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Transvestia

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FICTION

Summer of '72
Love Affair
Big Sister

ARTICLES

A Wife's Viewpoint
Recollections—UBA's
Please Hear What I'm Not Saying

TRUE STORIES

Head Over Heels
Katie and Becky

OBSERVATIONS

AA and FP

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

South of the Border



Volume XVII No. 99

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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Virginia Prince



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VOL. XVII

NO. 99

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

SUMMER OF '72

(Continued from TVia #98)

"Why don't you call me Debbie?" he asked. "That's what Ellen and Susan called me."

"Fine, Debbie it will be."

"Get your apron on and start on the dishes."

When they had finished for the evening his mother went up to his bedroom to help him out of his corset. She noticed in the suitcase he had a pair of baby doll pajamas. "Here Debbie, I think you should sleep in these tonight."

"But mother, what if dad should see me in this?"

"Don't use that excuse. Your dad won't be back anymore this summer so you won't have to worry. I'm going to have a helper and daughter for the rest of the summer."

"You mean I'll have to dress every day?"

"Yes, and not only that. I decided tonight your wardrobe is much too limited. Tomorrow afternoon you and I and Susan are going to Little Rock and do some shopping." Joe was getting in deeper and deeper. Where would it end? But did he want it to end?

The next morning they were up and at them early. Joe took a bath and applied his adhesive bust. Then he put on the dress he had worn to the movie with Ellen on his first night out. "My you look cute in that

dress, Debbie, you have very nice legs. It's going to be fun watching you model clothes. You can't imagine how thrilled I am after all these years to take my daughter shopping."

The doorbell rang and there was Susan. "My you look nice in your dress, Missy Joe."

"Now, Susan, don't be sarcastic, and from now on you may call her Debbie."

"OK, Mrs. Rose."

"Come on, girls, let's go shopping."

It took about an hour to get to Little Rock and Joe's apprehension was building. However, when they got out of the car and started walking through the shopping center, he began to relax and enjoy himself. Especially since he didn't know anyone here.

The first dress shop they stopped at had a lot of cute dresses to pick from. Finally Joe, his mother and Susan each picked their favorite and Joe headed for the dressing room. He had stripped down to his panties and bra when a young lady came in and asked if he would unzipper her. This unnerved him a little but he kept his cool and did as she requested. She had an adorable matching blue outfit of undies and Joe thought to himself if the boys could only see him now. The first dress he tried on was a real mini. It was only 31 inches long and made of stretch cling nylon knit. It had long tight sleeves and prim T-neck with a naughty K-hole cut out, and flipped out skirt. It was bright red and he modeled it for his mother and friend. The next dress was green acetate with a deep scooped neck with an elasticized front designed to give with the action. It also had long full sleeves with tight cuffs. He then tried on his selection—a sizzle pink mini-dress with a plunge V into an empire bust. The skirt was a rippling A-line. Diamond flutters at cuffs and neck caught with filagree buckles. It was made of arnel nylon. Since they all liked their own selections they bought all their dresses. They purchased some panties, bras, slips and pantyhose. They also picked up a hot pants girdle and a hippie helper.

At the next shop which specialized in lingerie, they got some more evening wear, for Joe. They picked out four baby doll outfits. One was

blue with an opaque tank top and a brief shift. The midriff was sheer and a see through. There was matching bikini panties. Another set was an orange sleep bra and brief bikini's made of nylon and lace. It had a sheer see through nylon jacket. The third baby doll set was purple. It was a see through baby doll of shearest nylon with a scooped neck and edged with maribou. The bikini panties were thigh bound with the same fine feathery stuff. The fourth one was the most daring. It was almost totally frontless. Lavish lace ruffles at the neck and bottom. Baby brief bikini crotchless panties with wide front ruffles. It was black with 100 percent sheer nylon and black lace trim. They also picked two peignoir sets. The gown of sheer nylon had a fitted lace bra top with spaghetti straps and contrasting ribbon trim bow, at bust and nylon lace hem. The peignoir had an alluring scoop neck with three-quarter sleeves and six-inch wide lace trim to hem. It was hot pink with black trim. The other peignoir set was a two-piece set floor length and combined a sheer scooped neck nylon gown with a peignoir and fluff with maraboo. It had full balloon sleeves and was black. Mrs. Rose felt they had done enough shopping for one day so they headed back to the lake. That evening was spent with some sewing instructions. Joe decided to wear his maribou trim babydoll pajamas that evening.

The next day Joe put on his new dress and Susan and his mother gave him some cooking lessons. That afternoon was rather warm so Susan suggested they go swimming. Joe was all for it and went up to get his trunks. "You're not going as a man, are you?"

"Well, I thought I would, I don't have any other kind of suit."

"Well, I don't want to break the mood. Wait here while I go home and get a couple of my swim suits."

She returned shortly and handed him a one-piece suit with a short flare skirt. She also gave him a bathing cap so he took off his wig and put it on. He left on his false busts and looked real good. "You're a regular bathing beauty, aren't you?"

They laid on the beach a lot and had fun in the water. Joe was starting to enjoy his relationship with Susan as much as with Ellen.

That evening Susan was having a slumber party with a couple of friends and she invited Joe to go. "I don't think it would be wise," he said.

"Don't be silly," his mother said. "It would be a great experience. Besides, I'm sure Susan would be disappointed if her newest girl friend didn't come. Wouldn't you, Susan?"

"I sure would. I've told some of my friends about Debbie they want to meet her."

So it was settled. They put some of Joe's things in an overnight bag and off they went to the slumber party. Joe was wearing the same dress he had on in the morning and hoped he wasn't overdressed.

When they got to Susan's house, her friends had already arrived. "Debbie, I want you to meet Pam, Cindy and Peggy."

"Nice to meet your Debbie. Where are you from?"

"I'm from St. Louis," he said.

They spent the evening gossiping like all girls do. Of course Susan couldn't wait until bedtime to see Joe's reaction. Joe was amused but careful as the girls got ready for bed. They spent a lot of time running around in panties and bras, and Susan enjoyed watching Joe watch them and also watching him being careful not to let them in on his secret. Once in their baby dolls they laid around talking and listening to music. Their boy friends were getting a lot of attention but of course Joe had nothing to say. Soon they picked sleeping partners and Susan latched onto Joe. Joe was a little relieved as he didn't know what the consequences would be if he slept with another good looking girl. After much giggling and talking they went to sleep.

Joe had been asleep about an hour when he felt a hand on his thigh slowly moving up toward his bikini panties. He pretended to be asleep as the hand moved in and out of the panties. Then Susan began to pull on the panties and was slowly maneuvering them down his thighs. He wiggled around enough to help her and soon she had them off and was working on his bikini girdle when he embraced her and they made love to each other.

The next morning when Joe awoke he smiled as he thought of the happenings of the previous evening. After breakfast, the girls went swimming and then home.

During the rest of the summer Joe spent the entire time in feminine attire, doing the work for his mother and new girl friend. Many times at Susan's he had tried on her clothes, including a tennis outfit. He loved to play tennis with Susan because his fast movement would show his white laced panties. Joe, of course, had to be careful around boys and did have a few close calls when he was on double dates with Susan. Of course Hal and Gary would never figure out where Joe was at until his mother explained that he had gone back to the city for the summer. By now, of course, Joe loved his feminine clothes.

One day, Susan and he were talking. "I would sure like to find another person who likes girls' clothes. We would have some fun with it. It doesn't seem fit that I'm the only one who should enjoy it."

"How about your friend Gary? Do you suppose he would consent? Actually he is a little smaller than you and would make a pretty girl. Besides I would like to break in a boy on this the way Ellen did you. I missed out on a lot of the fun."

Joe said, "How would we get him started, though?"

"Maybe we could trick him some way. Maybe we could talk him into disguising himself as a girl to go to a slumber party. While we're getting him ready we could take pictures and then we would have him."

"Do you think we could sell him on it?"

"I don't know but it is surely worth a try." Susan went to the phone and called Gary. "Hello, Gary, what are you doing this afternoon? Good, you're not busy. Why don't you come over and play records with Debbie and I? Fine. Well, see you in a few minutes."

"He fell for it—he's coming over. Just follow my conversation when he gets here and we'll get the job done."

Soon Gary was there, and for a half hour or so they had played several records. Finally Susan said, "Say Gary, Debbie and I want to play a joke on some of our girl friends but we need your help."

Gary said, "No one likes a joke better than I, you both know that. What gives?"

"Well, we're having a slumber party next week and Debbie and I thought it would be a gas if we dressed a boy up in our clothes and had him at the party as a girl friend. He could stay all night and we wouldn't tell them until the next day. Wouldn't they be embarrassed?"

"Hey, that's real funny but what would I do?"

"Well, you're about the same size as Debbie and I and we need somebody that will fit in our clothes."

"You mean you want me to dress in your clothes and go to a slumber party? That is funny, but I don't think I could."

"What's the matter, Gary, don't you think you could pass as a girl?"

"Well, I don't think I would pass at all. They would know me as soon as they saw me."

Susan looked at Joe. "What do you think, Debbie?"

"I think he's afraid to find out. I wouldn't be afraid to put down 10 bucks, that if we dressed him up, and took him to the grocery store no one would know him."

"Okay, that did it. Put your money where your mouth is. This will be the easiest 10 bucks I ever made."

"Okay Gary, it's a bet. But if you lose I don't want ten dollars."

"What do you want?"

"Okay, here's the bet. I'll bet you ten dollars that Debbie and I can dress you up like a girl and go to the grocery store and back and no one will recognize you. Now you have to do everything we tell you. If you lose you have to come to the slumber party next week dressed as a girl. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal," he said.

"Okay, take off your clothes and put this bikini girdle on and then we'll be back." Joe and Susan left the room.

"Boy, he sure fell for that, didn't he? We'll teach him a lesson."

When they went back in the room, Gary was stripped down with only the girdle on. "First of all, you need pantyhose. Here, put these on. Joe helped him put them on. He made sure that he brushed his legs with his hand, as he knew it would excite him. Susan handed him some black lace panties.

"Here, these should fit you."

"What do I need these for. Nobody will see them."

"Don't fuss, you agreed to do as we said."

Gary reluctantly pulled on the panties and then the matching black bra. Then came the mini-slip. "Boy this stuff feels cool."

Susan smiled. "You like?"

"It seems like a big fuss for nothing."

"Debbie, pick out a dress for Geraldine from the closet."

This of course made Gary blush. "Knock it off."

All the time he was getting dressed Joe was snapping Polaroid black and white pictures. Joe picked out a dress that he wished he could wear and always liked on Susan. It was an orlon knit only 30 inches long that looked like tweed. It was navy and had cute three-quarter inch sleeves.

"That's too short," Gary said.

"The better to see your pretty legs my dear. Now you know why we insisted you wear panties."

"I didn't think we would have to go to this much trouble." He put on his high heels and then sat at the dresser and they gave him the works and slipped on a wig.

"Okay, you're finished. Walk around the room and we'll take a look at you. What do you think, Debbie?"

"He's a cinch."

Gary looked in the mirror. "Hmmm, I might have lost my bet. I wouldn't have believed it."

"Oh, by the way, Gary, if you deliberately give yourself away we have some pictures that would look real good of you for the high school yearbook."

"Don't worry, I'll play it straight." The trip to the store and back was uneventful, so Gary knew he had a date the next week at a slumber party.

The night of the big slumber party finally arrived. Joe was amused at the plans Susan and he had devised to expose Gary. Just before it was time to go to bed, Susan would pull off his wig and expose him to the girls. Boy would they give him a bad time. Joe went to Susan's house early and got dressed. Soon Gary was there and he was properly attired. Grumbling again about the short skirt. Of course Susan got in her two cents about the trials and tribulations of being a girl. It wasn't long before the doorbell started ringing and Susan's five girl friends arrived. Joe got a big kick out of Gary as he was being careful not to expose himself. He was certainly a quiet and well mannered young lady.

The party had been going on for about an hour. Debbie and Geraldine were sitting on the couch engaged in girl talk. Slowly Susan eased up behind them and really pulled a double cross. She grabbed a hold of both wigs at once and there sat two young ladies with very short hairdos. Joe and Gary were as stunned as the other girls. Finally Peggy said, "What's going on here, Susan?"

"Well, I thought it was about time to introduce our mystery guests, Joe Rose and Gary Thompson."

"What gives?"

"Well, these two wanted to see what a girl's slumber party was like and I told them I would help them by dressing them up for the part. They thought they would have a big laugh on the girls but I pulled a fast one on them."

"This is too much," said Peggy. "Aren't they darling?" Joyce said. "Do they have everything on from the skin out?"

Susan said, "Slip off your dresses, boys, and show the young ladies what today's men are wearing."

Gary stood up and said, "I'm not putting up with this humiliation. I'm leaving."

Of course he was just as surprised to see Joe as anything else.

"Just a minute, big boy," Susan said. "I wonder what your friends would say if they saw some pictures I have."

Gary was stunned. "You-You wouldn't."

"Don't push me," Susan replied. "Come on, we want to see what's under the dress." Joyce said.

Gary looked helplessly at Joe and started to pull the dress over his head exposing the lace on his minislip. Joe did likewise while the girls laughed and giggled. "OK, off with the slips."

Grudgingly they slipped the slips over their heads. Standing in front of the girls with laced panties, bra and panty hose on, really gave the girls something to laugh about.

"Aren't they the sweetest things you ever saw?" Joyce yelled. Some of the girls started to whistle and both young men turned deep red.

Susan shouted, "I promised you entertainment tonight and here it is. Our slave girls will do anything you request."

"Let's start with a style show," said Helen.

"A style show it will be. What do you want them to model?"

"How about our baby doll pajamas?"

"Great idea." So Joe and Gary were rushed into the bedroom and took turns modeling the baby dolls. After that, the girls put on their baby dolls and had them model their clothes. They had to lift up their

skirts and explain what color slip and panties they had on and were really humiliated.

Finally, it was time for bed and they were given nighties and told to sleep with each other. When they were alone, Gary said, "How could you lead me into this? It will be all over the lake tomorrow."

"Well, I got tricked in the same way. Maybe they won't tell anyone. How could those gals ever keep a secret?" Soon they went to sleep.

In the morning, Suan woke them up early and told them to get dressed and make breakfast and clean up the house. By the time the chores were completed, all the girls were up and Susan called Joe and Gary in. "All of the girls are members of our secret sorority. We just had a meeting and have voted to accept Debbie and Geraldine as members."

Joe said, "What's it mean?"

"It means that as long as you do as you're told, none of us will expose you to other people. You will attend all meetings we have, dressed as girls and partake in all the activities. If you don't do as you're told we will notify your friends by sending a few interesting snapshots. Any questions?"

Joe and Gary said no. Joe could see that many future girlish adventures lay ahead of him and all because of the summer of '72.

DE-FEETED

I got him in my skirts to see
If such persuasiveness would free
His too inhibited dancing feet.
It did! Too much! Now I am beat.

In skirts and heels he went quite crazy
And while I'm not exactly lazy
I'm stretched out, pooped, up on the couch.
And both my feet are screaming "Ouch"
... for ... Dressed, he danced with such delight
He wouldn't stop. We danced all night!

—Lil



FICTION

A LOVE AFFAIR

Dee Raymond

There was rather an embarrassed look on Dr. Lewis' face as he asked me not to leave his office. For a moment, I didn't get it. I couldn't quite figure out why he wanted me to stay. The burly fellow squeezed into the armchair we kept for patients didn't show any surprise. He seemed to expect me to stay.

"I, er, I want to examine this patient," said Dr. Lewis hesitantly.

I nodded, still not seeing what he was up to. After all, I only had to stay in the room when he examined his female patients. He saw me working it out and nodded slightly. I didn't know what kind of picture my face showed, but my temperature had sure shot up fast. I didn't dare look at the patient. She hadn't responded at all before when I'd brought her in and said, "Mr. Vole to see you," to Doctor Lewis.

All through the examination, I could feel my heart pounding and I fumbled with several of the examining instruments. That the patient was female was only obvious when she had removed all her clothes. She showed no emotion at all throughout the detailed examination, even when the doctor palpated the small nipples of her breasts. She made no comment at all as Dr. Lewis talked over the value of pap smears. I thought that she was totally devoid of any kind of feeling at all, until, on returning to place the filters that we'd used up, I heard Dr. Lewis saying, "It's not really that bad." Whatever the woman said in reply was muffled. It was then that I realized that she was, in fact, sobbing.

I asked Dr. Lewis about her later. He's a kind, old man, in his late fifties, quite absent-minded, but a peach of a boss to work for. He

flipped his glasses back up onto the bridge of his nose, he does it a million times a day, and wrinkled up his face as he does whenever he's upset. "Why do you want to know, Nurse Foster?" he asked.

