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# Transvestia

**FICTION:**

A Tale of Two Mothers  
Princess Lake  
Lynn

**HISTORY:**

Birth of Linda

**TRUE EXPERIENCE:**

Alterations and Dry Cleaning

**OBSERVATIONS:**

Good News About Electrolysis

**VIRGIN VIEWS:**

Androgeny - Gynandry



Vol. XVI

No. 92

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

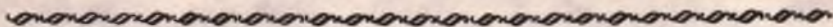
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



### THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



### A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

# Transvestia

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## FICTION

### *A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS*

*PART II Continued from TVia #91*

Laura—PA

It was a Saturday morning only a few days before their scheduled departure, and although several hours had elapsed since breakfast there had been no sign of Mrs. Moore for her usual cup of coffee and conversation. Mrs. Wright was somehow disturbed as she had noticed a quietness about her neighbor when they had last visited a couple of evenings ago, and she could not help but wonder if something were wrong. When Betty put in an appearance a short time later, wearing a very attractive blue cotton frock and white sandals, she inquired regarding his mother and if possibly she were displeased about anything. Betty confessed that he too had noticed his mother's moodiness but had no idea as to the cause, unless it had to do with their impending trip. Mrs. Wright had entertained the same belief that this might be the reason, so leaving the two "girls" together to discuss their never ceasing interest in clothes and what they would be wearing on their vacation, now so close, she went across the two gardens to find Mrs. Moore sitting morosely at her breakfast table.

Although she was greeted politely, there was little of the usual warmth of their past meetings. Mrs. Wright being a forthright person wasted no time in asking what if anything were wrong. Mrs. Moore first evaded the question, but after repeated prodding, confessed that she could not help but be depressed over the thought that she and her son would soon be separated. This would be the first time since he was a child, and knew that she would be very lonely during the three weeks they would be gone. Mrs. Wright immediately went over to her neighbor, and putting her arms around her shoulders, said, "May I call you Alma, for we have been friends for so long, and in turn please call me Ruth. My dear, I have been very selfish in planning

this trip without a single thought as to how you would be affected by the absence of your dear son. Please forgive me, and let us see if there is not some way a solution can be found and everyone made happy. Would it be possible for you to arrange to come along? I know for one that I would be very happy for your companionship. This would enable you to help me in driving, as both boys are too young to drive. Also, fond as I am of both of them, their conversation for so many days would surely be wearing. On the other hand you and I have so many things in common on which to talk. while the two "girls" in the back seat likewise have many subjects of mutual interest that will keep them pleasantly occupied.

Mrs. Moore's face lit up and she responded most enthusiastically, saying with a laugh, "Ruth, I thought you would never ask! It is indeed most generous of you, and I accept without hesitation. However, it may be necessary for us to delay our departure for a few days until I can make arrangement for someone to take my place at the store. Fortunately this presents no real problem, as I have a very good assistant who is always willing to substitute should I have to go away at any time. Also, we are not too busy at this time of the year and I can take off as long as I wish. But there is one change we will have to make in our plans. While it would have been all right for Betty to have visited your sister together with Jenny, I would not want to impose on her hospitality by including myself. Alternatively, Betty and I will stop off to visit with my sister-in-law whom I have not seen since the funeral of my late husband, and she has written many times since urging us to visit. Actually you will have to pass through Toledo on your way to Detroit, so this will not be out of your way going, and you will be able to pick us up on your return trip." Alma smiled a bit before continuing, "My sister-in-law, while a lovely person, is a spinster, and I cannot help wondering as to how she will react when I present her nephew dressed in the latest of girl's fashions. I shall have to prepare her in some way, but at the moment I don't exactly know how I shall go about it." At that moment both Betty and Jenny entered the house with their arms about each others waist, as was now their unconscious practice to do, and they were told of the change in plans. Rather than being upset over the delay in their scheduled departure, both boys were most enthusiastic, feeling that the vacation would now be even more pleasant, as Richard also had qualms over leaving his mother alone.

Mrs. Wright immediately called her sister about the change in

plans, also that she would not now have to provide a room for Alan's friend. Aunt Jennifer said she was happy with the new arrangement as she had worried somewhat as to how she was going to accommodate the extra guest they had planned to bring. Their house was not overly large, but with Alan and his mother only, there would now be no problem. As far as the change in dates, this would be all right as they had no plans for going away, and further would all be on vacation during the period of their stay.

The extra time provided by these changes was to the advantage of all concerned as they had not really been prepared for the earlier start planned. In the first place neither boy had ever appeared in public dressed as a girl, and additional training would be required to achieve a degree of naturalness both in their walk and manner of handling themselves. Further, they must learn how to modulate their voices at all times, even under situations of stress or emotion, without risk of having their disguises penetrated with consequent embarrassment or worse. In addition, they must learn to wear their girl's clothes gracefully and convincingly. This was not as much a problem for Richard as for Alan. Richard had been wearing girl's clothes for a period of two years under his mother's careful supervision, but again this was not the same as the more critical observance they would receive in public. Although Alan never mentioned the subject, he could not help but have some disquieting thoughts as to the reception he would receive from his uncle and in particular his cousin when he presented himself to all extent and purpose, a girl. He attempted to put these thoughts behind him fully determined to live his new existence to the fullest, feeling also that by the time he reached Detroit he would by then have had sufficient experience in public to react naturally to their greetings.

During this period, while the boys were going through their final period of training for complete feminization, Mrs. Wright became increasingly aware of how rapidly and completely Alan was entering into his new way of life. While at first she had welcomed the thought of having in him at the same time both a daughter and a son, she found that the feminine side of her child was rapidly displacing all signs of his masculine self. Alan now suppressed at every opportunity any sign that he was actually a boy. His mother had noticed that shortly after she substituted nightgowns for his pajamas, he had started wearing his bra with inserts to bed. When asked the reason for this practice, he said that he could no longer stand the appearance of

his flat chest under the nightgown, as this spoiled his girl-like appearance. Mrs. Wright sighed, but pointed out that bras designed for day time use were not to be worn at night, but to keep him happy would buy him a sleep bra for wear under his nightgowns. Again she was assailed by doubts. She realized that they were now too far committed to back out as far as this trip was concerned, but she could not help but wonder about the future following their return. Possibly by that time she would have irrevocably lost her son, and this could bring problems.

Alan's introduction to make-up was probably no more trying than that of any girl, but he had entered their world belatedly and had more to learn. While the average girl started experimenting at an earlier age, she also had the assistance and advice whether wisely or not of her girl friends, and in this Alan was lacking. On one of their shopping tours, his mother had bought him a complete set of cosmetics, including lipstick, nail polish, eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, face creams and face powders and anything else she thought he would need and enjoy. Alan's first experiments naturally resulted in some pretty garish effects, but through perseverance this tendency was curbed and in time he learned how to use to advantage all these delightful and exciting aids to achieving a really feminine appearance. In addition, the plucking and arching of his eyebrows changed the whole appearance of his face to an unbelievable extent, making it appear more oval and girl-like.

In accordance with his mother's earlier admonition, Alan did not deliberately avoid contact with anyone outside of the four of them while dressed, although at the same time he did not make any attempts to cultivate the company of others. The only exceptions were the postman and the few tradesmen who might come to the house to deliver packages. The latter apparently accepted him as a girl without question, for he was very convincing in manner and appearance. The first time Mr. Evans the postman knocked, however, Alan was reluctant to go to the door until there was definite indication on the part of his mother that he should do so without any further fuss. Alan was wearing a white shirtwaist, a dark blue nylon skirt and rather high heeled white pumps. Mr. Evans' eyes opened wide when he recognized his old friend, but merely said, "You do look nice Alan," then added with a twinkle in his eyes, "Or should it now be Alice?" Alan, suddenly at ease after this friendly exchange, retorted, "No, it is Jenny." Mr. Evans replied, "Well then, Jenny it shall

be, and may I add you make a very pretty miss." Alan returned to the living room with a happy smile on his face, and related this interchange to his mother, at the same time feeling more confidence than he had before about appearing as a girl.

Mr. Evans on the other hand, walked down the garden path, saying to himself, "Well, I never, I wonder what that was all about and why." But also convinced that this was not the usual "dress up" lark he had witnessed. Mr. Evans not not the type of man to gossip with the other people on his route, and consequently said nothing further about the incident until he was home having dinner, when he recounted the incident in detail. His wife knew about all the people he served as this was a favorite subject of their conversations over dinner. As a result she knew of the Wrights, the mother and the boy, but could offer no suggestions as to why a fifteen year old boy should suddenly and without apparent embarrassment appear publicly before a man he had known for years, attired as a girl complete with earrings, make-up and permanently waved hair done in a feminine manner. Their son David listened with more than usual interest. He made no comment however, as he did not want his parents to know he found the subject discussed to be exciting. He first contemplated visiting the neighborhood where the Wrights lived in the hope of getting a glimpse of Alan attired as a girl, but reluctantly gave up the idea.

One other occasion where Alan was appearing in public as Jenny, was taking care of his daily chore of picking up the milk and bread each morning from a small "mom and pop" grocery store at the end of their street. Here again his mother insisted that Alan run his errand as usual, and now that he had turned his back completely on his boy's wardrobe since the start of vacation, there was no alternative but to go as he was presently dressed. On this occasion he was wearing a pink and white cotton dress, pantyhose, shoes with medium two-inch heels, white necklace and matching earrings in his pierced ears. He started off down the street with some trepidation, but although he passed several people they were none that he knew, and no one paid him other than a passing glance. Mr. and Mrs. Swartz were rather elderly people who had run this neighborhood store most of their lives, having seen all the young people over the years grow up and move away. Never having had children of their own they did not attempt to understand them but accepted them for what they appeared to be, prepared to be friendly providing the children were well behaved, which Alan had always been. Alan was blushing a



deep red when he made his usual request for the bread and milk, but as the same time trying to appear that nothing was different. All Mr. Swartz said as he handed him his purchases was, "So it is a girl you now are. That is nice," turning away to wait on another customer. From that day on Alan collected the milk and bread without any further comment from anyone, and even his neighbors whom he eventually passed coming or going, seemed to accept him or rather her without apparent question.

Finally the long awaited morning of departure arrived when Alan and Richard said a last goodbye, at least for the time being, to their boy-selves and started off on a thrilling adventure as two very pretty girls. Betty had on a green and red plaid cotton dress and green sandals with medium high built-up cork heels. While Jenny wore a crisp white cotton blouse and short blue denim skirt with black and white loafers. Both boys wore pantyhose although Jenny argued for a girdle that he found more exciting, but had been overruled by his mother as not being suitable for a long car ride. To avoid the problem of managing their hair in the wind from the moving car. Jenny had developed an attractive hair-do of bringing the hair together on each side of his head in two separate groupings tied together with short white ribbon bows to match his blouse. Betty, whose hair was longer, wore his hair in a pony tail secured by a silver barrette his mother had given him as a going away present. Both boys had made up carefully with light colored lipstick and just a trace of eye shadow, remembering their mother's instructions to go lightly on the make-up to avoid calling undue attention to themselves. In the trunk of the car were their separate suitcases containing the results of careful planning and shopping tours over the past weeks. They could not wait for the forthcoming opportunities they would have to wear the extensive and varied lot of clothes they had with them, and which most importantly included not one single item of boy's attire. The plan was to travel leisurely, stopping off at motels for the four nights going and three returning, so that they would have a number of chances to wear their dresses in public while dining in the motel restaurants. In addition, they had scheduled several sight seeing tours of the towns and parks they would be passing through, which would provide more opportunity to show off their clothes. The two mothers had sensibly decided to wear pant suits most of the the time as being more practical and comfortable while travelling. A suggestion to their offspring to do likewise had been rejected out of hand as being a too masculine type of get-up, while they wanted only

to emphasize the feminine, which under the circumstances was understandable. On arrival at Betty's house the boys greeted each other impulsively with a kiss. This was done so naturally and so unaffectedly that neither mother saw fit to protest, although the sight had been somewhat of a shock to each. It was apparent that this had become to them a natural and affectionate manner of greeting, and was indicative only as to how fully they had become girls in their reaction and thinking.

It was a gay foursome that finally left from the Moore's house but not before the two femininely dressed boys had found a number of occasions to run back to their houses for last minute items previously overlooked. Mrs. Moore was aware of the curtains moving back and forth in the living room of the house across the street, and was conscious that this unusual departure was being observed and would undoubtedly be commented on later after their return. As no one else of their group appeared aware of their unseen audience she said nothing, but could not help but realize that there were obvious problems ahead for both she and her son, but would worry about them later.

