush. A nice broad brush, such as the one used to apply blusher, will deposit a much lighter dusting of powder than the puff. It can also get into those hard-to-reach corners—the sides of the nose, the corners

of the nostrils, places powder should be applied carefully or lightly. When applying around the nose, draw your upper lip over your upper teeth, stretching the area for the moments you need to.

Unfortunately the brush will not work with loose powder; too much powder adheres to the bristles. The compact with its pressed powders is an all-around convenience. It slips into your purse or carrying case without causing you any worry that it might open and spill out. The brush usually comes with it, giving you the proper size you need for the purpose. Just stroke the brush across the pressed powder and you have the right amount ready to apply.

Your powder purchase, whether loose or compact, should last you many years—that's how sparingly it should be used. And although I restrict the areas to which it should be

applied, powder does have its purpose and place. When used properly, it acts as a veil against impurities of weather and air pollution. It worked just that way for our grandmothers, who had only powder to use as a total makeup. Remember how soft their cheeks were?

Though powder is a nice finishing touch, rouge is the most important element of this chapter. It's a beautiful step that every woman should enjoy. Wearing a lot of rouge is like having money in the bank.

... A LOOK AT THE EYES. . .

Eyes are the most important feature of the face. When you're communicating with someone, if you're having a conversation, if you're having a meeting, if you're having a fight, if you're flirting, if you're dancing, if you're sharing a meal with someone, you will almost always be looking into each other's eyes.

The person you are with will glance at all of you, of course—your hands, your clothes, your hair, your jewelry. But after glimpsing everything else, one always relates to people's eyes. "Looking someone straight in the eye" has become an expression indicating honesty. "To have one's eye on something" means to be aware, to be with it. Especially when two people talk, they look into each other's eyes. Therefore, it's very important to have pretty eye makeup. What we have to do for the eyes is decorate them intelligently, always doing what will enhance them and beautify them as much as possible.

If the eyes are small, we try to make them look larger; if they're protruding, we will try to set them back. If the lashes are light and unattractive, we can make them

dark and luscious and interesting.

... Eye Shadow Colors. . .

Makeup for the eyes should be chosen to ENHANCE and not to MATCH whatever you are wearing—a mistake that many women make. A green dress does not call for green eye shadow. In fact, I consider green a rather difficult eye shadow color, because it tends to be so blatant. Even if you have GREEN eyes, I don't suggest trying to match the shadow. If you look carefully at your eyes, you will see that they are not really bright emerald green or sage green or bottle green; the green eye has always a little bit of many colors. It may be chiefly green, but there is brown, there is yellow, there is gray, there is hazel in it. And if you use a really green eye shadow, you KILL whatever little green you may have in your eyes. To emphasize the green eye, it's always better to use a contrasting color, such as plum or gray or brown.

Brown is a fabulous eye-shadow color, but somehow it's always hard for women to believe that brown eye shadow can do more for them than almost any other color. Brown eye shadow may sound drab, but it will actually make it possible for your own eye color, whatever it is, to really show well. Brown eye shadow can be used by almost anybody. A young girl who is just starting to use makeup could easily use a pale doeskin or light tobacco brown or other beige coloring on her lids and look lovely and innocent.

Brown eye shadow brings out the actual color of the eyes, emphasizes the background, and gives a very beautiful look to the entire eye area. It's important to create depth, because without depth nothing really stands out. A painter knows that. For

example, in painting an apple realistically, the artist gives the impression of its roundness by painting shades that are darker and darker as he approaches the extreme contour of the fruit. Then, where the maximum light hits the apple, there's a white spot which is called the high-light. The same principle works on our faces when we want to emphasize and de-emphasize.

Let's say we want to de-emphasize the brow bone so that the eye becomes more outstanding. In this case the use of brown eye shadow will give the effect of pushing the bone back, highlighting the eye itself. I love to create a look for the eyes that adds DEPTH rather than color. This is easily achieved by using a PALE shade of brown from the bottom of the lid up into the crease, and then a deeper shade from the crease up to the brow. Even the woman with blue eyes who is used to matching her shadow to her eye color may find she achieves a more interesting effect with the use of brown.

In fact, the only woman for whom I would not recommend use of the brown shadow would be the woman whose hair has mostly grayed. Only in her case brown would look drab. It would be much more interesting for her to use some shade of blue, which will do more to perk up the eyes. Gray, such as a beautiful chinchilla, is also very effective. Because they have so much blue in them, the entire range of lavenders are also flattering to gray- and white-haired women.

BLUE EYES are also flattered by the contrast of gray or plum. A very dark plum or a reddish brown, such as the copper brown or brick colors, is also very interesting with blue eyes.

BROWN EYES can use almost any color and look fine, but you also have to take into

consideration the color of your hair. A BRUNETTE may find that her whole look becomes too dark if she uses dark eye color. Instead, she may want to choose a lovely shade of aqua or turquoise or a pale shade of green or blue or any of the lavender shades, the heathers or the lilacs. They're all very pretty on brown eyes. If this contrasting color is used from the BOTTOM OF THE UPPER LID up to the crease, then the entire eye area will be enhanced by the use of a rusty brown from the CREASE TO THE BROW. Thus the brunette will have the highlighting of the eye provided by the color closest to it and still achieve depth for the overall eye area by the use of the brown, not in its darkest but rather in a redder variation, on the upper lid.

For the BROWN-EYED woman with BLONDE or RED hair, a very pretty look can be achieved by the use of a soft teal shade or any shade in the plum family; the heathers or a very subtle sage green will also be correct.

For BLACK EYES, whether of a black woman or a Caucasian, I like to use brighter colors but IN A VERY SMALL AMOUNT. In other words, it shouldn't be the entire lid that is shadowed in blue or gray or turquoise. The color should be used very close to the lashes, both on the top lid, with an eye-shadow applicator, and UNDER the bottom lashes, with a pencil of the same color, thus creating an intensity of color but on a SMALL surface. For the rest of the lid any pale shade—pale beige, pale pink, pale lilac, pale brown—could go over the entire upper lid area. But the deep color should go only very near the lashes.

The time of day when eye makeup will be worn is very important from the point of view of appropriateness and lighting. Every woman needs a good makeup mirror; bathrooms

seldom come equipped with one, and consequently makeup is generally applied in front of the poorly lit mirror of the medicine cabinet that comes with a house or an apartment. Therefore a makeup mirror with an adjustable light is a must.

Even after you have put on your makeup in front of a good mirror, there should be additional checking in the various lights to which you'll be subjected once you go out. If you're going to be out during the day, check your makeup near a window. If you're going out for the evening, use your own living room light as a guide.

In order to obtain the best possible eye makeup results for yourself, you should be aware, first, of all the FORMATS available, and then of the techniques for faultless APPLICATION.

... EYE SHADOW FORMATS. .

Eye-shadow coloring comes in several different forms. There is the CREAM, which was developed for its nondrying effects and is made in many very pretty shades. But, alas, it is not long-lasting and often runs into the creases of the lids, becoming very messy-looking, and is therefore impractical for most purposes. There is also a CREAM LIQUID which comes out of a wand. I feel that these wands tend to apply too much color, and they get coated and tacky after they've been used for a while.

In addition, there are those fat CRAYON PENCILS, which are one of the newest makeup products. I prefer these for the quick five-minute makeup, for coloring under the bottom lashes, and for lining and shading rather than for over-all application of color. A pencil, even a soft one, is not the kindest thing for use on the delicate eyelid and must be used with the utmost care.

CREAMY PRESSED POWDER EYE SHADOW is the most perfect form we have today. It can be applied with the fingers, a brush or a sponge. This is not only the most long-lasting of all the types of eye shadow but it is the most easily blended, so that when you are wearing more than one shade, it is simple to avoid any demarcation line between them. Since I like the look of a lighter color from the lashes to the crease of the lid and a darker shade from the crease up to the brow, this becomes important for a faultless application.

. EYE SHADOW APPLICATION.

Because pressed shadow is the one I prefer, this is the application I want to discuss. However, many of the principles will apply to any format. The color that is to be applied from the roots of the upper lashes to the crease of the lid—a doeskin, for example—should go on first. If you are right-handed, use your left hand to hold the skin of the upper lid taut, pulling slightly toward the temple. Be sure the color gets into the outer corner, where it should be more intense and disappear neatly, blending with the foundation. Should the eye shadow have crumbled or inadvertently been applied where you don't want it, soften it away with a tissue. Shadow of ANY kind tends to collect in the crease and in the inner corner as the day wears on, and it can become quite messy. Also be sure that no shadow has landed where you don't want any, such as on the cheeks or the sides of the nose.

Stroke coppery brown onto the upper lid to the brow, working again toward the outer area. Make the first strokes in the middle of the brow bone, then work the color to the inner corner, then to the outer. Mid-brow is a good

place to begin, as the first touch of color on the skin tends to leave the greatest amount. For a wide-eyed look you won't want such intensity at the inner corners.

The coppery brown should not stop precisely at the top of the upper lid beneath the brow. Rather, it should be extended, very subtly and lightly, so that it blends imperceptibly with your foundation. The colors should melt into each other with no tell-tale line of demarcation showing.

Some women use three different shadow colors to make up the upper lid, but I don't like this. There is no way for three colors to look like anything but three colors. Two are sufficient: one, the lighter, on the lower part of the lid, to highlight the eye, and the deeper shade from the crease to the brow, to make the brow bone recede and bring depth to the eye.

Eye shadow can also be beautifully used underneath the LOWER LASHES. For this I like the same color—doeskin in this instance—as that used on the lower part of the upper lid. But rather than have it all around the eye, start it at about the middle of the eye, under the bottom lashes, and work it toward the OUTER CORNER only. This should be a narrow band of color and can be put on with a PENCIL in a matching shade if your shadow applicator is too thick to give you as fine a line as you would like. Thus, if you consider the eye as an entity, the band of one color will surround it only three-quarters of the way—all of the outline above the eye and half below. This is an extremely pretty effect on many women, but it must be done with infinite care so the result is subtle and refined.

Especially women who wear glasses should take the time to perfect all the procedures for the lower eyelid (including

instructions for liner and lashes still to come) because glasses tend to obscure this area and makeup can bring it alive again with added interest.

Again, application must be impeccable, because the makeup will sometimes be magnified by the lenses. If you use nothing, it will look like nothing—blah; but if you use too much, it will look like MUCH too much.

.....EYELINERS.....

Let's take the matter of EYELINERS now. One thing should be made very clear at the outset when talking about eyeliners, and that is their purpose. EYELINERS ARE MEANT TO MAKE THE LASHES LOOK THICKER. A hard line of color totally surrounding the eye is unattractive; it looks like what it is—a harsh, obviously painted-on line (nobody was born with it!), a garish smear of color. This is not a flattering, believable look.

But eyeliner properly applied (and it does take a little practice) can achieve a devastatingly soft, sexy look that I love. The first step toward mastering this technique is STOP WORRYING ABOUT MAKING A PERFECT LINE. What you DO want is to get the liner as close to the roots of the upper-lid lashes as possible. A tiny-tipped brush comes with CAKE EYELINER; use it after the cake has been wetted. Or you can use the AUTOMATIC EYELINER if you prefer. It also comes in liquid form, which needs a brush, but with the cake you have much more control of the amount of liner that you get on the brush. That makes proper application much easier, because the cake dries quickly, whereas the liquid tends to get thick after it's applied.

The liner can be applied as a continuous line or even as a series of dots or dashes, as I

suggested in "Makeup in Minutes." In any case, you now have the liner on, almost from corner to corner of the upper eyelid, hugging the lashes. Now, quickly before it dries completely, with a slightly wider sable-type brush, deliberately SMUDGE the eyeliner. Smudge it slightly, clean off the brush, smudge it again, apply a little more liner, and smudge just a few times until you achieve a smoky, soft effect, the liner blurred from its straight line, and you will have gotten a subtle, lash-thickening look that is the most stupendous kind of flattery for the eye. And it is so subtle, no one can really see that it's there. But the EFFECT is there, and that is what lovely makeup is about.

Now when you lower your lids to look at something on your desk or to read a menu, the effect is soft, not startling. Just contrast that with the appearance of the thin, hard, dark line painted so unnaturally across your lids. You have added depth and mystery to your eyes, not another product sitting on top of your skin.

The same devastating look can be continued under the LOWER LID, but with a different application technique. With the very point of the tiny eyeliner brush PAINT THREE OR FOUR DOTS at the roots of the lower lashes, starting at the outer corner and going about to the center of the eye. Then, with your FINGERTIP or a COTTON SWAB, touch all the dots and SMUDGE again. When you add your mascara, you will look as if you have the thickest, fullest lashes in the world.

Eyeliner can also be PENCIL, and, here, before we get to mascara and lashes, is another way to use the pencil liner. Use a pencil in a color such as skipper blue, and holding the eye area taut with the fingers, pencil in the rim just above the lashes with a soft,

light line. The blue will be practically indistinguishable, but the WHITES OF YOUR EYES will look clear and bright and whiter than they ever have!

.....THE BROWS.....

The pencil, in the color closest to your own, is great for BROWS. The first tool to use is a brow BRUSH, brushing upward over the arch. This will show you where the stray hairs are that should be tweezed out. I don't like the idea of drastically reshaping a brow, but I do like the brows to be light rather than heavy. A heavy brow limits the eye, closes it in, constricts and narrows an area that should be a projection of infinity. Remember the eyes that men could drown themselves in?

Tweezing should always be followed by an application of astringent or alcohol and a rich cream or moisturizer over the entire tweezed and surrounding areas. This is a time when your face needs extra conditioning and some pacifying. The assault of the tweezer leaves it wanting to be pampered. Never follow a tweezing with a makeup, as the minute openings left by tweezing can get clogged by makeup. Plucking is a rather jarring experience for those tiny pores, and they need immediate care and comfort, not an onslaught of products that would at that time only irritate. Kindness to your face is important—in this instance and always.

Brows should be lightly arched, never exaggerated. After brushing them up, use your pencil to make SHORT, HAIRLIKE STROKES where necessary to fill in the sparser areas. Never draw a single continuous line on the brow. This is totally unnatural and results in a hard, menacing, most unattractive look. Any penciling-in that is done should imitate the actual little hairs of the brow.

I have gotten terrific results with BLEACHING the brows. This can be done when the shape of the brow is fine but the color is too dark for the face. My most famous example of this technique is Sophia Loren. Of course, she always had a strong, wonderful face, but lightening her brows made her truly unforgettable. It softened her look. Compare her pictures before and after I started the bleaching, in 1963. Her naturally dark brows conflicted with the strong lines of her face. They kept those marvelous eyes from really projecting as they should. I have found that bleaching the brows not only opens the eye area but that sometimes the entire face takes on a newer, refreshed aspect.

UNNOTICEABLE brows are a very natural thing. Consider those beings in nature who have the most riveting, commanding eyes. Birds. The great cats. THEY HAVE NO BROWS AT ALL. The eyes of the lion, those great golden orbs that can transfix you even in a photograph, are completely unshadowed by brows. Now, I'm not suggesting that this would be a correct look for most women. There can be something remarkably attractive about the human eyebrow. But in most cases, which is to say on most faces, the brows should definitely be de-emphasized.

Look at yourself in the mirror. If your brows seem too emphatic, too heavy or dark for your face, then by all means consider having a professional cosmetician bleach them for you. It's a very simple procedure, but one that should be done FOR you and with the proper materials and equipment.