Usually when we're working after the patients are gone for the day, he calls me, Dorothy, which is my name, or Dot, if he's in a good mood, or Dotty, if he's in an especially good or silly frame of mind. 'Nurse Foster' kind of shook me. He must really be upset about this one. I was an noncommittal as I could be. "Oh," I said, or something like that "It doesn't really matter. I just wondered what the problem was, and how you help someone like that."

Now Dr. Lewis is classed as a general practitioner of medicine, which he is, but he's got one of the dandiest case loads you've ever seen. He could be a full-time surgeon, or gynecologist, or pediatrician or whatever, if he wanted, but he doesn't. I guess he likes variety, but this time he wouldn't talk about it at all. Which left me so much in the dark later, when Terry Evans came for an appointment.

She had short, blonde hair, not curled, but waved about her head. She wore black high-heel boots, block stockings and a short, black mini-skirt. She had a gorgeous figure and a young, innocent face. She had grey eyes, framed with thick lashes, to which she'd applied mascara. I guess they's have been too fair if she hadn't. She didn't use much makeup, but she didn't have to. She have me an impish smile when she went into the examining room to see Dr. Lewis. She knew pretty well how the guys in th4 outer office were ogling her, but she seemed to be enjoying it. When Dr. Lewis came in, he fussed around for quite a while, trying to think up things for me to get form him out of the office. At last, when I cottoned on that he was trying to get rid of me before he examined her, I asked him point-blank, "Well, doctor, do you want me to leave while you examine the patient?"

You could have knocked me down with a feather when he said, "Yes," just as plain as could be. At least he hd the consideration to be a little embarassed by it, but Terry Evans, she just threw back her head and laughed at me. She'd already taken off her sweater, a sleeveless blue and white thing, and had opened the front of her blue blouse. She was wearing one of those black uplift bras, and she was pretty well how the guys in the outer office were ogling her, but she was worried, too. This Terry Evans looked too pretty to be some kind of hooker, but, how would it look anyway, if it became known that Dr.

Lewis examined his female patients in his office without his nurse being present?

Then Mrs. Francek came over with the medical billing on Terry Evans. "Who was that who just went into Room Three?" she asked me.

"A Terry Evans," I said. There must have been some bitterness in my voice because Mrs. Francek, I've never been able to call her Lou, even to this day, stepped back a pace or two and would have gone away. "What is it?" I said crossly, "something wrong in her billing?"

Mrs. Francek's white head bobbed up and down and she began to suck on the end of her glasses, where the chain she has round her neck joins them. "It-it's th-this," she said. She always starts to stammer whenever I say two cross words. "Th-they must have copied th-this down wrongly at D-Doctor R-R-Rrempling's." She held up the card for me to see. After the medical insurance number and Terry Evans' name, the column headed 'sex' was clearly marked 'M.' Her birthday also showed that she was 24, though she'd barely looked more than 18 to me.

"It's a mistake," I said roughly. "I'll bring it to her attention when I clean up the room."

I was getting particulars from another patient when I heard Dr. Lewis stepping out of Room Three behind me. When he was out of the way, I went over to it, rapped on the door, and barged in. She was still in her underwear when I went in. She was putting a dark, blue-mini-slip over her bra and panties. She didn't seem too surprised by my walking in.

"I think there's a mistake on this record," I said brusquely.

"Oh?" she said. She'd begun to put on her dark pantyhose, quite oblivious to me. She had a marvelous figure, rounded in all the right places.

"Yes," I said. "I think there's something wrong with your sex." I smiled viciously at her, but she just fastened her blouse and raised an eyebrow to me. "Under your sex here," I waved the thing at her, "It has you listed as a male."

She nodded. "I know," she said glumly.

"You know!" I was speechless. "But don't you think you should do something about it?" I asked petulantly at last.

"What do you suggest?" She was very cool and began adjusting her short skirt. "The record's quite accurate at present, I am indeed a man." Her grey eyes had held mine with such a calculating look as she'd said it that I was instantly sure that she wasn't joking at all.

It hadn't been often in my life that I've been totally at a loss for words, but at that moment, I was. I couldn't think of anything to say. After that first penetrating look, she'd, I mean, he'd turned away and finished his dressing. The he'd touched up his eye makeup, given me a little smile and left.

"Well, you got what you deserved," was all the commiseration my wounded sensibilities got from Dr. Lewis.

"What are you going to do for her, er, I mean, him?" I asked.

"It's none of your business, now is it, Dot?" There was a twinkle in his eye as he said it.

"Well, what could such a person want with you—a freak like that?" I asked. There must have been disgust all over my face.

"Oh, Dorothy," sighed the doctor. "Where've you been hiding the last few years? That young man isn't so untypical. Besides, there's nothing much else I could do for him. What we was referred to me for, was a second opinion on an internal problem that I'm sure can be cleared up with medicine, rather than surgery."

My eyes obviously showed my surprise. "No," he laughed at me. "We're not into that kind of operation here. At least not yet."

* * * * *

A week after that, my roommate, Pat Lumsden up and married. It was a 'quickie' marriage, with quite a few sniggles at the registry office, where no one said too much. But Pat's leaving put me in a quandry. I needed someone to help out with the rent and fast. I mean,

I know I'm 30 and been working for ten years, but even I couldn't afford a two-bedroom apartment like ours all by myself. And I didn't want to move. I'd lived in that high-rise for nearly eight years.

I approached almost every grad from the nursing school, and probably every one of their friends, too, trying to find someone to share with me—but no luck. So, desperate, I did the only thing I could think of, I advertised in the local rag. I specifically said, "Phone after 6:30," in the ad and, whether or not there were calls before that, well, I'll never know. As far as I know, I got just that one call after a week of running the ad. The voice was kind, gentle and full of humor—captivating, I guess you'd call it. She said her name was Valerie MacMillan and she'd be over as soon as she could.

When she came inside the door, she introduced herself again as 'Valerie,' her silver nails pressing into the back on my hand. But I knew she wasn't Valerie MacMillan. She was Terry Evans. Or, I guess I should say, he was Terry Evans. I let him walk about the place, not letting on I knew him, and he was going on in rapture about how beautiful the place was and how thrilled he'd be if I'd let him share with me. He wore more makeup this time, blue eyeshadow and black eyeliner. His dress was white, pleated and fashionably knee-length. He wore the most gorgeous white and silver shoes with Louis heels. He obviously didn't recognize me at all.

As he undid his coat and his breasts thrust forward in that low-cut dress, I must have turned back in revulsion.

He stopped in the middle of praise of the beautiful commode in what would have been 'her' room. "What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"You're Terry Evans," I blurted out.

For a long time, he stood there, looking at me. I must admit that I've rarely before even been in the company of such a beautiful woman. "You're Dr. Lewis' nurse," he said shortly.

I nodded dumbly. There wasn't much else I could do. He looked regretfully around the room, at the white and pink counterpane on the bed. "I could have been happy here," he said wistfully. Then he shrugged, straightened his navy-blue coat, fastening the huge buttons



DONNA IL-11-S

slowly. "Well," he said at last, giving me a tight little smile, very controlled, "I guess I should get out of here, you've probably get lots of other girls to see."

I nodded, "Lots," I lied. 'Other' girls, I thought indignantly.

He nodded slowly. Then, he flicked his curls over the upturned collar of his coat. In a most feminine manner, he put on his thin, white gloves. "See you," he smiled and gave a little wave. Then in a waft of perfume, he turned, stepped brightly out of the room, crossed to the entrance and was gone.

I watched 'her' walk across the wooded parking lot below, several men turning their heads to watch 'her' go by. She got into a bright, new, American sports car and fairly whizzed out of the parking lot. I kind of regretted that she'd gone. She was, as I said captivating.

I stayed on at the apartment after that, but despite running my ad for two more weeks and getting five or six crank calls, I could see that I'd have to move out of my comfortable niche. Things got so depressing for a day or two that I even thought of marrying Ed Birley, my so-called boyfriend. Ed had asked me before, but, if I married him, I'd just be a full-time nurse to his mother, who's a permanent wheelchair case. It's not that I'm so bad-looking or anything. I'm pretty regular, I guess, and when I'm all dressed, I can be as good as brown eyes, mousy hair and a twenty buck hairdo will ever be.

Things were even more desperate for me after a couple of weeks more. No matter what other places I looked at, the rents for one person were staggering too. I would hardly be better off even if I moved. And work was hectic, too. We were so busy that I didn't even realize that Terry Evans was there until the doctor said, "Will you put Miss Evans in Three, Dot?" There was a stress on the word 'Miss' and a kind of lilt to Dr. Lewis' voice that alerted me.

"Miss Evans," I called and Terry came from the far corner of the L-shaped room, the corner you can't see from the desk. I wouldn't have recognized him anyway. He was wearing an auburn wig, at least I guessed it was a wig, styled in a long, bushy Afro. Again, he wore boots and tinted stockings and his short, maroon mini-skirt was a match for his maroon sweater. He wasn't wearing a bra. Looking the way he does in a sweater, I thought gloomily, he ought to. It's only fair that he give us real girls a slim, fighting chance.

As I usually do, I followed 'Miss' Evans into the examining room. "How are you?" he asked. "Does the doctor want me to strip?" The provocative way he said it, his hand with its dark red nails tritely perched on his hip, was too much for me. I blushed and would have left. "Hey, don't leave. I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't be so stupid as to put you on." He sat up on the examining table with an easy jump showing me that he was wearing maroon panties. "Tell me, have you got someone to share with you yet?"

"No," I said without thinking. "It looks like I'll be moving out just as soon as I can."

He looked at me for a moment, his dark red lips pursed. "You don't really want to move," he said. He spoke so softly and huskily, just like a woman, that I couldn't have told the difference, or the reason why he spoke that way, if I hadn't known.

I hesitated a bit. I didn't really want to get into a discussion with this, well, this, this fairy, I suppose I was thinking. "No," I said briefly, and turned off to the chart that showed his measurements taken by Dr. Lewis at the earlier examination. They were pretty impressive, too, for a woman. But for a man? I think I must have shuddered.

He couldn't have seen me because he was going on. "I haven't found anywhere suitable either. Seems I can't find a place anywhere people will just leave me alone, everywhere I go, people always have plans for me." He began to take off the boots, the zipper rasping sharply as he sighed. "I just want a place with a room to myself where no one will bother me."

Despite myself, I was curious. "What do you do for a living?" I asked.

He smiled, even, pearly-white teeth showing between the dark lipstick. "Oh, I model quite a bit," he said. And I dance whenever I need quick money. But mostly I just live on the income from the savings my mother left me—which doesn't make me rich, I assure you."

"No sugar daddies:" I must have made a terrible sneer.

"A shadow passed over his pretty face. His makeup eyes looked darkly at me. "No," he said softly with a sigh.

Dr. Lewis came in then and ushered me out of the room again and I was busy enough that I didn't see Terry leave. I don't think I was really thinking too much about it either until Mrs. Francek came bubbling over to me later.

"Hey, Dot," she said. "I think I've found someone to live with you," she was positively beaming.

"Who?" I said quickly.

"Terry Evans," she said excitedly. I hadn't told her why there was an M on Terry Evans' health card, and, now, she'd clearly forgotten about it. "She was telling me that she can't find a place to share anywhere in the city. I told her all about you, and she said she'd love to share with you. She said she had to go but she left you this number to call her." She bubbled on for a while about what a nice girl Terry was, how charming and well-spoken and so well dressed.

I could hardly contain my disappointment 'cause for a moment I'd thought that Mrs. Francek had really got something. But fancy, I couldn't share my apartment with a man, now could I? Not even a part-man like Terry Evans. But as Mrs. F. rattled on with only an occasional hum of encouragement from me, the idea began to form in my head that Terry Evans wasn't really a man at all, was he? Just thinking of the way he'd looked the three times I'd met him made me start to wonder. Who knows? Despite what Dr. Lewis said, Terry Evans might soon be just as much a woman as the rest of us. And who else would know except for Dr. Lewis, and I didn't have to tell him, and I could keep my apartment, and I didn't have to see much of Terry Evans at all. My thoughts raced on and on. I didn't tell Mrs. Francek at all, of course, that I'd phone. I just said I'd think about it which left her puzzled and a little put out with my lack of enthusiasm.

Terry moved in that same night. He was a blonde in a black dress and raincoat when we met again. It took him three trips from his last place, wherever that was, with his clothes alone, to move in. As he unpacked and put things away, I just had to watch, goggle-eyed, at the marvellous clothes he had, and not a pair of pants in the whole lot! "No," he said with a smile when I asked him, "I don't feel right in long pants. I've a few pairs of hot pants in the white case if you want to look—but that's about all the pants you'll ever see me in."

He was putting away more of the niftiest negligees, peignoirs and nighties I'd ever seen—all frilly, silky and covered with ribbons—just about as feminine as it was possible to be. "Why'd you call yourself Valerie when you phoned before?" I asked, sitting on the end of "his" bed. He was bustling about, taking his lingerie from a case and storing it away.

"Valerie Macmillan is my modelling name," he said. "I use it most of the time now. I only use Terry when I have to."

"What d'you want me to call you?" I asked.

He thought for a moment, kicking off his heels and beginning to put them away with his other shoes, nearly all high heels. "I much prefer Valerie," he said. "Terry has too many bad times in it for me."

I myself found it pretty hard to call him "Valerie" at first, although it came quite naturally after a few days. "Valerie," you see, is my sister's name and so with it, I was used to saying "she" and "her." I don't know why but from the moment I found out that Terry Evans was really a man, I had, despite his gorgeous appearance, thought of him as as a "him," using "he" in my own thoughts. But "Valerie" brought on a lot of changes with me. Having "him" around, too, curled up in such a feminine manner in a negligee on the sofa watching TV, using the name "Valerie," made me start to think "she" and "her" in my thoughts. Of course, I had to use the feminine anyway when I spoke to Lou Francek and Pat Bailey, nee Lumsden, when I spoke to them about "Valerie Macmillan," but I had that pretty well rehearsed in my mind anyway and I doubt that they noticed any of the embarrassment I felt when I told them about "her" and what "she" was like.

Valerie kept herself pretty much to herself for the first few days much as she said she would. She went out earlier than I did on her modelling jobs and usually got back, looking very worn out long after I'd eaten. She was quite used to looking after herself and, in fact, was much neater and tidier than I am in using everything in the kitchen and particularly in the bathroom. I always leave stuff scattered all over the place—pins, clothes, tissues—but Valerie never did. As the saying goes, she was a real doll. Even on Saturday, she kept pretty much to herself, sleeping late and discreetly staying out of the way when Ed called to take me out to a movie. She was already in bed when we returned and, as far as I know, asleep. I checked,

thinking Ed ought to meet her sooner or later, but he had to wait till much later.

On Sunday, she was up before I was, all sparking in an orange print dress and a white apron, bringing me breakfast in bed. She came briskly into the bedroom, already made-up and wearing one of her long, blonde wigs. I think she had nearly twenty wigs in all. Her tiredness had evaporated and she looked, well, lovely, if you can use such a word about a man. I looked a wreck, of course, as I usually do on any morning when I don't put my rollers in. Looking at her, brightly whizzing about the apartment, vacuuming, dusting and generally being very domestic, depressed me no end. Finally, thank goodness, she was through. The apartment had been blitzed in a way it had never been done before. Pat, you see, had matched my inept housekeeping, even, on occasions, surpassing my worst efforts by far.

"Well, I'll be off," she said brightly, arranging the wig in the mirror that hangs on the back of the outside door, arranging the wig so that it fitted around her ears, but allowed her big, gypsy earrings to show.

"Where are you going?" I asked. I'd got dressed, but my hair wouldn't be awake for at least a couple of hours.

"Probably to the zoo, though sometimes I go to church," she said, satisfied at last with her appearance. "Depending how I feel, but I don't like to stay in on Sundays, particularly in the mornings."

"Neither do I," I agreed, surprised to find someone who felt as I do about Sunday mornings. It's the deadest part of the week, but I'd never go to church, not me. "But I don't have any choice about it usually," I said. "My hair needs the rest." I pulled disconsolately at a few, straggly wisps.

Valerie laughed. "Why don't you get a wig?" she asked.

"On my salary?" I'm a perpetual grumbler, as you can see, and I haven't improved with age.

"Oh," she thought for a moment. "If you'd like to come out this morning, why don't you borrow one of mine?"

So I did—after a little persuasion. It was one I'd admired from the moment I saw it on the block in her room, and I guess Valerie had

seen the way I'd looked at it. It was a brown wig, with blonde streaks, just the way I'd have my hair if I could afford it every week. In fact, the way I used to have it before I finally gave up hospitals and shift-work for the soft touch and low pay of the doctor's office.