There was little traffic on the road, and with the two women alternating on the driving they made good time. Their first stop was at a drive-in for a lunch of hamburgers, where they were served in the car by young boy car hops. Jenny and Betty giggled with new found embarrassment when the car hop came to them for their orders, and which were given by their mothers, but apart from a casual glance at the two "girls" in the back seat, paid them no attention to their mingled relief and disappointment. As planned they stopped off at Gettysburg to see the Civil War battlefields. The mothers having been there before, told Betty and Jenny to buy tickets for the short tour and to try to get back to the car in about an hour's time. The mothers cautioned them against getting into any conversation with others on the tour and in this way they would avoid any trouble. They realized that the two boys would have to make their first introduction into public life as girls alone, and that this seemed as good a way as any and would give them the increased confidence they so badly needed at this start off of their trip. Within the hour they were back at the car happily excited with their first successful outing with others than their own family. The tour had gone off without incident and they had been readily accepted for what they appeared to be, even to the point where they had engaged in a brief



NANCY—OR-5-B

conversation with a woman in the group who had inquired of their names and where they were from. This experience had provided an opportunity of experimenting with the new voices and apparently with success. After this event they found that their nervousness had left them, and they now looked forward eagerly to their next experience, which would be that night at their first motel stop.

It has been planned originally that the two boys would share one room with the mothers in another. After discussing all the angles, it was later decided that this could result in problems, and was also unsafe for two such young people to be in a room alone, particularly should the rooms not be adjacent. As a result each family would have their own room. This was a big disappointment to both Jenny and Betty, but they did recognize that difficulties could arise and they would all be safer paired off in this manner. They stopped off at a Holiday Inn, and while the two boys stayed in the car, the mothers arranged for the rooms. It was a one story motel, with a large swimming pool in the inner court yard on which their rooms faced. Both boys, in their new found confidence, wanted to go in bathing at once using their new bikini bathing suits for the first time. But the wiser counsel of their mothers prevailed in finally convincing them they were not yet ready for this. That by doing so would be pushing their luck too far, and to which they reluctantly agreed. In any event a far more exciting prospect lay ahead, dining in a public restaurant for the first time ever as girls, and for this they had long planned as to just what they would wear. Only a week before they had spotted two dresses in a downtown store window that had captured their mutual fancies, and nothing would do but that their mothers must buy them, and which they had good naturedly agreed to do. Both dresses were of nylon but a linen like texture. One was of white with contrasting black cuffs and collar, also a black leather belt. The other was of similar material but in black with white contrasting accessories. The costumes were complete with white and also black high heel pumps finished off in the same linen like material. Jenny had chosen the basically white costume as she had matching earrings and necklace that she had wanted to wear, while Betty was satisfied to accept the black dress with white cuffs, collar and belt and black shoes as she had black beads and earrings to match her dress. Together the two boys made a striking appearance in their contrasting costumes, and they were confident that they would attract considerable attention as they made their entrance to the dining room.

Jenny was so excited getting dressed for his debut, that his mother had difficulty getting him dressed at all. He did get his way by wearing the white satin faced girdle of which he was so proud, white lace trimmed panties, a matching half slip and sheer nylons that set his shapely legs off to advantage. Finally, both boys were dressed and made up to their satisfaction, and together they left for the motel dining room, their faces flushed with the knowledge that they both looked very smart, and every inch the young miss. Their entrance was all that they had anticipated, for indeed they looked two very attractive young ladies. Their delight in their reception was further enhanced by the admiring glances they received from two boys of about their ages who were seated a short distance away. During the meal the boys kept glancing towards their table, evidently showing a great deal of interest in the two "girls." Alma and Ruth were concerned over the possibility of their trying to strike up an acquaintance afterwards and how this could be handled, as they definitely were not yet prepared for this development. Fortunately, they had apparently only stopped off for dinner with their parents, for they drove away after finishing their meal, but not before passing close to their table on the way out with the greeting of "Hi ya girls, sorry we are not sticking around," to which Jenny responded in his new low voice, "So are we." and gave them a broad smile. Alma and Ruth looked at each other helplessly, and then shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say, "Are we going to have problems?" The two "girls" on the other hand could talk of little else but the cute boys in the restaurant and also how well their dresses had been received. It was obvious that their boy-selves had now been completely submerged, and that they now looked forward to their future experiences and happenings with total confidence as to their ability to carry out this masquerade without difficulty.

The days passed pleasantly, and with each public contact, whether at meals, on tours, or shopping in the stores of the towns they visited, they enjoyed each experience with complete assurance. All too soon they reached Toledo, where they were to leave Alma and Betty. They reached the home of Alma's sister-in-law just before lunch. Both boys were wearing knit dresses, Jenny in a beige while Betty's dress was a darker tan. Alan was introduced as Jenny with no further explanation, and was received in a polite if rather restrained manner, while Miss Carver, or Aunt Mae as she was called, barely acknowledged her nephew at all. Suddenly all of Richard's confidence seemed to ooze away, as it was obvious that she did not approve of what she saw.

Ruth could not help but wonder if Alma had really explained in advance just how things were to be, for it was clear that she had failed to enlist Aunt Mae's acceptance. Under the circumstances, and not wanting to participate further in what appeared to be a rather strained situation, made her apologies and said that they must run along without delay if they were to reach Detroit as they had promised that night. Alan and his mother said a quick but affectionate goodbye to their now subdued friends promising to see them again in a little over two weeks. Both Alan and his mother drove along thinking about their two close friends, being apprehensive for Richard as to how he would make out in an apparently unfriendly atmosphere before they could pick him up on their scheduled return. Of importance was that he had nothing with him but his girl's clothes, and would be obliged to continue in the role of Betty regardless of how his aunt might feel. Their only hope was that they would be able to win her over during the period of their stay into accepting Richard as Betty. As a result of this experience Alan and his mother now could not help but worry over the forthcoming visit with his aunt and uncle, in spite of their written acceptance of Jenny. They tried to bolster each other's confidence, but a small cloud had come over their previously happy state of mind.

After leaving Toledo, Alan and his mother rode along in silence each occupied with their own thoughts, which were similar in nature. As a result, Mrs. Wright was not surprised when Alan finally spoke suggesting rather tentatively the possibility of their delaying their arrival at Aunt Jennifer's until early the next morning. He followed with the observation that he had been quite upset by the cool and disapproving reception he had received from Richard's aunt, and felt the need of one more night of being in public to restore his confidence. Also, he would like the opportunity of dressing more carefully than he was at present, so that on arrival at this aunt's he could make a more convincing impression. His mother readily agreed, and at the first opportunity she phoned her sister as to their change of plans. She plead that they were behind schedule due to heavy traffic, and under the best of circumstances could not arrive until late that night, and would prefer arriving early the next morning refreshed by a night's sleep. This explanation was accepted without question to their mutual relief. Early that afternoon they stopped off at a motel near Detroit that would require but an hour's drive the following day to reach their destination.

Alan and his mother were glad of the chance to be by themselves again, and while resting on the beds of their motel room talked over the events of the past few days with pleasure, for it had been fun. They also speculated as to what possibly lay ahead of them during the next two weeks of their visit with his aunt and uncle, also cousin. Alan confessed to feeling a little uncertain as to how he would be received, and also getting along with cousin Steve in his role as a girl over such a long period of time. He realized that there was no turning back at this stage, or making any change in his plans, not did he in any sense want to. He now more fully recognized than before that matters might not go as smoothly as they had anticipated. Mrs. Wright assured Alan that she would always stand firmly behind him, as she was fully as responsible as he for what they were now doing. After this talk Alan felt much reassured. They then had a quiet and uneventful dinner in the motel dining room, followed by a walk through the streets of the small town where their motel was located. The complete acceptance of Jenny who was dressed in a smart two piece blue knit suit consisting of matching skirt and jacket, a blouse of heavy white crepe with sleeves that ended in full cuffs and at his neck a large bow, was gratifying to both he and his mother. In his high heel pumps and his blond hair that had been combed so carefully to bring out the waves of his permanent, he looked every inch a most attractive girl. The realization of his convincing appearance, of which he stole many glances of his reflection from passing shop windows, did much to repair the confidence that had been diminished by that afternoon's experience. Before going to sleep, they discussed in some detail how Jenny would dress on the morrow, for they realized that it was of the greatest importance that their first impressions should be as favorable as possible.

They awakened early and were delighted to find it a cool sunny morning of what promised to be a beautiful day. Following through on their plans of the night before with respect to Jenny's costume, Alan chose to wear a knee length cream colored jersey dress, a wide brown leather belt to provide contrast also to match his brown leather pumps with medium 2½" heels, and beige pantyhose. This outfit set off his honey blonde hair that he had combed into a modified page boy style. Around his neck he wore a necklace of amber colored beads with matching earrings in his pierced ears. He made up carefully using just a touch of blue eye shadow, and his lips were a frosted pink that matched his nail polish. They both studied Jenny's appearance critically but finally decided she could not be improved

upon. The several approving glances he received during breakfast appeared to confirm their judgement.

Shortly before eleven they pulled up before his aunt's house, which was in a suburban part of Detroit. It was a pleasant frame house surrounded by a large garden and situated on a tree lined street. No sooner had the car stopped than his aunt and uncle and his cousin, Steven, were out of the house to greet them. Alan gracefully slipped out of the car seat in a manner he had practiced so often so that his skirt would not ride up and show too great an exposure of nylon clad leg. His aunt first clasped him to her, then held him at arm's length while she studied his appearance in detail. Then with approval in her voice, "As my adopted namesake, you have done me proud Jennifer." Uncle Ralph, with a searching look at Alan, merely smiled, and after shaking his hand and asking how he was, said, "Let us go in the house, I will bring your bags later after you have had a chance to settle down." Cousin Steve looked quizzically at Alan, evidently not sure as how to address him, for after all it was a little startling to suddenly be confronted by a very pretty, stylishly dressed girl, and yet to know that this is the male cousin he had known and rough-housed with over the years. The best he could do was an uneasy grin, and a mumbled, "Hello." Although he actually had butterflies in his stomach, Alan appeared to be the least disturbed of all.

After they had all commented on Alan's becoming costume, also what an attractive girl he made, they said that they had been awaiting with interest his arrival every since his mother's letter announcing their planned visit and of Alan's intention to dress and travel as a girl. They could not have imagined that he would be able to do this so convincingly. After these pleasantries were over, Uncle Ralph dropped the first bombshell, of which several were to follow.

"Alan," he said, "I know that you expressed a desire to be called Jenny, and both your aunt and I take this as a compliment. However, your aunt is called Jenny as well you know and it would be most confusing to have two persons in the house at one time each called Jenny, so you will have to put up with being called Alan as usual. Should we have company, or in other instances where the inference will be that you are really a girl, then we shall make an exception and call you Jenny. I hope you are not too disappointed. There is one other arrangement we have had to make, that I am afraid will not make you happy, but which I hope you will accept with your usual



good nature. As you know, our house is not large, and apart from our bedroom and Steve's room there is only one guest room. If you were a child you could room in with your mother, but even should you wish to in your role of a girl, I would not approve your doing so. Consequently, there is no alternative but to your sharing Steve's room. It is a large room with two beds and plenty of closet space for his clothes and yours. I can appreciate that under the circumstances you will undoubtedly feel a sense of embarrassment dressing and undressing before Steve, as I readily believe you have during the past few weeks developed a state of mind where you now consider yourself to all intents and purposes, a real girl. In other words you probably will feel the same as a girl would if she were asked to disrobe in front of a boy even though that boy were her cousin. On the other hand, you must realize that Steve himself will probably feel initially some embarrassment. Unfortunately there is no alternative and you both must make the best of it, and I am sure that you two boys will make a satisfactory adjustment. In addition it will help you, Alan, to keep things in the proper perspective and prevent your going too far overboard."

Alan heard all of this with a sinking heart for it was far worse than he at any time had anticipated. While he was trying to absorb the impact of his uncle's first words, he failed to hear or comprehend the last remark, which otherwise would have distressed him even more. Mrs. Wright seeing the chagrin on Alan's face felt a deep sorrow for the way his dreams were being shattered. She now recognized that this whole trip had been a mistake, and that it was asking too much of others to understand or accept a state of affairs they had deluded themselves into believing was almost natural. She could say nothing, however as the only alternative was to immediately return home, which would not have made matters any better. The only hope was that somehow or other something could be salvaged from the vacation. At least there had been no suggestion that Alan give up his treasured wardrobe and revert to all boy.