You may also like the way you look with your brows BRUSHED UP, as I suggest they should be before tweezing. Brows brushed up also take the line away from the eye, again OPENING the area. Look at portraits of ladies in

Renaissance paintings. See how light and thin the brows were. What expressions of serenity were achieved that way, and what attention was brought to the eye! Those eyes look as though they could go on forever. Remember what I said about extending the eye-shadow color on the upper part of the past the outer corner of the eye, blending toward the temples? That is a great way to extend the eye and achieve this beautiful look.

.....THE LASHES.....

We are now ready to give the finishing touch to the eye area—grooming the lashes. I love the look of great, black, sweeping lashes and the use of lots and lots of mascara to make it come true. I think it's difficult to use too much mascara. Unlike the brows, whose heaviness may constrict the eyes, the surrounding fringe of lashes becomes lovelier as it becomes thicker. Great, sweeping lashes are enormously flattering to the eyes and indeed to the entire face. I love to see lashes that seem to radiate almost in a starlike effect, out from the eye, brushing almost against the cheek.

Almost all mascara today is applied with the wandlike applicator, whose top is a brush and whose bottom is a well holding the mascara. It's a terrific tool, in that it does away with the smearing and uncertainty of those old tiny brush-and-cake sets. This is easy:

Holding the lid down, brush on mascara, on the top of the lashes, FIRST FROM THE ROOTS TO THE TIPS. Then, with the eye open, brush on another coat from bottom to top. This puts two coats on the upper lashes. Then do the lower lashes, from the roots outward, on the upper surface only. By this time, the first coats on the upper lashes should be dry, and you can apply second coats.

This should give you thick, lush, long, lashes.

For an even fuller effect, such as you might want in the evening, carefully brush some **BABY POWDER** on the lashes before applying the mascara. Or you might want to go as far as putting on a third coat of mascara. This should certainly provide sufficient buildup to give even sparse lashes a wonderful fullness.

. **BUYING AND APPLYING FALSE EYE- LASHES.**

For those women who want even more emphasis, with **FALSE EYELASHES**, I will outline how that can best be done, although I must stress that I am no longer very fond of them. Their application requires a great deal of time and patience to produce an effect that mascara can amply and easily provide. They must be trimmed and fitted to you so that they look real, and putting them on properly, really properly, is only accomplished in one way: lash by individual lash. Most women who wear them use the strip lashes, and the application must be perfectly done. So if you insist, this is the way to do it:

The first thing to be careful about is **COLOR**. The preferable shade, no matter what color your own lashes are, is **CHARCOAL** or **DARK BROWN**. Black lashes are much too hard and phony-looking. After they're applied, they will be mascara'ed along with your natural ones, and the color will even out.

Now the lashes **MUST** be trimmed carefully to fit you. The lashes should not go from corner to corner. If they do, it will be painful, if not impossible, to close your eyes. Look at your own lashes carefully. The little hairs do not start growing exactly at the inner corner of the eye. They start perhaps a millimeter away, and that is where the false

lashes should begin as well.

Most lashes sold come with their own adhesive; if not, you can buy surgical glue at any drugstore.

Before applying the lashes, coat your own with one application of mascara. Then, looking straight into the mirror, you're ready to begin. Place the strip of lashes over your own, pushing down until they touch. Then press the strip down on the lid, where the eyeliner may be.

Then apply another coat of mascara, brushing it on both the false lashes and your own. If you have applied the proper amount of glue, the lashes should be well set in place, very comfortably blending with your own. At this point you can apply still another coat of the mascara if you think you need it.

If you have the problem of the ends popping up from the lid, then you have either not used sufficient glue or permitted it to dry before having pressed the lashes into place. If this happens, take a **TOOTHPICK** and dip one end of it into the glue. Touch it very carefully to the corner of your lid where the lash belongs. You need only the smallest pinpoint of glue. Then with tweezers push the lash back and it will stay. Now apply the second coat of mascara, brushing the lashes together so that you can **FEEL CONFIDENT** that they are going to stay.

Check in your mirror between each step of the application, always looking down into it so that you can see how you look when you close your lids. This is the giveaway time, when imperfect application always shows up. If you have put the strip close enough to your own roots, if mascara and eyeliner are properly applied, then there should be no demarcation to announce you're using false eyelashes.

It is equally important to check the eyes against each other. The application must be true to the symmetry of the face and the relationship of the eyes. You can't have the lashes going in wildly different directions. This is one of the reasons that application of false eyelashes to the bottom lid is so tricky and that I don't recommend it for any but the most accomplished.

Open and close your eyes several times, rapidly, as a final test. Touch the lashes lightly to make sure that they won't be falling off. This touchability, this believability, is the most essential element in good make-up application, not only for the eyes but for everywhere. You should be able to touch every area of the face without fear of smudging, except for the lips. (The lipstick formulations today are so creamy they will always "run.") Just touch the very ends of the lashes to prove to yourself that they are on correctly.

Once you perfect the technique of applying upper lashes, you may want to attempt to do the lower ones. I feel that this is not at all necessary and can have disastrous results. Lower lashes must look natural. Improperly applied lower lashes could look rather freakish. When experimenting, keep your eyes very steady and wide open. Stare right into the mirror. Hold the strip of false lashes with the tweezer. Go under your own with the false ones and pat the glued strip gently in place. (Individual extra lashes here will require a great knack, so be careful!)

I feel that usually it is easier for you to follow my directions and makeup tips than it is for me to describe them. Even things that sound extremely complicated when you read them become very clear and simple once you pick up your tools and get to work. But this is not true here. Putting on any lashes, especially

lower ones, is a difficult job at best. You must really be convinced of their necessity before you take the time and effort it requires.

....NIGHT EYES.....

Many women want to glamorize their eyes at NIGHT with the use of highlighter and frosted shades. If used sparingly, they may work, although to me the pastel or the neutrally shadowed eye is much more flattering and BELIEVABLE.

Instead of frosted colors, which can give you a rather hard look if seen up close, use MORE of the shadow that you have found to be most flattering to you and that you usually wear. This added amount might be all the touch of extra you need. Of course, lots and lots of mascara.

For a lovely finishing touch, try this. After you apply the blue eyeliner to the rim of the lower lid, as described before, use a tiny amount of WHITE PENCIL just where the blue stops at the outer corner and the skin starts. This is an empty space that can be made even more emphatically an opening for the whole eye area.

I think that these impeccable finishing touches do much more for the eyes than all the flashy iridescents and frosted. One will never look cheap by putting on a greater amount of, say, brown eye shadow, but the garish colors can be instant destruction of any chic or femininity you may have otherwise achieved.

Bright, beautiful eyes have very much the same appeal that precious gems do. If you mount them with a great deal of fussy detail around them, you are taking away from the importance of the gem. On the other hand, a simple setting emphasizes the gem and makes it even more outstanding. That is the frame of reference I would like you to develop

As a young child I could see
That girls were treated differently.
They were hugged and kissed so lovingly
That I wanted to be a girl.

Then my sister came to me
Just in fun she asked if she
Could hug me—she dressed me prettily
She put my hair in curls.

I pretended I was a girl
So happy in my pretend world
So proud of my dress, proud of my curls
So full of love and joy.
But my beautiful world was a pretend world—
I was a boy — not a girl.
Boys couldn't wear their hair in curls—
I didn't want to be a boy.

So I grew up in baseball hats
With footballs, skis and baseball bats
Chopping wood and running track
But something inside was wrong.

I saw girls in pretty hats
With pink lace dresses and shoes that match
Being kissed and given loving pats
The envy I felt was strong.

It was a woman who set me free—
She was tall and proud and in love with me.
A beautiful lady, a joy to see;
I gave to her my soul.
You are strong, she said to me,
You are a man most certainly.
But deep inside is femininity—
Now let's make you whole.

She said "Womanhood's a way to be,
A way to feel, a way to see—
Womanhood and femininity's
An expression of your soul."
"Let me hug you, and kiss you, I'll give you me,
I'll help you feel your femininity—
How it complements your masculinity—
Now you can be whole."

God bless that lady who set me free!
Now I am proud that I am me.
Proud of my femininity—
Of my womanhood.
Now I'm a woman—a man—I am me—
I am who I prefer to be.
A complex person most certainly
But I'm beautiful and good.

God bless that lady who set me free—
Now I am proud that I am me—
Proud of my femininity—
Of my womanhood.

Merissa Sherrill Lynn

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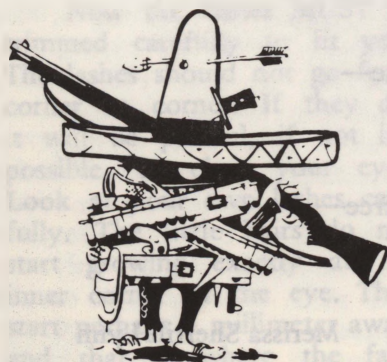
FIRST LADY



A New Story By Dee Raymond

FROM THE FRYING PAN

The dank atmosphere of Perez' basement became even closer as the evening wore on. Of the three men huddled against the cement block walls, Esteban Varga was clearly the most uncomfortable. Rivulets of warm perspiration ran down his thin, lined face, bringing a salty taste to his mouth. Every now and then he would flick the gathered beads of sweat from his eyebrows with a grimy hand. His hollowed-out cheeks and general pallor spoke of long time spent in confinement. His companions, Martinez and Allarcon, stolid, fat-cheeked, bushily mustached, were equally bathed in perspiration; but they waited with patience for the conspirators on the outside to decide that it



was safe to bring them out into the house.

It was Isidro Perez himself, old, white-haired and stooping, who finally released them late in the evening. The store-cafe was closed and shuttered by then. The air, to Perez and Isabel Ortega, was hot and too close, but they dared not open a shutter. To the three ex-convicts, however, it was a relief to move about unconfined and in relatively cooler air to that which they had been breathing.

"They got Joaquin, Jose Martes and Sophia this morning!" Isabel spoke clearly and with passion. Her natural, curled black hair was cut short, accentuating her high cheek bones and brown eyes, so dark that they appeared to be black. She wore a white shirt over blue jeans and hikers' boots.

Of the three men in hiding, only Esteban Varga showed any emotion at all at her words. Shock and disappointment were clearly apparent on his face. "Perhaps," he whispered, "I ought to give myself up." The black shirt and pants he wore made him seem thinner than he was.

"Fool!" There was scorn in Isabel's voice. "How long do you

think you could stand up to interrogation? Besides," she became contemplative, "they're not really after you. I doubt that they even care that you're on the outside, and least of all to care is that precious sister of yours. No," she shook her head. "they're trying to put all the Opposition, no matter what the politics, behind bars."

There was a silence in the kitchen of Perez' cafe. The old man's wrinkled face, huge bags beneath the eyes, were as expressionless as Varga's two guards. The somber mood was broken by a sudden, abrupt rapping on the heavy, bolted door that led out into a side alley. The rapping stopped, and then began again in a rhythmic beat of two and then three short raps. Isabel signalled to Martinez, who moved quietly and cat-like towards the door. The bolts were slipped back to admit a young, black-mustached man into the kitchen. He looked about him furtively as he darted into the room. Martinez closed the heavy door with surprising quietness and leaned heavily against it. The intruder stood before Isabel, panting slightly as if he had been running.

"Gonzalo sent me," he gasped, his eyes flicking about

the room, noting the presence of each of the others. He slipped a hand inside his shirt, pulled out an envelope, and offered it to Isabel.

She nodded coolly and took the sealed envelope, leaving it unopened. "How is it with Gonzalo?" she asked.

The swarthy man pulled a despondent face. "Nothing goes well anymore," he said. He glanced towards the perspiring Esteban. "The Junta has the pressure on so bad, Gonzalo said he couldn't manage everything you wanted. He told me to tell you to get out, and forget about everyone else." He grimaced. "Everyone will have to survive as best they can."

Isabel's face showed a trace of arrogance at his words. She gestured curtly that he could go. With a downturn at the corner of his mouth, a caricature of a smile, the messenger turned and slipped away through the partly opened door, which Martinez again manipulated with such ease and quietness.

When he had gone, Isabel slit the envelope the messenger had given her with one of her dagger-like nails. She took out the two passports and visas from within and checked them over. A look of disgust twisted her mouth into an ugly line. "They're for me," she said contemptuously, handing them to Perez, who had crossed the kitchen to stand beside her. "Gonzalo sent me a choice of women's parts, but nothing for Varga."

Perez took the documents and turned them over with deliberate slowness. The bindings cracked as he opened the passports firmly and peered at the words written on the yellow paper. For what seemed an age, he read the papers in their entirety, and then laid them on the carving table behind him. His eyes unexpectedly opened wide as he stared at Esteban. He leaned over to

Isabel and began to whisper in her ear, a whisper like a dry rustling of leaves. Isabel was surprised by whatever the old man said. She looked calculatingly at Esteban, and then whispered back to the old man. Esteban shifted nervously under their continuous gaze. The private murmuring was making him decidedly uncomfortable. Plots were obviously being hatched — plots that concerned him.

Isabel broke off the whispering with a firm nod. She raised her hand and signalled to the two guards to withdraw, which they did without argument. She gestured to Esteban to approach the now silent conspirators. "Isidro thinks that there might yet be a way to get you out of the country," she said in a low voice. Esteban had stopped in the center of the floor, three feet from Isabel, who had now shifted to rest herself against the carving table.

"Photographs right away," the old man's voice was a dry rattle.

Isabel nodded. She handed the visas to Esteban. One was for an 'Elisabeta Vazquez,' secretary, and the other for 'Dolores Rodriguez,' a nurse. "Isidro can add any picture we want to these visas, and to the passports. So, Esteban," she smiled crookedly at him. "Do you feel more like an Elisabeta than a Dolores, or vice versa?"

Esteban's mouth opened in shock. He recoiled away from the smiling girl and the wrinkled, grim-faced old man. "Y-You can't mean. . ." he said.

Isabel nodded deliberately. "It's the only way," she said firmly. "I can disguise you well enough. Even your own sister won't recognize you." She frowned at the passports, open on the table. "You can be Elisabeta. Likely I know more about nursing than you, and I can explain more convincingly that you have laryngitis."

"I-I'm not going to dress up as a girl," Esteban's voice was both indignant and frightened.

"Oh, yes, you are," Isabel's dark eyes smouldered back at him. "It's the only way to get you out of here alive. Don't you realize," her jaw thrust forward, emphasizing the strength of her will power, "that Gonzalo sent the message tonight for me to abandon you to your sister." She paused and looked fiercely at the old man. "And it's the correct thing to do. It's time for all of us to cut our losses."

"And you," she looked back at Esteban, "are not political. You're just so much deadwood. You have the Varga name, but that's only of publicity value if you're out of this country attacking her and her friends in the Junta." She pushed off from the table and began to pace the tiled kitchen floor. Esteban had to twist around to follow her. "We only took you out of San Martino because you shared the cell with Joaquin."

Esteban's face sagged as the extent of his worthlessness became apparent to him. Isabel was doing an excellent job of crushing his spirit. "Just think how much your sister cared for you," Isabel sneered. "Those that weren't one hundred per cent for her were against her, even her own brother." She stopped pacing and faced Esteban. He could hear Perez wheezing behind him. "But, I don't agree totally with

Gonzalo and the others. I think that someone like you, a non-political, jailed by his own sister, can help to get us the foreign support we've got to have. At the very least, we can discredit her, maybe even have her replaced, and that would be a considerable victory for us all."

Her brown eyes bored into Esteban's face. "I-I c-couldn't do what you ask," he stammered. "I-I'd never be able to carry it off."

"You'd better," said Isabel vehemently. "Both of our lives will be riding on whether or not you can convince the airport guards that you're Elisabeta Vazquez."

II

... INTO THE FIRE.