Valerie suggested I add liner and mascara beneath my eyes and I was surprised how instantly my eyes seemed to stand out. I guessed that with all her modelling it was natural for her to know more about make-up than me—but it sure rankled that a man would be able to show me how to be prettier, particularly one who'd lent me his wig. With the way Valerie was looking, I dressed pretty smartly for a Sunday morning outing, but, of course, I was like a moth to a butterfly compared to Valerie. Her chocolate-brown coat with orange and white buttons was spectacular with the honey-blonde hair floating over her shoulders. I guess I was smarter than I usually was but I sure felt dawdy beside her.

We went to the zoological gardens. It was still fairly chilly that early in the morning though the sun shone brightly through the skeletons of the poplar trees that lined the walks. Most of the leaves had already disappeared from the paths as well as the trees. I was surprised by the numbers of people walking about, and particularly by the number of men. We were whistled at several times as we strolled down to the bear pits, where Valerie wanted to go in particular. I was surprised again by the number of people whom she knew that worked in the place. She spoke to several of the keepers by name. We stopped finally to look down into the great concrete compound which housed the brown bears, avoiding the "come-hither" looks we got from several guys. Pines and other kinds of conifers gave the concrete and rock slabs a kind of wilderness look. Valerie was staring intently at several of the largest bears, two blacks and a cinnamon.

"The older cubs are penned off now," she said. "So they've let Benny, the black with the chewed ear, back into the pen." Her face was fierce and brooding, the first time I'd seen deep emotion there. "She wasn't a good mother, I'm afraid. She killed one of her own cubs. Bit him to death. They won't breed her again." There was such a note of sadness in her voice then that I felt sure that Valerie was relating this to something in her own life. But I couldn't be sure if she felt most sorry for Bonny or for the unfortunate cubs.

Suddenly she broke off. "I'm hungry," she said. "Let's get a hot



BECKY SC-4-T

dog." She smiled and began to dance off down the path. She looked like a young girl of eighteen while I felt positively ancient.

Valerie flirted outrageously with the young university and high school boys who run the cafeteria in the gardens. "Not really enough for us," she said with a grin as we skipped along through the brown carpet of grass. "But it's nice to practice once in a while."

I nodded of course. I just wasn't used to all the attention that Valerie attracted. Almost everywhere we walked we found men who smiled and winked at us. It was so exhilarating I could have stayed in those gardens for the rest of the day. But then Valerie told me she had to go out on a job that night, a dancing job, so we had to get back to the apartment. I tried to pump her about the job, but she was very non-committal and so I dropped it.

As we got out of her yellow sports car, the high-rise looming over us, she said in a most grateful voice. "You know, I'm really glad to be living here with you, Dot."

"Why?" I was pretty curious.

"Well, you know about me," she said, slipping her arm through mine as we walked in. "But you don't push me to tell you more about myself than I want to tell you. Oh, I suppose I'll tell you every nook and cranny of my life some day, but for now, I'm happy to be here."

"Didn't you like where you were before?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Non," she said. "Other models are really frustrating to be around. They're quite selfish and inconsiderate, believe me. And then, of course, there were the one or two people who know about me," the light had gone from her face. "They make too many demands on me."

Questions were on the tip of my tongue, but I held them back. Later, I thought, later. But it was quite a while before we broached that topic again.

Valerie tried to stay out of my life and she was as cautious as could be in what she said to me, but her influence was soon seen in me. She loved to experiment with different "looks." She looked great in her

"forties" look with high heel straps and all. When she was home all day, I never knew just who would answer the door at night when I got home. She led me onto experimenting, too, and to changing the way I dressed. She started me off, of course, with the tentative offer of a red silk bodyshirt that really set off my new hair style. I'd plunged for streaking again, even though I couldn't really afford it. Both Dr. Lewis and Mrs. Francek were astounded at the changes in me. And the changes, too, led to Roy Brass taking an interest in me.

Roy Brass was one of the medicine salesmen who occasionally drops by the office. He often exchanged pleasantries with Mrs. Francek and I. He was six feet tall, with leathery skin and a general well-worn expression that I find hard to resist. He was genuinely staggered by my new appearance. I felt his admiring eyes on me as I tried to carry on normally while he chatted to Dr. Lewis. Now, it was a long time since a man followed me with his eyes—in fact, it was the first time it had ever happened to me. You can't imagine how good it made me feel. I was as giggly as a schoolgirl. I was glad Valerie couldn't see me. Then when Roy asked to see me on the weekend . . . well, I almost went into shock. You could hardly say I accepted with dignity. I almost grabbed him to say, "Yes." He looked a little doubtful then, but I guess he was too much of a gentleman to back out, particularly after my reaction.

Surprisingly to me, Valerie was less enthusiastic than Lou Francek or Dr. Lewis about my going out with Roy. I knew she was working, however, on Saturday and, even though we'd taken to going out to dinners and movies together, usually on Saturdays, I didn't expect her cool reaction. I shrugged it off, though. With a person like her, you couldn't ever be sure, I thought, how she'd take anything. We'd kind of got our living together into a steady routine, particularly at the weekends. Despite winter, we still went for a drive and a walk at the weekends, though I don't know how Valerie stood it, even in her midiskirts, for she'd never wear pants, even on really cold days. She usually snagged her hose, too, in the wooded places she took me to for walks. She knew the city better than anyone I've ever known. She showed me places I never knew existed, and within just ten minutes of our place. Walks and lanes that were pleasant despite the snow.

(continued in TVia #100)



A WIFE'S VIEWPOINT

Anonymous

Dear Virginia:

I believe that, as a wife of a transvestite I have an interesting story to tell that might help other TVs and their wives.

I lived with a very masculine man for almost four years without knowing that he was a TV. I had been very sexually inhibited about the first three years that we lived together. My "man" was very patient and understanding of this because he knew about my upbringing (sex was dirty and all that). Finally I became very uninhibited and even learned to play the role of aggressor which my "man" loved. I even accidentally found out how turned on he became when I discovered his nipples. I thought that was a little strange because no other man I had ever "known" had been turned on this way.

After living together for four years I began pressing him for marriage but to no avail and I could not figure this out because I knew how much he loved me and in his own words that he "would never leave me." Then one night everything became very clear to me. My "man" got very drunk and on the way home kept saying, "We can't get married because you don't really know me." I kept questioning him and he finally admitted to me that he was a transvestite. Now, knowing my limited background you would think that this would have shocked me, but it didn't. I was too curious about the whole thing and kept plying him with questions. He finally answered all my questions and admitted to living with a very broad-minded girl previously who had understood these things. When she died he believed that everything had ended and would never be the same again. He even threw away all his feminine clothes.

Finally, after much talking to him, I convinced him to give me a considerable sum of money to go out and replace the feminine apparel. He was terribly nervous but not as much as I was because I knew nothing of his tastes and also because I am small and I thought it would look very strange for me to be buying such large things. I was fairly successful that first time and I insisted that he model the lingerie (which I had limited myself to so far). I think he almost said no because he was so afraid of my reaction. My buying the lingerie for him was one thing, but modeling it for me was something else. I convinced him and he very shyly modeled for me. He immediately became very turned on just trying the clothes on. I just couldn't believe it.

We then sat down together and discussed the whole matter. It was remarkable how well I did on my buying spree since he is a large man and I had no idea of sizes, so it was strictly a guessing game for me. As we discussed everything we also talked of our embarrassment and found that both of our fears were groundless. I explained to him that I thought it was great to have a lover and a best girl friend all in one (I had always found throughout my life that men made better friends than women. In fact I had had very poor luck with girl friends. They were never as intellectual as men and they couldn't be trusted as much either!) Imagine how excited and lucky I felt to have a lover *and* a best girl friend all in one.

Shortly after that we were married. I was so excited over things being the way they were, that I just shopped continuously for him. That I could buy for him took precedence over what I bought for myself (even though he was always more than generous towards me). In time I found that when he got so turned on by his clothes, I got turned on too because I could do this for him.

Our sex life could never be more natural or satisfying. There is no doubt that he is in every way a man in bed, no matter what he is dressed in.

Just before Christmas I asked him why he never wore dresses. He replied that he always thought he looked much too masculine to pass (he is 6'2" and weighs 190 pounds) and that he really hadn't thought too much about it past that point. I asked him if he would like some dresses. He said yes, so I went right out and bought him some dresses for Christmas. Not being able to keep a secret I told him. The next

thing I knew we were in stores looking for dresses for him. We found some beautiful dresses and he was so excited, but we couldn't find any shoes large enough for him, so we are waiting for some mail order catalogues hoping to find some shoes in them.

For Christmas I gathered all my make-up that I don't use, including eyelashes and gave them to him as a "gag" with a card that said, "For someone who has everything." He laughed about it but didn't quite know how to take it. About a month after Christmas he broached the subject of my making him up. (I am a trained professional make-up artist.) I think it surprised him that I thought this was a great idea. So I made him up and even put one of my wigs on him. It was amazing! He actually looked like a woman. In fact we were both so excited that I got my camera out and took a bunch of pictures of him which turned out really good. Right after that I went out and got him a wig of his own and ordered another one too.

I have now suggested that as soon as we can find him some shoes, that we go out together and he can make his "debut" as a girl. He was extremely surprised that I suggested this, but is excited over the prospect of it. I believe we can pull it off and I know it will be very exciting for him.

Virginia, he is still to me the most masculine man I've ever known, especially in bed. He has made love to me in his femme clothes, and also while he was made up as a girl. I thought this might be the one thing that would upset me, but astonishingly enough it didn't. I just knew that it was my husband making love to me and what he wore did nothing to change that.

I believe that if more wives of TVs took the initiative, and remembered the point I have brought out in this letter, they would be able to understand their TV husbands better, to stand by them, encourage them and never let them feel that their roles in life are threatened. To be there, to have an open line of communication and to encourage our partners to have no inhibitions where their TVism is concerned is what it's all about. After all, even when there is no TVism involved, these are the most important points in a marriage relationship. My husband and I have that very rare "special magic" in our marriage which nothing or no one can take away from us.

In closing I can only reiterate that old saying, "Stand by your man,"

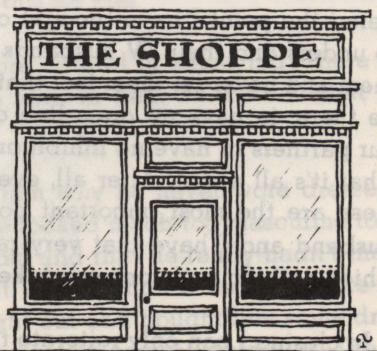
encourage him, suggest things, take the initiative and never be "turned off" by him because he is *your man*! In my opinion TV is as normal a thing for a man as we women dressing up like men in pants everyday to go to work. I would like to encourage all wives of TVs to think about it as I have and I am sure they will come to the same conclusions. I for one can hardly wait to qualify to join Tri Sigma (I say "T" because we are *one*). One issue of *TVia* has aroused my curiosity even more than before.

Sincerely,

An extremely happily married woman

Editor's Note: This letter arrived anonymously. Perhaps someday she will identify herself to me as I would like to meet such an open-minded and sensible woman.

YES DOCTOR, THIS IS THE
SAME STYLE OF UNIFORM THAT
WE SOLD TO YOUR NURSE --
BUT YOURS HAS A FULLER SKIRT.



FICTION



BIG SISTER

Tecla CA-38-C

When young Jason heard the stair creak outside his bedroom door, he froze in panic. His muscles became stone, daring not the slightest move. Under the warm bed covers, the thud of his pulse magnified itself in his ears. He tried not to breathe.

Yet, in all his fright, Jason savored the sensual caress of the soft satin nightgown that enveloped his body and the snug press of the panties against his private parts. For a moment, he was distracted from his fear and the sound from the stairway ceased to exist. Then, it returned. Another creak.

Suddenly, he was back in the present. His sister, Edith must have returned early from her evening with her girl friends. Or, could time have passed him by so rapidly that it was much later than he imagined? He could not recall. There was a flash of disappointment that this solitude was over and he abruptly returned to the reality of his life in this pleasant house with Edith.

She was almost ten years older than he and, to all intents and purposes was his practical parent, his real mother having died when Jason was very young. Their father led the itinerant life of an airplane pilot and settled them in this home in a middle-class neighborhood in the hope of retaining a sense of normalcy in their lives. But the nature of his work required that he be away much of the time. Three days a week, a maid handled the household chores and prepared many of the meals. For the most part however, Jason's growing up was supervised by Edith with only occasional participation by his dad.

Jason loved and admired his older sister very much. While she devoted a great deal of her time to her studies at the university, she made a particular point to return his affection. Perhaps it was this strong bond between them that created the desire within Jason to emulate her in every way and to openly share her feminine world. He was quite pleased to respond if she asked his opinion on which blouse best matched the skirt she planned to wear or requested his assistance in zipping a dress up the back. Once, not long ago, he was even pressed into service to wash a pair of nylon stockings for her in an emergency. He marvelled at the delicate fabric and exercised great care to be gentle. Edith was grateful and praised him, planting a kiss on his forehead in payment. Jason blushed.

His attraction to female appurtenances grew as time passed and his sister accepted it with some pleasure for, in her find, it served to strengthen their relationship. And, aware of the high quality of her brother's character, she felt no concern that his interests were harmful to his development. Indeed, she relished the notion of a male who displayed a sensitivity to the softness of womanhood. Also, it is possible to assume that she enjoyed an occasional edge of envy in Jason's attitude.

Thus it was that, when the lad came upon her in the midst of a fingernail polishing session, Edith freely offered an answer to his curiosity by applying the colors to his nails with the proviso that it be removed before father returned from his latest junket. Jason agreed, of course, and was awed by the depth of the feeling that this simple ritual generated within him. Throughout the remainder of the day, the sensation returned each time he took notice of his fingers, which was often. A deep emptiness overtook him when the hour of his father's return approached and the deep red color was summarily wiped away.

These remembrances and many more secret thoughts cascaded through Jason's mind as he lay rigid in bed anticipating the next footstep in the night's silence. His only solace was the gentle garment that wrapped about him beneath the blankets.

No sound came. Instead, through half-closed eyes, he perceived a soft line of light at the edge of the door as it opened slowly. This was worse! Jamming his eyelids tightly together, he prayed that Edith would merely look to see that he was asleep and retire to her own room.

He breathed heavily now, hoping to convince her that he was in a deep slumber.

There is a strange electricity that passes from one human body to another when they are in close proximity. In his bed, Jason was overwhelmed by this charge of energy and, even though he dared not flutter his eyelids to see, he knew that Edith stood alongside him. He breathed harder, hoping again to dissuade further investigation.

He felt a touch on his pillow by the side of his head. Was she adjusting the covers? Then, his heart sank!

Edith's hand was softly fingering a small piece of satin ribbon that protruded from the shoulder of the sleeping gown from beneath the covers. Unbeknownst to Jason, the bow opened when he made his hasty retreat a few moments ago and now lay in a random loop on the pillow next to his head. He sensed that something was awry. When he felt the slight tug, he knew that the thin, pink strand had betrayed his secret. Sickness at the thought of displeasing his beloved sister overtook him. A soft moan escaped from his lips.

He is still as the hand gently lifts back the covers and lays bare the form of Jason beneath the shimmering folds of satin. The boy feels the cooler air of the room on his side and his chest and stomach. He is too paralyzed to move. A tear forms in the corner of one of his tightly closed eyes. Filled with remorse over his brazen act, he cannot fathom what possessed him to betray the trust of his dear sister by sneaking into the privacy of her room and taking liberties with her most intimate things.

It had been a heady experience. With no forethought or planning whatsoever, the scheme simply sprang into his consciousness after dinner when she left to spend a few hours of study with her friends. He knew that the girls held to a rigid schedule on such occasions and that Edith would return at about eleven o'clock.

Almost as soon as her small car disappeared down the tree-lined street, the uncanny force was drawing Jason to her room across the hallway from his own. The young man was dizzy with expectation and, as he inhaled deeply of the fragrance of the chamber, he sat on

the corner of the bed for a moment to regain his composure. Slowly, he played his eyes across the line of lovely dresses, blouses and skirts hanging in the open closet, imagining their feel, fantasizing a life in which they would all belong to him. He moved to his sister's bureau, his trembling hand opening the drawer in which she kept her underthings. Shimmering little heaps of nylon and rayon and satin pleased his touch. The lady-like fabrics, no foreign to his world, created extraordinary sensations deep within. Jason had known these emotions before but never with the intensity that now overtook him. It was like being in the grip of a strange fever.

In a second, his own clothing was in a heap on the floor at his feet; a ribbon-trimmed pair of white panties tickled their way up his legs to embrace the male organs. There was a fluster of confusion with the clasp of a fragile white bra. After a few misses, it connected to bind him snugly about the chest. It was followed by a glimmering white slip with a border of fine lace at top and bottom.

By this time, Jason was beside himself with agitation and he did not know which way to turn next. His face was flushed; his heart pounded. He longed for the caress of nylon stockings, the dizziness of walking about in high-heeled shoes. Every dress in the closet seemed to beckon him. Dainty jars and tubes tempted him from the make-up table. What should he do? Thoughts would not come in logical order.