Alan reluctantly climbed the stairs behind his uncle who was carrying his suitcase up to the room he would now have to share with Steve. It had been suggested that he put on something simple before lunch, and that would also be suitable for going to a ball game that afternoon at Steve's school. It had been assumed that Alan would accompany Steve on his various activities as his female cousin Jenny in the same manner he normally would have done if he were visiting



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FRANNY—NY-19-F

as the male Alan. Fortunately Steve had the good sense or compassion not to come up at the same time, for he fully appreciated how Alan must feel. He too felt a little uncomfortable over the knowledge that sooner or later they would be sharing the room together, and wanted to put that moment off for as long as possible. Alan finally decided to wear the white shirt waist with blue denim skirt he had worn the first day of their trip, together with his black and white loafers. In a spirit of defiance he freshened up his make up, using a little more blue eye shadow than he had arrived with, also using a deeper shade of lipstick, but still keeping it conservative. He was determined to maintain his role as a girl, but did not want to invite any criticism from his uncle as to his appearance. He substituted a matching set of white beads and earrings, and returned to the living room with his head held high and a smile on his cerminded lips, determined not to let them know how hurt he was. Alan was so convincing in his mannerisms and dress that much to the surprise of his aunt, unclce and cousin, that almost before lunch was over, they had dismissed from their minds any thought of the boy Alan and had accepted this new feminine version, even to the extent of occasionally referring to him as she or her, much to Alan's secret amusement and gratification.

It was not far to the school where the game was to be held, so they decided to walk. This gave the two boys a chance to become reacquainted and to overcome the strangeness generated by the conditions of their first meeting that morning. Steve asked Alan why he had decided to dress in his present manner. He confessed that the letter from Alan's mother had caused quite a flap when first received, and that his father at first was inclined to say that the visit would not be convenient, but later, as much out of curiosity as anything, has asked them to come. After all, his father was a professor of psychology and was naturally interested in all forms of human behavior. Alan tried to explain how all this had come about and his reasons for wanting to appear in public as a girl. Although Steve was a sympathetic listener, Alan had never really thought this through before, to the extent of being able to justify his actions to someone else. As a result he could not come up with a very convincing argument, of which he was the first to admit. He ended up philosophically, and with good humor, "Apparently you have to have some quirk in your make up to act as I am doing, and unless the other person possesses that same something, he would probably find it impossible to understand my state of mind. In any event I am not in

the least ashamed of what I am doing nor do I feel embarrassed talking to you on the subject or even being in your presence dressed as a girl, and I hope you will cooperate with me during the period of our stay so that we can have fun together." Steve had always been fond of Alan, and although he failed to understand the logic of Alan's explanation, was willing to accept the present state of affairs, and offered to introduce him to all his friends as his cousin Jenny, who had been named after his mother. Alan thanked Steve for being so generous and understanding, and assured him that he would have no cause for embarrassment, as he was certain that he could carry out his masquerade without risk of detection. Only provided he did not have to spend too long a time with any girls alone, who if suspicious, could possibly trip him up.

Alan sat with his cousin, together with mostly other boys and only an occasional girl. He was introduced as planned and accepted without question. Several of the boys tried to make a play for Jenny and a couple asked if she would save a dance for them at the school dance scheduled for the next evening. Alan graciously said that he would be happy to do so, all much the to secret amusement of Steve who couldn't help but think how surprised they would be if they only knew. Alan was glad at this point that he and Richard with the help of their mothers had practiced dancing for so many hours, with the boys taking the girl's part, and felt confident he would do reasonably well.

Mrs. Wright was surprised but delighted to see the two boys returning in the best of spirits and obviously back to their old relationship. As a result she could not now but help entertaining the hope that everything would still work out all right. Steve had his arm linked in Alan's in the same manner he would walk any girl, and they stood talking to his parents without disengaging until they left to go in and upstairs to prepare for dinner. The earlier talk between the two boys had largely dispersed any previous feelings of embarrassment, and Alan now followed his cousin into their room without hesitation. While Steve sat on his bed looking on quizzically, Alan slipped off his blouse and stepped out of his skirt, standing only in his bra and nylon panties, while his legs looked long and shapely in his pantyhose. Kicking off his loafers he stepped into a pair of high heeled satin mules, before sitting down on his own bed, and to answer questions he saw that Steve was dying to ask. Steve first inquired as to how he had such a realistic bust, and Alan without even a sign of self-con-

sciousness showed him the liquid filled inserts contained in the bra. Other questions followed that were answered to Steve's satisfaction. Steve said finally, that Alan's lingerie was indeed attractive and certainly more so than what boys wore in the way of undershirts and pants and maybe he had something there, but that this was not for him. He also commented admiringly, that Alan really made a "smart chick." Alan then first removed all his makeup with cold cream and then washed his face thoroughly, then remade his face much as before but this time adding a touch of eye liner and a little mascara, all of which Steve watched in fascination.

He finally remarked "I never thought I would learn so much about girls from my own boy cousin," at which they both laughed, now at complete ease with each other. Alan finally having completed his toilet, slipped on a rose colored dress of nylon that was patterned with white flowers. It was a very pretty dress and one of Alan's favorites, for it set off to advantage his blond coloring. He again changed his jewelry to match his dress and put on a pair of white pumps with three inch heels that made a very satisfying tapping noises as he descended the stairs. Steve had only to change his open neck shirt and he was ready for dinner. He could not help but chide his cousin comparing the length of time it had taken him to get ready. Alan replied good naturedly, that it was a heap more satisfying, at least for him, to dress as he had done, to which Steve replied, "I suppose so, it is all in how you look at it."

Dinner passed pleasantly followed by a quiet evening when they talked, played scrabble and engaged themselves much as they had on previous visits. Alan was now completely accepted dressed as he was without the slightest feeling of strangeness on the part of anyone. He even entered into a discussion with his aunt about clothes and his own wardrobe in particular. He brought down several dresses to show them off and even modeled a couple, and no one felt in any way that this was anything but quite natural. That night as the boys retired to their room, Alan again felt a little embarrassment over the prospects of undressing completely before Steve, but was determined not to show any sign of his feelings. He carefully removed the rose colored dress under his cousin's close scrutiny, which he then hung in the closet. Next he shed his panties and bra, standing for a moment a boy again except for his makeup and long wavy hair. But only for a moment, until he could slip on his sleep bra in which he placed the inserts from his day time bra, then next his pale blue chiffon

nightgown with the matching peignor of which he was so proud. This last was greeted with an appreciative whistle from the watching Steve, who so far had not missed a trick. Continuing with his now usual routine, Alan proceeded to cream his face to remove all traces of makeup, finally putting his hair up in rollers to preserve the waves of his permanent. As Alan at last got into bed, Steve remarked "For a moment there you were my old boy cousin, but you have so naturally resumed your role as a girl, that I find myself thinking of you in that manner. Actually I get a bit of a thrill at the thought that such a beautiful girl is sharing my bedroom," as Alan looked somewhat startled, he hastened to add with a laugh, "You need not worry, you will be perfectly safe," and on this light note, both boys settled down to sleep.

The following days passed quickly and pleasantly. The school dance was quite a success with Alan, or rather Jenny, being very popular with Steve's schoolmates and much sought after for each dance. This was the very first opportunity that Alan had to wear his only formal. A full length gown of emerald green taffeta with a matching underskirt also of taffeta that gave an enticing rustle as he walked and danced. The gown had a low cut neck and was sleeveless so that Alan wore elbow length white kid gloves. His high heel pumps were of emerald green satin to match his gown. He wore his mother's pearl necklace and pearl earrings. All in all he made a very stylish and striking appearance, so much so that Steve was very proud of his "girl" cousin, as he now so unconsciously regarded Alan.

Soon it was time to leave, and the time was approached with regret by all. On the last night, Alan's Uncle Ralph asked him to join him in his study for a talk. Alan followed him into the cozy book-lined room with some misgivings. Everything had gone so pleasantly after those first few hours that he did not want anything at this point to spoil what would be such enjoyable memories. He realized however, that there were certain aspects of his masquerade that were disturbing to his uncle, and he was prepared to hear him out in respect for his considerable knowledge on such matters.

"Alan," his uncle began, "As I believe Steve has already told you, I was very disturbed when I received word from your mother that she was permitting and possibly encouraging you to dress as a girl, and that it was your plan to visit us not only fully dressed but actually masquerading as a girl full time. My first inclination was to refuse to have

you, while at the same time to give you and your mother a lecture on your behavior in an effort to nip this development in the bud. On further consideration I thought it only fair to see you in person and then based on our collective reactions and in this I include your Aunt Jennifer and your cousin Steve, we could if necessary have worked out other arrangements. I thought you would be so embarrassed in having to dress and undress before your cousin that you would as a result have felt very foolish and uncomfortable, and that this would have been the first step in breaking down your resolve to continue your assumed role of a girl during your stay here. To our surprise, your appearance and mannerisms on arrival were so convincingly feminine that we were not only taken aback, but to some extent disarmed. Then your good natured acceptance of having to share Steve's room, which we knew must have been a crushing disappointment, followed by unhesitatingly appearing before Steve in all forms of undress, which again we recognize was far from easy for you, made us reappraise the whole situation. Steve has been very frank with us and has related many of your conversations, not with any thought of carrying tales, but so that we could better understand you and why you were behaving as you have been doing. The fact that you two boys so quickly reached an understanding, and Steve's acceptance of your wish to be regarded as a girl, greatly influenced us in also accepting you as you wanted us to do. We have loved having you, as always, and no less this time as Jenny, and to a surprising extent have been able to ignore the fact that you are actually a boy dressed in girl's clothes."

"Unfortunately, there is more to this cross dressing than I believe you have given thought. In the first place I have come to the conclusion that you are a natural born tranvestite, a person who enjoys dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex, and if this situation had not developed now, it would in all probability have done so sooner or later. On the other hand, you must recognize that you are actually male, and I assume you have no wish to be transformed anatomically into a female. Few transvestites actually go that far in their fantasies. You will want to continue to dress as it is obvious that you have come to love your feminine clothes, but you will also have to realize that this, as with all indulgences, will have to be kept within bounds. You may not know this, and I am sure your mother also was in ignorance of the fact, but in many states it is illegal for a man to dress publicly in women's clothes. I am certain that with you and your friend there has not been too much risk as you are both juveniles, also I must

confess at least as far as you are concerned, make a very convincing girl. This however, must be taken into serious consideration as far as your future is concerned. Most people are highly intolerant of such behavior, as they do not understand the motivation. For this reason you will both have to be more circumspect and confine your future dressing largely to your homes. I know that this will be another disappointment, but then you will find life full of disappointments, but it helps you mature to meet and adjust to them. Finally, you will be living your life and making your way in the world as a man, and you cannot afford gossip that you are queer or unusual in any way. It is better to discipline yourself now by denying free rein to your desires to dress without restraint, in exchange for a reputation later as a real man. Alan, in no way am I suggesting to you that you forego dressing entirely, as this would be unfair, and in all likelihood ignored, all I ask is that you do so in moderation."

It was a rather subdued Alan who rejoined the family for their last evening together. He fully recognized the merit of what he had been told and the necessity of following this sound advice, but again many of his dreams for the future had been shattered. He now realized that his vision of openly parading around as a girl on his return and for the rest of the summer was impractical, and would have to be abandoned for once and all. His one compensation was knowledge that in Richard he had one friend with whom he could share his hobby even though this would now be on a far more restricted basis. He was also relieved to have his uncle's explanation of why he wanted to dress as he did, and to know that this behavior was not too unusual, also that this did not mean he was a homosexual.

The next day they started off early, with a happy, laughing Jenny saying his last goodbye and unashamedly kissing his cousin Steve, and which was just as naturally returned. On their way to Toledo, Alan had an opportunity to tell his mother of the previous night's discussion with his Uncle Ralph. She in turn confessed that she too had received quite a lecture a few days previous, and now realized that they had indeed both acted rather unwisely, although in the end everything had turned out well, and much better than it might otherwise have been. Although reluctantly, Alan now agreed that his life as a girl would have to be very much restricted, and with a possible few exceptions, confined to his and Richard's homes.

They arrived at Aunt Mae's house early that afternoon, planning on



picking up Richard and his mother and proceeding on to a nearby motel for the night. To their pleased surprise, for they had anticipated most any kind of a reception, and most probably a cool one, they were greeted by Richard, to their relief still dressed as Betty, with his arm around the waist of a smiling Aunt Mae, followed by a happy looking Alma. Aunt Mae welcomed them most warmly, called Alan "Jenny" and insisting that they give up the idea of going on further that night, but rather staying with her until morning. Under the pleasant atmosphere which prevailed, it was evident that an understanding had been reached on the part of all three, and this was confirmed later. The first few days had indeed been uncomfortable, but Richard has maintained his most pleasant and lady-like attitude towards his aunt, and with his mother's assistance in explaining why Richard was dressed as Betty, his aunt gradually gave way and accepted Betty without further question. They finally became as three women together establishing a closer relationship than had ever existed before. Now Aunt Mae was very much in love with her "niece," a feeling she had never had for Richard, and was already planning on visiting them later in the summer when she would see more of her favorite Betty.