Lieutenant Raul Jofre was quite bored with his assignment at the First International Airport of the Revolution. He and his detachment had been on search and recovery detail for over a month, and not one criminal or spy had as yet been apprehended. Quite obviously, the extreme security precautions, the visibility of armed, patrolling guards, both within and without the terminals, had discouraged any of the reactionary forces from attempting to leave by that route. He strutted through the ultra-modern terminal, the iron-grey monoliths of Heroes of the Revolution, carved from granite blocks, emphasizing the general emptiness of the terminal these days.

The few travellers seated on the long, black, leather seats were isolated splashes of color against the tan and white, rectangular pillars and marble-faced inner walls of the building. Jofre could hear the echo of his shadows, Garcia and Jiminez, their hard boots ringing on the shiny, stone floor.

As Jofre passed little knots of people, he was met by several defiant looks, usually from the young wives of the renegades fleeing the country in the wake of the Revolution, sure now, after the preliminary inspection, that they were secure from him. Jofre smiled inwardly. The men were still nervous and sweating, despite the chilly atmosphere of the vast edifice, built as one of the showplaces of the late dictator, Ferdinand Reyes. The men knew Jofre's power only too well. Most surely had paid

off someone in the Interior Ministry Police, someone a notch or two higher than Jofre most likely, for the visa under which they and their women were travelling.

Jofre turned past the Monument to Hector Chuy Coronado, coming suddenly onto a small group, two men and two women, sitting below the hulking mass intended to represent the Raising of the Flag of the Revolution over San Martino. The Lieutenant slowed for a moment and glanced over the group. The two stocky men looked back impassively at him, their very lack of emotion causing a red tide of anger to well up inside Jofre.

The woman with short black hair, her generally flat face dominated by large cheekbones, smiled sardonically at the Interior Ministry policemen. The other girl, however, short brown curls surrounding her thin face, shifted nervously under the policeman's gaze. She readjusted her sitting position, casting her black makeup eyes downward. Jofre stopped dead still and stared for a moment. Despite her thinness and overall angularity, the girl was a double for a young Irene Varga, the heroine of the Revolution, and current President of the Revolutionary Council. The resemblance was to the Irena of the days before she had started to grow her hair long, then dyeing blonde streaks in it.

"Pardon me, senorita," he smiled in the way he knew all the girls admired about him, his even white teeth accentuating the brownness of his clear skin. Her head shot up, her red-tipped fingers gripping tightly to the seat. There was fright in her dark brown eyes, a wildness exceeding that to be expected by anyone addressed by an officer of the Interior Ministry.

"Elisabeta cannot speak to you, Lieutenant," the dark brown eyes of the other girl were

hooded. She indicated the bandage about the brown-haired girl's throat. "She has a very bad case of laryngitis. She can only croak and cough a little." The line of her mouth curved into a perceptible sneer.

Jofre flushed beneath his tan. That was too much. "Your documents," he snapped. He felt, rather than saw, Garcia and Jiminez step up beside him, their hands caressing their automatic sub-machine guns.

The thin girl watched her companion hand over the two passports and visas. The two men handed theirs to the Lieutenant without rising to their feet, making him move over to them. Jofre seethed as he glanced over the papers, Jorge Davila, Jose-Maria Sanchez, Dolores Rodriguez, and Elisabeta Vazquez -- contempt showed in his face -- reactionary lackeys and their mistresses, most like, slipping off to friendlier confines. They ought to pay more dearly for the way true revolutionaries had suffered, he thought darkly. He turned away with their documents. "Bring them to the interrogation room," he snapped over his shoulder. As he strode swiftly away, he grinned as Dolores Rodriguez' protests screeched across the hall after him.

In the small, windowless room, Jofre scanned the lists of wanted reactionaries, escaped prisoners and known political opponents of the Revolution. The comprehensive extent of the list could be seen in that the President's own brother was listed as an opponent of the Revolution. Of the four tense people who sat against the wall, however, there was no record, nor even a similarity to those on Jofre's lists, despite his exhaustive search. Sullenly he closed his folders and put them back in the side drawer of the desk. Garcia and Jiminez, standing at either end of the long, green bench, looked at

him gloomily. The black haired girl smiled derisively.

"There is no reason for you to detain us longer, Lieutenant," the words spat out of thin curled lips. She stood up, smoothing out her yellow, pleated dress, adjusting her black shoulder bag. Garcia's machine gun swivelled up to a point at her slim waist. She stood quite still and eyed Jofre coolly.

"We have to catch our plane in twenty minutes. To detain us past that time could incur the wrath of people whom you would not like to be angry with you, Lieutenant." Her whole manner was haughty, and she stood very straight, her breasts thrust enticingly forward.

"No," said Jofre hoarsely, feeling the eyes of his men watching him. "But you ought to have something to remember our beloved country for, shouldn't you?" His voice became savage. "Take off your clothes!"

He took out a revolver and walked around the desk, gloating at the frozen expression on the girl's face. "And your friend, too," he snarled. "Me and my men'll give you both..."

His words were cut off by the sudden, swift reactions of Davila and Sanchez. They sprang from the bench at the two guards facing them, Jimenez dropping instantly and silently under a lightning blow into his neck. Jofre's gun roared in the second before the Rodriguez woman's foot kicked viciously into his wrist. She came after him like a wildcat, scratching at his eyes, her nails gouging deep red weals from his forehead to his chin. Collapsing, he pulled her towards him with his free hand, spinning on one foot. They both went crashing towards the desk, she below him. She uttered only a tiny cry as her head struck the pointed edge of the desk top and she fell unconscious to the floor, a red stain smearing her short, curly hair.

Jofre jumped to his feet.

His automatic lay beside the inert body of Jimenez and the Lieutenant scampered to get it before taking stock of the rest of the room. The smell of the gun's discharge hung heavy in the still air of the room. The man known as Sanchez had discovered in Garcia an opponent worthy of himself. As he had grabbed Garcia's gun, the Interior policeman had brought his hand over in a short, chopping stroke into Sanchez' neck. He had died as quickly and unexpectedly as had Jimenez and Davila, the latter with Jofre's bullet embedded in his brain. Garcia had been cool enough to regain his gun and keep Elisabeta Vazquez from moving off the bench.

Jofre studied her. She was clearly terrified. Again, her white-knuckled hands gripped the bench as she stared wildly, white showing about the brown irises of her eyes. "Stand up!" he barked.

She stood slowly. She was very thin, the wide, red belt tightly gripping the waist of her wine-red dress. Her pink sweater showed only small breasts, but that suited Jofre. He much preferred a too-thin woman to one who was too fat. She was swaying uneasily on the red, low-heeled shoes, as if she were about to faint. "Get 'em off!" growled Garcia. "We'll have what we want before the warders at San Martino get theirs!"

She stood there, petrified, her slim fingers trembling. As her red lips quivered as if to speak, Jofre remembered that she couldn't talk, couldn't object to anything they did. And, after all, what else did a reactionary deserve? And, boy, did she ever resemble Irena Varga.

The thin, powdered nose, the perfectly shaped red lips, the carefully curved black brows, were characteristic of Irena, though she wore no eyeshadow, and her hair was a different

color. She stood unmoving, her lips quivering as the two policemen leered at her. Jofre stuck his gun back in its holster and stepped over Sanchez' body towards her. He pulled her roughly to him, biting fiercely at the soft, red lips. She struggled and tried to pull away. With Garcia on one side and Jofre on the other, the red skirt and petticoats disintegrated under their attack. Her dark panti-hose and red panties likewise were no match for Garcia as Jofre held her hands out of the way. As Garcia pulled the panties away, it became clear that she was wearing some kind of sanitary napkin between her legs. She tried to kick at them, but the panties about her thighs, hampered her movements.

"Please don't," she croaked harshly.

Jofre grunted in surprise at the deep, harsh tone of her voice. Her laryngitis was pretty bad. Garcia's knife released the cords holding the sanitary belt and it fell away from between the girl's legs. The shock caused Jofre to release his hold as Garcia too snarled his rage and contempt. Elisabeta Vazquez had masculinity that Jofre himself would have been proud to rival. Then, with a flood of understanding, the initials of her name jolted his memory. Elisabeta Vazquez—Esteban Varga. No wonder she resembled the President! She must be the President's brother!

"Pull your panties up," Jofre ordered bitterly to the cowering 'girl' in front of him. Garcia seemed about ready to smash his fist into Esteban's thin, lipstick-smeared face. The Lieutenant restrained his man. "Don't touch him! First of all, let me call the President's office!"

* * * * *

Jose Francisco Ordaz de Salluca y Portes, known

throughout the movement as "the Eagle," was highly pleased with Raul Jofre's call. The Lieutenant's cautiousness was not lost upon the Vice-President of the Revolutionary Council, the right hand man of the President, Irena Varga. Despite the bizarre overtones, Jofre's insistence that Esteban had deceived them completely, only the striking resemblance to Irena finally giving away his true identity, intrigued Francisco Salluca most of all and raised his hopes that the disaster facing himself might yet be averted.

He had understood immediately the reason for Jofre's call to Irena and not to his superiors in the Interior Ministry. Jofre wouldn't know how Esteban had received approval for his passport and visa. If Jofre had contacted the wrong person in the Ministry, he might have ended up in San Martino himself. Now, Irena's own special bodyguard, made up of long-committed revolutionaries, were sorting out the mess in Jofre's office, while the survivors of the battle were safely ensconced in the Presidential Palace itself.

Consuela Romo was livid with him when he returned to the dark-panelled study. "Isn't it bad enough as it is?" she raged at him. "It's enough that you have crazy, foolish ideas. But now you've gone and publicly associated yourself with this business." She had been one of Irena's greatest friends in the movement—her only close friend in the last few years as the female leaders of the Revolution had been whittled down by reactionary bullets at an extraordinary rate.

Consuela was on the wrong side of thirty, but her face hardly showed it. She was a small woman, large breasts and wide hips, who might be a typical, rotund, dark 'senora' later in life, but was now at the peak of

her attractiveness. Her overly large, black eyes were filled with scorn for Francisco and his 'addle-brained' scheme. But she'd gone along with it, Salluca shrugged mentally to himself. She'd had nowhere else to go. Just possibly she'd seen the need to try something to stop Figueroa.

"I had to see for myself," he said quietly. Salluca went over to the intercom and flicked a switch. "Tell Lieutenant Jofre to bring the two prisoners into the President's study in the manner which I indicated," he ordered. He sat down behind the great, shiny, mahogany-topped desk and began to drum on the blotter with his long, well-manicured nails.

There was a discreet tap on the door. Rojas, the butler left over from the late Ferdinand Reyes, ushered in an Interior Police officer and two women, one of whom was quite tall, with short, curled black hair and flat features. The other, whose skirt was badly torn, was very thin. She wore a black veil over her head, concealing her features entirely. Consuela raised a thick, dark eyebrow at the ugly red weals down the Lieutenant's formerly handsome features. By the depth of the cuts, he would surely be permanently scarred. Jofre scowled as she looked him over, the stinging strips across his face adding greatly to his discomfiture.

Salluca waited until Rojas had slipped away as quietly as he had entered and then motioned for the girl to remove the veil. Her lacquered fingers trembled as she slipped the veil over and down her brown hair. It was quite dishevelled by this time, even a little lopsided. With a start, Consuela realized that the girl was wearing a wig. Her makeup, too, was in need of repair. The lipstick had quite worn off and her thin nose,

slightly upturned like Irena's, was shiny. Traces of liner and mascara still lingered about the eyes, giving a feminine look to the face. There was no doubt, thought Consuela gloomily, that this person could be transformed into a replica of the dead Irena Varga with very little difficulty.

She went over and leaned besides Salluca, her elbows on the desk. "All right," she whispered. "He looks just like his sister, but we need a woman for your plan to succeed. No man, queen or otherwise," her large eyes blazoned as her lower lip moved rapidly, "could keep up the deception we have in mind. We must keep on looking for someone like Irena."

Francisco Salluca shook his head. "No," he said aloud. "We have to act now, with the material to hand. Beggars can't be choosers." He noted the puzzlement in Esteban's and Raul Jofre's eyes. Esteban sat very still on the wooden chair set out for him by Rojas. His female companion was obviously still concussed and was hardly aware of what was going on. "Thank you, Lieutenant," Salluca smiled, his eyes slitted, giving his face an even more predatory look than his hooked nose normally gave him. "Thank you for returning Esteban to his loving sister." He continued to smile as Jofre frowned at Consuela. "I'm sure that when I inform the President of your great feat in preventing Esteban from leaving the country, she will take a personal interest in your career from now on."

Jofre nodded and glanced at Esteban. A chuckle broke from the Lieutenant's mouth. Shaking his head, he stood up and left the study. Esteban looked decidedly embarrassed and tugged nervously at his tattered skirt as if to hide his nylon-covered legs.

As soon as the Lieutenant

was gone, the Vice-President pressed the red switch down at the end of the intercom. "Yeah," a laconic voice answered.

"There are two Interior policemen in the Palace," the Eagle snapped authoritatively. "I brought them from the airport—a Lieutenant Jofre and a Sargeant Garcia." He paused, glanced at Esteban and the dazed girl, and then went on in the same tone. "They must speak to no-one, and they must not leave the Palace alive. Their bodies can be added to those at the airport. And watch out for Garcia, he appears to be a pretty highly trained killer."

"I'll be careful." There was almost a sneer in the laconic voice. The light above the red switch went off. Consuela had moved off to lean against a dark, wood panel where it met a built-in bookcase.

"He won't do. I tell you," Consuela said angrily. Esteban looked at her closely for the first time. Small lines were gathered at the corners of her eyes. She was older than he remembered, Jaime Romo's daughter, a woman whom Esteban had had such a crush upon when he was thirteen and she was at university with Irena.

"Let's put it to him," Francisco's voice was calm and equable, despite the murders he had just ordered. "I'm afraid that I've some bad news for you, Esteban." Irena's brother fearfully watched the Vice-President's drumming fingers. "Your sister is dead. Shot. An assassin's bullet."

Esteban's mascara-ed eyes opened wide in astonishment, but there was no trace of remorse or sorrow in his face. Desperately, he wondered when he could get back into his own clothes again. This was extremely embarrassing, particularly with Consuela eyeing him in such a strange, scornful manner.

"It's come at a most inopportune time for us,"

Salluca's soft tones went on. "The assassin was almost certainly one of Figueroa's men, but we can't prove it. Without Irena, there will surely be a showdown between Figueroa and the Army, and, either way, the true Revolution loses." He paused again, pouring himself a glass of iced water from the decanter on the desk. "Irene Varga is . . . was . . . the only person who held this whole thing together. We need Irena now." He looked directly at Esteban for the first time. "When we have finished coaching you, you will be Irene Varga. You will hold the Junta together."

The shock on Esteban's face was plain to see and quite unfeigned. Consuela laughed, pushing herself away from the wall, to walk behind Salluca's chair. "What's the matter, chico?" her small nostrils flared. "Don't you want to go on playing girl for a while longer? Just think, you can be the First Lady of the land."

Salluca's voice cut sharply across Consuela's sneer. "It's not like that at all." He looked with distinct annoyance at Consuela, who angrily flicked her long black hair over her shoulders. He again stared at Esteban, a pleading tone in his voice. "You've already passed as a woman well enough to fool three Interior policemen, trained to uncover fakes. You fooled them so well, they even tried to rape you."

Esteban tried to cross his legs, but the soft sound of nylon on nylon flustered him and he blushed at Consuela's bemused smile. Isabel sat behind him, her glazed eyes hooded. She was clearly stunned and uncomprehending.