Stepping into a pair of Edith's slippers, he coped with the unfamiliar heels, wobbled to her full-length mirror and breathlessly surveyed himself. He twirled awkwardly a few times, regaining his balance at the last moment. The joy was intoxicating.

Since his sister was only slightly larger than he, both being rather diminutive, the fit of her clothing on him was, at the very least, adequate. Far from looking foolish, as he feared, he was thrilled to note that he appeared in the glass as a smaller version of her. He ran his hands down the sides of the smooth slip and around his buttocks, savoring the softness that the material imparted to his flesh.

Then, a wave of sadness passed over him. Oh, how he desired to be like his sister! How he longed to be part of the gentle world of delicate clothes, soft touches and tantalizing fragrances. But, it was not for him. And, without warning, he began to cry.

Bitter tears flowed down his face. The lad could not stem their flow. Nor did he try. He beheld that this was the real Jason sobbing back at him from the looking-glass, not the lively sprite that others knew who roller-skated and played ball and ran with the neighborhood boys. But, what could he do about it?

In despair, he removed the beloved slip, struggled again with the bra and, stepping about more gracefully in the slippers, replaced the items in Edith's drawer. Torn by his dilemma, he slumped on the bed and buried his face in the coverings.

Many questions fought for attention: How could such a deep feeling seem so unattainable—so unacceptable? Was there any way his innocent dream could be realized? Why was he so alone in this overwhelming wish?

His mind remained a battleground of conflicting thoughts and desires. He made a supreme effort to sort matters out clearly, but order would not come to his head. Thoroughly upset by what was taking place within him, he made his way to his sister's bathroom and splashed cold water on his face, soaking and re-soaking the wash cloth, hoping that the chill would awaken him to the point where some logic would return.

As he reached for the towel and began to dry, he saw her long, lovely sleeping gown hanging in its place behind the door. For as long as he could recall, Jason had admired it—perhaps even coveted it. In his peculiar distraction, he rubbed its softness against his cheek, longing to remain forever in this moment. He wished never to leave this new-found world of femininity. Tonight, his life had changed and he knew that things would never be the same again. As if in a trance, he removed the nightgown from its hanging-place.

Carefully, lovingly, he slipped it over his head, adjusting the ribbons and their bows at his shoulders and felt it slither to the floor around his body. Calm returned; this was where he belonged. Uninvited though he may be, Jason knew that tonight, he had stepped across the threshold and into a place from which there was no return.

The garment swirled about him as he strode brazenly to his own room to savor this new image of himself in his own familiar place. It was as if he wanted to flaunt his new person to the objects of the masculine life that could never be the same as it was just hours ago.

Jason moved about his room as if he were afloat on a mist. Familiar sights were viewed from a remove that was exhilarating but tempered with awe and wonderment. He fingered a model airplane that he and his father had spent hours building; it was as if it had all happened to someone else. As he walked, the gown moved sensually at his waist, the broad skirt swept about his legs. He felt each touch, felt truly alive for the first time.

At the mirror, he was again taken with his resemblance to Edith. He envisioned his hair a little longer, fancied a touch of make-up here and there and knew that he could, indeed be mistaken for her younger sister.

Sensing that he was in the grip of some new and mysterious compulsion, Jason struggled to grasp it completely. Bewilderment grew, for the complexities were too great for his young mind to comprehend. He could not cease groping as more questions materialized: What was the power that gave him a buoyancy and delight that he never knew until now? Why had not this peculiar sense of well-being ever come to him before? Who was struggling to be free inside him?

He was enthralled with the idea that he had become another person. Was this possible? Time lost meaning, idea chased idea while he struggled with this new puzzle of life.

The sound of Edith's car pulling into the driveway snapped the boy back into the present. In his fright, there was time to do nothing but snap off the light and scurry under the bedcovers before he heard his sister enter the house and start to climb the stairs.

Now he lies fully exposed to her gaze, the soft satin absorbing the coolness of the evening air, his deepest, innermost secret exposed to the one he loves more than all others in the world. His heartbreak deepens and the tear at the corner of his eye becomes fuller, fed from the well of abject despair that floods his soul. He dares not open his eyes. How can he ever look at Edith again?

He senses another movement of her hand on the pillow beside him. It lifts the twist of satin ribbon that exposed his folly. It removes the tangle and gently re-ties the blow. Then, the hand softly smoothes the shimmering material beneath the shoulder support.

Jason is sure that he has ceased breathing forever and that his heart has terminated all motion. He cannot move.

The covers are leisurely replaced and tucked around his bare shoulders at either side. Jason feels the sweet warmth of his sister's breath at his cheek. A finger follows the course of the tear down his cheek and wipes it away. A soft kiss is followed by a whispered, "Good night, little sister."

The door quietly closes and she is gone.

Y'KNOW GLADYS --
I THINK THAT MAN OVER
THERE REALLY IS BUYING
THAT DRESS FOR
HIS GIRLFRIEND!





TRUE STORY

HEAD OVER HEELS

Frances ME-1-G

Virginia and I were driving to Boston Sunday evening after nine glorious days at Fantasia Fair '78 in Provincetown (Mass.). I was still very much "en femme" from my wig, well corseted figure to my five-inch heels. They were lovely boots from London and on three occasions women have come to me and asked if I would mind telling them where I got those "lovely boots." This always thrilled me and sadistically I thought to myself, "I hope you're as green with envy as I have been so many thousand times when I have admired the fashionable clothes of well dressed women."

"Frances," said Virginia, "do you realize that every day women trip and fall on account of their high heels and at your age (I'm 76) you could break something if you fell. Are you prepared in case you have to be carted off to a hospital as Frances? Are you prepared for the publicity and explanations you would have to give to those who don't know you as Frances?"

"No," I said, "but I'll take the risk. Like the current commercial on television with the girl singing about her gloves, I don't wanna take 'em off cause they feel so good when they're on. I feel the same way and probably more so about my heels."

A few weeks later I had the fall! But it wasn't caused by my exotic high heels. I have handled high heels for the last sixty years and feel more at home wearing them than I do without them.

I had driven in a blinding snow storm from Betsy's home in Rhode Island to an apartment where I was staying in Boston. I was wearing my figure-revealing brown print dress and gorgeous brown high heeled boots, also from London, and as I entered the apartment build-

ing congratulating myself on my safe arrival, I saw that the lights in the apartment below where I was staying alone were still on though it was after eleven on a Sunday night. The two young divorcees who live there know Frances well so I decided to go down and show them my outfit. I slipped at the top of the stairs and as there were no railings I landed on my head at the bottom. I broke my glasses and received a deep gash over my left eye. The girls heard me fall and came out to help me. After seeing the deep cut they took charge and called an ambulance and in no time I was lying on a table being stitched up by a surgeon in emergency. There I was, all dressed up in wig, make-up, corsets, heels and all.

This is it, I thought grimly: police, reporters, publicity and ridicule. I had risked and I had lost. So I decided I might as well relax, take what comes and enjoy the fact that I was dressed as a lady.

After stitching me up the doctor said, "I'll have to remove your wig to tape on the bandage, lady, but don't let that worry you, we see lots of women here who have to wear wigs but they don't all look as good as you do for your age."

"Should I prepare a room for *her*, doctor?" asked the nurse who stood by.

Could it be possible that they don't know I'm a male, I wondered. The girls had followed me to the hospital with my pocketbook and wallet and had signed me in. They told me later that the receptionist after getting my name and address, had asked if *she* had a husband. The girls answered, "No, she has a wife, and she isn't a 'she'—she's a a 'he.' " The girls said the receptionist remarked that "she" certainly doesn't look it but that she would have to put down "male" for the hospital records. "And that's all there was to it, Frances," said my friends. "All she wanted was the correct information for the records." Also they told me they had asked a nurse who came out of the operating room if a doctor had seen me and if I was all right. The nurse told them that the doctors were there now and that I was very pleasant and acting like a perfect little lady.

Before the nurse asked about preparing a room for me I had been x-rayed and examined thoroughly for any further head injury. Suddenly the doctor asked me, "What day is it?" I answered it was Monday the fourth. He said, "You're a little ahead of yourself, aren't you?" I could

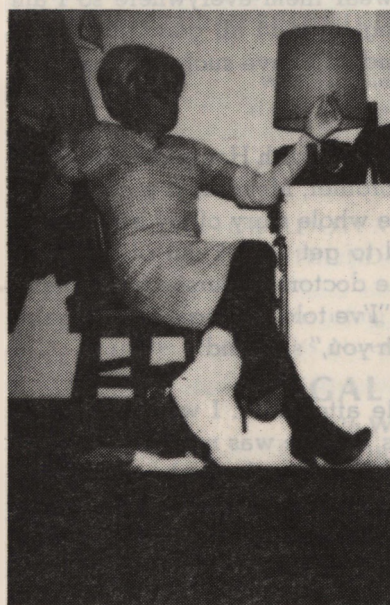
see a clock behind the doctor and told him it was long after midnight and that Sunday was gone. He turned to the nurse and said to my relief, "She's all right, she can go home."

I had come from the ambulance to the operating room in a wheel chair and certainly expected to go out by wheelchair. Never in the many times I have been dismissed from hospitals have I been allowed to go any other way but in a wheelchair. But now as the nurse helped me on with my coat she said, "There you are, dear. Your friends are in the waiting room across the lobby." And she ushered me out the door and pointed me down the corridor. I couldn't believe it! Just off the table and no wheelchair? And in such high heels?

So in short steps I clacked down the corridor past the receptionist who watched my progress the moment she heard my heels which seemed to me to be making an awful racket. But she smiled pleasantly as I went by and the girls who also heard me coming and met me and we drove back to the apartment house. I poured out my gratitude to the two girls who stayed with me as I prepared for bed. They would not let me do a thorough job of removing my make-up for fear of disturbing my wound. Finally they kissed me good night and said if I needed anything to bang on the floor and they would be right up. I shall never forget the loving kindness of those lovely young women.

In bed, I couldn't get to sleep. I wasn't hurt so badly that I didn't get a thrill out of the whole experience. I was glad I had resigned myself to accept whatever might happen and keep my cool. Outside of the receptionist, if those doctors, nurses and x-ray operators thought I was anything but a well dressed sporty old gal they never let on. My lady friends insisted that only the receptionist knew I wasn't female and that the others took me for what I appeared to be. So I really enjoyed myself and came out smelling like a rose.

After a few hours sleep I put on my make-up with extra care and dressed in the elegant outfit I had worn the night before. My male clothes were still in my car and I didn't want to go out and get them as a lady and go back to the car as a man. The bandage over my eye might give me away and I didn't want to change anyway. So I called my sister who retired recently and now lives alone near me in Maine. She has known about Frances for years but has never seen her. I explained my predicament and she was very cordial and said of course I could change at her house and would look forward to



FRANCES ME-1-G
The Boot Girl

meeting Frances and that we would be alone. My wife has never seen me dressed and doesn't want to. She even refuses to look at a picture of Frances so Frances is forced to lead a separate life out of respect for a wife who has known about her for 51 years of marriage but refuses to accept her. When she is upset or angry with me she says, "What do you want? The best of two worlds?" Calmly I answer, "Honey, I got 'em and I wish you would share them with me." But so far she won't budge from her intolerance.

I took my time driving home as I did not want to drive in my town before dark in case someone recognized my car. It was foggy all the way up the coast and I was tired so I stopped at the Sheraton Motor Inn in Hampton, N.H. for lunch. In the past year I have stopped there often as Frances and the help recognize me and greet me with cheery hellos and smiles. The dining room hostess on seeing me enter with the bandage just above my eye said, "Oh, you poor dear, what happened? Did you fall?" I explained that I slipped on an icy floor and she said, "You must be careful in this weather. I know if I wore those heels I'd break my neck." Of course I pointed out that my heels had nothing to do with it since I always wear them everywhere so I am quite comfortable and used to wearing them in all conditions. And she said, "I think you are wonderful and you have such tiny feet they look lovely on you. I envy you."

After lunch I stopped at Sylvia Greer's in North Hampton. She is my dressmaker and a real nice GG. Her brother, Merissa, is a confirmed cross dresser. Of course I told them the whole story of my experience at the hospital and they both seemed to get a kick out of it. Sylvia remarked that she was sure none of the doctors or nurses would have thought I was anything but a woman. "I've told you again and again, Frances, that I would go anywhere with you," she said.

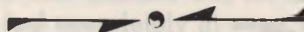
I arrived safely at my sister's a little after dark. I was nervous at seeing her for the first time as Frances but she was most complimentary. She said she thought I was terrific and that she had expected an old lady. "You've dropped twenty-five years off your age and become a cute chick!" she said. And as you all know, those kind of words make mighty sweet music to our kind of women.

My sister insisted I stay dressed and have supper with her, which I did. "Suppose someone comes?" I asked and she said, "They would never recognize you and I'll introduce you as my cousin. So relax."

And the two "sisters" had a nice time together the best part being the real one said she wanted to see more of Frances.

Finally I changed to go home. When I took off my make-up we got a surprise. Underneath, spreading down over my cheek was a big black eye. That "Cover Girl" make-up really does what it says. It was creamy natural foundation and I picked it up at K Mart.

As I drove home at last I couldn't help but wonder how many women given black eyes and bruises by abusive husbands cover them with make-up and go bravely on with no one the wiser. Being a woman is hard in some ways but there are also some very lovely advantages.



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TRUE STORY

KATIE AND BECKY— A GATEWAY CITY VISIT

Katie CA-45-T

Becky MO-6-T

The 13th of March '78 was a gloomy and cold pre spring day in St. Louis, accompanied by very heavy continuing rain. It was also a day for happy anticipation as Bob walked up to the registration desk of the plush hotel and asked, "Has Mr. Ken Tracy (a fictitious name) checked in yet?" He was surprised when the desk clerk said, "You're in luck, that's him over there signing in now." With only slight hesitation, Bob walked over and gently tapped the gentlemen on his arm and said, "Ken, I'm Bob Thatcher (fictitious) and I'd like to buy you a drink in the bar after you've registered if I may."

"Sure, I'll be right in," Ken responded. There was no hesitation on Ken's part because he was in town on a government contract business and Bob was in military uniform.

A few minutes later in the bar, Bob opened with, "Ken, I'm Becky's brother and I believe your sister Katie sent her a letter through Tri Sigma from California the other day. Did you get Becky's answer before you left?" Ken understood then and the two shook hands again as he realized their mutual bond. They were Katie and Becky, sorority sisters.

It wasn't long before the two were in Katie's hotel room both talking with tremendous relief filling each other in *and* most importantly making plans. Katie confessed that she had also written Leslie Ann in St. Louis but had had no response. Becky who is very interested in organizing a local chapter in St. Louis, said that she had also written Rhonda, Florence and Leslie Ann, St. Louis sisters listed in the March 78 Tri Sig Directory but had had no response. Neither

could understand why girls would list "will correspond" and want to join a local chapter and then ignore attempts to effect such a dream. Speaking of Dream and of Fantasia Fair, both Katie and Becky would love to go to both affairs this fall and both vowed they would try to go to at least one if they possibly could. In the meantime, Becky is making plans to go to Shangri La in Gulfport, Miss.

Then down to details of planning for that night and the next. Becky couldn't possibly get out that night and she had done no investigation into where TV could go in St. Louis. You see, Becky had only been out at night twice before and had only been to three or four "straight" bars over near the airport. In fact, Becky was having a heavy experience since never before in all her life had she ever met and talked face to face with another TV, let alone a sorority sister which whom she could feel completely at ease. How wonderful to be a Tri-Sig girl!

So it was decided that the night of the 14th would have to do. Becky was to bring her clothes to Katie's room and change while Katie was at a business dinner with her brother's co-workers. In the meantime Katie was to try to get some information as to places to go from the St. Louis "gay hotline" number.

Both girls were very prompt the next night and Becky was all dressed in a lovely lime green suit (skirt and jacket) and a white cowl neck blouse when Ken rushed in from dinner. Becky stood at the door of the bathroom, smiled and with a hand on her hip she teased, "Katie, where have you been, I've been waiting hours for you?"

Katie laughed and said, "If you had then you'd better have your wig on wouldn't you?" Then both girls laughed as Becky scampered into her short haired blond wig.

"How do I look Katie? Please tell me if you see any flaws."

"No, you look fine, but the black low heeled sandals don't do much for your legs."

"I know, I brought some white, high heels with me but its not quite yet Easter and they may be a little early."

Katie said, "I brought just the thing," and handed Becky a beautiful pair of black four inch heels with tiny wrap around ankle straps.

Becky's smile was instantaneous. "Wow, they are beautiful. I'll try them on." Which she immediately did and she loved them. Except for being a little tight across the instep they were fine and they did make her legs look good.