The evening passed pleasantly in animated conversation, and although Alan did not mention to Richard his discussions with his Uncle Ralph, planning on saving this for the hours they would be together in the car on their drive homeward, he did tell in detail the fun he and Steve had had together when he so successfully passed as his girl cousin. He also told of having to share a room with Steve, and how this seemingly unfortunate experience had turned out so favorably. Richard, together with his aunt and mother were somewhat aghast over his uncle having put him in such a position and complimented Alan on his having handled the situation so well.

The next morning fond farewells again were said and they started off on their return trip. It was at this time Alan reviewed with his friend all that his Uncle Ralph had talked over with him while in the front seat the two mothers were having a largely similar discussion. Richard was very upset with this turn in their affairs, for he too had looked forward with Alan to a summer of living openly as girls, and became very depressed when he realized that now this would not be possible except under very restricted conditions. Alan having had longer in which to get used to the idea, was finally able to reassure Richard that all was not lost. After all they had each other, which was

more than was the case only a short time before, and that they could share their pleasure in dressing at home with possibly an occasionally foray out in public carefully chaperoned by their mothers. In any event, they both had had an exciting and satisfying experience these past three weeks that would long be remembered, and with which they would have to be satisfied for now.

With their usual good natures restored, the four of them soon fell into the happy mood of their trip out, and both Jenny and Betty reappeared to enjoy fully and even more confidently their last few days in public together as girls.

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### DIRTY TRICKS

These words which became famous in relation to Watergate also have applications elsewhere. It has come to my attention that a group in Philadelphia publishes a magazine devoted to pictures of young men with male genitals clearly in evidence, but also sporting bras, heels, garter belts, etc. which they have the fall to title *Transvestia*. I have to take this means of stating clearly and firmly that this has nothing to do with me. It is a clear case of plagiarism of a title which I have used for nearly 20 years. It cannot be claimed that it was done in ignorance since one Pudgy Roberts, who has indicated in past writings in various places that he doesn't look kindly on me, is one of the contributing editors. He knows full well what *this Tranvestia* is all about and that it was my name. However when it comes to pornographic publications and the people who produce them, money is the only consideration. Decency, honesty and a fair regard for someone elses efforts or property don't really cut much ice.

I have written them protesting their plagiarism but have not had a response and probably won't. But I have to make it clear to anyone reading this magazine that I have nothing to do with the other. It is so diametrically opposed to all I've tried to do with *TVia* that it is terribly annoying to have them put my trade name on their trash.

VIRGINIA PRINCE



JANE—OH-22-M



RUTH—NY

JUDY—WI-10-B



## TRUE STORY

### ALTERATIONS AND DRY CLEANING

Tecla—CA

In an adjacent neighborhood that I must frequent on business was a tiny shop that would be difficult to notice if you were not looking for it. The old sign in the window read "ALTERATIONS AND DRY CLEANING."

It was for the latter that I entered the little cubbyhole one afternoon several years ago with a pair of my favorite skirts that had been away too long and were in need of freshening. Bent over a sewing machine, an old woman finished a stitch as she called, "Be right with you."

I gave her the customary story of dropping these things off for my wife, took my ticket and was about to leave when she asked if I was new in the neighborhood. "You not come by my place before," she said in a thick middle-European accent. Explaining how I happened to be in the area, I promised that I would be back again. "You tell your wife I do nice alterations, I work at sewing machine for 50 year," she said. That gave me an idea and I told her that I might have some work for her when I came back for the dry cleaning.

Recently, I had bought a long skirt which I liked very much except that it was rather loose about the waist. Here was the chance to take care of it.

The next week when I returned for the other skirts, I brought the long navy blue one with me, having evolved a plan in the meantime. To my surprise, she remembered me as soon as I came in the doorway and delivered the cleaning without even checking the number on the stub. "Oh, I remember all my customer," she laughed when I ex-

pressed amazement at her memory. As she rattled on about her life in "the old country" where "everybody know everybody in my village," I was struck by the warmth of her open personality and began to feel pangs of guilt about my deception. How could I lie to such a sweet old lady?

Handing her the long skirt, I explained the problem, that the waist was a little too large and that I would like it reduced to 31 inches. For some reason, I chose not to mention that it was for my wife.

She poked about it here and there in her professional way, finally looking up and concluding, "Is easy to do. But is better if your wife is here for fitting."

In a split second, I made a decision. "It's for me," I said.

There was a pause.

She looked up at me, "You be boy-girl?"

Initially, I had planned to tell her that I was involved in a play and had to take care of getting my own costume, but because of the relative calm manner in which she asked her question, I made up my mind to go all the way and see what would happen.

My heart was beating a little faster and I tried to sound casual as I began. "There are times when I would rather wear skirts and dresses when I'm at home. I feel better."

"Then you be 'sometime' boy-girl," she said with a faint trace of what I took as an understanding smile.

Her attitude encouraged me somewhat and I could feel some of the flush leaving my face.

"You know others?" I asked.

"By my village in old country long time ago is very pretty little boy-girl. He cry all the time unless his mama let him wear dress, so, what could she do? Papa dead in coal mine. She have two other daughters, so she stop make him clothes and all share same things."

Her fascinating narrative continued, interrupted only once by a woman who came in to pick up some cleaning. The old lady winked at me to wait and when we were alone again, she went on.

In the Balkan countryside she had left many years before, it was customary for young boys to follow their fathers into the mines almost as soon as they were able. Many times they met the same fate from cave-ins, explosions or deadly gas. With few exceptions, they had little choice as life was hard and other opportunities were rare.

Thus it was that the little boy-girl's proclivity for dresses was almost a blessing in disguise and in a short while, the few who knew of his sex paid little attention and the others who never knew simply never found out. He grew to "womanhood" and as his little-girl prettiness disappeared, he became a rather ordinary-looking woman. When his sisters married, he remained with his mother, tending the house and taking care of her into her old age.

Half an hour must have passed while the old woman told her story in a language still deeply flavored with her "old country" accent. By this time, I was completely at ease in her company and not the least bit startled when she suggested that I step into the back workroom and put on the skirt so that she could get a better fit. This I did.

I waited while she took care of another customer, hoping all the while that the new arrival would not require the use of a dressing room. She did not.

In a moment, the old lady entered and all sense of embarrassment was gone as she surveyed me and began tugging here and there on my belt-line, making marks and asking, "This is too tight?"

Feeling perfectly at home in her company, I was even able to tell her not to worry about the tightness for quite often I wore something beneath the skirt that would make my waistline a bit more feminine. She laughed, "You just like all the rest! You already too skinny! But, you see, when I fix, this look nice for you."

Too soon, she was finished and reluctantly I slipped out of the skirt, donned my masculine clothes and was on my way. At the doorway, she called to me and suggested that when I return, I should bring whatever I wear beneath the skirt to make sure that she had cut the skirt to a good fit.

The following week when I entered the tiny place of business, I was wearing my waist cinch under my masculine outer clothes and was carrying the long, black half-slip that complimented the skirt. Of course, the slip was discretely wrapped.

To my dismay, a woman was standing in the work area as the old lady fussed about her, marking a formal gown that looked as if its seams were about to pop open of their own accord. The customer fussed about her weight and her inability to stay on her diet. The seamstress looked toward me and grinned. "You should have figure like him," she said, gazing directly at my waist where the cinch was pulling me in. I was suddenly flushed.

The woman looked about and I could feel my face getting redder. "Oh, you men!" Her eyes looked me up and down and she rattled on about the difficulty her metabolism brought to her life. "I would give anything for a figure like that!" I was flattered.

After a few more minutes of fussing and fuming and tugging, the plump lady was changed and gone and I was called into the back room.

The old lady handed me the skirt saying, "You wear something for nice figure today?" I nodded and she was gone.

I had worn a white nylon shirt for my appointment so that the combination with the skirt would not be too incongruous. Besides, I liked its feel.

In a moment, my trousers were on the hangar and I slid into the slithery half-slip. The skirt followed. Fastening the clasps at the back and closing the zipper, I could tell immediately that the alterations were perfect.

"How you like?" she called from the front.

I stuck my head through the curtain that separated front from back and invited her in to see for herself. Her bent body circled me in silence. Then, again. This time she placed her worn fingers inside the waistband and gave a slight tug. "Uh-huh! I tell you I do nice job! No?"

"Yes," I responded happily.

"Even with what you got on under skirt, you got nice skinny body," she teased. "Mrs. Feldman be envy!" Then she threw her head back in the heartiest laugh I have ever heard.

It was with some reluctance that I changed back into my male street-wear and prepared to leave. She wrapped the skirt and my slip together and as she gave me my change, she placed her hand over mine on the counter and, looking directly into my eyes, said softly, "You come back when you want me help you. Boy-girls be nice."

I was genuinely touched by her beautiful simplicity and groped for words to tell her how much I appreciated her kindness. She just smiled, then returned to her sewing machine.

Months went by. Business took me out of the city several times and other distractions kept me away from the neighborhood, so that when I returned, I experienced some difficulty in locating the small shop. When I pulled up in front, I realized why it was so hard to find; it had been remodeled.

Inside was a young girl in jeans listening to rock music on a small radio. The sewing machine and the pleasant cluttered look were gone, replaced by garish colors and advertisements for cleaning services.

When I asked about the old woman, over the din of the music, the girl said, "Oh grandma? She died last month. She was 82, wuld ya believe it? Did you know her?"

"Yes," I murmured as I felt a warm tear forming in the corner of my eye.

I turned and left.



FICTION



*PRINCESS LAKE*

Dee Raymond—Canada

The chopper set Bud Hamilton down on the main highway north out of the state capital. Two police cruisers were parked facing in along a dirt road linked with aspen and occasional cottonwood poplars. A uniformed cop in a large, grey stetson squatted beside one car, one hand holding lightly to his hat. Even as Hamilton crouched low on the roadway, gripping his Roadster in his right hand, he had to clap his hands over his ears as the chopper took off again. The peace after the departure of the machine over the tree tops was unexpectedly sudden. The figure by the car had straightened up and was heading forward to meet the Detective-Sergeant.

"Welcome to Allen County, Sergeant," the tone was laconic and drawled, though the big mouth was pressed into a tight line. "I'm Gantsby." A large, calloused hand threatened to crush Hamilton's softer product of a life devoted to report-writing.

"Hamilton," the detective said, but wasn't able to say more as the big man hustled him over to one of the cruisers, threw Hamilton's bag into the car, indicated the passenger seat to Hamilton and, when the city detective was in the car, too, took off fast, showering the puzzled-looking policemen in the other car with dirt and gravel.

"You're sure to be wondering what this is all about," stated Mel Gantsby, as the car careened down the center of the track, gravel beating a steady tattoo on the underside of the car.

"Yes," said Hamilton simply.

Gantsby gave him a quick glance, grunted and concentrated on avoiding potholes for a little while, without slackening speed. "We've got a murder," he finally grunted.



ALICE—NY



MIKI—JAPAN



MISS "X"  
(she didn't mark her pictures)

"Surely," said Hamilton dryly. He'd been a Homicide detective for over 10 years; so, the summons to the mountains and the speedy helicopter ride from the airport, had indicated only one possible answer. But why him, from among all the Homicide detectives on the squad? Was he the most dispensable?

"We don't have anyone up here to handle anything like this, or so my boss says," the sheriff's face was bitter.

"Nor in the neighboring towns or counties?" Hamilton's question had been bugging him all the way on the plane ride west.

"Uh-huh," the sheriff shook his head. "This particular murder required a special type of cop, or so I'm told." His eyes made a sudden shift in Hamilton's direction. "I was told that you were the man for the job."

"Tell me about it," said Hamilton cautiously.

The car roared over the top of a rise in the road, and began to head down a twisting road, thickly wooded on either side with spruce and poplar trees. In the distance, Hamilton could see the blue-grey of a large lake, backed by tree-covered hills. Gantsby required all his attention to hurl the car about the hairpin corners of the swiftly descending road, again without the slightest slackening of speed. Around one final turn, the car swerved and Hamilton could see that the track was blocked by a combination of police and unmarked cars. The cruiser shuddered to a halt and it appeared to Bud that Gantsby was out of the car even before it had actually been braked to a halt.