"I know you're not political," said the Vice-President. "But just think of the chance you'll have. You'll even have the opportunity," there was an edge to his voice, to save the life of your companion here. If you

don't cooperate with us, I can tell you for sure that both you and she will be tried and likely executed for the murders committed at the airport. As well," his tone was now harsh, his eyes had become slitted and the 'Eagle' look had returned, "I doubt very much that you'd like to be interrogated by Ernesto Figueroa. His torturers would love to get their hands on the killers of three of their kind."

Esteban shuddered and the amusement left Consuela's face entirely. She tried to show no expression, though Esteban clearly felt the sympathy emanating from her. He looked towards her, but she dropped her eyes. There wasn't a sound in the room, though Salluca soon began drumming on the blotter again. "Well," he said harshly. "Will you cooperate?"

Esteban cleared his throat. He spoke low and hoarsely as Isabel had told him to do, so that the others barely heard him. "I-I'll have t-to think about it," he whispered.

Consuela winced. They'd have to work mostly on the voice, she thought idly, and then stopped. She looked hard at Esteban. She had taken his answer to mean yes, and she was sure Salluca had too. Her lip curled. Well, if he was a real man, he wouldn't be in this predicament. Let him find his own way out, she thought.

III

THE REBIRTH OF IRENE VARGA

Isabel awoke with a blinding headache. The dark room was quite unfamiliar to her, as were the grey flannel pyjamas in which she was dressed. As her feet reached the carpeted floors, sharp, stabbing pains pierced her head and eyes.

With a groan, she lay back in the soft bed. Thoughts of the fierce fight in the airport came crowding into her brain, the tumult of sudden memories tightening her face as each thought brought its own lightning stab of pain.

Just as the pain became unbearable and Isabel began rolling about on the silk counterpane, a large door clicked open, letting cool light enter the room.

"Oh, you're awake at last," Esteban's voice came out of the dark, for the door had closed almost as quickly as it had opened. "There's aspirin on the table beside you."

Swinging her feet again to the floor, Isabel noted that the pains were much less intense. She closed her eyes, as the curtains were pulled apart briskly. The iced water soothed her throat as it also eased the passage of the aspirins. She heard Esteban sit on the far end of the long, double bed. "Where are we?" Isabel croaked, her eyes still shuttered. "Did we get away?"

"We got all the way to the Presidential Palace," said Esteban's voice gloomily. "And you've been out for two days straight, since you were hit at the airport. Sancho and Alvaro are dead, as are all of the Interior Police who stopped us." His voice was bleak.

"So now we're the guests of your damned sister," Isabel's voice grated angrily.

"Not quite," said Esteban quietly. "Besides, there were bombing raids on the capital yesterday and today. It's still touch and go whether our fighters can hold them off."

"Our fighters?" Isabel's voice was incredulous. She was able to open her eyes to a slit to place the water glass back on the side-table. "Since when have you been on your sister's side?" she asked.

"My sister is dead," Esteban's voice continued to be quiet and low. "The attacks seem to have been coordinated

with the assassination."

"What!" exclaimed Isabel, turning her head viciously to look at Esteban. But it wasn't Esteban who sat on the end of the bed. It was Irena Varga herself. Despite her aches and pains, Isabel jumped to her feet. "What the . . .?" she began.

Irena shifted her weight on the end of the bed, leaning on an elbow, so that her long, blonde-streaked hair fell over her shoulder, reaching down to the top of the bed's covering. "Yes," Irena sighed, her voice identical to Esteban's, "See what they've done to me. They haven't told anyone that she's dead. They want me to replace her."

Isabel was stunned. This was Esteban Varga! She could hardly believe it. His eyes were beautifully shaded with blue and white, set off by thick lashes, surely false, and by soft pink lipstick on his lips. His facial skin was creamy. The thick gold rings dangling from his ears were those that Irena always wore. Isabel looked over the curvaceous figure intently. Esteban's thinness had disappeared in the long, black dress. The waist was narrow, the hips broad, the breasts full and moving slightly as he breathed. At the front of the dress, the slit to the knee revealed light-colored hose, and black, patent high-heels. Esteban watched her look at his breasts. He touched the inserts with his pink, pointed fingernails. "I'm very much padded everywhere," he muttered, embarrassed by the wide-eyed stare she was giving him.

"Of course," she said drily, "I'm afraid you're going to have to prove to me that you really are Esteban before. . . ." She was cut off by the sudden opening of the heavy, inlaid bedroom door. "Do come in," she said sarcastically to Francisco Salluca and Consuela Romo. "We all give way before the minions of the Revolution." She was pleased to see Consuela

blush, but Salluca's lined and dark-hollowed face scowled even more fiercely.

"You're alive right now, woman," he snarled, "only because you are a friend of Irena." He glanced at the feminine figure sitting at the end of the bed. He slammed the door tight shut behind them. Even the courageous Isabel was cowed by the ferocity revealed in his expression.

"We have only a few moments to discover your true feelings towards the People's State." His eyes bored into the now-cowering Isabel. "If we do not receive satisfactory answers to our queries, neither you nor your friend here can leave this room alive." He tapped the butt of the revolver at his belt. "There will shortly be yet another air raid. Either our President will die gloriously in the rubble of this unprecedented attack on the Residence; or she will escape injury in the bomb-proof cellars built below this place by the dictator, Reyes."

Isabel stared open-mouthed at the figure of Irena Varga now sitting up at the end of the bed. The wig was so excellent that there was no discernible line or cap that showed where the tresses joined Esteban's scalp. Esteban's soft, doe-eyes looked back at her tensely.

"They threatened to kill us before," he murmured. It sounded all wrong to hear Esteban's measured, lilting tones coming from that pretty pink mouth. Isabel nodded anxiously. So that was how they'd made him dress up as his sister. Her mind raced quickly. There must be a way to turn this strangeness to the advantage of the Democratic Opposition.

"What do you want of me?" Even to her, her voice was shaken and nervous. Her head pains were a dull, background aching as she fought to retain her coolness.

"Irena here," Consuela's

tone contained a flicker of amusement, "insists that your life is the most precious thing in the world to her. And, of course, she cares little for her own, but much for all the enemies of the true Revolution." Isabel eyed her suspiciously. She couldn't see the humor of the present situation. From the look on Salluca's face, she might be dead within the minute. "Well, Irena," Consuela smiled at the blushing figure on the bed. "Now you've had a chance to consult with the person who made a woman out of you, we have to know now, precisely, whether you go along with our charade or not."

Ah, lightning flashed through Isabel's brain. Esteban's unhappy eyes were fixed on her. The assassination of Irene Varga, in the middle of an invasion, would split the Revolutionary Party between the followers of the 'hard-line' policeman, Ernesto Figueroa, and the 'Regulars,' who might follow Salluca. The Army, who had supported Irena and the Regulars in the struggle for power within the Junta, might easily desert the Regulars, particularly if the Eagle, whose father had been a hated Minister of Defense back in the Carbajal years, were to be the spokesman for that group. It occurred to Isabel that Salluca must know he could never be President while the Army held the balance of power in the Junta. But with a new and manageable Irena. . . "There will be price to be paid," said Isabel shortly. Esteban's eyes glinted as they watched her. Well, she thought crossly, he got himself into this. He could always have said 'No' on any occasion before now if he didn't like women's clothes.

"Which is?" Salluca's predatory look unnerved Isabel.

"Y-you m-must g-give m-me t-time," she said. "But

you must end persecution of the Democrats," she said as he began to turn away.

Salluca's lips curled in a sneer. "That's Figueroa's department," he said. "He guards his power jealously. Only Irena could possibly push through such a program."

Isabel felt her courage returning. "Then Esteban will be Irena Varga," she said firmly. The black-gowned figure shifted uneasily on the bed and nervously touched 'her' hair. He licked his pink lips tensely. Isabel was glaring at him, her eyes narrowed. "But he will not just be a lackey for you." She gave a wary smile. "If he becomes Irena, he must become Irena entirely, with all the power that she currently has."

Consuela was astonished by the audacity of Isabel's demand. She caught the wretched look on Esteban's face, condemned to wear women's skirts for who knew how long. She felt very little sympathy for him this time. Surely he couldn't value his own life more highly than the degradation he was now suffering. A true revolutionary, she thought sternly, could never be blackmailed. Incredibly, she heard Salluca agreeing to Isabel's demand. As Isabel smiled triumphantly at him, Salluca turned away, his eye closing in a solemn wink, which was seen only by Consuela.

"We must get to the cellars quickly," said Salluca. "The Assembly Building was bombed earlier this morning and incoming hostile planes were reported due here in ten minutes. The life the the President is incalculable to us at this time. Irena must go to the shelter." His tone implied that it wasn't really necessary for Isabel to go, an insult she rewarded with a thin-lipped smile.

The raid lasted well over an hour, the room in which Isabel

Ortega had rested for the last two days having ceased to exist within ten minutes of the first strike on the capital. The deep

JOAN NY-9-F



FRANCES NJ-10-B



bunker of the Presidential Residence, however, was invulnerable to all but nuclear explosives, and some predicted that they might even survive that. Salluca seemed little worried by the attack. A call from the Revolutionary Air Force H. Q. further enlivened his spirits. "We shot down twelve for sure over the capital with missiles," he gloated. "And now the fighters have engaged Boca's remnants."

Only Esteban-Irena seemed to understand what the Vice-President was saying. "Y-You let them attack w-without the fighters trying to stop them," 'she' blurted out. The Eagle was visibly startled by the comment. He looked in surprise at Irena's replica.

"That's right," he said slowly. "Now the people know who their real enemies are." Yes, thought Esteban, if they could hear this conversation, they would. "We don't leave the capital totally defenseless," Salluca went on quickly, sensing the disapproval from all the females in the bunker. "We can't use missiles and fighters together over the city. Missiles cannot distinguish our planes from theirs."

"But you make no effort to intercept them before they reach the city." Esteban's voice persisted from his sister's shining pink lips.

Salluca was both shaken and annoyed. "What do you know about such things?" he asked harshly. "The Junta has fully endorsed the defense plans set up by the Air Force." Consuela realized that Salluca was too overcome by Irena's appearance to realize that this was not the true one, but only a foolish boy. Esteban could not possibly know the inner workings of the Junta, or how hard Francisco Salluca had worked to push the Air Force's plan through that body. And the real Irena, of course, had been the most skeptical of all at Salluca's plan.

Surely he wasn't starting to think that Esteban could really be more than a stop-gap for a woman, she thought indignantly. 'She' didn't have to be trained or argued with. But Salluca was going on. "We have only sufficient forces to defend military targets, or to attack in circumstances where there is no likelihood of excessive loss. We must also preserve sufficient reserves to repel the main invasion forces in El Chaco."

Even Consuela started in surprise. "We have been invaded!" Isabel was the first to find her voice.

Grimly, Salluca nodded. "Terencia and the northern part of El Chaco have been overrun by Boca's forces." His tone was bleak.

"What's the Army doing?" Consuela was aghast. "Why are you keeping this information from the people? From us?"

Salluca shrugged. "It takes time to mobilize," he grunted. "Particularly when we've concentrated our men against an internal uprising. Boca took us by surprise. But there is a battle raging at Ciudad Domingo, at Northern Headquarters. Our planes are in action there trying to slow down the reactionaries' advance."

And well they might, thought Consuela, for Ciudad Domingo was at least forty miles inside the border. Salluca was going on, "General Aguilar has asked that Irena announce the invasion to the people, even though there are several clandestine radios broadcasting already for the reactionary cause. It is her duty as President to try to rally the people to the Revolution." He stared steadfastly at Consuela.

"But she can't," objected Consuela. "Her voice."

"You must bandage her throat," said Salluca, eyeing Esteban warily. "I'll precede her and explain how she was injured in the bombing. She can

croak off a few sentences and I'll finish it off."

Fear shrouded Esteban's large brown eyes. "N-No," he began.

"Yes, of course," said Consuela levelly. "It's the only way to explain the voice. We'll have to make the telecast quite brief. Do you think we could get away with a recording?" The last was addressed to Salluca, who shook his head. "No, of course not. We have to let everyone know, especially the members of the Junta, that Irena still lives."

"Why?" asked Isabel, puzzlement in her voice.

Consuela and Salluca exchanged glances. After a short, uncomfortable silence, it was Salluca who spoke. "Whoever sent out the assassin was aware not only of Irena's timetable for that day, but also of the special passwords employed by our bodyguards. They also knew where this bunker is located."

"She was killed down here?" Isabel shuddered as she looked about at the dull grey, concrete walls.

"Yes," said Salluca grimly. "By a hired gun, an American. We'd used him ourselves before. We caught him as he was leaving through the inner door. We don't believe he had time to contact his employer before my guards shot him down."

Isabel looked shrewdly at the Eagle, showing no alarm. "So, you want to show the assassin's boss that he missed and he should try again."

"No," Salluca said, stepping over to the door, his hand resting on the knob. "We are more vigilant now, and we know that Irena's assassination had to be directed from someone within the Junta." He wrenched open the door, receiving a respectful glance from the large uniformed guard positioned there. "We'll get the right person now that we know the direction the attack is coming from," he

said to the three feminine figures. Then he was gone down the hallway, several dark shapes stepping out of shadows to follow him.

"She has to change out of that dress," said Isabel, turning back to Consuela.

Consuela smiled. Isabel was obviously wondering why Esteban was wearing the long gown, though she must surely be aware of the feminizing effect of the tight dress on the young man. "I'll look out Irena's old Army uniform," Consuela said lightly. "It's what she would have worn, I'm sure. I'm afraid," she smiled at the clouded, young face of the new Irena, "that you'll have to give up your pretty dresses for awhile, darling. At least, until the fighting is over. But don't worry. Irena always wore a tight skirt with her army jacket, and you can still wear your beautiful underwear."

The sickly smile that Esteban displayed was a compound of shame and even further dismay. His mind still held the memories of the first session of dressing in women's clothes with Isabel. The constrictions of the corset and napkins that he had worn for her were no longer unfamiliar. He was even getting used to them, as he was to the softness of feminine underthings, and even to the coolness of lipstick. His mind told him that a man should be both repulsed and scornful of dressing as a woman. The urgency, however, at Perez' restaurant, followed by the unnerving airport experience, had allowed him little time to dwell on his predicament. He had tried, intensely, to be a woman—to preserve his own life. But the leisure he had enjoyed in Irena's apartments had given him time to think about what he was doing. Each time he thought of how trapped he was, he thought of tearing the false bosom from his chest, or peeling off the

clinging nylon stockings.

Yet, whenever he thought of wiping his face clean of makeup and taking off his dresses, high heels, panties and the like, he thought of the terrible consequences that this would bring. For Esteban Varga had been a prisoner in San Martino. Kept with the 'politicals,' he had been acutely aware of the special 'interrogations' conducted there by the Interior Department. He had seen two of the mindless wrecks left in Cell 218 after an 'intense' session of questioning. Esteban knew that such treatment would be his if he refused to wear his feminine clothing.... and he feared a return to San Martino more than he feared anything in the world, even death of disgrace.

He would have been a fool not to fear San Martino. He felt sick when he thought of the Prisoners' Vow, that each had been called upon to make after seeing the results of the 'intense questioning' sessions. Even Esteban had taken it, vowing that, if it was ever in his power, he would destroy the prison by whatever means he could. Now the power did actually lie in his feminized hands, with their red-lacquered nails. But he quaked at the thought of the course he was now taking. He wondered if any other prisoner would do what he was now doing if he could.

He suddenly remembered Hector Chuna, and the inane babbling that had had the whole block on edge for a week. The babbling was only broken by excessive bouts of head-banging, until, mercifully, the Revolution had decreed that the teenage leader of student demonstrations against the jailing of 'Democrat' professor, Luis Abrado Camar, be shot for 'high crimes against the people.'