By this time Katie had donned her corselette and full length waist cincher/strapless foundation garment and hose and was fixing her face. At 5 ft. 7 in., Katie loves the full rounded effect of foundation garments while Becky, being only slightly taller at 5 ft. 8 in., prefers the single flowing freedom of bikini panties and padded bra.

It wasn't long before the girls were fully dressed and painting their nails, but they were beginning to worry about where to go. The hotline number still didn't answer so no help was there, and they did want to go out badly.

Lets quickly make some other comparisons of the two sorority sisters who were, by now, becoming close friends. Katie's hair was jet black and shoulder length and she wore a scoop neck, beige, nylon, ruffled, long sleeved blouse with a wool, scotch plaid wrap around skirt, dark hose and dark brown T-strap pumps with four inch heels. Her lipstick and nails were a fire engine red to bring out her darker coloring. When she looked at you with her bright shining blue eyes no one could deny that she was quite attractive.

I've already described Becky's outfit and hair. She wore pale pink lipstick with lip gloss and nails to match. Of course she was wearing Katie's black sandals and she had brought winter coats for both girls. Hers was a $\frac{3}{4}$ length dark grey with a wide black wool collar, while Katie's was a thigh length black wool coat. With matching black evening clutch bags they were ready to face anything and everything now.

They started out into the cold dark night and headed for one of the straight discos at a motel that Becky had been to before. On the way, Becky told Katie about the previous time she had been there and about the guy named Johnny who had tried to pick her up. She had done everything to dissuade him, "I'm waiting for my husband," to "I'm too old for you," to "If my exboyfriend finds you here he's gonna be really made and has he got a temper!" to finally, "I'm sorry, but I've got to go—yes right now," which she had promptly done and that ended that.

On arrival and parking the rental car that Katie was driving, the girls rather timidly, opened the door and started up the stairs to the disco. There, to their dismay, they saw a wall to wall, 20 to 30 age crowd 3 deep at the bar. It was more than Becky could face knowing there would be no seats and they would have to yell loudly for a drink. She chickened out for the both of them and said, "Katie, that's a mess up there, there's no way—" Katie answered with a pat on Becky's hand, "Don't worry, Becky, I agree with you," and they left in a rather disappointed, strained silence.

It was Katie who broke the silence with, "Say, let's just drive down Lindberg Blvd. and see if we can find a quiet little bar and at least go in for a drink." So off they went, looking for a simple pleasure of some place out in the big wide world to play the part of a feminine person and to be accepted as they were, respondent in soft and modest fashion.

After rejecting several rather "red neck" looking spots, they found a nice quiet bar by a restaurant. Becky opened the door and "checked out the place" while Katie parked the car and they both entered this time with more assurance. They selected their own table and slide out of their coats. They ordered their drinks, Scotch for Katie and Vodka tonic for Becky and talked to each other about many things as they smiled and genuinely enjoyed themselves. If the waitresses or busboy read them they certainly didn't let on. There were three other tables of people in the place and the only person that even looked at them was one "GG" in a two couple party. She stared hard two or three times and then lost interest as she went back to the conversation at her table.

As they finished their drinks, Becky smiled and said, "I think most girls slip into their coats sitting down." Katie complied and paid the check for both of them and they departed slowly and languorously enjoying their last brief minutes of their evening out. They drove slowly back to Katie's motel and returned to her room. Becky had never been able to get pictures of herself before and had brought her camera and flash.

As the photo session continued through several changes of outfits for Becky and discussions of which poses were good and which not so good, Becky tried to make sure that most of her shots showed her



WITH
MICHELLE
OHIO

CHRISTMAS TIME

WITH
DORINA
NV-1-D



right wide smile. She kept saying that she wished that most of the other girls would really smile broadly in their pictures too. "After, all,

As the photo session continued through several changes of outfits for Becky and discussions of which poses were good and which not so good, Becky tried to make sure that most of her shots showed her right wide smile. She kept saying that she wished that most of the other girls would really smile broadly in their pictures too. "After all, you know, we really dress to have fun and for example I'm having more fun right now than I'll have for the next three months, I know. It is such fun and I just love it." They took three pictures of Katie and no less than ten poses of Becky.

It seemed like in no time at all that it was 2 a.m. and the end of the evening was near. Reluctantly Becky packed up her clothes, removed her makeup and changed methodically back into Bob. As she did Katie sensed her sadness and suddenly said, "Becky, do you like those shoes I loaned you?" "I surely do," was the response. "Well, they look so good on you—they are yours!"

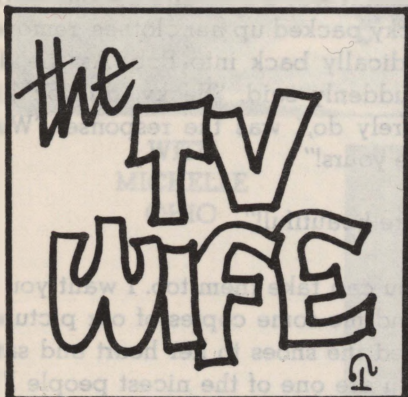
"Katie, no, I can't do that, they are beautiful!"

Katie said firmly, "Becky, yes you can take them too. I want you to have them. Just promise me to send me some copies of our pictures, okay?" Becky smiled as she hugged the shoes to her heart and said, "Oh Katie, thank you so much, you are one of the nicest people I've ever met."

As they smiled and sadly shook hands, Bob looked at Katie who had by now changed into her long pink night-gown and said, "Thank you for everything, Katie. It's been wonderful." There was nothing else to say. Both knew they would keep in touch, that Katie would receive the pictures, that Becky would do "homework" on places to go to before the next visit and that they would see each other again sometime, someplace.

Overall, Becky felt that the trip was probably a disappointment to Katie since Katie had reached the level of even going shopping in the daytime "dressed" and since she also had gone to many functions in California. For Becky, however, it was a "super" experience. It was her first TV friend and her first photography session. Her new friend

had given her part of her own treasured wardrobe as a gift and helped her in so many ways. As a result Becky was happy with beautiful memories and Bob was completely relaxed and relieved from so many inner desires and tensions. The photos all came out beautifully and copies were sent to Katie so that they will always remember the Gateway City Visit.





RECOLLECTIONS: UBA's

Anonymous

Not long ago there was an ad in *Transvestia* for the Uba Fashion Shop, on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood with services directed towards the needs of the transvestite community.

As I was recently on a business trip to Southern California, I made way to Uba's, an odd little shop, gaudily decorated with bright flags and banners, just in case one might miss the narrow entrance way and the welcome extended by Uba.

Once past the two vocal Dobermans which help guard the premises, one quickly feels the gentle acceptance of one's presence, nonjudgemental, as one is. And, what a profusion of dresses, gowns, corsets, foundations and other underthings, stockings and costumes! If it is one's first visit here, as it was mine, there is also a feeling of almost uncontrollable excitement.

Uba inquired as to my wishes; I merely said that I'd like to look around. I'm sure she is used to that first tentative comment from new customers.

Nervously, I fingered through racks and heaps of foundation garments, searching for a black all-in-one panty corselet with a snap crotch opening, such as I once saw displayed in a store window in New York (I always regretted that I didn't have the nerve, at that time, to just go in and buy it). Finally, not finding what I was looking for, I got up the courage to ask Uba, and almost at once, she located just the garment for which I had been searching, black lace elastic, with a satin nylon front panel and extra lace elastic trim about the

panty-legs, concealing the hosiery supporters, and with the hook-and-eye closure at the crotch.

I had certainly felt quite uneasy, this being my first time openly patronising a store selling women's things, but Uba's quiet and natural acceptance of my needs quickly laid my apprehensions aside.

While Uba was wrapping my coveted purchase, I asked her about the availability of long, black, opaque hosiery—specifically, long stockings I could wear underneath my men's trousers without attracting notice. These days, it is easy enough to find opaque pantyhose or tights, but there are not at all convenient to wear underneath an all-in-one panty-corset: I prefer to wear an all-in-one foundation with its smoother line about the waist, than is possible with a separate bra and panty girdle. An "open" all-in-one corset needs to be gartered to long stockings, to keep it from riding up, and as I mentioned, pantyhose underneath a panty-corset aren't convenient for long days at the office.

Uba responded that, at that time, she had only sheer black hosiery and not what I needed, advising me that she was getting a new hosiery supplier, and perhaps in a month or so, she would have what I was looking for.

Needless to say, I looked forward to the next time that business would bring me back to Southern California.

* * * * *

My next trip to Los Angeles found me at Uba's as soon as business affairs had been handled.

First on my list was the purchase of a latex rubber panty, to wear underneath my foundation garment, and protect it from stains. Previously, I had noticed a couple in the display case, and they recalled many memories of the past, rummaging through my aunt's closets, trying on her foundations and stockings, when I was perhaps ten or eleven years old, and coming across those rubber panties, wondering what they were for, pulling them up over my thighs and hips—oh, how sensual they were!—before putting on her corset and gartering up the heavy rayon stockings. Eventually, I had been able, for a few years, to purchase them through the Montgomery Wards

catalogue, but times change and they're no longer available by mail order. Following this purchase, I browsed through the immense selection of dresses and gowns: again, I experienced that excitement of my previous visit. Just where would I begin?

An exotic, floor-length gown, made of gold embroidered material from India kept drawing my attention. Holding it up, I knew that it would fit well. I didn't have the nerve to go back into Uba's fitting room to try it on.

While Uba wrapped the gown, I made some small talk with her, and referring to my previous visit, I asked her about the long, opaque black stockings. Yes, she had some new hosiery, but probably not sufficiently long for my height. Well, I decided to take a chance anyway, and found that she was correct: when I returned, later, to my motel and put on a pair, gartering them to a Playtex all-in-one corselet, I found that I had to stretch the garter welts a bit too much, and the stockings quickly developed runners from the strain. And besides, they were seamed, which just might draw attention to them, under certain circumstances. But, it's the search for just the right things that is one of the fascinations of these trips: I wasn't all that much disappointed.

Finally, I got up the nerve to ask Uba to fit me for one of those black, satin maid's costumes—a short skirted dress with matching bloomers, the short skirted dress trimmed with white lace around the high collar, the bloomers with red lace about the legs. This would take some fitting: like any stereotype femme, I thought my size was 16, but Uba advised otherwise, indicating that I am at least 18, perhaps over 20, she said. "Here, take these two into the fitting room back there, and try them on. I'll probably have to alter the bloomers, anyway." And, she added, "Just be sure to put on your rubber panty first, before you pull on the bloomers."

In a few minutes, I let Uba know that I had changed, and she came in to check the fit. I had slipped on a pair of my new black stockings, as well; unfortunately, I hadn't worn a corselet or girdle that day, and so I had no hosiery supporters. The elastics of the bloomer legs did hold up the stockings, as long as I didn't move around much, and the effect, I would see in the mirror, was going to be just fine.

The dress fitted just right, the skirt reaching down to just about two

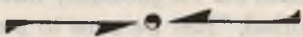
inches above my knees, but the bloomers were another matter, needing taking in both at the waist and about the legs. Uba told me to take off the bloomers, so that she could do the alterations while I waited. With just my rubber san panty on underneath, I was a bit embarrassed, and besides, I could hear that other customers had come into the shop; Uba, however, simply reassured me, "Don't worry, Dear. I've seen how men are made, before, don't you know?"

And, in just a little while, between serving the new customers, she had the elastics in the waist and legs of the bloomers suitably shortened, and brought them back to me in the fitting room. The fit was exact: how delightful it was to feel that soft satin of those rayon bloomers caress my thighs above the garter welts of my stockings.

As any other transvestite could confirm, it was certainly a disappointment for me to have to take off my newly acquired things, put on my mundane men's street clothes, and return to the hot pavements of summertime Los Angeles.

The next time that I have the opportunity to visit Uba's, I'll be careful to plan things so that I'm wearing a "body briefer," a light all-in-one that won't show through my skirt, with of course, a rubber sanitary panty underneath, and some long stockings gartered up already, beneath my men's trousers. Then, I'll feel more comfortable during my fittings.

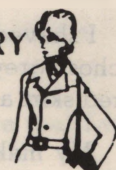
With great anticipation, I wait my next visit to Uba's, for more additions to my small wardrobe. The environment she provides us is warm, friendly and of course, with sensitive understanding of our needs.



THOUGHT

I'm awfully glad that a girl and boy
Dress differently, because what fun
Would being female be for him,
If he couldn't dress like one?

—Lil



THE REAL ME - A GIRL

(Six Years Later)

Nancy MacLean

Editor's Note: Nancy's original story appeared in TVia #74.

This is not the land of dreams, though, and the real world was not what I wanted it to be. I had to face it.

A major promotion in my job took me and my family to one of the large industrial cities of the north. For a while my work consumed me sufficiently that I didn't mind not being able to dress often, but the day came when the girl within screamed to get out. She wouldn't be still. The trouble was that my new job did not require me to travel and I had no way of getting away alone and letting her come out into the open.

I thought that I would have a nervous breakdown. My chest heaved. I couldn't keep my hands still and I was like a blithering idiot in my work. I could do nothing right. It was terrible.

Finally, when I thought that I couldn't take it any longer, hope appeared. My wife got a job. That meant that I could be home alone while she was working. I was saved.

The very first day that she was on the job, I was sick. I really was. The depression had caught up with me and I was physically ill.

As she drove out of the yard I was already running for Nancy. She had been in hiding for about four months and she couldn't stay there any longer. After I had taken her clothes from their hiding place, fondling each soft garment as I unpacked it, I took a long, leisurely bath, liberally spicing the water with Windsong bath powder.

I shaved very carefully and then started dressing. For my rebirth I chose grey panti hose, frilly panties, a thrusting bra, a soft half slip, a red skirt and a white top.

My make-up completed, I slipped my feet into my black wedgies, fastened a red scarf around my neck and breathed my first untroubled breath in weeks.

I got more work done that day than I had since I had taken the new position. I felt alive again.

I did that many days, but one Friday I was so caught up in my femme self that instead of changing I slipped on an apron and began to get dinner.

When my GG drove in from work Nancy met her like a mother hen fussing over her chicks. Wonder of wonders my bride loved it, she thought it was fun, and Nancy, after she had cleaned up after dinner, spent the evening with her sister, her new sister.

Next morning, Nancy got up early, dressed casually in a brown skirt and white blouse, and got breakfast for both of them. Later she made the bed and cleaned up while the GG in the house read the paper and drank coffee.

After an afternoon of being her brother, Nancy came back that evening and spent a few hours making girl talk with her sister. They both loved it.

Since then, everything is copasetic. I wear panties and panti hose all the time under my other clothes, and after rinsing them in the bathroom, hang them there with hers to dry. We can tell them apart because mine are longer than hers.

Whenever I feel myself getting "down," Nancy comes and spends some time—lately it has been every day. Sometimes it is my wife who suggests that Nancy spend the evening. She can tell when I need to be feminine. Nancy always helps with the household chores. She is a regular part of the household, no longer a surprise.

Every once in a while my wife will say, "You're crazy!", but most of the time she seems to enjoy another girl around the house. She has

even bought panti hose for me, and Nancy's clothes hang beside hers in one of the closets.

I am much happier now, not depressed. The knowledge that I can be myself whenever I want to has made life much better.

I'm ME—at last.



He kept insisting that if he was caught wearing a dress, he should go to a woman's prison."

5th Annual
Fantasia
Fair

OCTOBER 12-21

About Fantasia Fair



Founded by the Outreach Institute, FANTASIA FAIR is held in the quaint, Cape Cod town of Provincetown, Massachusetts. Crossdressers from the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe have attended the four annual Fairs to date, providing a truly cosmopolitan mixture.

The purpose of FANTASIA FAIR is to view crossdressing and alternative gender lifestyles in as positive a perspective as possible. Every aspect of FANTASIA FAIR 1979 has been planned to give *you* the unique opportunity to express yourself in a tolerant, understanding, and positive atmosphere.

Courses in make-up, comportment, plus specialized work shops are offered to expand femme horizons. Social events—from talent shows to formal dinners, from swimming to shopping, from bicycling to get-togethers—all are provided to make living *en femme* an exciting and natural experience.

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In addition to the courses on basic usage, application and Comportment, which are included in the total cost, special seminars and work shops will be offered in the following areas:

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Letters to the Editor



"Dear
Editor"

Dear Virginia,

You don't know how many times I've started this letter only to stop halfway or not even get that far. As you can see from my return address my situation as an FP is difficult at best. Add to this a wife that cannot seem to fully understand and you have a situation that has kept me in the closet for many, many years.

I first became aware of you and your work several years ago when I happened on your book *How to be a Woman though Male*. Your approach and attitude towards what I thought was a perversion really opened my eyes and made me so much more comfortable with myself. I've studied that book every chance I could and have used some of your words in discussing my feelings with my wife. Because of her reluctance to fully accept my feelings I ask that my order be sent to my military address.