Several troopers were standing about on the track, either by their cars or up against a gate over which was a large sign which read, 'Princess Lake Camp.' As far as Hamilton could see, there was a wide, barred gate, securely chained to a high wooden post to prevent entrance further down the road. A wire-mesh fence ran away from the gate in either direction, thick growths of willow and black birch further concealing any development from view. As he pursued Gantsby towards the gate, which one of the troopers was hurriedly opening for them, Hamilton also saw that the fence was topped with several strands of barbed wire. Whoever used the place, he thought, sure didn't want any unexpected visitors.

"No one's left, Sheriff," said the trooper who had opened the gate. Gatsby gave a grunt and charged on into the camp.

And what a camp it was. The dense foliage gave way after about a hundred yards of narrow track onto a picturesque village of mainly wooden chalets. There was a wide square in the center of the chalets, with a bright cafe-restaurant with outside tables and bright red and white sunshades over every table. Gatsby seemed to be heading for the restaurant. Behind the shady street which ran away from the garden tables, Hamilton could see tree-lined tennis courts and a sandy beach. There were sailboats drawn up on the beach, but everywhere he noticed, there were no people. The village, sunlit still in the late afternoon, was empty of all life, the windows of the houses curtained or shuttered as if in mourning.

Gatsby swung through the white picket fence around the tables in front of the cafe, and stomped up several wide, wooden steps into a long barroom. There were three men sitting at a small table, looking through a bay window towards the beach. Two were obviously policemen. They sat stolidly, finishing off cups of coffee. The third person was decidedly nervous. It was hard for Hamilton to tell his age at first, but his hair was jet-black and styled after the fashion of the early fifties. He flicked anxiously at his cigarette as Gatsby barged across the room to the table. The two plain-clothesmen stood up as the Sheriff approached.

"This is Hamilton," said Gatsby, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. "He'll be in charge from now on."

Something like relief passed over the faces of both detectives. But Bud Hamilton had been startled. In charge! He hadn't expected that, and the more he looked at the black-haired nervous guy, the more he didn't like what he saw, why he was getting into this affair, or even why he'd probably been recommended for the job in the first place. The long nails and slender fingers that gripped the coffee cup. the shaped eyebrows and the general mien of the figure, told him what the job would be all about and Gatsby soon confirmed it.

"Seven years ago," the sheriff said bitterly, much too bitterly, to Hamilton, though now looked at the man whom Hamilton judged to be in his forties, "my predecessor in Allen County did what he thought was a bright thing at the time. The whole county was pretty

depressed economically then, and there wasn't any work nearer than Boone. Then some guys, including Winter here, who had the option on this property got the fantastic idea of developing a camp here. With the jobs the camp provided then, and the orders to farmers and merchants since, the camp has just about kept the county afloat." Hamilton could hardly believe the bitterness of Gantsby's tone. "But we sure had to pay a price, didn't we, Kim?" He addressed the dark-haired man, who squirmed a little on his chair, and looked back at Bud in acute embarrassment. To Bud's ear, it sounded that Mel Gantsby was recounting a personal price that he had had to pay for the construction of what seemed to be a godsend for such a backwater county.

"Cause you see, Hamilton," the sheriff was going on with his caustic introduction to the crime, "all these guys wanted to do was to dress up like dolls, isn't that right, Kim?" At the sneer in Gantsby's voice, Kim Winter looked down at the floor and color started to seep across his face. "And that's all this place has ever been used for, Hamilton. There was a standing rule here that only female clothing was to be worn in the camp." The sheriff turned away from the little group and stepped over to the detective-sergeant at the bar. "I understand that you know all about these kind of people. Well," there was contempt on his face, but whether for Bud or for the camp, the detective wasn't able to tell, "you're welcome to it!" The words were spat out. "Now they've started killing each other. One, two nights ago, and another yesterday. You can get the details from her." The last word was flung out like a live grenade. "I'll send your bags in. You got forty-eight hours to find the killer." And with that, Sheriff Mel Gantsby left.

"I'm Frank Buchanan," said the larger of the two detectives, extending a hand and walking over to the city detective, he was big across the shoulders, bull-necked, flattened nose and close-cropped, red hair. A football tackle, thought Hamilton. "Johnny and I work out of Tremayne, mostly on shoplifting." A wry smile crossed his face. "This is too far out of our line for us to even start on."

Hamilton nodded. He was watching Winter, who'd cooled right down as soon as Gantsby had left and was now quite relaxed. He was even looking out the bay window again. In the distance, Bud could see a dark figure, a woman by the length of her black hair, in a red bathing suit, playing with several small children out on the beach, making sand castles. "Fill me in on the details," said Hamilton.

Buchanan gave a small shrug. "We've always turned a blind eye to this place," he began apologetically. "They help Allen County's economy, and they've kept very much out of sight." He had been busy searching through his pockets, and finally he took out a notebook. He flicked it open with practised ease, using just one large thumb. He held the notebook in one hand like it was a postage stamp. "The murdered guy was know as Darlene Draper. He was stabbed in the back, directly through the heart." He passed a photograph of a buxom, brunette girl, in s skimpy stage costume, to Hamilton. "The body was taken on to Tremayne, but the autopsy reports are here," He indicated a door back at the far end of the spacious bar. "The one yesterday was a woman. I mean a real woman. A Mrs. Betty Ewell. She was stabbed in the back too."

"Husband?" asked Bud Hamilton.

There was a hesitation, and a grimace, before Buchanan answered. "Kind of. Registered here as Christine Ewell, but also known as Robert J. on his driving license. He was very cut up about the whole thing." In the background, Hamilton saw Kim Winter flinch at Buchanan's unfortunate pun.

"And where is the Ewell woman's body now?" Bud asked quietly.

"Should be in the coroner's office in Tremayne by now," said Buchanan. "The doc said he would call when he had something."

Hamilton nodded. Being this late into an inquiry and having to start from scratch was going to be tough. "Show me where they were murdered," he spoke directly to Buchanan. 'Johnny' stayed with Kim Winter as Buchanan led Hamilton between rows of tables to a door marked, 'Staff Only.' In the passageway beyond, numbered doors gave off on either side. "Dressing rooms for the performers," said Buchanan before Bud could ask.

At the T-intersection, Frank Buchanan indicated along the left-hand hallway. "That leads to the stage and to the Cabaret room, behind the barroom we were in. Got a good view of the lake, too. This Draper belonged to group called the Conway Sisters, if you can believe that." He turned down the passageway to the right. "Kim Winter found Draper's body in this small room at the end." He opened a door marked, 'Keep Out.' The small, dusty room was obviously a

storage room. Another door, with a small grill at eye level, led out of the room. A sign on the door said, 'Boilers—Keep Out.' "There's no way out that way," said Buchanan, nodding at the door. "Gantsby was up here first and he marked the position." He pointed at the red chalk outline on the floor. "It was lying face down. Only one stab wound."

Hamilton stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Time?" he asked.

"Two thirty in the morning," said the other. "Winter apparently does a check of the camp with his dog — in case there are intruders in. It was the dog's whining, he says, that brought him in."

"How much strength does it take to drive a knife clear into someone's heart?" Hamilton was still pensive, hardly glancing at the marks on the floor.

Buchanan shrugged. "A lot, I guess," he said.

"Yeah," said Hamilton. He was still holding the passageway door slightly open. "What's out that way?" he asked, pointing to the door at the end of the passage.

"A courtyard, garbage pickup, deliveries, wide open to the rest of the camp," grunted Buchanan, still staring at the floor and the dark stain that had interrupted the left side of the chalk outline.

"Did the Medical Examiner give the time of death?" queried Hamilton.

"Two o'clock, Thursday morning," said Buchanan promptly.

"Witnesses?"

Buchanan shook his head, and consulted again with his book for a few moments. "Last show was just over at one o'clock. Draper got off quickly and changed into street clothes." He looked up at Bud Hamilton. "That means ordinary women's clothes." He was having a hard time being matter-of-fact. "The other Conway Sisters thought he had a date, 'cause he left so fast. He was still wearing stage makeup when he was killed."

Bud nodded. "And Mrs. Ewell?" he asked.

Buchanan stepped out of the little room and led Hamilton out the doorway onto the concrete yard to the East side of the restaurant-night club. It was framed by long narrow buildings on left and right, but ahead of the yard was a asphalt pathway leading down from the main 'street' to the lake. Buchanan pointed to a clump of lilac bushes beside the path. "Some kids found Mrs. Ewell there last night about seven o'clock. We were on it right away, but we're not much further ahead now than we were then." He was quite apologetic.

"Same wound?" asked Hamilton.

Buchanan nodded. As they stood on the pathway beside the bushes, Bud could see that there were several more people walking along the beach, men, women and children, through all were keeping well clear of the main village part of the camp. "What did you say about the rule of dressing in women's clothes?" asked Hamilton with a crooked grin.

The other looked to where Hamilton's finger was pointing. "Oh, that," Frank Buchanan sighed. He was obviously uncomfortable in talking about the camp's inhabitants. "The Sheriff orderd all the queens out of drag after the second one yesterday afternoon. They're all supposed to check out at noon the day after tomorrow anyway. If the murderers aren't found by then, the Sheriff says he's going to hold the lot of them on impersonating charges."

"Forty-eight hours," said Hamilton laconically. "What makes you think that the murderer or murderers are still here?"

Buchanan sighed again, a sour expression on his big face. "The place is checked every three days by the Sheriff's office. Everyone's accounted for, and the fence has been patrolled since yesterday morning. No one's been in or out since."

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Neither Kim Winter nor the detective name Johnny had changed positions when the two detectives returned from their tour. Bud Hamilton walked up to the table where Winter was sitting and took the seat opposite the fidgeting and sweating owner of the Princess Lake Camp. Buchanan fell into a whispered conversation with his partner somewhere behind Bud.



"You found Darlene Draper," asked Hamilton.

"Yes," Kim Winter spoke firmly, and, despite his nervousness, affected no feminine mannerisms at all. "And I called the police right away." His tone implied that the cooperation he had supplied had not been matched by the police.

Ignoring that for the moment, Hamilton led Winter through a series of routine questions. Kim had attended the last show which had starred the Conway Sisters as usual. He'd seen Lana and Jeannette, the other Sisters, when they came back into the bar for a drink before they went out together through the main door and westward to their cabin. Kim had also seen the 'waitresses' off for the night, and had whistled up Satan, his German Shepherd, to start the night's inspection. Ten minutes later, Satan had whined going out into the back passage, and so the first murder had been uncovered. Kim had known Darlene for several years. She's been pretty nervous about cross-dressing when Kim has first met 'her', but the beauty and dancing courses put on at the Camp had really brought out the woman in "her."

She'd been pretty nervous—but not she'd become so good that, after one of the amateur talent shows, Lana Conway had asked 'her' to join the Sisters. They'd lost Julie, one of the originals, to marriage and growing children.

Kim had only known Christine and Betty Ewell for the last two years. Kim didn't like Betty who was very loudmouthed, drank a lot, teased the visitors and guests at the camp unmercifully about their proclivities, and was just a general embarrassment to the ladylike Christine. "I could think of a few people who'd like to have her done in," said Kim acidly. The Ewells had been in the bar, and later in the Cabaret, Kim also remembered, but at what time they left, he couldn't say.

"May I ask a favor, Sergeant?" Kim asked, when Hamilton indicated that the questioning was finished for the present. Hamilton, a little surprised, nodded. "You're in complete charge, aren't you?" asked the camp owner. "Well, you probably have been told that this camp is open to transvestites all the year round? Gantsby tells that to the authorities all the time, but that isn't totally true. We do rent out to other groups, and it's one of these groups that's coming in on Monday," He was staring intently at the city detective.

"Anyway, the girls only have two more days to finish off the courses we put on for them. For most of them, married men with kids, they've only two more days to be fully feminine. You'd get much more cooperation if you revoked the Sheriff's commands."

Bud considered. "I think I agree with you," he said slowly. "You can pass the word that the camp can continue as it always does." Kim Winter's face broke into a beaming smile. He jumped up and dashed off out of the main door of the restaurant, turning west to an attractive blue and white chalet, a trimmed lawn in front and brightly colored flower pots, filled with red, pink and white flowers, lining the sides and sills of the house. Hamilton watched Winter from the window and his mouth twitched into a grin. He wondered if he would recognize Kim next time he saw 'her'. As he turned into the bar, his amusement faded. Two glowering faces, as flushed as they were angry, showed him that his actions were not entirely appreciated by everyone present in the Camp.