Esteban slowly rose from the chair to which he had been shunted while Isabel negotiated with Salluca. His dress hugged

him tightly, and not unpleasantly, his breasts very tight while the long wig swirled hair about his face, earrings and neck. "I'll wear what's needed," he said softly.

The two women exchanged glances, tinged with scorn, as Esteban moved off with mincing steps to the long wardrobe at the back of the small room. "I'll be the one to decide what Esteban does or does not do," said Isabel sharply. "I represent the Democrats here, and we will take part in every decision involving Irena."

"Why, of course, dear," Consuela purred, with a mocking smile. She stepped after Esteban, and began to undo the fasteners on the back of his dress. "But remember, I'm the only one who knows how Irena really thought and felt." She looked at the thin figure in the padded red bra and silk panties. "Irena will need me at her elbow to make sure she makes no 'faux pas' in dealing with all her ex-lovers." Consuela smiled wickedly, as Esteban's painted, girlish face was ravaged again by fear and anxiety, while Isabel just glowered at Consuela in frustration.

IV

NEW FRIENDS.

The dark-haired boy blushed the whole time that he walked up and down in front of the two women, his pencil-slim skirt about his thighs preventing him from striding in a masculine way. Even the creamy makeup on his cheeks could not hide the embarrassment he felt as he tried to follow their directions to "think feminine."

"Why don't you let him wear the wig?" asked Isabel crossly, eyeing the youth's smooth, shaven legs, so slender and even pretty in the sheer stockings Consuela had made him wear.

"She hasn't earned the right yet," snapped Consuela, pursing her full lips in irritation. Isabel's insistence on using the male pronoun for 'her' wasn't helping Consuela's training tactics. Only when the new 'Irena' did something really feminine was 'she' allowed rewards - - - 'rewards' that only a woman would consider thus. How could Consuela hope to turn him into a seductive woman, like his sister, with such backstabbing cooperation from Isabel Ortega? Surely, she ought to know better.

"Don't stop," ordered Consuela as the youth teetered on his black, shiny high heels and almost fell into a vacant armchair.

"But. . .but these h-hurt," murmured Esteban, his thin, feminized eyebrows coming together in a frown of astonishing resemblance to his late sister's. He reached down to massage his calves, blushing even more as he touched the soft nylon to his skin. His fingernails sparkled with shiny red in contrast to his smooth skin.

"It's the same for all girls like us," said Consuela brutally, admiring the style of the patent leather high heels he wore. She must get some just like those. "Since you think you are going to be a girl like Irena, you'll have to learn to manage and look pretty, too, just like we all do."

Esteban flushed. The red, silk scarf at his throat was bright and glistening like his lips, a thought he tried desperately to suppress as he wiggled his stockinged toes in the stiff, new shoes which let his freshly painted toes peep out in what seemed to him very female fashion as he glanced down through his tickened eyelashes at his female-dressed legs. The soft sweater he wore had strange, unfamiliar mounds on his chest and he had to look up quickly as he reddened even more. He was shuddering as he kept on walking. The tight skirt re-

stricted his movement, while the smooth slip and skirt caressed the back of his legs, sending wierd, though not necessarily unpleasant, sensations throughout his body.

"Why don't you have her," Isabel stressed the feminine pronoun, "mime an announcement to the People?" Isabel's tone was petulant as she framed the question that Consuela had herself put to Salluca.

Consuela watched the new Irena mince gingerly up and down the room before she finally gave Salluca's response to her own question earlier. "Too many people would know about the mime. It would cause too much adverse comment. We must meet speculation head on with our explanation before she speaks." She eyed the boy speculatively herself. "It's tough enough to get proper corsets and padding for her. . ."

Esteban's cheeks were on fire. The padding and tape over his male parts, about his hips and bounding on his chest, seemed tighter and lumpier as Consuela outlined 'her' failings as a woman. His garter belt, so unfamiliar and strange to his shaven thighs, even seemed to tighten as he sashayed in what he thought was a hip-swaying, exaggerated, feminine walk. And everything only seemed to get tighter and more constricting as Consuela referred to Esteban as 'her.'

"All right," said Consuela at last. "Let's try her hair piece."

But before that, Esteban had to practice sitting down gracefully half a dozen times in the tight skirt, before Consuela arranged the blonde-streaked hair about his face and shoulders.

"My, you're hot," exclaimed Consuela with a sly smile as her fingers brushed his creamy, makeup cheeks. She gently arranged the golden bangle-like earrings more attractively through the long waves

of the wig.

"W-Wouldn't you b-be h-hot. . . ." Esteban began angrily.

His protests, however, were cut short by a sudden, loud rapping on the outer door of the apartment. Isabel Ortega strolled to the door, an arrogant sneer on her mouth. She sneered even more openly when Francisco Salluca pushed his way past her into the Presidential suite.

The Eagle scowled haughtily in return at the Democrat; but he stopped abruptly, his face rapidly changing expression when he saw 'Irena.' His smile was filled with pelasure.

"I told you. . ." he began, waving his hand at Consuela, even as his eyes never left those of the strangely demure Irena, so unnatural with her eyes downcast.

Consuela shook her head indignantly. "She isn't a thirty-three year old woman," said Consuela, pulling on Esteban's well-manicured hands to get him to stand up on his high heels again. She gestured to 'her' to smooth out the wrinkles in 'her' skirt. Esteban did so, but his arms didn't move properly with the padding at his chest. He was awkward -- not at all graceful like Consuela. He tried again, but his hands brushed his garters, panties and the lace-edged slip he had been given to wear that day. Reminded of what he was, he could not raise his dark, sticky eyelashes to look at anyone. He was sure they were all laughing at him and his attempt to be a woman.

"She certainly isn't a thirty-three year old," Salluca agreed, but there was admiration in his voice, which raised goose bumps all over the flushed body of the feminized Esteban Varga.

"Her skin is too smooth," snapped Consuela irritably, ignoring the suggestion in Salluca's words. "She has a

neck and hands that are much too young. And there are other differences. Irena was a little taller, believe it or not, and she has to wear higher heels all the time. Irena, of course, was more buxom. . . ."

"We will explain away her thinness," Salluca cut in, his wink making the new Irena tremble as she tried to walk like a model in her tight, slim skirt. Even her long fingernails betrayed feminine sensations as they brushed the top of 'her' sheer, skin-toned stockings.

"We'll have to keep her well away from everyone who knew her well," said Consuela firmly. "A really good comparison of her photographs of today and a month ago would show lots more. . . ."

"I've already arranged that no new photographs of Irena will be published until she says so," said Salluca impatiently. "Now let's get on with what we've planned to do, Consuela. We've come this far by being bold enough to try. Let's not even appear apologetic or arouse any suspicions by our actions. She is Irena. She's lovely as she always was. No one will look beyond that, mark my words. It was how she trapped us all in the first place."

He had reached 'Irena' by the time he had stopped speaking. His hand took hers immediately. He couldn't help but smile at the startled look in her heavily madeup eyes. 'She' blinked 'her' false eyelashes rapidly as Salluca squeezed her hand reassuringly. But 'she' was not reassured, only by the contact. 'She' looked wildly to Consuela for help. Her hair and earrings began to quiver rapidly at her smooth, bandaged neck.

Consuela looked away in disgust, even while she heard Isabel snigger from the doorway where she was lounging. Consuela couldn't believe what she was seeing. Was the Vice-Presi-

dent totally corrupt? Surely he knew that this 'Irena' was a boy - - but he was treating 'her' just as if 'she' was really a 'girl!' Consuela had tried to get Isabel to treat 'her' in a female way, but this was too much.

Salluca guided the slim-skirted 'Irena' to the doorway, which Isabel opened with a parody of a curtsy. Suddenly, 'Irena' was out of the Presidential apartments in the bunker beneath the Residence. People crowded about, technicians, soldiers, aides and the like, their faces staring at her. 'She' felt the urge to run in panic, as fast as her high heels and tight skirt would let her, back to the safety of the sheltered rooms.

'She' turned, even as Salluca stopped to explain to the director of the telecast how it must be staged, but there was Consuela behind 'her,' barring 'her' way.

"You are Irena," hissed Consuela, her dark eyes boring into those of the novice 'girl.' "You look like a woman. You are as beautiful as any woman in the world. You are a woman, woman, woman!"

If her words were meant to relax or resolve Esteban's seething, distraught emotions, they did, in fact, accomplish almost the opposite effect.

"You have come this far," Consuela went on, seeing the 'girl' in front of her licking at her red, glossy lips. There was near-hysteria too in her wide-open, darkly-fringed eyes. "For all our sakes, you must go through with Irena's part now. We have committed ourselves and we are all dead if you are not the woman you are intended to be, right now."

Esteban shook with fright. His waist was surely too tightly constricted by the waist-cinch. He was so tense that he felt his real chest muscles pressing against 'his' bra, as if what was filling the bra was really his. For a moment, he felt as if he did

indeed have real breasts, as if he was a woman. His knees almost crumpled beneath him, tightening his garter belt and panties. How he was able to walk to the place where Consuela showed him to sit, he never knew. He rearranged his skirt as she had made him practice, his heart beating so loudly in his ears that he was afraid he might explode at any moment. Panic seized him as he thought of doctors attending him, stripping of the clothes he was now wearing, to find

He glanced up as the girl opposite him did. She looked as strained as he felt. It took him a moment to realize that he was seeing himself in the mirror. The pretty girl was 'him' and 'he' was Irena. 'Her' legs and figure were as shapely and beautiful as ever. His face, figure and hair were gone. They were all 'hers' now. The strain went slight from 'her' face as Esteban relaxed, thinking of Consuela's words. If he was anything but Irena now, then 'she,' this girl in the mirror, would undergo embarrassment and torture such as 'she' could recall from the days in San Martino.

"Yes," said Consuela as she stopped behind 'her' to look at her own image. "You are definitely our Irena now. Pull your skirt down, dear. There's no need to be showing quite so much leg. You already have enough men here panting after you, without them taking action to fit their thoughts. After all, dear, we want our men to make war, you know, not to make love. Ah," she smiled as he frantically tugged at his skirt to lower it across his stockinged knees, "but I forgot. To Irena, making war or making love is the same thing."

Ciudad Domingo had become a rubble-city before the invading forces finally came to

a stop there. The Army of the Revolution could hold them there but was unable to push back across the deep ravines of El Chaco, a flat, grassy plain where it wasn't cut by deep rivers. In the skies, there was an obvious reluctance on both sides to commit the few remaining forces each side had to prolonged fighting or bombing sorties. Yet there had been no general uprising, nor even extensive sabotage to assist the invaders, which must have been the most devastating blow of all to their ambitions.

In the capital, as elsewhere, the people were calm. There was even a determined air of 'business-as-usual' as the members of the Junta crossed the bomb-torn streets of the government sector of the capital to the special meeting to hear the first reports on the week-old 'border skirmish,' as the neighboring dictatorships insisted on calling Boca's invasion.

There were eleven official members of the Junta present in the conference room, as well as the Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces. By now, the stagnation in the fighting was well known to everyone. That the lull gave time for recrimination, revision of old alliances, and changes that would raise some and lower others, was taken for granted. Even those like Irena Varga, in her most insulated position of power, must be aware of the mood of the people. Something new was being called for, it was evident to all, something to compensate for the lack of foresight of the nation's leaders in preparing the defense of the as well as to answer for the callous approach shown in response to the bombing of the capital.

The major force in the Junta was the three official members of the armed forces, plus the two civilian, ex-Army men who had resigned to hold cabinet portfolios in Defense and Muni-

tions. Yet the single most important person in the Army faction was not a member of the Junta. He was General Ramon Aguilar y Cenho, the Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces, who was present at the meeting to brief the Junta on 'the war.'

Ramon Aguilar was a man of black, flashing eyes and his temperament matched his general air. He could brood for years over old scores, and such was his tenacity with worrisome problems, that he was feared by military and civilian members of the Junta alike. He sat at the lower end of the oaken table, technically the only person present not part of the Council, but, in fact, its prime mover at times, through his five 'proxy' votes.

At the opposite end of the table was a single high-backed chair. Irena Varga was already seated there when the others arrived. She looked very thin since the bombing had begun, and clearly wasn't able to eat properly because of the wound to her throat. Her dark eyes, outlined in pale blue, and her lips, a glossy pink, were the only flashes of color in an otherwise drab gathering. She seemed unaware of the surreptitious glances of the men on either side of her. She kept her heavily madeup eyes downcast on the report prepared by Aguilar.

Irena had welcomed the dark-brown, silk blouse and grey skirt that Consuela had suggested for the 'business meeting.' "A girl, even one as pretty as you," said Consuela with a grim smile, "doesn't go about in these dresses all the time." She had indicated the silk, satin and brocade evening dresses that Esteban - or 'Irena' as everyone called 'her' all the time - had worn throughout the 'training' to become his sister.

"Shall we begin?" asked Salluca, looking down the table, an ironical smile twisting his lips as he sought Aguilar's permission to go ahead. The

Chief of Staff nodded wearily, quite aware of the incongruity of Salluca's referral to him, the only non-official member of the Junta.

"To save our President undue strain on her voice, she has assented to my conducting this meeting today," said Salluca, glancing about for any sign of objection or disagreement.

On Irena's left, facing the Vice-President, were the three 'militants' in the Junta. Interior Minister Ernesto Figueroa was the most influential of the three. He always had an objection to every procedure. But today, he had none, not even looking up to acknowledge that Salluca had spoken. The little group of three separated Irena from the presence of Francisco Fuentes, the Foreign Minister, who faced the Army men who filled up the opposite row of chairs to where Salluca sat.

Francisco Fuentes was from the same 'barrio' of the capital as Irena and Esteban Varga. He was widely known to have been her lover for several years, and Esteban had often met him in Irena's company before the Revolution. He had always had his arms draped about her, Esteban remembered. He seemed to have liked to touch his sister, and, of course, Irena had never objected.

When Consuela had brought the femininely dressed Irena to the Junta's conference room that morning, she had stayed around long enough to keep Fuentes entertained and well away from 'her.' As she had expected, Figueroa had taken a chair next to Irena's the moment he had arrived, and so had Salluca. Consuela knew that it had been long ago that Fuentes had loved Irena, but she saw no point in getting them any closer than necessary. The little rumor that had been started about Irena's "face-lift" and cosmetic surgery, hotly denied by Consuela as she

passed it on to one person after another, had already reached Fuentes before he saw 'her.' As she had said to Salluca, they had to take as many defensive measures as they could to protect 'her' for as long as possible until her inevitable discovery.

Irena, however, had looked so demure and so beautiful as she sat gracefully at the table and opened up the report with her newly painted nails that Consuela was sure that Fuentes, by the look in his eyes, would try to isolate her sooner or later. But now it was up to Salluca to keep both Figueroa and Fuentes at bay while 'she' made the Vice-President's risky plan of action take effect.

Even while Irena sat so quietly, only Salluca seeing the quiver at the hem of her skirt as she tried to keep her pretty, stockinged legs together, Consuela was outside the Junta prowling up and down, smoking one cigarette after another, a thing she never did, while she prayed that the pretty girl she had helped to create would be as authentic a female as she knew he could be.

"When will the reactionaries be pushed out of El Chaco?" asked Salluca. His question hung in the air, unanswered for a short time. The Eagle already knew the answer to his own question, but the acknowledgment of the military was essential to the little 'surprise' he had planned.

"Without further replenishment of our losses, particularly in weaponry, perhaps never," stated Aguilar bluntly when all eyes were finally turned to him.

"And what are the chances of our replenishing our current war losses? How soon can we re-arm?" Salluca asked, looking expectantly at Francisco Fuentes.