I hope that the books I've ordered will help my wife understand my feelings and open her mind for continued discussions. Do you have any thoughts or methods that others have used to gain acceptance from their wives of their FP side? I would truly appreciate your comments as I love my wife very much and do not want to hurt her or lose her.

Since I still have a year left to serve before I get out of the service I am counting on your discretion in answering this letter and sending the material requested.

Sincerely,

Gayle

My dear Virginia,

I purchased your books (*Understanding Cross Dressing*, *The Transvestite and His Wife* and *How To Be A Woman Though Male*) as the result of an ad placed in the *Madison Press Connection*. The clarity and logic of your comments in *Cross Dressing* provided me with an explanation of my conduct that I had not been able to analyze previously. I am most grateful to you for your thoughts about this little known subject. As a result, I have been able to make peace with myself and to erase a sense of shame that has always bothered me about my own TV urges.

I solidly support your work but am uncertain how far I can go openly. In any event I felt impelled to at least thank you for your help.

Gratefully,

Kristin—WI

.....

Dear Sisters:

My name is Patricia. At least that is what I call myself when I inhabit that world where we express our feminine side. I was born 43 years ago and grew up in the Boston area. I do not intend here to go through the usual litany of childhood transsexual fantasies, adolescent soul-searching, adult frustrations, conflicts and marital woes. What I share with many of you, I am sure, is that constant struggle between masculine and femine psyches and the ramifications of this inner conflict in our conventional lives.

How to resolve this dilemma or at least come to terms with it has been the real story of my life. I have experienced emotional highs and lows, advances and setbacks, praises and rebuffs. But what have I gotten out of this experience? The greatest lesson has been understanding and appreciating others. This is not as simple as it sounds. About seventeen years ago I went to a psychoanalyst. After a while he told me that transvestism was a form of homosexuality. As far as I was concerned he was misunderstanding me *and* transvestism. I stopped therapy. Even though there were benefits in the analytic process and the sessions were helpful in other respects, I could see that the psychiatrist was trying to key me to his textbook—and

erroneously so. Part of understanding others is the respect for individuality. It is terribly easy to stereotype according to the comfortable preconceptions we have accumulated over the years.

It was not until about a year ago that I learned that there was an organization such as Tri-Sigma. Before that I was relatively on my own: I had, after many years, achieved a satisfactory understanding with my wife and a few members of my family. However, contacts made as a result of joining Tri-Sigma have brought me out of the closet and helped me to understand myself and others better.

One thing I have discovered in meeting others "like myself" is that we are all different and that there are as many types of transvestites as there are individuals. There I was, craving sympathy from others, and in reality not understanding myself nor fully appreciating others. This is changing through increased contacts and exchanges of views.

And I have discovered that life can really be fun. Coming out of the closet has essentially broken the back of my inner frustration. For years I felt like a prisoner without hope of release—that I would never be able to express myself the way I wanted to. Now I have gained the courage to go dressed to the theater and dine out, though not in my own community. I'm still growing and I love it. (Life does begin at forty!)

Last fall when I set out for Fantasia Fair in Provincetown (I heard of it through Virginia, and she urged me to go), I didn't know what to expect and was frankly a bit scared since I had never worn a dress in public before. But everything went smoothly and I had the time of my life. There we all were, learning from one another and enjoying the understanding of a remarkable community. That week in Provincetown was nothing if not revolutionary for me. My cross-dressing habits and methods were due for an overhaul. New insights and paracultural exchanges started to change them.

Now I am trying to continue this growth process through New England regional Tri-Sigma meetings which started earlier this year. I have nothing but high hopes for the future.

Sincerely,

Patricia, Me-3W

Dear Virginia:

The past two months have been the most informative times of my life after reading *Transvestia* #92, 94, and 95 and *Understanding Cross Dressing*.

I am 51 years old and think back to all the frustrations and guilt feelings I have put up with all those years. I just happened to run across the word transvestite in a magazine in 1967. Until then I thought I was the only one. It took me three years to tell my wife and I finally got to wear panties under my male pajamas.

I have found a few articles on transvestism and have progressed some in the last three years to wearing feminine attire to bed and in the last year to wearing panties under my male clothes. It has been slow progress but very rewarding as I know I am a better person since I have found the fact that I am a transvestite and may as well live with it.

Thank you very much, Virginia, for publishing the *Transvestia* magazine. I have had your address for over three years but finally got up enough courage to send in my subscription two months ago. I am glad I subscribed while you are still editor just to say I knew you. Thanks again.

As for a femme name, I never thought much about it until *Transvestia* came along. I think I will use the first initial of my first name which I don't use—I always go by my middle name.

Love,

Veronica, AK-2-D

P.S. This is the first time I have signed my second self name. It feels good.

Dear Virginia,

I dearly enjoy *Transvestia*. It has helped me out of my closet and I look forward to the day my picture will appear with other members of an "Indianapolis chapter." I think the problems I face as a sister are

somewhat specific to me and probably more severe than those faced by many of the girls. So I decided to write you. If you decided my story might cheer up somebody or make them realize that in many ways they are fortunate, I would be happy for you to share it with others. Actually my story is quite humorous, too.

Let's begin—about four months ago I happened across Ms. Feinbloom's book, *Transvestites and Transexuals* at the University of Kentucky library. I was amazed, intrigued and jealous of the Argus chapter described therein. "If I could only belong to such a group" was my thought. More fundamentally, I realized that my "affliction" was by no means a unique predilection, nor was a preference for occasional existence as a woman, an "affliction" at all. Until that time I had confined my activities to dressing furtively, while I was married and usually on in bra, panties and nylons. Now, however a whole world was opened to me.

I could summon the courage to shop for my own clothes and would feel no need to purge nor to use 007 spy tactics to hide them! I also had gotten divorced in the meantime and could build my wardrobe as I wished (and could afford). Also I had only begun to face my problems. Having succeeded in shaking my guilt feelings, I realized that there just aren't many other women like me—6'6", 220 pounds, size 14 (men's) shoes, sleeve length 37" and so on. Virginia, when John has to buy *men's* clothes he has to deal with "tall and big men's stores—you can imagine the difficulties I faced and still face. You girls out there—count your blessings if you are only 6'. I've seen many women 6' and its getting so a woman that tall only gets a second look every so often (because of her height, although she may get some second looks for other reasons).

I have conquered some of my size-related problems. I examined the yellow pages of the New York City phone book and found a shoe store that carries size 14! I ordered some black patent sandal-type, low heeled (I couldn't face being a 6'9" woman!) shoes, and plan on ordering some more over the phone. They also would take business by mail, of course. I have shopped at various "Tall Girl" stores, but it's rare that I can find anything tasteful and not overly expensive in these places. My long legs (and *not* my waist, I assure you) force me to wear control top pantyhose. But when I put it all together—a sleeveless cowl-necked and knit top, long skirt (over your pads, and Virginia, they do give me an excellently shaped "tummy" and hips)

and jewelry appropriate to a tall woman—with the results of four months of trial and error make up procedures, I know I am a presentable lady. And I know that my skirts and feminine personality will continue to flourish and blossom as they have over the past few months. I know that I will, in time, be as feminine and complete a woman as I can watching my God-given limitations.

Use your opportunities, girls. I'm examined twice as a man because of my height, so it will be a long time before I can feel comfortable enough to pass in public. But to exist as a woman even with constraints is such a rewarding experience that I can't be upset about my size anywhere nearly as much as I am happy I found Feinbloom's book, *Transvestia* and Tri Sigma Sorority.

Love,

Joan, KY-5-J

Dear Virginia,

While I was walking on 42nd Street today I came across the latest copy of *Transvestia*. I enjoyed it. It did, however, make me more unhappy with my lot.

I have been an FP as long as I can remember. When I was only five years old I can remember my mother carrying me through the living room dressed only in a filmy negligee. I had been trying on some of the clothes of a house guest.

When I was fourteen I dared to try on the clothes of a girl who made her home with us. I used to pray that everyone would go out so that I could wear her beautiful things and I could bask for awhile in femininity.

When I left home I bought my own clothes and would go out where I saw no one dressed as Merrilee, my femme name. How I loved it. And then I met a girl. I fell head over heels for her and everything seemed wonderful. I destroyed Merrilee and was as happy as could be. Within months Merrilee was back. She wanted to dress, she wanted to share the happiness that had come to me. I tried to deny her but couldn't.

Halloween was a perfect time to introduce her to my wife. Much to my dismay she didn't like. She wondered if there was something wrong with me—if I was queer. I was crushed, but I allowed Merrilee to appear several times after that, at parties, and on occasions when it was appropriate. Our friends loved her, but my wife sulked.

So Merrilee disappeared again. Soon, however, my job required a fair amount of travelling and Merrilee went with me. For fifteen years she and I have travelled all over the USA and even into Canada. She grows more beautiful as the years go by and I have a special lock on my car trunk so that she will not be discovered.

Now I am at the point where I feel like throwing everything over and letting Merrilee be around always. I am desolated. I have two beautiful children, a devoted wife, and yet, my every thought is of Merrilee. I want to leave them.

Tonight I am on one of my frequent trips to New York. True to form I came a day early and I have spent the day shopping. I bought a new dress, nylons and panties. Tonight I am wearing them. Underneath, of course, I am a girl from the skin out. My all-in-one girdle shapes me like I was made that way. I have a provocative bust and my panties are a sexy black. My wig is salt and pepper as befits my age, and it is styled with weeping bangs. My make up is artfully and tastefully done and I have just left a maid wondering where the huge girl came from. I am 6'3". She really looked me over as I walked down the hall.

What shall I do? Right now I feel as if I am living. Reading *Transvestia* has made me realize that it is possible to live as we are, and, that rid of a disapproving wife, I might also enjoy Merrilee more often.

What will I do? I can't give up my precious clothes. Those odd moments when the real me can come out. I can't give up my family. I'm a mess because I am unwilling to go on as I am. *Transvestia* is wonderful. You're a dear. I hope it works out so I can fight the fight with you.

Did I tell you that I am a minister? Lately I've thought that God is a woman and we ought to worship Her dressed like women. Men are a mistake. I'll close now and cry. I do it a lot.

Love, Merrilee

Editor's Note: Letters like the above (which was sent anonymously so I have no idea what the outcome of his desperate crisis was) make me mad. Not at the letter writer but at wives like his. Why do wives think that they have a right to impose their values on their husbands? Tonight I got a call from an FP that I haven't heard from for about six years. He gave up his femme self and tried desperately to forget her and go along with his wife's feeling. It didn't work and he called me to say that finally they had decided to separate and he wants to get back into the swing of FP doings. Yesterday, I had a visit from an old friend who had met one of the models at DREAM—met her as the femmeself for three days before she ever saw the man underneath. Now they are a most happy couple and the GG says she considers herself to be a very lucky woman to have a lover and a best girlfriend in the same person. Practically the same expression used by the writer of one of the other letters in this section. What a shame that there are so many women who marry a reputation, a position, potential, financial security, handsomeness, that can be shown off to other women (look what I caught), clothing, intelligence, wittiness, athletic body or some other characteristic and not the underlying human being who is the same individual regardless of clothing, financial disaster or illness or disability. They miss so much because their relationship is so superficial. They cause so much pain for themselves and others.

ME? PECULIAR!!?

WHY do some fellows dress as girls!?

I think they're quite absurd.

I wear a dress and all the rest .

But I'm a different bird.

I just wear pretty dresses, gowns

(And not because I'm odd)

Why? 'Cause I'm a guy who looks her best

Feels best when dressed, by God!

—Lil

ARTICLE



PLEASE HEAR WHAT I'M NOT SAYING

Anonymous

Editor's Note: I first heard this read by a minister at the church service at Fantasia Fair. I've seen it elsewhere since. It is rather general in its application, not being written for TVs but it seems to be particularly applicable, so I offer it to you.

Don't be fooled by me.

Don't be fooled by the face I wear.

For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks, masks that I'm afraid to take off.

And none of them are me.

Pretending is an art that's second nature to me, but don't be fooled, for God's sake don't be fooled.

I give you the impression that I am secure, that all is sunny and unruffled with me, within as well as without.

That confidence is my name and coolness my game, that the water's calm and I'm in command.

And that I need none.

But don't believe me.

Please.

My surface may be smooth, but my surface is my mask, my varying and every concealing mask.

Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency.

Beneath it dwells the real me, in confusion and fear, in aloneness.

But I hid this, I don't want anybody to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and the fear of being exposed.

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant, sophisticated facade, to help me pretend, to shield me from the glance that knows.

But, such a glance is precisely my salvation.

My only salvation.

And I know it.

That is if it is followed by acceptance, if it is followed by love.

It's the only thing that can liberate me, from myself, from my own self-built prison walls, from the barriers that I so painstakingly erect.

It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can't assure myself, that I'm really worth something.

But I don't tell you this.

I don't dare.

I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid that your glance will not be followed by acceptance.

I'm afraid that your glance will not be followed by love.

I'm afraid that you will think less of me, that you'll laugh, and your laugh would kill me.

I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm just no good, and that you will see this and reject me.

So I play my game, with a facade of assurance without, and a trembling child within.

And so begins the parade of masks, the glittering but empty parade of masks.

And my life becomes a front.

I idly chatter to you in the suave tones of surface talk.

I tell you everything that's really nothing, and nothing of what's everything, of what's crying within me.

So, when I'm going through my routine, do not be fooled by what I'm saying.

And what I'd like to be able to say, what for survival I need to say, But, what I can't say.

Honestly,

I dislike the superficial, phony game.

I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous, and me.

But, you've got to help me.

You've got to hold out your hand even when that's the last thing I seem to want, or need.

Only you can wipe away from my eyes the blank stare of the breathing dead.

Only you can call me into aliveness.

Each time you're kind, and gentle, and encouraging, each time you

try to understand because you really care, my heart begins to grow wings, very small wings, very feeble wings, but wings.
With your sensitivity and sympathy, and your power of understanding, you can breathe life into me.

I want you to know that,

I want you to know how important you are to me, how you can be a creator of the person that is me if you choose to.

Please choose to.

You alone can break down the wall behind which I tremble, you alone can remove my mask, you alone can release me from my shadow world of panic and uncertainty; from my lonely prison.

So do not pass me by,

Please don't pass me by.

It will not be easy for you.

A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls.

The nearer you approach to me, the blinder I may strike back.

It's irrational, but despite what the books say about man, I am irrational.

I fight against the very thing I cry for.

But I am told that love is stronger than strong walls,

In this lies my hope.

My only hope.

Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands but with gentle hands for a child is very sensitive.

Who am I you may wonder?

I am someone you know very well.

For, I am every man you meet,

And, I am every woman you meet.



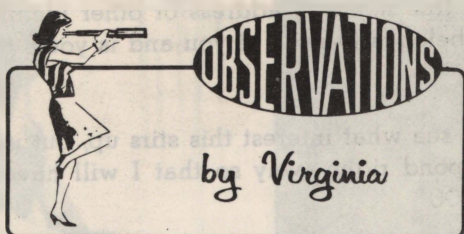
FELICITY NY-16-M



FELICITY



FIORA—AUSTRALIA



AA AND FP

I was talking to one of our sisters the other day who was celebrating her 10th year of sobriety in AA. The idea came to me that since we have quite a number of reformed alcoholics among our readers and in view of the fact that a fair proportion of them became alcoholics because of their TVism, that many of them in effect had two problems and had them both in common. Thus there might be some real value in enabling FP-AA's (or even alcoholics who were not members of AA) to be able to know of each other's double problem and to communicate with each other.

Although I am not an alcoholic I have been to AA meetings with friends who are and I am aware of what the 12th step entails. Seems to me that while distance might preclude going to a sister's house to hold her hand so to speak, it would not preclude some correspondence with someone needing help and encouragement so that it could be of some real value.

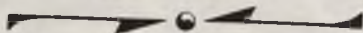
So, in thinking how such a thing could be set up I have decided that what could be done is to have those of you who are AA-FP's send me a name and an address. If you are a member of Tri Sigma the femmename and code number would do. If not, you could give some other designation and useable address. I would then publish this list in a future issue of *TVia* and then anyone who wanted to contact any other member of this group could send a letter with the usual \$1 forwarding fee in a stamped envelope with the identification number or name on the front in pencil and I will forward it for you. If enough of you respond to this idea I will set up a separate code system which could be published along with the femmename and city and state,

but naturally no true name or address or other identifying information. All of that belongs to each of you and is yours to give out, not mine.

I will wait and see what interest this stirs up, but if you are interested please respond right away so that I will have something to report in *TVia* #100.

Thanks,

Virginia



DOORBELLE

My sweet new husband's awfully nice.
He doesn't mind at all
Modeling dresses that I make
—we're each about as tall.
He rather likes the *whole* effect
(One must, designed dresses,
Adjust for heels and proper bust,
And color, too, and tresses).
I had him in a waltz-skirt which
With all else on was charming.
The doorbell rang. He answered it.
It was a bit alarming.
A salesman looked him over like
He was a box of candy.
I was so pleased. My handiwork
Was turning out just dandy.
But I'm a jealous wife. I fumed
When that man, the dope!,
Said to my model, "Your husband's not
At home . . . I hope, I hope?"