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The Conway Sisters hared a three-bedroom chalet just one hundred yards from the Princess Lake Cabaret. Any resemblance between Lana, Jeannette and other members of the male sex was quite fleeting and superficial. Like Darlene Draper, each had long, dark, silky hair. Each had a feminine figure, soft skin, small waists and what appeared to be well-developed breasts. While Lana was in a dress, a low-cut, revealing light, flowered dress with several petticoats, Jeannette was wearing a red bikini with a loose-knit, pink woolen dress over the top. Both were well made up, perhaps more than necessary for daytime. Lana was just pouring coffee for Jeannette and 'herself', and Bud joined them easily. Frank Buchanan and Johnny Calesi, Bud had at last found out his full name, remained standing, stone-faced like gargoyles, on either side of the doorway.

Lana buffed 'her' long, pink fingernails as 'she' talked easily to Hamilton. She shifted on the hard wooden chair, rustling her pantihose and petticoats with each movement. Lana confirmed what Kim had already said. Darlene had left the dressing room at one thirty. Jeannette and Lana had had a drink and talked to a few customers before getting back to their chalet at two fifteen. They were only a little surprised to find that Darlene wasn't there, but they got ready for bed. Kim had come over for them at about two forty-five, while Jeannette was still bathing, in fact, they'd run across to the bar still in their nighties.



MILLIE—VA



"You told Kim Winter that Darlene had a date," state Bud Hamilton. Lana's dark-fringed, blue eyes flicked swiftly towards Jeannette, who was sprawled in an armchair, her bare, tanned legs over one side. 'She' pulled a face.

"Yeah," said Lana in her natural, contralto voice. "We've seen her the way before. She just threw off the last change — it's a pretty expensive copy of a Givenchy — and took off quick. Jeanie had to hang it up for her."

"What about the date?" persisted Hamilton. "Who was she going to meet?"

Lana shrugged, and Jeannette's little-girl voice took over. "How should we know?" he pouted, moving so that the detectives could see all of his beautifully shaped, evenly tanned legs. "Thank goodness she's dead," he fluttered his false eyelids at Lana's cautious shake of the head. "She wasn't discreet at all. She got us into trouble everywhere we went."

At Hamilton's frown, Lana cut in quickly. "She was young, that was all," 'she' said. "You see," 'she' spoke directly to the Sergeant, a nervous glance now and then at the door statues. "Despite our appearances, Jeannette and I are well aware that we are men." She paused to flick out a cigarette from the package beside her coffee cup.

Jeannette stood up, took off her pink dress to reveal a tiny waist, rounded derriere and the smooth, tanned skin of a girl. 'Her' hair fell loosely over her shoulders and down to her small, though well-formed breasts which amply filled the red bikini. "Speak for yourself," she said brightly as she slipped on red, high-heeled shoes and stepped over to the coffee on the stove.

Lana's brittle laugh and her quick smile were concentrated on Bud Hamilton. "Well," she said. "We practice female impersonation, and we're very good at it. Almost too good, as you can see. But we're not queer, if you can believe that, but so many won't. Men don't interest us." Hamilton was aware of the sudden, nervous gesture on Jeannette's part. She had dropped hot coffee on her hand. Her eyes met Hamilton's for a moment, wary and agonized, but Lana was going on. "We thought Darlene was like us, and she was to begin with, but

hormones seemed to have changed her emotional balance as well as her shape." At Hamilton's unspoken question, she nodded. "Yes, we take estrogen too. Enough to keep up appearances. It's such a tough business, the one we're in, that we make more money with breasts than we ever did without them." Lana rubbed her thin arms and gave a little shudder. She turned to look at Jeannette who was brooding over her coffee at the sink. Her profile revealed a feminine bobbed nose. "Darlene started changing just after she started taking the pills. She started chasing every man in sight. It's one of the reasons we accepted the gig here. This isn't really our style, but we hoped we could cool her out a little. Hoped she'd see some happily married transvestites for a change. But even here," Lana sighed, "she found somebody to shack up with."

"Who?" asked Hamilton quickly.

"I don't know," said Lana, giving his attention again. "She hadn't slept here in two nights before she was murdered. As a matter of fact," her blue eyes were quite clear and hard, "we'd already decided to dump her. Another of our reasons for being here was to check out some of the new talent and see if we could find a replacement for her."

"Just like you found Darlene here?" asked Bud.

"You know about that?" Lana's black-lined eyes opened wide. "Oh, you've talked to Kim; so you would."

"Have you found someone yet?" Hamilton asked. "A replacement?"

Lana looked quickly to Jeannette. "We've seen a couple we think would fit in."

"Whom did Darlene talk to when she wasn't with you?" asked Hamilton.

Lana shrugged. "She lay around the beach . . ." she began.

"Like me," interjected Jeannette, picking up a pink ribbon and beginning to tie 'her' hair back. That done, 'she' moved to the mirror to fit on large, heavy, pink-tasselled earrings. A pink, straw hat completed 'her' outfit.

"She always had a word for Betty Ewell," said Lana slowly. "They'd smile and exchange a few words whenever they met."

"Well, they were old friends," said Jeannette, slipping 'her' woolen dress about 'her' shoulders and picking up 'her' straw purse.

"Old friends?" asked Hamilton, turning to eye 'her' speculatively.

Even under 'her' powder and rouge, Jeannette flushed at the detective's close scrutiny. "Yes," she said. "At least, Darlene said they went to school together back home wherever that was."

"Detroit," said Lana. "Darlene came from Detroit."

"And what was Darlene's real name?" asked Hamilton.

Lana's thin eyebrows furrowed for a moment and then her pink, glossy lips parted in a smile. "Arthur," she said. "Arthur George Draper of Detroit."

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Bob Ewell was in sports shirt and slacks when he opened the door to admit Hamilton and Calesi, Buchanan had been dispatched to start a check of Draper's background as well as to contact the medical examiner. Ewell had a thin, long-nosed face. His fashionably long hair was unruly and his shirt was wrinkled. His pale eyes were red and a light beard indicated his lack of attention to his toilet. He quite listlessly allowed Hamilton to enter and look about his chalet at the east end of the village. From the beach and the street, there was now a hubub of noise as people, all of whom seemd to be women, met and conversed. Bob Ewell appeared like the last man in the place, apart from the investigators.

But even on him, there were signs of "Christine." His eyebrows and nails were not masculine. On the television set, there was a picture of two women in evening dresses, masses of curls piled up onto their heads, dangling earrings, and lots of jewelry. Bud easily picked out which one was Bob Ewell. The vivacious buxom blonde must have been his wife. Ewell followed the detective's eyes right to the picture. He went up and turned it over right away. Then, thinking better of it, he pitched it face-down onto an armchair. "There'll be no more of that," he said huskily.

"I'd like to talk to you about your wife if you don't mind," said Hamilton gently.

"Sure," Ewell couldn't look at him in the eyes. He sat down on the edge of a chesterfield, the window behind him.

"How was she affected by the death of Darlene Draper?" asked the detective.

"Oh, it was a terrible shock to us both," said Ewell, staring at the overturned picture. "We were both very upset to think such a thing could happen here."

"You heard about it when?" asked Hamilton.

"Betty told me," said Ewell, looking up in surprise. "We'd got home late from the cabaret. I'd put my . . . my dress on its hanger, and I . . . I was in my nightie when I found I'd left my purse in the cabaret. Betty went back for it, and I got into bed."

"What time was that?" asked Hamilton.

"A little before two," said Ewell, after a pause to think. "I dozed a bit, but Betty woke me and told me about the murder. I put on her dressing gown," his eyes had brightened with unshed tears at the thought, "and we went back to the cabaret. There was such a big crowd, we came back and after a while we got some sleep. Sheriff Gantsby," his lips became a thin line, "talked at us in the morning and kept us cooped up in the shacks."

"Why did Betty go out?"

"I honestly don't know," Ewell looked directly at Hamilton. "I was tired, so I took a nap about four. Kim woke me with the news." The tears brimmed against his lower, red eyelids, threatening to overflow at any moment.

Hamilton nodded sympathetically. "I see," he said slowly. "By the way, Mr. Ewell, how long had you been married?"

"Two years," said Bob Ewell, reaching for a handkerchief. "We came here three or four times a year." He gave Hamilton a furtive glance.

"What was her maiden name?" asked Hamilton.

Ewell was surprised. "Barnes, Elizabeth Barnes," he said.

Hamilton stood up and walked about the place. Unlike the Conway Sisters' feminine room, this was sparse and masculine, without adornments. "Had you met Darlene Draper before she was killed?" Bus asked backover his shoulder.

"No, that is," Ewell was wanly watching Hamilton's stalking about, "I spoke to her a couple of times, passed the time of day. She was pretty standoffish. She always had to be somewhere else."

"Did Betty know Darlene well?" Hamilton's face was deeply creased in thought.

"She didn't mention it to me," said Ewell with certainty.

There was a sudden rap on the door and a number of femininely attired people came bursting in the door. In the lead was a large transvestite in a red wig. The hair fell over his wide shoulders, yet, despite his size, he was well turned out in a tight black skirt and a frilled, pink blouse. His makeup was very pale with dark red lips and thick eye make-up. "Christine," he said in a well-pitched soft, feminine voice. "We thought you'd need our company."

"Yes," said the small brunette who had followed the redhead in. "We can help you get dressed, darling."

"Bonny," Ewell's voice was strangled. "No, I-I'm not doing that any more."

"Oh, tush," said the redhead. "Don't go blaming your dressing for Betty. It just won't work, my dear, besides, she never objected, did she? Not like some we've encountered . . ."

Seeing the start of a long story, Hamilton interrupted to take his leave. Calesi followed him grimly. There were at least five men — dressed as women in the cabin when the detectives left, and it was obvious that Bob Ewell was wavering by the second.

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The bar was busy when Hamilton and Calesi entered. The hum of conversation quieted a little as they walked across to the office and the only phone in the camp. They received quite a few staring glances, some even hostile, but then they were the only people in the place in male attire. Calesi's face was a picture. He looked directly at the office door, which was just slightly to the left of the dressing room door, refusing to look about him at all. Hamilton, on the other hand, moved slowly towards the office, glancing about with a bemused smile. He nodded to the silver haired 'waitresses' in their short red skirts, fishnet stockings, white blouses with short, puffed sleeves and long, shoulder-length silver hair. The waitresses smiled back nervously, save for one, younger than the rest, slimmer and yet more curvaceous, who smiled openly at the Detective-Sergeant, giving a little flounce to his skirt before sashaying off to the bar to complete an order.

Hamilton smiled at the table the 'waitress' had left, but the painted, feminine faces were quite grim and put out by the exhibition of the table server. Thick hands with painted nails of silver, red, pink and brown gripped their glasses tightly. There was a rustling of feminine hosiery and of delicate underthings as the 'ladies' fidgeted in embarrassment.

"Sergeant," a smooth silky voice spoke from the opened office door. A brunette woman in a green, silk, cocktail dress indicated to the detectives to come in. The dress had a full skirt to below the knee, below which a fine pair of dark-stockinged legs, on black patent high heels, were revealed. The brunette's hair was swept up on the top of her head, and all her jewelry was silver, hair pins, necklace, rings, bracelet, earrings. She was well made up, not obviously so, but firmly and attractively. Hamilton wouldn't have guessed that Kim Winter could have made such a striking woman.

Calesi almost fled into the sanctuary of the office, but Hamilton took it more slowly, registering as much as he could the responses from the occupants of the bar to his presence. "My, you're the cool one," said Kim in the same tone he had used before. "You're not embarrassed at all, are you?"

Hamilton's smile was not friendly. In fact, it was rather grim. "Are you?" he asked pointedly. Then, he heaved a sigh and looked at the stoney faces of Buchanan and Calesi. "How can you expect to



WENDY—NC



SYDNEY—QUEBEC



JOANNIE—CA



NANCY—PA

monitor the reactions of other unless you look at them and mark how they react to you?" he asked. "Now, who was the waitress?" he turned back to the brunette who had remained leaning on the closed door.

"Jill," said Kim, a strange kind of look on his powdered face.

"What's his last name?" asked Bud, a touch of exasperation on his voice.

Kim's black-line eyes, and thick false eyelashes, fluttered with anxiety. Hamilton looked at the tranvestite closely. Kim's tongue ran over his red-painted lips and he looked at Buchanan and Calesi with a nervousness that bordered on fear. He looked back at Hamilton, almost pleading. "She had nothing to do with this," he said, reverting to the masculine tones he'd used when they'd first met. It obviously upset the detectives more to hear Kim's male voice, when he was dressed as a woman, than it did to hear his soft, feminine voice.