Fuentes was a man with wide interests beyond the Revolution itself. Gregarious, he was well respected in and out of the

Party. He was sure to be President one day in the future, many thought and hoped. He was usually very cool to Salluca whom he sensed as a rival for the leadership of the moderate or pragmatic faction of the Revolution, the Regulars, now led so erratically at times by Irena Varga. He might have been more openly opposed to Salluca but for the fact that he hated Figueroa even more. He curled the ends of his handsome, black mustache as he spoke. He waxed them regularly and was inordinately proud of them.

"The Great Powers," he pronounced each word as if he recited a litany of Saints, "have agreed with the U.N. resolution on the invasion. They won't supply arms to either side. I've spoken to our friendly contacts and I'm assured that they've agreed to abide by this one. There'll be nothing for us, neither overt nor covert."

"Then," Figueroa's voice was a shrill, barrio-bred whine, "we are deserted by the very people who call themselves Revolutionaries."

Fuentes' shrug was a delicate thing. Combined with the expression of distaste on his face, it clearly conveyed that, while he didn't think so, the other could think what he liked.

"Senora Presidente." Figueroa's thin, feline head was held high on his thin stalk of a neck as he spoke. With deliberate, slow grace, Irena raised her highlighted eyes to look directly at the militant. Her long, painted fingernails tapped lightly and nervously on the paper before her. While Figueroa had never been her lover, he had made it quite clear that he wanted to be. While barely tolerant of Salluca, Fuentes, Jean Augusto Gonzales, the Minister of Defense, who so often sided with the 'Regulars,' Figueroa always treated Irena with great respect, even when she totally opposed him. His cohorts, Nunez

and Franco, were as embarrassed by his distraction in face of Irena's femininity as the rest of the Junta was amused by his actions.

"I propose," the Interior Minister said, his voice rising with emotion, "that we immediately commit the Vanguard and Ramirez Divisions to the El Chaco War. Also, I propose that the three Marine divisions at Sabre be placed under Army command and reassigned to the war on the plains." He looked expectantly at Echevarria, the Minister of the Navy and its only Admiral, as if waiting for an argument. But none was forthcoming. Gaetano Franco automatically nodded his seconding of the motion.

"It can't be done," said Juan Augusto Gonzales, his face reddening as he blustered on, saliva flecking his lower lip. "The Marines are the only forces east of the Cadunes. If they move to El Chaco, the road to the capital is open. The Ramirez armor holds the Degar Pass and the coastal roads to Paloma. The Vanguard," his eyes darted to Aguilar, "is needed to keep order and security about the capital."

It was an academic argument really, Salluca had told 'Irena' earlier. The disposition of its forces was something the Army would not let anyone else decide. And the Vanguard would never be pulled out of the capital or the neighboring cities, not when that would leave Figueroa's Interior Police a free hand. The Army might never get back in, once they had pulled out of the cities.

"My men will preserve the order and security of the capital," snapped Figueroa, jerking forward in his chair. "We lose El Chaco because you do not commit sufficient forces to expel them. You preserve precious fighter-bombers for an advance you're too scared to make!"

The flush on Gonzales' face

was mirrored in the faces of all the military men. Figueroa himself looked quickly to Irena as if realizing that he had gone too far in criticizing the Army.

Irena raised a beautifully manicured hand, the bright, pink flash of colored nails sparkling against her brown silk blouse. Aguilar stifled his angry retort as he waited for her to speak. She shifted uneasily on the high-backed chair. Her arms had brushed her padded breasts and so it was only with difficulty that she whispered slowly, "Ernesto is right."

Both Salluca and Fuentes regarded her with distress, only one thinking what a mistake it was to have trusted a boy to behave like a woman. He must have been blind not to see that a boy who could be a girl, as such, would be unstable. Figueroa's eyes glinted with pleasure while Ramon Aguilar looked down stonily at his own carefully groomed nails and thought dourly of the contingency plans for the presidential succession that he'd reviewed only that morning.

"More men are needed in El Chaco," croaked Irena. "Men imbued with true revolutionary ardor." She touched long hair to her smooth cheek. Fuentes frowned as he looked at Irena for possibly the first time that day. He was thinking how young she had begun to look. She must surely have undergone cosmetic surgery in her long absences from the capital of late. There must be something to the rumors he had heard. . . .

The Interior Minister interrupted the beautiful woman's hoarse whisper. It was with regret that they all took their eyes from her face and beautiful figure to look at the dark, triumphant visage of Ernesto Figueroa. "I heartily agree, Senora Presidente," he asserted, unable to keep the gloating from his voice as he looked at Juan Augusto Gonzales.

"Hear me out," she

breathed. Even to Aguilar, who knew her least of all, Irena hardly sounded like herself. Since her telecast, she had changed, too, in her manner. She seemed less firm, more nervous, but Aguilar knew her of old. Soon the feminine traits, the inconsistencies, would surface again. She would pick up with a new lover and the Army would stand alone once more, the true and only heir of the revolutionary spirit of Coronado and Romo. Despite her position at the head of the moderate wing of the Revolution, it might be time, thought the Chief of Staff grimly, to cut the Party of the Revolution loose from the beautiful, charismatic Irena Varga.

"You, Ernesto, have the equivalent of a full division engaged in the capital, do you not?" Irena mumbled. "Prison and guard duty is the lot of your fine, revolutionary policemen, Ernesto."

The thin figure of the Interior Minister froze, statue-like, at her words. Already, Figueroa could see the blow coming. "Reactionary fever is growing. . ." he began, but he could get no further as Irena dazzled him with one of her famous smiles.

"We also have two full divisions of well-trained, heavily-armed Interior Policemen scattered about the country on anti-reactionary work," she grated on while Salluca at last relaxed, admiring the way she'd taken advantage of the situation to introduce the very proposal he'd outlined to her earlier. She had sprung a trap on Ernesto just like the Irena of old. It must be in the blood, he thought, admiring the feminine gestures, like tossing her hair back, that she employed to such good effect. "I believe," she whispered, her reluctance clear in every word, "that the reposting of these men to the front, Ernesto, would be the

saving of the Revolution."

Figueroa's face was livid. "What is this?!" His voice had risen to an unbelievable, high-pitched whine. "You-you intend to s-strip the Revolution of its defenses just as you stripped the cities of their defense? I cannot permit it!" His voice soared to a scream.

The woman's heavily madeup eyes went down very nervously as Figueroa leaned towards her. Her hands fell from the report to her lap where they twisted nervously, gently caressing the spots where the tops of her stockings would be, but which only Salluca saw. Her lipsticked mouth quivered as the Interior Minister wagged his finger at her.

But, before she could change her mind and agree with Figueroa again, Aguilar shifted in his chair, leaned forward and interrupted. "Senora Presidente," he said crisply. He waited until all eyes were turned his way. He knew well how much the Army men at the table hated the Police. They would expect him to reject Irena's proposal out of hand, as Figueroa did, the expectant look on his face showing it. Irena would once more have the Army and the militants at each other's throats and her faction would still be in control.

"I am sure the Minister of the Interior would support any motion approved in this Junta, would he not?" he asked coolly, directing a thin smile at Figueroa, who hesitated before giving a bird-like dip of his head. "Good," smiled Aguilar grimly. "As Chief of Staff, I can see only good in the President's suggestion. The Army would welcome the addition of three divisions of Interior Police in El Chaco. I am sure that units of the Vanguard, Ramirez and Marine divisions could also be spared to augment security in the capital as well as to join the new corps which we will form to fight the next battle of El Chaco."

For a moment, there was a stunned silence at the table.

Ramon Aguilar smiled down the length of the table to Irena Varga, who had the grace to blush and bite at her lipsticked lower lip. Now, Irena, thought Aguilar, now what would you have done without me? Did you really expect me to support you like this? You know how much I've wanted and ached to get these damned 'policemen' under control. He stared at the beautiful woman, admiring the mind and the figure of the woman who could conceive such a gamble at such a time of crisis for the country.

She avoided looking again into his eyes, but it made no difference. The bargain was sealed, thought Aguilar with a sigh. She had played the politics game even when the nation was at war. Irena would be Irena to the end, it seemed. Gonzales had followed his chief's lead, Echevarria made the motion official, and, by votes of eight to three, the Figueroa motion was defeated, and the Interior Police were reassigned, under Army control, to El Chaco.

Gaetano Franco was not able to withstand the reversal of the militants' fortunes. His face flushed, he jumped to his feet. "You have sold us out!" he snarled at Irena, who batted her false eyelashes most nervously as the short, black-mustached Franco berated her. "The Revolution is betrayed!" the Minister of Justice screaming at Irena. "I can no longer serve in the Junta with a . . . a profligate like you!"

Irena turned anxiously to the Vice-President, whose hand went out immediately to touch hers. Salluca nodded, his face determined yet angry. "Th-then, Senor Franco," she whispered hoarsely, her dark, attractive eyes downcast. "You are excused from this meeting to write y-your letter of r-resignation. I will appoint a new Justice Minister shortly."

There was a stunned silence as Franco cursed and stamped

noisily out of the room. When he was gone, Irena's vividly painted eyes rose and swept about the table, but there was a nervous flutter there, obvious to them all. "Are-are there others who-who c-cannot support the policy decreed h-here today?" she asked in such a low, soft voice, that Aguilar only heard the last few words and had to deduct the import of the message.

Ernesto Figueroa twitched and gyrated in frustration as the Army men regarded him smugly. Irena did not give him a glance, however, even when he shook his head and blurted out, "I expect to retain the garrison at San Martino!!"

Again, nervous, flushed glances were made to the Vice-President before Irena shook her long, dangling earrings. "I-I intend a new policy of a-amnesty f-f-for p-political prisoners." Salluca looked at her hard and intently as if trying to figure out what she was saying. Didn't Irena consult anyone about her plans, thought an aghast Ramon Aguilar.

Salluca glanced down at her soft, slim hand that lay in his. She'd gone too far this time, he thought, his body stiff. This wasn't part of his plan. Even the sleepy Valdes of the Air Force was awake now.

Irena, however, was becoming less nervous the more she spoke and the more she was accepted for what she appeared to be. More than one man at the table had given her a reassuring look that told her that she was a 'she' in their eyes. But still no one spoke about her oddly harsh, uneven, almost masculine voice. "The Vanguard can supervise the dismantling of San Martino and the vetting of the prisoners. Those who have only minor differences with the People's State will be given some freedoms." Her eyes came to rest on Aguilar's. She flicked her

long hair back again. "Many have requested to be allowed to serve in the Armed Forces to prove their patriotism."

The Chief of Staff made a polite gesture. The big moment, he thought, had passed. Irena Varga had shifted her political alliances again, just as the country was demanding. The militants were out and the Army had new allies in the Party. And she had done it all without a word in his direction. He had been her puppet, just like the stunned Fuentes and Salluca. Only when he saw those two so gloomy did Aguilar catch the significance of the San Martino thing. He had to smile then. What a symbol to present to the people. The old, fearful prison 'dismantled' - - - had she really said that? - - - and its prisoners returned to their families.

Salluca pressed his hand hard on hers. He did not yet want this meeting to realize that the Democrats were being fully restored. That must wait until they lined up Margoles and the Party's deputies in the National Assembly. Still, as he thought about it, it might just be the 'capper,' the idea to top it all off, to unite the people behind her again, if the Democrats would swear to uphold the Revolution against Boca.

Figueroa was the next to break. He stood and left the table without a word, but his face showed that his world - - which had begun and ended with Irena Varga - - had come to an end. Why doesn't he denounce her, thought Aguilar as the door closed quickly behind Figueroa. He looked back at the strange expression on Salluca's face. It was almost as if there was another game being played here that Aguilar wasn't aware of. It was as if Figueroa dared not say or do anything, for fear that something else might be revealed. Aguilar stared at the smoothly madeup face of the flushed Irena Varga. The ner-



"Oh, this dress isn't new - it's just one of my brother's hand-me-downs!"



"It all started when my wife suggested that, before I speak out against the ERA, I walk a mile in her shoes."



"Hey, John. What's this I hear about a transvestite convention at the hotel across the street?"



"Holy cow, mom! You said that you wouldn't be comin' home until NEXT week!"

vousness was very unlike her. Aguilar just wished that he knew all that was going on in that pretty, blonde head.

V

ALLIES...

"He did very well in there," said Salluca to Consuela while Isabel and Esteban stayed in the President's dressing room as 'she' changed into a short, cocktail dress for dinner. "He has all Irena's mannerisms. It is still only the voice that gives him away, but our explanations are accepted on that - - for now."

"Please do not refer to her as him" said Consuela grimly. "Not even when there's just us. We must think of Irena as she is - - a woman. I thought you had noticed that about her this morning when you came for her. . ."

Salluca laughed. "Those compliments to her beauty?" he asked. He smiled and took out a long, thin cheroot. "You'd be surprised, Consuela, at how I could charm the devil himself if my life was threatened. No, I do not forget what sex the pretty, painted, little boy is. He gives himself away to me in lots of silly gestures."

"So she will then to Ramon Aguilar tonight," Consuela cut in shortly.

Francisco Salluca shrugged. When Ramon had expressed the wish to dine privately with the President after the Junta meeting, there was little Salluca could do but persuade Irena to accept. Aguilar had to be cultivated, now more than ever. But Salluca had intended to be present, too, a condition he relayed to Aguilar as coming from Irena. Surprisingly, the Chief of Staff had accepted the condition with a quick smile.

"There never was anything

between Irena and Ramon, was there?" he asked Consuela anxiously, a frown between his eyes.

"No," said Consuela definitely. "The General was a confidant of Carlos and Bernardo." She named the assassinated first President of the People's State, and his second-in-command, dead of a heart attack just one year after the seizing of power. "Juan Augusto now," she said with a smile at Salluca's dark, tight face.

The dressing room door opened and two women came into the suite's main reception room. Like other major hotels in the capital, the Lorenzo had many expensive, luxurious - and empty - suites. With parts of the Presidential Residence in rubble, Irena had temporarily been moved to the pick of the capital's hotels, with a complete floor all to 'herself.'

'She' was wearing an silk dress, gathered tightly at 'her' slim waist. The dress was square across the neck with golden pins securing the thin shoulder straps at Esteban-Irena's otherwise thin, bare shoulders. On his arms, he wore Irena's well-known, golden 'bangles' as well as, at his neck, her thick, sapphire-studded, ornate, golden necklace, and, at his ears, the heavy, matching earrings. Isabel had piled the long hair of the wig on top of Esteban's head, giving him a very elegant, model-like appearance for 'his' dinner date. His makeup gave a soft, peach-like glow to his face. His eyes, however, were like black holes in his head, so heavily had his eyes been outlined and painted. The smooth, pale skin of his face contrasted vividly to the makeup and to the slightly tanned skin of his arms. He wore high heels and stockings, their dark seams showing as 'she' moved gracefully towards the black, brocade purse left for 'her' on a side-table.

The side of 'her' throat was covered by a new bandage,

skin-colored, a touch of vanity that was a well-known trait of Irena's personality. That had been Consuela's idea, and she had insisted on the stockings and garter belt. Irena had always worn them for her dinners with her 'men friends.' She had said that they made her feel sexy. Looking at Irena's brother, Consuela wondered how they made him feel. He certainly had a genuine, Irena 'look,' a casual but controlled female sexiness, that would have brought Irena to prominence in any field she had chosen.