—Lil





SANDRA—GEORGIA

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

I took a trip over Christmas and did it by myself. Originally the trip had been planned with a TS friend of mine who is a student at UCLA and wanted to take a trip after the close of one semester and before the next one started. She also wanted to limit the cost. Since we were both interested in anthropology, evolution, archaeology, etc. we set up a trip to the Galapagos Islands where Darwin got many of the ideas eventually incorporated in his *Origin of Species*, and to the land of the Incas in Perus.

Once we got the thing all set up I took off on the trip to England and Fantasia Fair that I wrote about in *Transvestia* a couple of issues ago. I got back from that trip to find out that financial reverses had caught up to my friend while I was away and she wasn't going to be able to go. This was both a disappointment and something of a worry since she could speak Spanish and I couldn't. This was a somewhat frightening prospect because although I have traveled alone in England and Scandinavia I wasn't too thrilled by the prospect of being on my own in countries where English wasn't so common and which on top of that were well known to be pretty machismo in attitude and not likely to be very understanding of a wandering TV or TG if that should become known. However there was a small matter of a \$750 non-returnable deposit if I didn't go and that was quite an inducement so the end result was that I decided that I would go by myself.

When the day came I left LAX at 11:30 p.m. and flew the red eye flight to Miami and got in about 9 a.m. I had to lay over for a couple of hours to pick up Air Ecuatoriana for the flight to Ecuador. Seemed a long way to go L.A. to Miami to Guayaquil, Ecuador instead of direct but it appears that direct flights only went a couple of times a week and I had to be in Guayaquil on Tuesday, Dec. 10th, so that was the only way to fly. (I went to Miami by Western Air and that is their slogan, "the *only* way to fly.")

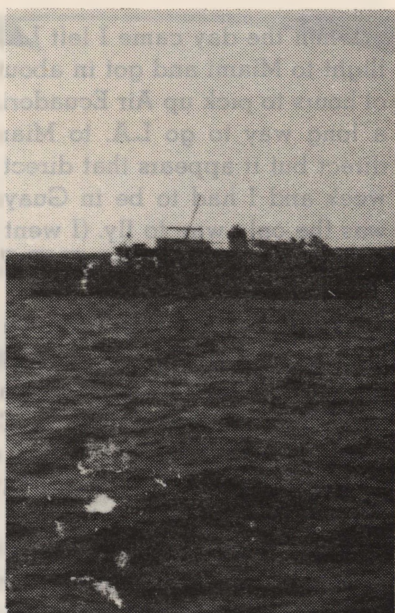
About 20-30 minutes after we left Miami and after flying over a lot of little islands which I presumed to be the Florida Keys we started to cross a much larger land mass which turned out to be an island and I decided that it must be Cuba. Checking with the stewardess I found I was right, but I was somewhat amazed that commercial flights were allowed to overfly it. Maybe it was because I was on an Ecuadorian plane—maybe they wouldn't have let Braniff or Pan Am fly over—I don't know. But with their objections to military planes at high latitudes I was surprised that commercial flights at much lower altitudes were permitted. Although I would have liked to have gotten off and visited the country, it was that first step out the door that deterred me so I stayed aboard.

We arrived at Quito airport about 1 p.m. and stayed for about an hour before going on to Guayaquil. That is some airport. You are flying over lots of mountains all broken up by ravines and big canyons and no signs of any habitations of any magnitude when all of a sudden the pilot makes a really short and sharp diving turn to the right—(I was sitting on the left side and couldn't imagine what was going on because that was the "uphill" side and I wouldn't see anything but sky) and after a moment we had completed the 180-degree turn and straightened out but in a much steeper than usual approach we were on final. I thought we would take the roofs off a bunch of houses near the start of the runway we were that low. On takeoff later I could see that they extended right up to about 150 yards from the runway itself. On take off they have to pull up rather sharply and into a right turn to avoid another mountain at the other end since Quito is in a valley. Needless to say this is one airport that they don't land in in a fog or at night. It is kind of hairy.

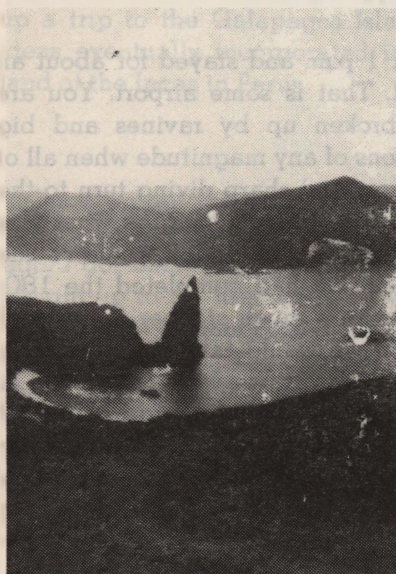
We stayed there about an hour and I wandered all over the field and around the planes looking things over. They don't shoo you away



MARINE IGUANA



THE ISABELLA

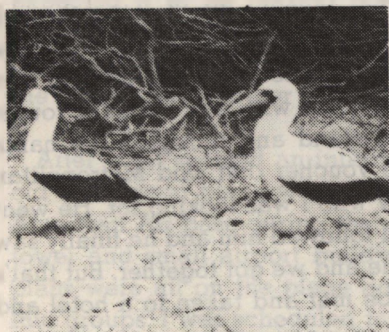


BARTOLOME ISLAND
SHOWING BEACH

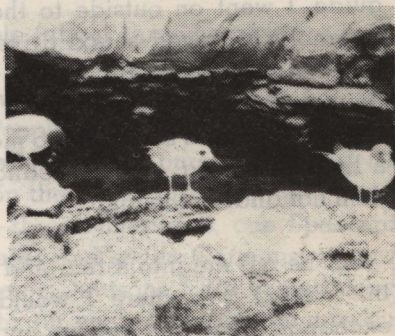


SWIMMING ON THE BEACH

FOR THE BIRDS



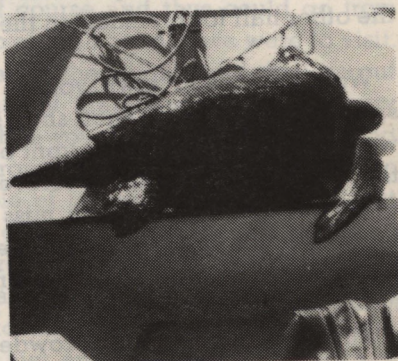
BOOBIES



GULLS



SEA LION PUPS

SEA TORTOISE
ABOARD SKIFF

as they do in the States and Europe. Then it was back aboard and off to Guayaquil.

We landed in Quayaquil about 3 p.m. and after passing through immigration and customs I came out the other end and started looking for the tour guide who was supposed to meet me. No one recognized me and I couldn't see anyone with any ID as a tourist guide. I went on outside to the taxi stand and though I "no habla Espanol," I showed a taxi driver the voucher that said Metropolitan tours on it and he indicated he knew who I was looking for. He went back through the guarded gate and I followed him and he finally saw the guy who was supposed to meet me and we got together. But that's a little upsetting, too, expecting to be met and taken to a hotel and then not finding the man.

But he got me into a taxi and we arrived at the hotel and checked in. I found out where I would have to walk to to find a money exchange place and leaving my baggage in the room I took off. I was wearing white flat shoes and bobby socks and a dress so I attracted considerable attention from the others on the street. Guayaquil would be a TV's delight because every woman in town except the old, the young and the Indians wears high heeled shoes. You have never seen so many little stores selling women's shoes—often three or four in the same block. Not necessarily regular big shoe stores but little hole-in-the-wall places with maybe a dozen styles in the windows. So I in my flats and bobby socks was a conspicuous minority. But I got the checks changed and on the way back bought a nice large mango from one of the street peddlers to have half for desert that night and the other half for breakfast in the morning.

Walking around town you as a stranger run a definite risk of a sprained ankle since each shop seems to be responsible for the sidewalk construction right in front of the store and no two of them are at the same level so you are forever stepping up or down a few inches every 20 feet or so. If you miss you either stub your toe against a higher section or jar yourself unexpectedly by stepping down four to six inches. The curb side of every street is lined with street vendors selling everything you can think of and this cuts pedestrian space to a minimum and it's pretty crowded to walk.

Well up early the next morning to be taken back to the airport to catch the plane out to the Islands. They are 700 miles west of

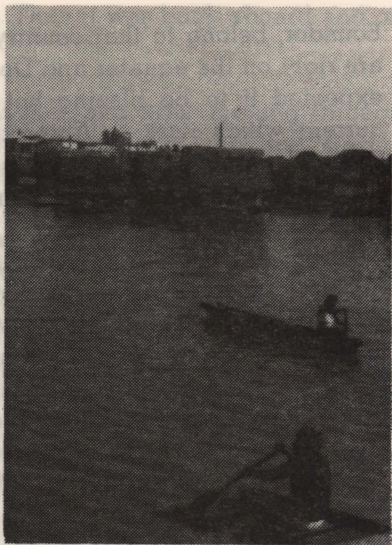
Ecuador, belong to that country and comprise a national park. They are right on the equator and December is winter time down there so I expected it to be blazing hot but it turns out that the Humboldt current which rises in Antarctica and flows deep up the coast of South America wells up to the surface in this area and thereby keeps the temperatures rather more temperate than tropical.

After what seemed an interminable (about three-hour) flight in an old turbo prop plane we landed on Baltra Island. This had been an American Air base during the war, which accounted for the air strip, tower and small airport building. People from several different tour plans were all on the plane and we had to get ourselves sorted out into groups. I was scheduled to go on the yacht "Isabella" and found myself part of a group of thirteen—three Americans, one Spaniard, one Iranian living in the United States and seven Germans. so as a result I got a chance to practice "meine Deutsche." We bussed down to the dockside and were taken out to our yacht (commercial now but had been a yacht) in skiffs and got acquainted and had cabins assigned. Since I was a single woman and the Iranian was a single man they solved the question by splitting up a young German couple and putting and wife and me together and the husband with the single man. The cabins were quite small with an upper and lower bunk and our own toilet and shower so we got along famously. I got a kick out of the sign behind the toilet which said, "With the exception of toilet paper don't put anything in the head unless you have eaten it first." That was pretty much to the point.

We used the yacht as our hotel of course and thus could go from island to island at night and wake up at the next one we were to visit. Some of the tours go to the only hotel on the islands and then go out daily in a trimaran to one or another of the islands. This is a very effete way to do it and means that while you sleep on land you spend too much time going to or coming from the islands and don't get to see as much. There are also a couple of larger vessels that sail out from the coast but that takes three days each way before you even arrive and there are too many aboard and they didn't look like very nice cruise ships anyway. But the Isabella was almost perfect for the purpose. It was clean, chummy, excellent food, friendly crew and enough room. The ship was quick, quiet and provided a sea voyage as well as an island visit. One night when we had to go all night from one to another of the outer islands (some of them are a long way apart, we hit some really good seas and of the 13 passengers only



PUBLIC PRIVIES



FLOATING HOUSES

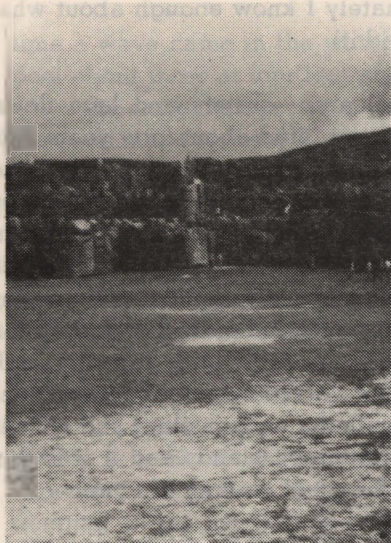


JUNGLE GIRL ON BRIDGE



**THE CHIEF AND I
WITH BLOWGUN**

IQUITOS, PERU



INCA ATHLETIC FIELD



LLAMAS CARRYING GRASS



CATHEDRAL AND MARKET

CUSCO

four of us made it to dinner. Fortunately I know enough about what causes seasickness to be able to avoid it).

The islands themselves are all volcanic—craters and lava flows. One of them is still active, having last erupted about forty years ago. Being so far from the continent the plants and animals that live on the islands arrived by flying there in the case of some of the birds, by winds or by "rafting," a name for drifting from the mainland. Large logs and sometimes groups of them grown together with vines, grasses and soil float down tropical rivers and hold together long enough to be caught by the ocean currents and make landfall on the islands. But in turn some of the islands are sufficiently far from each other to provide separate environment and to discourage movement from one to the other. Thus over the millenia various plant and animal species have evolved differently on different islands and it was this observation that led Darwin to the concept of natural selection.

Although the pirates and whalers that landed on the islands over the last few centuries wiped out a number of species of tortoises, doves and other edible animals the intrusion of man onto the islands' ecology has been so little that the birds and animals have not learned to fear man. As a result the greatest attraction of the islands is the tameness of the birds, iguanas and the seals and sea lions. The birds won't even get off the pathways when you approach. If they have picked a piece of ground to nest on which happens to be part of the trail they are not about to be disturbed by passing tourists. Being a national park there are marked trails and you are supposed to stay within the markers. If they didn't do this people would be everywhere, throwing away trash, trampling down the plant life, chasing and scaring animals and birds, etc. So you stay on the trail, do not chase or frighten or try to touch the wild life. The result is that you can land on a beach and there is a mother sea lion nursing her cub and you can go up with three or four feet to watch the process. Of course you don't get that close to a sea lion bull—he is likely to be a little touchy.

We went swimming in a pool that the fur seals frequented. Using a snorkle you could swim around and see the seals looking at you and swimming just out of reach four or five feet away. That was pretty fascinating. I was the oldest member of our group but I was the first one to jump in that surg-ocean pool to swim with the seals. The pool was in the lava and connected to the ocean by a short tunnel so every

time a wave came in the water rushed in and raised the level of the pool about three or four feet and when it went out you suddenly went down the same distance so it was a rather unusual place to swim, but the seals made it worth it.

I hadn't done any snorkling before except for about 10 minutes about twelve years ago in Hawaii so the experience with the seals whetted my interest. Later in the week we went to a special, sheltered rocky area and went snorkling in the open again. It was so interesting and beautiful to be swimming with the colorful tropical fish and the multicolored coral. I could have kept doing it all afternoon but we had to get back to the ship.

After a week of visiting various islands and enjoying the unique experience of picking our way through the birds' nests, the sea lions sleeping on the beaches and the iguanas who are black like the lava and sometimes were almost stepped on before you could see them, we came back to Baltra and the airport. It was back to Guayaquil overnight and off the next day for Lima, Peru. Lima has a surprisingly large international airport and one of the regular airlines flying there is the Russian Aeroflot. I did the usual tourist thing and took the city tour in the afternoon. I met an English lady on the tour and we decided to have dinner together. We ordered "Sopa Peruviana" or Peruvian soup. When it came, the waiter pointed to what looked like about an eighth of a tomato and said, "Muy caliente," and shook his head for "no" while pointing to his mouth. I got the message that it was very hot and pushed it to one side. But a few minutes later I was talking to the lady and unknowingly got it in the soup spoon. Thank God I didn't bite into it or I would not be here to write this, but I did get some of the liquid from its near vicinity and quickly spit it out. Man was that hot. I quickly called for some butter and just took a mouthful of it and worked it around my lips. Since the hot stuff is an oil it is oil soluble and the butter took it away but for a while it was quite an experience.

Walking around Lima after dinner was quite an experience, too. I don't know how come more tourists don't break their legs or ankles in that town. There are just hundreds of holes in the sidewalks about ten inches square and a foot deep — must be some sort of meter or something in them but they are wide open and while local citizens would naturally avoid them I would expect that visitors from the cities without sidewalk hazards would step in them inadvertantly This

was about four days before Christmas and there were literally more people selling things on the sidewalks, curbs and into the streets than there were shops in the buildings. Everything—shoes, clothing, hardware, toys, food, candies, lamps, blankets, Christmas cards, TV antennas, lamp shades, leather goods, kitchen utensils—name it and somebody is selling it. It's unbelievable and it's all you can do to get through the streets.

Drinking water in most places in South America is not too good an idea. But if you don't like wine or liquor you are left with so-called "mineral water" which is bottled and carbonated. Some people like straight soda water but I'm not among them, so what to do. Well, if the hotel has one of the little one-cup coffee makers, I boil that up for 10 minutes or so and pour it out into a glass to cool. Otherwise I let the hot water run till it is as hot as it will get and then fill glasses with it and allow them to cool. That water has been in the boiler and in the hot water storage tanks for some time so it is sure to be pretty well pasteurized. Often on trips you have to leave early with no time for breakfast, or the restaurant isn't open or they don't serve things for breakfast that you like or they are terribly expensive. So when I travel I solve all these problems at once by carrying a package of powdered milk and some Carnation Instant breakfast envelopes. So in the morning I take the glasses of cooled water from the night before, add the dry milk generously to make a glass of "milk" and then add the Instant Breakfast to it as you are supposed to do. It thus provides me with a nutritious, quick, tasty, cheap and safe breakfast. It's a good tip to remember and really saves money since breakfasts are the most expensive meal of the day for what you get.