"His name," said Hamilton firmly. Kim looked about wildly, and then strode firmly in a most unfeminine manner over to the desk. Buchanan, the phone cupped under his chin, leaned back as Kim picked up a pencil and notebook from the desk. He stepped away and, watching the two Allen County detectives warily, wrote something on the paper. Then, relaxing, Kim tore off the note, restored the paper and pencil to the desk and minced over to Hamilton, who was resting against a file cabinet just inside the door.

Hamilton smelled the sharp, fragrant aroma of Chanel No. 5 as Kim pushed the note into his hand. He opened it and read it swiftly. "Jill is Peter Gantsby," the note said simply. For a moment, Hamilton had to take in all of the implications of the note. He nodded to the strained, feminine face watching him, and put the note into his pocket. "Was Jill in the bar Wednesday evening?" he asked more quietly.

Kim nodded. "All the waitresses worked right through to two o'clock. They clean up the bar after the last customer leaves."

"Did you see Jill leave?" Hamilton continued with his questions, but Kim shook his head, his heavy, silver earrings swinging. They must have pinched a little, because he reached up and slipped them off with his slender, pink-tipped fingers. "There was another group of

people," said Hamilton, frowning, "whose reactions were rather interesting. The four--er--ladies whom Jill was serving."

"Ye-e-e-es," said Kim slowly. He was saved from further grilling by Buchanan's call that he had the Allen County Coroner on the phone.

Hamilton crossed eagerly and took the phone. He spoke rapidly to the Coroner and his request was met by an astounded gasp from the young doctor on the other end of the phone. He promised to phone back as soon as he could do a chromosome test, among others, on Mrs. Betty Ewell, along with a detailed autopsy.

Kim's eyebrows were wide open in surprise. "A chromosome test," he repeated, his well-defined eyebrows registering his recognition of the meaning of the test. Both of the Allen County detectives looked blank. "You think Betty was a transexual?"

"Just an idea," said Hamilton, "that's been bugging me since I talked to the Conway Sisters and to Bob Ewell. I can't imagine Darlene Draper being friendly with a woman, not even one like Betty Ewell. Lana seems to think they had a secret between them, and Bob Ewell didn't even know that the two knew each other."

"So it was Christine," Kim's face was a picture of girlish astonishment.

"A suspect," said Hamilton sharply. "Nothing more. There are too many more developments to take place yet, and any number of leads to follow." He paused until Kim was aware and agreed to what he had said. "I expect you not to repeat the text of that phone call." Again Bud waited for Kim to agree. "Now tell me about the foursome."

Kim looked troubled. "There's a lot of money in that group," he said. "You wouldn't expect them to be involved in this." Hamilton's face had hardened, but Kim went on before Bud had to say more. "Bobbi-Jean is a doctor from California. The redhead was Melinda, her nephew, I guess. The two blondes are Marlene and Helen, and they've been coming here since we started. They know every body else here, and just about everything about everyone. But they know how to be closemouthed too."

"I want to see each of them," said Hamilton, turning to the other policemen. "You'll have to keep them in here, while I go into the Cabaret. Send the doctor in first."

The cabaret room was empty at that time, the dancing classes that would normally have been going on, had not yet resumed. Hamilton found himself a comfortable seat at one of the tables closest to the stage. Bobbi-Jean came in very hesitatingly from the stage area. Buchanan pushed the transvestite ahead of him, but the doctor stopped still as soon as he spied the detective-sergeant.

"Come in," said Hamilton, rising. "I'd like you to show me where you were sitting on the night that Darlene Draper was killed."

Bobbi-Jean came forward hesitatingly. He stopped again, and looked at a table in the second row from the stag, but the closest in fact to the passageway that led to the dressing rooms and to the courtyard. A dense curtain of strings of beads blocked off the passageway. A white-gloved hand gestured at the table. Hamilton walked over to it. "Sit where you did the night of the murder," he said flatly.

Bobbi-Jean's gait was quite stiff as he moved over to sit at the table. Beneath the pancake make-up and bright rouge coloring, his flesh was beginning to sag with age. The tight shining Brunette curls of his wig and his bright, yellow dress were incongruous to his years. He looked like an old woman trying to recapture her youth by dressing in very modern clothes.

"At what time did you leave here on the night Darlene was killed?" asked Hamilton bluntly, fixing the nervous Brunette with a steady glare.

"At the very end," the doctor was trying not to fidget. And to keep his voice soft though not ridiculous.

"Do you remember the Sisters leaving the stage?" asked Hamilton. There was just a nod in response. "Did they all leave together, or what?"

The doctor's painted face creased as he thought. "Darlene left first," he said huskily. "She fairly rushed past us. Someone was waiting for her, I think."

"What made you think that?" Hamilton asked sharply.

"She-she made a kind of gesture, l-like she was saying she was coming and she didn't stop and talk to Melinda, my-my nie-nephew, like she always did." Perspiration was beginning to streak the older man's forehead.

"Did anyone else besides the performers go down that passage?" Bud asked.

"Nobody, except for the staff, of course. They change there, too. But we were always told never to go down there, and no one would dare. Kim would throw us out if we broke a rule," said Bobbi-Jean.

Hamilton waited a while, letting Bobbi-Jean swelter in front of him. "How many minutes after that did you leave?" he asked at last.

"Five or so," the response was immediate.

"Who was still in the bar after you saw Darlene leave?" Bud's manner was suddenly easier, less stiff, though his tone had not changed.

"Th-the other singers," said Bobbi-Jean. He had taken out a tiny lace handkerchief from a small purse and was dabbing at the beads of moisture on his forehead, leaving white, pasty marks on the pancake. "Melinda, of course, as well as Marlene and Helen, who brought us up here." The handkerchief was now working feverishly. "We belong to the same club," he added, now speaking even more softly. "And there were others. Almost everyone without kids, I think."

"At that time," said Bud slowly, "do you recall seeing Kim in the club?" The jowls quivered as Bobbi-Jean shook his head. "Or Christine Ewell? or Betty Ewell or Jill?"

The answer to each was "No" in all cases, and were identical to the answers supplied later by Melinda, Marlene and Helen, who like Bobbi-Jean, were all distraught by the tragedy, but would come back again if the camp was still open later in the year.

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Continued in *TVia* #93

## HISTORY



### BIRTH OF LINDA

Linda TX-21-B

It was a warm November day in Phoenix as I sat eagerly filling out my Tri-Sigma application. I wasn't aware at the time that this act was about to make a drastic change in the life of my girl within. I filled in the appropriate blanks and boxes, Age: 25, Religion: Protestant, Education: Post Doctoral, level of dressing: at home, alone, wife: F, goals: 1, 2, 3, 4, Femme name: . . . . . That stumped me. I had never given it any thought. I had never told anyone of my dressing, never been out in public dressed, I had never needed a girl's name before. The feminine variations of my own name were unappealing to me; then my eyes fell upon another letter I had received the same day. It was signed Linda, so without much more thought I filled that name into the blank and mailed the application. I felt somewhat elated by finally reaching the point where I was joining a national sorority of women like myself, but little did I realize that before I received a card welcoming me into the sorority, that part of the information concerning me would drastically change.

I was alone at home that evening with my wife away visiting relatives, so I dug out my secreted wardrobe and dresses. It had only been a few months earlier that I had discovered Chevalier Publications and at last found out that there were others like me. It was the crowning point of over fifteen years of research through endless sources which always proved unfruitful. I looked into the mirror to admire my girl within and my level of elation took a sudden crash. There stood a hairy 6'3" man wearing out of style ill fitting women's clothes, poorly made up with shades which did not even come close to my natural skin color and a fright wig that no self respecting clown would be caught dead in. I looked more like a Bozo than a Linda.

That crash was too much. My girl within at last had a name, now I needed a girl to fit the name. I took some advice from Virginia and threw caution to the wind. My money was as good as anyone else's, I was temporarily located over 700 miles from my home, friends and acquaintances; so who was going to ridicule me or recognize me? I decided to just bust in and ask for what I wanted.

My first step was to get Linda a new wig. I located a wig shop that had a display of styles which I liked and strode bravely in. At that point I began to feel weak kneed. I was approached by a salesman who asked if he could help me. I told him I wanted to buy a wig. He immediately directed me to a display of men's wigs and asked if I saw any I liked. At this point I almost was ready to buy a man's wig that I really didn't want just to get out of this situation. I collected my courage and announced that I wanted a woman's wig, not a man's. The salesman then suggested that I buy a gift certificate instead and allow the lady to come in and make her own choice, which could then be fitted and styled for her.

This was rapidly becoming much more complex than I had originally feared. It's at times like these we often find ourselves saying things we are thinking and not what we normally would have said. Thus I blurted out, "I'm the lady that it's for!" I still can't believe I actually said those words, but the deed was done. I expected to find the salesman in a convulsion of laughter or preparing to boot this pervert out of his establishment.

Instead he smiled and said, "What style and color would you like to try first?" I almost did back flips over that. He brought in several styles and colors, trying each one on me, combing them to fit my face. He made some suggestions as to how different styles would better disguise my height, reshape my face and highlight my skin tone. He also suggested that certain colors and styles would look better with certain clothing designs and colors. I chose two which he combed to my face shape and then made several adjustments in their caps to fit my head. He then instructed me in the care and storage of them and told me that they could be restyled easily if I desired or if they should lose their set. He took my money, thanked me and told me to please come back again.

Wow! was I ever charged up now. Two days earlier I wouldn't even buy my own scarves for my magic hobby for fear of being humiliated



by purchasing a feminine article. Now I had bought two wigs and told them they were for me. With new vigor I attacked the rest of my wardrobe list.

A dress, a pantsuit, and an assortment of undergarments would have to be purchased. Paying my wife's bills had taught me that the smaller shops usually were more expensive than the chain department stores. Realizing that this wardrobe was going to cost a tidy sum I chose the department store's economy over the smaller shops privacy. It was a weekday afternoon and the J.C. Penny store was not crowded. I boldly roamed the racks in the women's department eyeing various dresses and pant suits. I soon discovered that I didn't have the slightest idea what size I would wear.

An attractive sales clerk in her early thirties approached me with the usual, "May I help you?"

Dealing with a man in the wig shop seemed much easier than having to tell my tale to a woman. After all, he worked in a woman's world and obviously had overcome his inhibitions with the machismo hangup of most men. But to blurt out that I wanted to buy a dress and undergarments for myself to a woman in the "great American family department store" seemed suicidal. As I opened my mouth to speak I had visions of her shouting insults at me as the police dragged me away.

"I want to buy a dress, a pantsuit, two bras, a girdle, four pairs of panties, a slip and two pairs of panty hose."

"What size?" she asked.

"I don't know, what size do I look like I wear?"

She took a couple of steps back and gave me the once over, then turned and walked behind a counter and reached down for something. I thought this is where she calls the security guard to come and haul me away. To my relief she came back with a tape measure and began to measure my chest, shoulders, arm length, waist and hips.

"Hmmm." she said. "Your shoulders are pretty broad and you're quite tall, this isn't going to be too easy. I think a 38 bra and a 30 girdle will fit you pretty well. How big a cup size do you want?"

I told her I hadn't really thought about it. She suggested I stay with a B since that would increase the size range for tops and dresses a little and showed me several to choose from. I also picked out a girdle, the panty hose and panties. She had only two slips she thought would fit me, one pink and one white. I chose the white one. She then chose several dresses according to the style and color I wanted and directed me to the dressing rooms. I tried them on and she looked at me in each and then brought several more which fitted much better. She suggested that I buy dresses of double knit material as it would stretch a little more than most fabrics to accommodate my shoulders. She also helped me choose a purse that would go well with both outfits and packaged all my purchases, thanked me and asked me to come again.

My shoes I obtained uneventfully at a store which specialized in large sizes. It was a serve yourself type store, so I just looked till I found what I wanted and paid for them. Makeup was also uneventful as I purchased most of it at a theatrical supply house where they had a larger variety of shades, the clown white, and pancake I needed. Blushes, eye shadow, eyeliner, and lipsticks were dumped into the grocery cart along with my grocery purchased for that week and neither the lady checker or the bag boy paid any attention to what I had bought.

The new Linda was still not complete, she needed to experiment with the makeup to get the proper effects and had to work hard with a tape recorder on her voice. She also had to learn to walk and become observant of other women in restaurants and stores. This bringing about of my girl within was not as fulfilling as I would have liked it. Having Linda properly outfitted was quite a nice feeling, but somehow I felt a need for something more.

Passing in public seemed more like a fantasy dream to me than a possible reality. I had eagerly read accounts of other FPs in their flings at passing, but always felt that I could never advance to that point. I had studied Virginia's *How to be a Woman* book and felt that Linda might pass in the right situation where she wouldn't be observed too closely. For my attempt I choose a lecture series at a nearby university. I felt that a crowd would offer me more chances to bleed into the woodwork should the need arise. Also being seated would make my 6'3" less obvious.