But, earlier, stripped of the outer, softening, feminine skirts, 'she' had been something to behold, the Presidential successor to the world-renowned Carlos Coronado. 'She' had stood very patiently, in her padded underwear, frilly garter belt and dark-seamed stockings, while the two women debated over how to make 'her' just attractive enough as a woman to impress 'her date' without overwhelming him. Even with the long, loose hair falling about 'her' taped pectoral muscles, 'she' had not been obviously male - a fact that Consuela had remarked upon smugly - intending by that to compliment 'her' on 'her' feminizing efforts. She had not expected that such simple words would produce such great agitation.

Now, a very controlled 'Irena' picked up 'her' decorated purse and turned with a slight sway on 'her' high heels to face them, 'her' creators. The predatory looks on the faces of the three, like hungry watchdogs about to charge, frightened him for a moment, but Esteban steadied himself as the dress and slip brushed lightly between his legs. "I'm ready," he said, partly catching the tone and inflections that Consuela had been trying to imprint upon his speech.

"Yes," breathed Consuela, her face breaking into a delighted smile. "You sure are,

Irena honey."

Under his makeup, Esteban could feel yet another flush rising over his face, but he tried to overcome it. He smiled in return at Consuela, little knowing how his forced smile was similar to Irena's famous pout.

"Sh- Shall we go?" he asked nervously, swinging his hips and shivering as the skirt swished out, about his stockinged legs. It was hard to take the small steps towards the door, to walk in the manner Isabel had been teaching him. His padded hips, however, seemed to sway almost of their own accord. The strange feeling of the panties between his legs, though, only made 'her' blush and stagger even more as her high heels clicked on the hardwood floor.

Salluca frowned at Consuela as Esteban-Irena began to leave. "He likes it, doesn't he?" he murmured in a low voice, full of astonishment. Esteban did not see Consuela's frown in return or the thoughtful look on Isabel Ortega's face. He only felt his flush deepening and developing all over his body, in an outpouring of embarrassment and shame. He thought about what he was doing, a silly, young boy, dressed up in his sister's clothes, going to a dinner party with a powerful Army General. He had to will himself to step daintily through the outer, leather-backed door, past Salluca's guards, who stared at 'her,' faces expressionless, to where Ramon Aguilar awaited 'her.' The pleasure in the General's eyes as he rose and took Esteban's hand, caressing the long, manicured and lacquered fingernails, seemed real, but over and over, Esteban had to keep repeating, "I am Irena. I am a beautiful woman. I am Irena. I am a beautiful woman," to himself even as the earrings swung wildly against his neck, pinching his earlobes severely.

Dinner was served in the private dining room just off

the antechamber. Aguilar had been startled by Isabel Ortega's presence with Irena. The Ortegas were known as Center Democrats. Consuela he knew well, of course, both for her work as Assistant Party Secretary and for her friendship with Irena, reportedly very close. But he was annoyed when both women joined Irena, Salluca and he at the dinner. The last thing Ramon Aguilar wanted was a hen party.

Despite the presence of the two extra women, however, or perhaps because of them, the meal was very enjoyable. Irena naturally said very little, though she looked fantastic, the slight smiles on her glossy lips hinting at feminine mysteries that Aguilar would have loved to try to solve. Consuela was positively outrageous in her table talk. She flirted with "dear Ramon" until he wasn't sure what was serious and what was not in her manner; she teased 'the Eagle' unmercifully about his bird-like appetite; but, most of all, she was beautifully bitchy to the scowling Democrat.

Irena was another who ate very little. She seemed hardly aged at all to Aguilar from the first time he'd seen her behind the barricades of the University, tossing Molotov cocktails at the troop he was supposedly leading against the students. It had taken all his powers of persuasion that day to convince the hot-tempered, raven-haired girl that the Army was coming to her aid, and that they had much better aim than she had.

Irena sipped just tiny drops of the blood-red Sangre, and generally left the conversation to her aides. When he looked at her, she often seemed to be quivering to the Army Chief of Staff. Yet, there was no draft that he could feel in the secluded dining room.

Consuela had turned the attention of the table talk back to Aguilar. "I hear that the Army is to receive a

new reinforcement, General," she said with a bright smile.

Aguilar made a face. "Dramatic?" he questioned. "I hardly think so."

"Oh," joined in a haughty Isabel, her voice harsh. "With a dedicated force of revolutionaries like the Interior Police at your disposal, you should have no trouble now, should you, in sweeping Boca and his friends out of El Chaco."

"But surely you wouldn't like that to happen," said Aguilar with a feigned frown, surprise in his voice. "You would prefer the old regime to return, wouldn't. . . ."

"How can you say that," snapped Isabel, sounding waspish even to herself. "No true Democrat wishes for the return of the old days." She softened and smiled as she saw the General's eyes glint and realized that he had been baiting her. "What we want is a true and just revolution, not the sham the present Party of the Revolution calls a People's Dictatorship."

"The People's State," Consuela corrected her.

"We want a genuine revolution," persisted Isabel.

"Not too much to ask," the croaky voice of Esteban-Irena cut in, her dress rustling silkily as she crossed one nyloned leg over the other, gently smoothing the skirts with her slim hands.

Both Isabel and the Army General were startled by her remark. The soldier recovered first, appreciating the irony of her words. "I agree," he said simply, raising his wine glass in a brief toast to the now blushing, beautifully madeup President. "But, to return to your first comment, Senorita," he spoke deliberately so that all would get the message. "The addition of the Interior Police will hardly affect the fighting capability of the Revolutionary Forces."

"The Police cannot fight?"

asked Consuela incredulously.

"They were never intended to," said Aguilar with a smile and a nod in Irena's direction. "By the way, is this young lady's presence here," he flicked his head towards Irena, "intended to show me a new path to which our lovely President is leading us on?"

There was a pause. All eyes turned to Irena's beautiful face. She batted her false eyelashes several times even as she fidgeted and touched the necklace and the top of her dress above her cleavage, hidden now by the silk, square neckline of the dress. She did not take her heavily outlined eyes from the General's penetrating gaze. Her small, rounded chin was raised as if defying him to say more.

"There was an attempt on my life," she said suddenly, the words harsh and stiff, forced from her throat.

If Aguilar's shock was a pretense, it was magnificently done. "Who?" he finally spat out one word, as the shock waves left his face. Then his face lost all expression as he thought it out. "Figueroa," he growled, his mouth twisting downward in a snarl. "Well, where is the would-be assassin? Do you need my help to have him speak?"

"We have his body," said Salluca quietly. Aguilar's eyes turned to look at the Vice-President who had been very subdued throughout the dinner.

There was quiet while Aguilar thought some more. "That is why you put the Police under my control," he said slowly. "You release the Democrats, and. . ." he frowned at Isabel. "You will seek an alliance with them?" he finished in surprise.

"Yes," croaked Irena, her eyes falling down to view her pretty dress, stockings and high heels.

"I know you could not depend on the Army to always support you," said Aguilar

grudgingly. "But you must beware the Democrats. They're not like us. They don't come from the gutters like us. This assassination attempt. It could be them. They all hate you, even her." He nodded at Isabel Ortega, who regarded him with a hate-filled face, her eyes glittering.

"Who would have benefitted most from my death?" asked Irena, more softly. "The Democrats would have been the first to be put to the sword by my successors. Anyway, it is time to bring our people back to a whole-hearted support of our revolution." She glanced at the Vice-President, licking her painted mouth nervously as she did so. There was another rustle of silk as she fidgeted and changed the way she sat. There was a clear nod from Salluca before she went on.

"Camar will make an excellent Justice Minister," she croaked, quivering as she saw the look in Aguilar's eyes. For a moment, she would have given anything to know what he was thinking, but a shudder went through 'her' as she realized that, really, 'she' wouldn't. "He is not politically ambitious," she plunged on, reciting the liturgy taught to her by Salluca. "We will offer other Cabinet posts to other Democrats — but only after they have publicly sworn the Oath of Allegiance to the President."

"What is this?" asked Isabel sharply. This was a ploy she had not heard about. She stared dumbfounded at Irena's lovely face, a few wisps of curled, blonde streaked hair falling about her soft makeup, making 'her' appear young and femininely vulnerable. Irena's earrings swung and ricocheted against her neck as she glanced back to Salluca. He was smiling at Isabel, giving her a con-

spiratorial wink when she caught his eye.

"The Chamber passed a special motion earlier this evening," said Salluca blandly. "All public officials must swear an oath of allegiance not only to the State but also to the President before they take office. The Army, the Police, all government officials, appointed or elected, are included under the oath-taking."

Aguilar glowered at the Vice-President, his face as unhappy as Isabel Ortega's. "The Junta was not consulted on this," he said.

"It was a spontaneous gesture on the part of the deputies when they learned how close to death Irena had come," said the Vice-President calmly. "I persuaded Irena that they should be told first, before those who plotted the last attempt are aware that the plot misfired. There is no actual proof that the militants were connected to the would-be assassin."

Aguilar did not like what he had heard. He stared at Irena for a long time. She sat as straight as she could, uncrossing her legs and smoothing out her dress about her waist and legs, flushing as if embarrassed by the General's scrutiny, though she must have been scrutinized in many ways by many men before.

The General relaxed first. "We would have agreed, if we'd been consulted first," he said. "We'd have wanted a tougher guarantee of public order than an oath, but I suppose if the Democrats will take it publicly. . . ." He drained his Sangre, but still had more to say. He turned to Isabel. "Are you prepared, Senorita Ortega, to take the oath to our President now?"

Isabel swallowed hard as she looked at the beautifully dressed and shaped 'Irena' Varga. "Yes," she said in a low, soft voice.

"And who do you speak

for here?" he demanded.

Consuela forestalled Irena having to make a reply. "Senorita Ortega," she said slowly, "represents Gonzalo and his supporters here."

Aguilar nodded. He knew of Gonzalo Diaz, the 'Chairman' of the outlawed 'Democratic Opposition.'

"Isabel has been given the rank of Assistant Secretary to the President," Salluca said quickly, also seeking to bolster Isabel's position before the girl said anything untoward in a fit of temper at the Chief of Staff. "Gonzalo has reservations about joining the Party of the Revolution openly at this time, but he will take the oath publicly."

Ramon Aguilar glanced back at the very feminine President, sitting so daintily, and with such feminine grace, as he remembered from other, less trying meetings with her. But she seemed so young! Her skin was so unlined. He wanted to touch her in ways that a man should touch such a beautiful woman.

"Well," he said grudgingly, admiring the way Irena had taken to fastening up her hair. He'd like to be the one to take it down — but there wasn't the opportunity there, right then, to say such a thing. He would have to meet with her again soon, without her secretaries. "I can't say I like all this political backstabbing. You know you're losing the support of the most steadfast supporters of revolution, Figueroa's militants, and what are you gaining? Middle-class Democrats who'll depend on us to do the hard work while they make pretty speeches. But, the Army will support you, Irena, if I may call our President that." He was rewarded by her first, genuine smile of the evening, a dazzling sunbeam that made his thoughts of her loveliness increase tenfold. He knew he was being charmed and ensnared by Irena's beauty, but he didn't much care at that moment.

"Have no fears of this alliance," said Irena quite softly, her makeup still exquisite and unravaged. "The Democrats will support us strongly against both Boca and the militants. This initiative will not fail, for if it does. . . ." Her voice trailed off and she looked down into her lap again and trembled. Ramon Aguilar wanted to put his arm immediately about her lovely, bare shoulders and tell her he would always support her. She looked quite pained by some unspoken thoughts. Her long earrings swung crazily against her neck as she looked wildly for Consuela's hand.

"Courage," whispered

Consuela, ignoring the General's startled glance at her, as she rose and stepped behind Salluca to take Irena's hand. "There will be no more assassins!!"

Seeing the way the two feminine hands clasped each other tightly, the painted nails the same color, a vague, distressing thought went through Ramon Aguilar's mind — but he quickly put such evil thoughts aside. His own private, internal espionage system had only that morning reported on who Irena's latest lover was.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHEN WORK IS DONE

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 t'would be a shame to miss.

TWO LITTLE BOYS

Two little boys in bloomers, in lovely long golden locks
They were brothers but looked like sisters,
'Cause mother kept them in frocks.
As each little boy grew older, he found it too hard to part
From long golden tresses, his lovely long dresses
Had gradually won his heart.

F. M. R. - Australia

YOUR LETTERS

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



Dear Carol: Thank you very much for sending me the information on the Society for the Second Self. I would very much like to apply for membership and hope that I can be accepted. It would be nice to get into contact with sisters again.

Allow me to maybe tell you a little bit about me. I have been a TV for as far as I can remember and have gone through all the usual ups and downs. During my time in college, my sister kind of took over, and I slowly came to the vague realization that I was what I was and that feeling guilty did not help too much. I enjoyed my dressing as much as possible. I got caught by a couple of landladies, who were very nice about it. Also, my two best buddies once spotted some unremoved lipstick traces on my lips and I found that they accepted the true explanation and our friendship never suffered.

In 1960, my wife and I came to the U.S. for a year or two. She was aware of my 'affliction' but kind of negative. About a year later, I found Transvestia, or better, Transvestia found me, and with the magazine and the information book's help, my darling wife

came around and started to accept me as I was. It was not easy for her, but she became very understanding. I guess I have to say honestly that I shoved a lot in that direction.

In 1962 I joined FPE. After a 3-year stay in Kansas, we moved to New Jersey. In New Jersey, we had a lot of contact with sisters and their wives and the social life was very active! It was beautiful!

In New Jersey, we adopted our two kids and then in 1972, I made one of my big mistakes. I allowed the company to transfer me back home to the home office. I found that I could not get used to the old ways of my home country! The saying "Oh, what the hell, it's home," did not apply anymore after being spoiled for 12 years in the U.S. At that time, I also lost contact with FPE and Transvestia, of course completely due to my fault!

Anyhow, thanks to having obtained a U.S. Passport in the late sixties, I returned to the States, first to Kansas, and three years ago to beautiful California. We really enjoy it here.

This summer, my wife and the kids are back home in Switzerland, and "poor dad" had to stay home! But of course

I am having a blast!! I even find that I enjoy house work, but I have to be dressed properly like a housewife, otherwise I don't care too much about it!!

Au revoir—

Heidi ——— California

Dear Carol: I'm a 36-year old divorcee and a transvestite. I've felt as I do for literally as long as I can remember. My ex-wife knew it, but thought she could "cure me" of it. She wasn't even interested in trying to understand it as I hoped she would, and turned out to be at least an F- as a wife. Our marriage wouldn't have worked anyway, as my being a transvestite was by no means our only problem. Now I'm engaged to a really wonderful girl who couldn't be happier about me. She's the original 'A' so there are still some of them out there. Unfortunately, those of us who do find them sometimes don't until the second time around—but then, maybe we appreciate them more! She really wants to help and understand me, and definitely does NOT want me to change. She has read several of Virginia's books and has already written both you and

and Donna Martin letters.

Thank you for the books.

Kathy — Illinois

Dear Carol: I have recently had the good fortune to come across Virginia's book, 'Understanding Cross Dressing,' and write to express my thanks for helping me to understand more fully what cross dressing is, and its myriad forms. Recently, I have decided to search for answers to my situation (not so long ago a "problem") and I think that this book is one of the most enlightening sources I have found yet. It's really amazing how little most people know about this phenomenon, even many cross-dressers themselves.

At one time, I feared my second self and would not give her breathing room, but now I feel that I am making friends with her and my fear has evolved into acceptance—and even joy.

I believe that the two of us can coexist peacefully, because I am not a transsexual. I enjoy my male and female selves, and hope one day to be able to transcend even that duality. Anyway, thanks again for a great book.

Also, I'm interested in your Society for the Second Self, and would like to get some information on that. Also, could you tell me if there is a chapter in Texas?