Well, after "doing" Lima City and the Gold Museum where all of the Incan and pre-Columbian artifacts are housed—a fascinating place, it was up at the crack of dawn to get taken to the airport to fly to Iquitos. This city is on the upper reaches of the Amazon River and thus on the other side of the Andes. The early flights are to get over the mountain while the air is still cool because at high altitudes in the warm part of the day the air is thinned both by height and temperature and flying isn't so easy or as safe. They are building an "international" airport in this city as they expect it to be a thriving place in about five to ten years. Holiday Inn, already has a place there. One of the reasons is that this province is the one that has Peruvian oil (and Equadorian oil right next door) so that as more exploration and production comes into the upper Amazon area it will

bring a lot of businessmen, tourists and money into the area and they are trying to get ready for it—but they certainly have some distance to go. Part of the city lives on boats that are tied to each other and go up and down as the river rises and falls. Community garbage is dumped in great piles which are crowded with turkey, buzzards, rats, pigs and chickens rooting around in it. Sanitary facilities consist of a number of little floating houses in a back inlet of the river. It is a pretty depressing place but the poverty of South America means that there is a similar "favella" in most cities.

Iquitos is 2500 miles up the Amazon and it is hard to believe but ocean going vessels from Europe come clear up the river to that port. That Amazon is a considerable lot of water. We went out from the city to the place where you get the little outboard boats to the Safari Camp that I was to stay at overnight. That was probably the most exorable road I've ever been on and I've seen some dillies. It was originally cement but they had chopped big holes in the cement for some sort of street work and then sort of gone off and left the hole about ten feet square. They had been that way for about a year as the town didn't have the money to finish the job. After the end of the pavement there were chuckholes more than axle deep and driving wasn't only slow but very circuitous as the drivers twisted and turned from one side to another to avoid the worst ones. I commented that one load of gravel would have filled the holes up to a passable condition. From this observation I learned that there was no gravel and no rocks anywhere around. The whole upper Amazon basin is apparently just one big alluvial fan from the Andes—all red dirt and no outcroppings. So all building materials have to come in by boat and that made things pretty expensive.

We put-putted in the little outboard craft into the stream and then off on a tributary for a couple of miles to the Safari camp perched on the side of the stream. It is a rather primitive place but that is part of the charm. The guide took me for a canoe trip up the river to see what a jungle river looked like. Strangely we didn't see a living thing besides the vegetation except for a couple of fish that jumped a spider and a couple of butterflies. No screaming birds, no chattering monkeys—nothing. It was kind of strange but the nearness of mankind had evidently driven them away.

After lunch I took a hike with the same guide back into the jungle behind the camp. How he found his way around I don't know—there

were so many little paths. Not bare ground paths you understand, but simply beaten down tracks among the trees and vines. I expect they would disappear in six months if they weren't used. We eventually arrived at an Indian camp. They live in a sort of common house built about three feet above the ground and open on all sides. The kids had flies all over them and several with pus in their eyes and all were dirty. The old man of the tribe was great with a long six-foot blowgun with which he shot darts dead on into a narrow tree trunk about 30 feet away. I bought a couple of necklaces made of nuts and seeds with porcupine quills and a couple of ocelot teeth at the bottom. A somewhat androgenous form of personal decoration.

Next day I had to return journey back to Lima. Travelled some distance by taxi to the Anthropology Museum only to find it closed. There must have been some kind of critter on the seat of that taxi because that night in the hotel I discovered that I had over a hundred bites all over my buttocks and down the back of the legs. Maybe I got them on the Iquitos trip but they didn't show up till that night but it put me in considerable agony. The best thing to stop mosquito bites itching is to put the affected part under as hot water as you can stand—it will stop the itching for three or four hours. So with all those bites I would never get to sleep so I had to take as hot a shower as I could put up with all down my backside and got enough relief to drop off to sleep.

Again up early to get to the airport to fly to Cusco. That is a really pretty little city from the air. All the mountains and rocks around it are red and the houses all have red tile roofs and all the fields were green so that there was only red, white and green visible from the air. Being only two days before Christmas it seemed a very Christmasy little town. Walked around town and bought some trinkets and a sweater from the hundreds of vendors sitting all over the sidewalks and squares. This is an Indian city so many of the women wore the tribal colorful costumes and some the strange derby-type hats they favor. Shopping in places like that is like the bazaars in the Middle East. In fact my bargaining experiences with Arabs, Armenians and Jewish merchants on previous trips stood me in good stead. My rule was to ask their price, offer them one half of that and settle for 60 or 75 percent of the first price. It is amusing if, after deciding what you are really willing to pay and telling them that price how they will come down in several offers and if you continue to say your price and then put the article down and start to move away they will suddenly agree to the price you have mentioned. It worked every time.

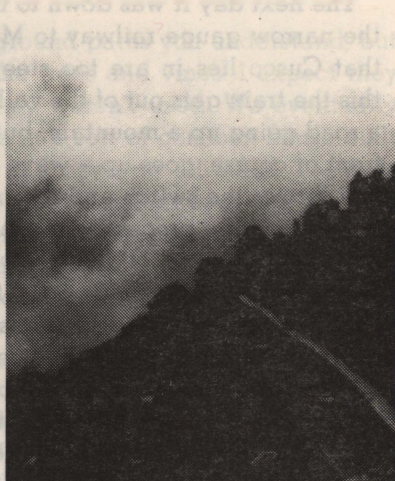
The next day it was down to the little railway station for the trip on the narrow gauge railway to Manchu Picchu. The sides of the valley that Cusco lies in are too steep for regular railroading. Because of this the train gets out of the valley by a series of switchbacks, not like a road going up a mountain, but the train takes off with the engine in front of course, goes up a ways and stops, the switchman at the other end throws the switch and the train backs up onto another track for a ways when the process is repeated and the train pulls forward again onto a third piece of track, etc. This is repeated about eight times until the train has made it to the top of the cliff when it can then continue in a straight line across the alpine valley it comes out on. It takes about three hours for this trip, much of it alongside a roaring river and I do mean both of those words. It is no bubbling mountain stream but a good sized river that goes downhill at a considerable slant so that the rapids are a fearsome thing to see. I've ridden the Colorado and the Snake but I wouldn't get out in that water for anything.

There were a group of Soviet tourists on the trip. Surprised? So was I. We get the notion over here from the propaganda we read that Soviet citizens can't get out of the country. These people were workers, engineers, pilots, artists, teachers, etc. Most of them had been to England, Scandinavia, Italy and elsewhere. They weren't just a picked group, though they did all come from Volgograd. I made myself acquainted with the interpreter and told them all about my visit to Russia in 1975 and what I saw and learned and she passed it all on to the rest a few sentences at a time. They were all very friendly and interested and insisted on giving me some postcards of their city and a couple of pins. It was very interesting. On the way back this same group held a songfest in our car singing in Russian, of course, but some of the songs were American to begin with like "John Brown's Body"—where you leave out one phrase each time around. They did the same in Russian so everybody was entertained.

We finally arrived at the rail station for Manchu-Picchu and boarded buses for the climb up the side of the mountain. It was just one switch back after another because the mountains in this area are very steep. We arrived at the top in a misty drizzle and had to do our exploring of the Incan ruins in raincoats. The clouds obscured some of the surrounding peaks so we couldn't see the place in all its glory but we saw enough. It is all built of stone very carefully dressed stone by stone to fit closely since the Incas didn't use any mortar. And its



SWITCH BACKS UP FROM
RAILROAD STATION



INCAN TERRACES



ON THE BATTLEMENTS



VIRGINIA AND FRIEND

MANCHU PICCHU
PERU

all terraces and steps. Those old boys must have had *some* legs and lungs since the place is at 9,000-foot altitude and stones are not light. They had to be carried by human power since although they had llamas and alpacas they couldn't have been of much use in climbing steps and terraces. Then it was back to the buses, back down the hill to the train and back down the switch backs into Cusco.

This was Christmas Eve and the Lima Tours guide who met me at the railroad station was very persuasive in trying to get me to join him at a party and have some Pisco punch, the national drink. As a non-drinker, I could imagine what would have happened to me if I'd been induced to drink a couple of those. He was very insistent that as a single lady I should join him and celebrate—"After all, it is Christmas Eve, come on, Virginia." But I protested that I was pretty tired after the trip to Manchi Picchu and I had to get up early tomorrow to catch the flight back to Lima, etc. Finally he gave up but he made a manful try for a pickup. No way was I going to take off to a party in a strange town in a land where I didn't speak the language, with a strange man. Wonder where I get that fatal attraction? Oh well, when you've got it, why fight it!

Before leaving for Cusco I had noticed that my itinerary called for me to return to Lima on Christmas Day and wait around till the next day before flying home. Having been in Lima already for a couple of days I couldn't see just sitting around a hotel on Christmas Day when everything was closed up. So I had gone to Avianca the Columbian airline to find out what flights out of Lima were available. Finally I decided to fly to Bogota, Columbia for a day and then home. So the day I left Cusco I flew back to Lima airport and sat around for three hours for the plane to Bogota.

I arrived in Bogota about 2:30 on Christmas Day. The money changing place in the arrival lounge was closed, so having no Columbian pesos I left my bag in the baggage arrival place and went through customs and out into the main concourse to the Avianca desk. I had been told both by the Lima office and the Avianca office at the Lima airport that they would make a hotel reservation for me. They didn't. Finally I bullied my way into the Avianca supervisor's office at the Bogota airport and found somebody who "comprende Anglais." They could find no record of a reservation so they were kind enough to call up and make one for me. But they couldn't change a traveler's check. Neither could anyone else in the whole damn

airport. Finally I went back and got my bag and went through customs and toted it out to the taxi lineup. I spotted an aircraft captain by his four stripes and figuring that he would speak some English, I approached him. He did speak some so I got him to get me a taxi and explain for the driver to wait at the curb at the hotel while I went in to cash a traveler's check so I could pay him. So he did so and off I went, arriving at the hotel, and finally getting some Columbian money to pay the guy. Can you imagine no place in an airport to change money?

I had been warned beforehand to be very careful with my handbag because it is commonplace for thieves to snatch it or cut the strap. But I hadn't realized the nature of the country until standing at one of the desks in the big hotel getting my key, I found myself next to four young people and gathered from their conversation that they had all been robbed of all their ID, passports and most of their money. We talked a little bit and then I had to follow the bellboy up to my room. A while later I came back down to the lobby to inquire about a city tour in the morning. One of the group came by and I asked him how they were doing and we got into a conversation. It seems they were having difficulty making a collect call out of the country to home. So I figured—American style—that since I was renting the room for a couple of nights that it was my "home" and therefore I ought to be able to place a collect call from it, so I invited the four of them up to the room and tried to do just that. They wouldn't accept it. I talked to the assistant manager and that was the rule. Can you imagine that it is impossible to place a collect call out of the country except from a private home, and what tourist in distress is going to have any connection with a private home? The guy I tried to befriend was an Italian and he had been to the Italian embassy and their reply was, "How do we know you are Italian?" and with his passport and ID stolen how could he prove it? The next day he was going to try to persuade them to place the collect call to his home so he could prove he was Italian. The other three were Canadian and the Canadian embassy was taking its own sweet time getting around to providing them with passports and some emergency money. With robbery being a national pastime—they will slip wrist watches off of your hand, snatch a necklace from around your neck or anything else that looks valuable. The next day when I took a trip out in the country, we went through one of the nicer residential districts on the way and I observed that this was the only country I had ever heard of where they build bars into the windows *when the house is built*, not just

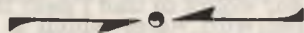
install them later. It is ironical that Columbia and Venezuela are the only two so-called Democracies on the continent—all the rest being military dictatorships—yet these two countries are the worst of the lot as far as crime of this sort is concerned. Well, I ended up having dinner with these four kids in an inexpensive little restaurant that they had found. We had a good evening.

Next day I did the usual tourist "city tour" and took in the gold museum where all the Indian gold articles that have escaped the Spaniards' appropriations are housed. It is an impressive collection. The delicacy of some of their work in gold is unbelievable, it would strain any modern craftsman to do such fine work I'm sure. That afternoon I took a tour out into the country about 40 miles to what is called the "salt cathedral." This is something of a misnomer since it isn't built of salt but it *is* built *inside* a salt mine. Salt here occurs both disseminated and in pockets in a gray shale-like rock which is mined and then extracted with water which is then evaporated to recover the salt. This has been going on since before the Spaniards came in the 15th century. Anyway the workman got the idea of making a chapel in the mine and some architect got hold of the idea and said let's make a cathedral which they proceeded to do. So it is all excavated out of the solid rock and it is immense, over 100 yards long and as wide. The height at the highest point is about 110 yards. Of course, it is not too bright back in there but they have services on Sunday and bring in an organ and they have all the rest of the usual cathedral contents—lots of separate chapels to this and that saint, a special station of the cross section, a choir, main altar, etc. I'm not much for cathedrals having seen dozens and dozens of them but this one was a real novelty and interesting to a former minerologist like me.

Finally the next day, December 26, I took off for Los Angeles and not too unhappy to be leaving Columbia. I don't think I have much yen to return again. It is a beautiful and varied country geographically and it has some fascinating new architectural structures but they don't go out of their way to make a tourist feel particularly appreciated. You can only cash travelers checks at special hotels or at the National Bank. There are a dozen other banks but they are not authorized to cash them. They will steal your gold fillings if you open your mouth, and apparently house breakings are equally common—bars on all windows everywhere. It just doesn't give you a feeling of comfort. We landed in Mexico City and stayed on the ground there

about an hour and a half to refuel because they had gotten the word that L.A. airport was socked in and they might have to be diverted to Las Vegas, Phoenix or some such and had to have enough fuel to do so. But we finally took off and by the time we reached L.A. it was all clear and we landed about 1 a.m. when we were supposed to be in about 10:30. Everybody from the customs man to the taxi driver who took me home was annoyed at having to wait around two or three extra hours.

I think I'll go on another Christmas trip next year. It's kind of nice when you no longer have a family, to escape from the Christmas card, carols and crowd syndrome and the rush, push and shove attitude that the season carries with it. I enjoyed the trip a lot—it really wasn't bad travelling by myself though next time I think it would be a little handier if I spoke Spanish (or whatever). There was the usual mountain of mail and problems waiting my return which took me two weeks to dig myself out of but I made it.



The next issue of *Transvestia* will be our Centennial issue—No. 100. I have decided both in response to several requests and because of the milestone this issue represents, to devote it almost entirely to my autobiography and the history of the movement in the last 20 years. This will make it a collector's item since nowhere else has my personal history and the history of Chevalier Publications, *Transvestia Magazine*, Phi Pi Epsilon, the Foundation for Personality Expression and the Society for the Second Self (Tri Sigma) all been tied up in one package.

I'm not doing this to blow my own horn but as my life and times are intimately tied up with all of the above I can't very well talk about one without the other.

I have been, in spite of what my detractors may say, an important cog in the wheel of progress of our subculture. It is now time for others to carry on and continue the work I have started. I can't live forever and neither can I devote all of my life to this cause. I think 100 issues is a nice round figure to arrive at and when it is put to bed I hope I will have been able to finalize some arrangements for someone else to take over the load.

So if you want to know how it all started and some of the problems that I went through which I have never before written about, get your order in.

Virginia

PRICE LIST

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A number of issues other than those listed above have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought, when available, for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need, put a hold on it—first come, first served—and we will ship when it is available.

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

TO HELP WITH POSTAGE, PLEASE ADD 15% TO ALL ORDERS.

MERCHANDISE

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

M4 REGULAR INSERTS ALONE: For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own, the inserts can be obtained separately. **INSERTS, PER PAIR \$6**

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

NOTE: M9, M10, and M11 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks." That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

M5 "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two separate shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derriere to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. **PER PAIR, \$5.50**

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M10 FRONT PAD WITH A GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs up against the stomach. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. Wear with a lubricated sheath for greatest comfort. **PAD, EACH \$5.00**

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Publication Policy

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

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

The Society for the Second Self

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

Mail Forwarding Service

A correspondence forwarding service is maintained for members of Tri Sigma so that it is possible to make contact with other members near or at a distance. Contact is made by the use of code numbers assigned to members and personal security is thus maintained.

Ads for *goods and services* are accepted for publication in this magazine where they are appropriate. Ask for rates.

TRI SIGMA SORORITY
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