D.C. — Texas

Dear Carol: I am a 21-year old male transvestite and was recently arrested for appearing in public in my feminine clothing. I don't know why I did it, but I just had an uncontrollable urge to pass as a woman in the company of other women. After seeing a very understanding counselor, I came to learn about you. There is no doubt in my mind that I want to wear women's clothing and enjoy the feminine world. After all I've been through, I don't

feel guilty about what I do at all. Rather, I think it is very important that I be able to express the feminine side of my personality.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could send me information on the subject of transvestitism. I have heard of 'Transvestia' magazine and would like to subscribe. If there are any other subscriptions that you know of, please let me know of them.

Finally, I would like to thank you and commend you on the job you are doing for so many lonely transvestite sisters. Hope to hear from you soon.

T.J. — Oregon

Dear Carol: Thanks for the great magazine. It shows me there is a 'Sorority' with the values that I have been looking for. Just recently I moved to California for the real reason of letting my woman self live life as life was meant to be lived.

My wife is having a hard time understanding this, but up to now has been very patient. After reading No. 105 of your magazine for the first time together, she has decided to try to see this through with me for a time longer anyway. She tries, but cannot see to assisting me, so I have to do much discovering on my own.

Here's hoping the Sorority will be the answer to ALL of our misunderstandings. So far, only my wife, and now you, know. But now, also along comes the Sorority and a ray of hope. Coming out and growing with it is where all dreams and silent wishes have led me. Understanding and kindness as well as practical help and friendship were the things I liked best about Transvestia. Also, the thought of not being alone anymore is so gratifying. All the stories, the photos, the ads, were just right. So, enclosed is the postage for the package

about the Second Self. The Femme Mirror also is something I would like to be part of, so any information about that would be appreciated.

Again, thanks for the time and understanding ear. Hope to hear from you soon.

M.G. — California

Dear Carol: I am a wife-to-be and am very happy about it. About 2 weeks before my fiance proposed to me, he told me he was a transvestite. He was so afraid to tell me for fear that I would be hurt and not understand, and not want to see him anymore. (We had only been dating about a month at the time.) My response was just the opposite. I told him it didn't matter to me how he dressed; as far as I'm concerned, if a woman wants to wear pants because it makes her feel relaxed and comfortable, then a man should be allowed to wear dresses if it makes him feel relaxed and comfortable.

He has a lot of encouragement from me and lots of support. It took a couple of weeks for me to talk him into dressing for me, but he finally did. He was so relieved when, after I saw him, I just put my arms around him, told him I still loved him, and I still wanted him.

I was always asking questions and wondering about transvestitism, so he gave me a book to read, 'The Transvestite and His Wife,' which helped me to see things a lot more clearly. Of course, every chance we had, he would dress up and the more he dressed, the more I like seeing him dressed, because I know it makes him happy—and I want him to be happy. I love him so much, and his being a transvestite doesn't change my love for him. While reading the book, I read of groups and meetings where transvestites and their wives can go to meet

others. "Kathy" wasn't so sure if she wanted to go at first, but with a little encouraging, I managed to talk her into going, and now since I really want to go, she wants to go also. I am very curious and I want to know as much as I can on transvestitism. I am looking forward to attending a meeting. I have so many questions, but it's because I want to help make Kathy as happy as can be.

Gwen --- Illinois

Dear Carol: Enclosed is my dues for the year. For many years, I felt that my story was much like others who have written for 'Transvestia.' Then it occurred to me that I can tell some of it which is different than others but it also points up how completely ignorant I was of "cross-dressing" during my teen years, even though I would put on my mother's dresses.

I grew up in rural India where my parents were missionaries. In the 1930's, transvestitism was not well known and especially not in a small town in India. In our home, we had an "ayah," a native woman to do the house work and to take care of us children when we were small. Living with the "ayah" were her two sisters in the native quarters. One of the sisters, D (her first initial), would dress as a man at all times. I never saw her wearing a "sari," the garment of the women in India. She would walk like a man when she would go to work at the local hospital which is when I would generally see her. The only part of her which was feminine was her hair which she wore in a bun like the other women.

It wasn't until 1970 when I went back to India for a visit that the missionary woman where I was staying talked of D, "the woman who dressed as a man," that I realized for the first time that the two of us had something in common. During the 30's, I took so much

for granted, that I didn't think "D" dressed as a man was so unusual.

Donna --- KS-5-I

Dear Carol: Thank you so much for the opportunity of following your spirit and exploring, guilt-free, the wonderful world of crossdressing, and especially for publications available for suffering souls having felt too alone, too long.

When I married my husband, I knew tender feeling were locked up so deeply inside, and his perceptions of his own sensitivity embarrassed him. For years before he met me, and unknown to me, during our eight years together, his locked up womanhood took a devastating toll on his stability. For although he purchased, read, traded back and read some more, I had not even been aware of this material. Five years ago, after the birth of our child, I had suggested he not "dress up as Debbie." So, all these years, he's had to keep even me from knowing.

His personality was so damaged as a result of this, that his violent explosions of destructive temper began to take their toll on my daughter as well as myself, not to mention my poor dying friend, "Debbie." For Debbie's existence, in my husband, needed air and understanding. And my husband is my best friend, both masculine and feminine.

Sometimes we are girls together and explore the world of makeup, clothes, etc., and even loving. Then suddenly we both feel that we want a heterosexual relationship.

Since Debbie is a regular nightly (and weekend) guest at our home, a partner in our relationship, and alive freely in both our thoughts always, we seem to feel tension-free in our work, play, and conversation.

Now I share his literature and enjoy purchasing lovely

little gifts for her. WE are very happy.

Love, Joan --- New Jersey

Dear Carol: I'm writing now to tell you about my experience in the hospital. I thought I had a stomach cramp—and ended up having my appendix removed.

To make me comfortable as a man, I wear red polish on my toenails. In the hospital when my mother saw this, she gave me a look that told me how mad she was. The nurse that took my socks off the next day for a sponge bath didn't seem to be shocked by my toes.

My mother's reaction told me that she will never understand my wanting to dress as a woman does.

As soon as I am on my feet dollar-wise, I am going to look for an apartment in the next town. That way I can relax completely as I wish after the day is over. Living with my parents keeps me from looking forward to anything on days when I feel a great need to be dressed as a woman.

I didn't know there were sisters in Missouri. I can't wait to write to them.

I am very proud to be a member of a group of individuals that want to be happy with themselves and not hurt anyone.

Sandra Maria --- MO-300-H

Dear Carol: Sorry about not writing sooner. I did receive my order and I really like your Cover Girl idea. I think you are doing a terrific job with Tvia.

I will not be joining the sorority at the present time. My wife prefers to keep Julie at home. She has been very helpful to Julie, so I will go along with her wishes.

About nine years ago, I had an unpleasant experience while "out." It was very hard on my wife as well as myself.

I was about eight blocks from our apartment at eleven at night. An unmarked police car with two policemen stopped me, and it was all downhill from there. They took some pictures and a statement, then took me home to change and clean up, then back to jail for the night.

The worst part was that it appeared in our local paper. My landlady "asked" us to move, which only added to the humiliation. As much as I would like to "come out," I just can't take the chance of a repeat of the past. It would not be fair to my wife—and now my children are to be considered as well. Some day in the future things may change. But, for now, I am happy to be able to share Julie with my wife in the privacy of our home.

I will be writing again soon for another order and to let you know if we had the little girl we want. Best of luck to you and the magazine.

Julie — Victorville, California

Dear Carol: I wanted to share a couple of interesting incidents I've experienced in the past six months:

After being involved in an accident and fracturing my wrist, the police officer who came to investigate simply would not believe the fully-dressed femme-person before him was the same person pictured on my driver's license. I tried to explain, "I'm wearing a wig, etc." but he was very skeptical. So he called a lady officer in another car to come and help him check the "female person about 40 in a one-car accident." Since I was in minor shock when she arrived, she suggested I might be high on drugs and asked to "pat me down" as well as go through my purse. She apparently found my anatomy satisfactory and reported I had no concealed weapons on my person. She then left.

The male officer was very deferential, although he seemed puzzled and uncomprehending whenever he addressed me by my male name on the license. It was a question: "John? We'll get a tow truck. . ." etc.

A few weeks later, I was driving a borrowed car home from church when a young lady — in the rain — plowed into the back end of my vehicle. The investigating officer was the same lady who was at the scene of the other accident—but this time I was "my brother"and Officer Beaston never gave any indication she linked the two drivers in each case.

A few weeks earlier, I was suddenly stopped about midnight by a Davenport patrol car. I thought, "My Lord, what did I do now?", knowing I hadn't been speeding or made an unlawful turn. When the officer came to the window of the car, I asked—as calmly as I could—"What's wrong, Officer?" Giving me a very quick glance, he said, "There was an armed robbery a few minutes ago, and your car fit the description. Sorry to have bothered you, Ma'am."

Gosh, Carol, what if I had NOT been en femme at that point? I would probably have been taken to the police station to see if I matched the description of the (male) robber!

So much of living—at least part of the time—as a woman seems to depend on our attitude and comportment. Wearing femme clothing and appearing to be a woman is not unlawful. It's only when we ACT unfeminine and unbusinesslike that any suspicions are aroused. Small children and middle-aged women seem to "read" TV's better than anyone else. Yet, if we mind our own business and are courteous and caring in our actions, even the "readers" don't seem to care!

Thank you for putting up with my non-communication for so long. I hope that has been

remedied with this letter. . . . and that you'll tell the world about Tri-Ess' Iota Chapter!

Jana Thompson — Iowa

Dear Carol: It's been a long time since I wrote you, so I thought I'd bring you up to date.

As you may or may not recall, I told you my wife doesn't like my TV activities and won't participate in them. I told you I was thinking of putting on Ladies slacks and heels when home alone with her in the evening. I haven't done that, but I have been wearing ladies slacks at home in the evening when just the two of us are there, and although I'm sure she knows, she hasn't said anything and things have remained rather cordial. Maybe with time I'll make the next step.

Last month I went to Chicago for a four-day course and got to dress every night for four days. I met several TV sisters and had a good time. We went out to dinner, to a club, and the Lite Factory. I thought the show at the club was really well done and the girls were lovely. I met several of them after they were done and thoroughly enjoyed it. Laurie from Racine joined me Saturday and we had a good gab fest over a bottle of wine. She is really stunning. I had talked to Donna while I was there, but even though Chi Chapter was meeting that night, I didn't go. Laurie wanted to go home and I was tired and felt the same way. Maybe next time I'll be able to attend a chapter meeting.

I also had a two-day outing in Minneapolis in May. I met a new TV whom I hope will join Tri-Ess. Her name is Monica and she lives in Wisconsin, not far from the Twin Cities. She came in, and with another TV friend we went out to dinner and had a nice evening in a straight restaurant.

Sara — MN-201-R

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CAROL BEECROFT
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If you'd like to go into business with us (couples do especially well) we'd be most happy to send you some literature that will tell you about the products and marketing plan as well as an introduction to multi-level marketing. Since we only want people who are serious, we ask that such serious people send \$2.00 which will pay for the cost of the materials and postage. There is one especially IMPORTANT thing that we want to tell you at this time. You will not be allowed to flounder in developing your business. We will keep in close contact with you, showing you how to develop your organization. If you do your part, I will even come to see you and help you personally with any problems that you have encountered. We do welcome interested parties not only from the United States but such persons in any other countries, and as long as you do your share of the work, we won't let you down. It's to our advantage to see that you are successful!!! Building a multi-level business can add zest to your life and thousands of dollars to your purse. Please contact us if you are serious!



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This is one of the best books written concerning crossdressing and is especially valuable since it is written by a professional in the field who is very up-to-date with his information. For those who are especially interested in the scientific research concerning transvestism, it is suggested that you get a copy of this book. It is enlightening, easy to read, satisfying, vindicating and sheds much light on what has been done research-wise, over the years regarding transvestism.

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MERCHANDISE

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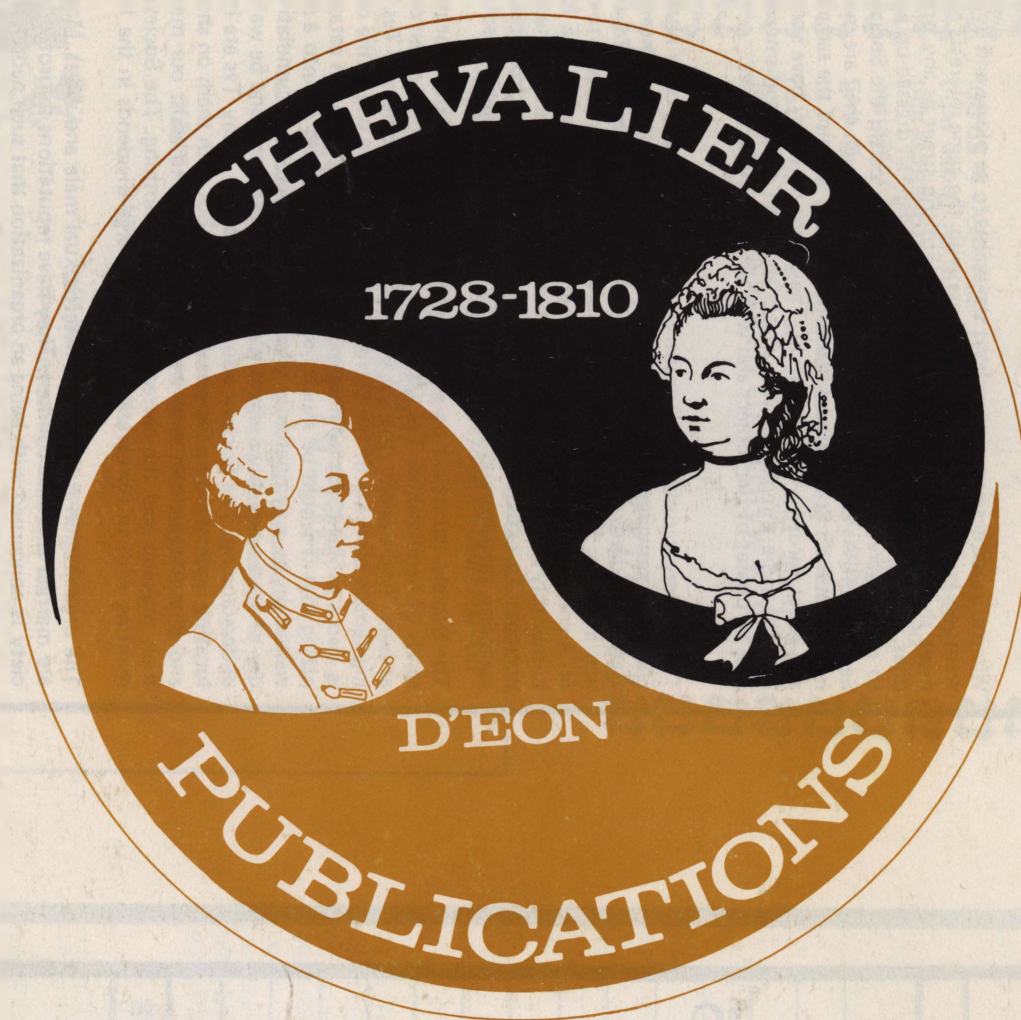
THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

When a Tv comes out of the closet she wants to go places and do things. She wants to be able to read about others with the same interests and possibly meet them. She may want to go out into the street as any other women does. However, there is the old story of being "all dressed up and no place to go." Therefore, we have formed a Society called the Society For The Second Self. As an organization for women, although they are male-women, it is properly a Sorority and it tries to provide some of the same values that any other sorority would provide. They learn that they have sisters who are into the same things and with whom they can safely and interestingly discuss all phases of the subject and with whom they can meet.

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

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

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



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