I dressed very carefully and took extra pains with my makeup.

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Satisfied with what I saw in the mirror, I carefully timed my departure so that I would arrive near the start of the lecture. I took an aisle seat near the back of the room next to three G.G.s.

Everything went beautifully until the lecturer touched upon a topic with which I violently disagreed. When the question session came, I could not resist the temptation to challenge the point he made. Linda's voice went over well and the three G.G.s sitting next to me even joined in with support for my argument. I had taken a risk by drawing attention to myself, but appeared to have weathered the storm quite well. This gave my ego quite a boost and lulled me into a very false sense of security. I've always had the problem of over doing a good thing and this would be no exception. There was a coffee break during the lecture so I joined the crowd. The three G.G.s I had been sitting with found me and introduced themselves. We chatted briefly about our assault upon the lecturer and at the end of the intermission we retook our seats. I behaved myself a little better during the last half and felt that I was not going to return home without problems. As the lecture was breaking up the girls, Patty, Janie and Karen said they were going out to eat and invited me to join them. Feeling more overconfident than usual, I accepted their invitation. We arrived at the restaurant and ordered without incident.

Exactly how the conversation turned to a general malignment of the male of the species, I'm not sure. Again I was making the mistake of calling attention to myself. I was the only one defending the male position. Fortunately, they took me for one of the "men are our masters" types and I again squeaked by. After we left the restaurant I weakened one more time and agreed to accompany Patty on a shopping spree. This turned out to be the best of all. We spent the whole day going from store to store trying on dozens of outfits. This was a very pleasant and unusual visit to the world of womanhood. I had always done my shopping for specific items and usually went out and directly purchased what I wanted. Now I knew why my wife, mother, and sister were always eager to go shopping. They would be gone for hours and return with nothing. What a thrill it was to look through, handle, and try on all of those lovely things. I had never thought that I would dare to venture out of my locked door. In my wildest dreams of passing I had never done more than imagine a walk down the street or a drive late at night. Linda has passed and the reality was superior to the fantasy.

POEM



ME AND SAL

Editor's Note:

At first reading this poem seems like the kind that would be written by an FP. But it wasn't and therein lies its uniqueness. It was written by Ruby, one of the female members of the staff of the Glorea La Vonne Charme School which for 5 years came to the DREAM gatherings on the Oregon Coast. Having met and come to understand so many of the girls over these years she was able to so clearly encompass their feelings that she wrote the following poem which was read at the final banquet at DREAM '76. That it should have come from the heart of an understanding woman makes it of particular interest. Just possibly it might ring a bell in the heart of some wives who do not seem able to relate to our femme selves.

There's a girl who lives inside of me  
Who keeps on begging to be free—  
When I was young she used to cry  
And in Confusion, I would sigh  
And say, "Be quiet, go away!"

Yet she cried day after day  
Then as I grew, I somehow knew  
That on some future day  
That little girl would have her way.

So slowly I let her come outside.  
One quick shy look, then she'd run and hide  
inside of me, and safe again,  
she begged to be set free again.

*As I grew, she also grew and thru the years  
 We lived and felt each others fears.  
 I wondered then, "How could this be,  
 to have this woman inside of me  
 who wanted so much to dress in style  
 in beautiful things, and all the while  
 I was a man in a man's world.  
 How could I also be a girl?"*

*What twist of fate created me  
 when neither man nor woman could be free?  
 So I named her "Sal" and dressed her well—  
 Even my mirror couldn't tell.*

*As she learned to use her female charm  
 she became both beautiful and warm  
 and I loved both parts each self could play  
 Until I finally reached the day  
 When I could honestly say  
 "I'm glad Sal finally had her way."*

Ruby Edwards  
 Sept. 1976

**BUYING BACK OLD ISSUES OF TVia**

I used to buy back old issues in order to supply them to those who didn't have them. I acquired quite a lot and then stopped buying because they weren't moving as expected and there was no sense in tying up a lot of money. Recently, however, there has been a demand for a lot of the back issues so once again I offer to buy, for cash or credit, at the rate of \$2 per issue (delivered), all issues prior to #40, particularly the very early ones, and also issues 61, 62, 65 and 71 all of which are out of stock. If they are just collecting dust in your home or garage please send them back to me as there are a lot of new readers who have never had the chance to see the early issues and would like to.

VIRGINIA



## LYNN

C.S. Smith

It had been a very close call. Mr. Carpenter had chased me over the fence and up the alley, passing within two feet of me as I stood crowded between the Hansen's rose bush and their garage, twice, once up the alley, once back, angry, dogs barking, the evidence dangling from his hand. Only the night's darkness had saved me.

It had cost me dearly, a knee skinned in getting over the fence, bloody scratches from the thorns, a heart still racing from the terror of my flight. With a flushed face and torn clothes I tried first the back door and then the front, and found both of them locked. As quietly as I could, I pushed open a basement window and lowered myself through the opening. Before I touched the floor the light went on, and there was my father.

"Explain yourself," he demanded.

"Some kids were chasing me," I told him.

He hit me so hard I almost lost my balance.

"Don't you lie to me! Where have you been?"

"Out . . .," I said grasping for an acceptable reply.

"In Carpenter's yard; that's where!"

"I wasn't anywhere near Carpenter's."

He lunged at me, knocking me hard against the wall, banging my head, showering my vision with streaks and flashes.

"Lie to me again and I'll kill you," he screamed.

And well he might have. Never had I seen him so angry, so viciously, irrationally angry. He was like a total stranger, an enraged tyrant ready and willing to destroy me.

"Where are the things you've stolen?" he demanded.

"Stolen I . . ."

He grabbed my arm and started twisting it.

"Tell the truth or I'll rip it out of its socket."

He gave my arm a further twist, sending excruciating pains through my shoulder.

"Please, please," I wailed.

"Out with it," he shouted, twisting harder.

"There, there," I screamed in agony, pointing toward a box that I knew was hidden behind the cabinet.

He dropped my arm and went to find the box. Horrified, I watched him pull it from its hiding place, and in a final gesture of defense, I grabbed it from him. But I was no match for him. He tore it out of my protecting arms, spilling its contents on the floor.

Only then was I aware of my mother standing on the stairs. In utter humiliation, I watched my father pick up and examine the items that had fallen from the broken box, a slip, a petticoat, a garter belt, four pairs of panties. One by one he held them up for all to see. With dramatic slowness, he piled them in the remains of the box and handed them to my mother. I began to cry.

"The first thing you are going to do," he announced cruelly, "is return them to Mrs. Carpenter."



"I can't. I just can't," I sobbed.

"You can and will," he assured me.

And shortly I did, sobbing all the way. Not daring to face anyone, put them by the door, rang the bell, and ran.

The return trip was no less tearful. What my punishment would be, I couldn't imagine, but something dreadful awaited me, a thrashing perhaps, or something worse. Police? Jail? The worst a fourteen year-old could imagine.

"Your mother is waiting for you in the kitchen," my father said, adding by the brief delay to the awfulness of the punishment to come.

My mother was sitting at the table, a pile of rags in front of her.

"Take off your clothes," my father ordered.

"No," I objected.

He started toward me, but my mother rose to stop him.

"He will, Arthur. Give him time. Do as your father says, Lynn."

Reluctantly, I stripped down to my shorts. My father made a move to finish the job, but Mother rose again to intercede, and I took off the shorts.

"You are terribly scratched," she said, wiping me with a moistened towel. "I should put something on them."

My father whipped a rag off the pile and thrust it at me.

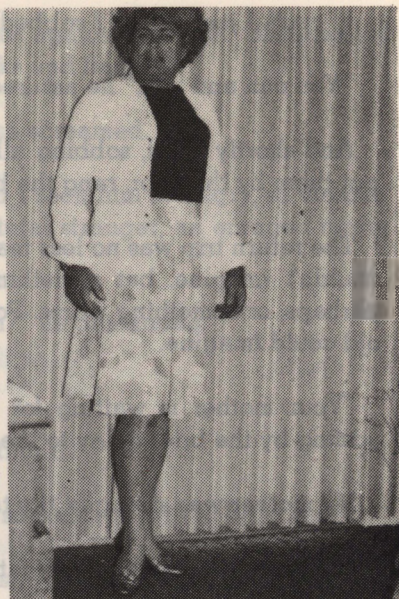
"Put 'em on," he ordered.

What had seemed to be a rag was an old pair of my mother's panties, stretched and grey. I tried to put them on as ordered, but the elastic in them was so stretched that they fell right off.

"You'll have to pin them," my mother said searching her pockets. "Here."



KATIE—IL-12-C



JANET—TX



MONIQUE  
PARIS, FRANCE  
FF-1-M



VELVET—CA

I took a large gather in the waist and pinned it. Unfortunately it worked. My father then handed me a brassiere, if anything, even more bedraggled. I look imploringly at him, hoping he wouldn't really make me wear it.

"Move," he shouted.

With Mother's help, I slipped my arms through the straps and hooked it around my chest. If ever I had thought it might be fun to wear a brassiere, I was wrong. It hung from me like a rag, an ugly joke.

The panties and brassiere were followed by the rest of the grotesque pile: a garter belt, droopy stockings, a slip with streaks of bleach and one pinned strap, a dress several sizes too large, a pair of women's shoes with one bow missing. I felt like an effigy gotten up to mock myself.

"Well," my father asked, "is that what you like, eh? It'd damn well better be, because that's what you are going to wear for the rest of vacation."

"No," I protested, "you can't make me."

"Oh, can't I. Just try and see what a thrashing you get."

"Not for the whole week," I wailed.

"And longer if necessary."

"I promise," I cried. "I won't ever again."

"You're damn right you won't," he said.

He went to the other room, leaving me alone with Mother. She looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"What on earth, Lynn?" she asked.

"I don't know," I sobbed.

"Mr. Carpenter said you had stolen a brassiere. Is that true?"

"Uh huh."

"But why? What for?"

"Nothing."

"It can't be nothing. You wouldn't steal for nothing. You're not that kind of boy."

I couldn't tell her.

"What do you do with them?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"But why would you steal them?"

"No reason."

"Your father thinks you like to wear them," she said tentatively.

"Oh, I don't!" I protested.

"Lynn, you don't have to lie to me. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to, but don't lie about it."

"Sometimes, maybe."

I began to cry again.

"Have you ever thought what might happen?"

"Uh huh," I sobbed.

"What people would think?"

"Uh huh."

"That you want to grow up strong like your father—not a sissy."

"Yes."

"You know, that's why your father is so angry."

"I know."

"He doesn't want to hurt you."

"But he's mean."

"Because you've done a terrible thing."

"But look what he's making me do."

"Maybe it'll help you realize . . ."

"I do already."

"Maybe you do," she said hopefully.

At that moment my sister stuck her head in the door, and surveyed the scene.

"Why's Lynn in a dress?"

"He's being punished."

"What for?"

"Just something he's done. Now run along and let us talk."

She obeyed, but neither of us had any more that we were willing to say. I went to my room and waited for bedtime.

The vacation days passed slowly. My father, true to his word, insisted that I be kept in a dress, and my mother compliantly enforced his order. She eased it somewhat, allowing me to leave off the stockings and the brassiere when he was not at home, and replacing the hopelessly worn-out panties with a pair of my sister's.

Mother pitied me, and showed it. My sister thought it was the best thing that had happened to me since I broke my arm, and she let no opportunity to tease me pass unused. My father, in spite of having been the cause of it all, seemed to grow more contemptuous of my situation every day. I spent most of my time alone in the basement or in my room.

Friday Aunt Helen came. Of all my relatives, I loved her best, and of all of them I least wanted her to know my plight. When I heard her come, I retreated to my room and awaited the end of her visit. Just when I had begun to think she had left, the door burst open, and there she stood.

"Hello there," she said cheerily. "I hear we're in dresses these days. And sure enough we are!"

"Go away," I pleaded.

She stepped inside and closed the door.

"How come?" she asked.

"None of your business."

"Okay, but I had an idea."

"Go away."

"A very good idea."

"I don't want to see you."

"Not even if I could help you escape?"

"Go away."

"Listen to me, silly. I've got a great idea."

"I don't care."

"We'll smuggle you out of here."

"Where to?"

"My house."

"I can't."

"Sure you can. Go hide in my car."

She winked and blew me a kiss. I thought it over while she apparently went to say good bye to my mother. Actually it began to seem like a very attractive prospect, and I hurried to carry out my part in it. Quietly to avoid alerting anyone, particularly my sister, I slipped out the back door and into the rear of her car, which she had conveniently parked nearby. I crouched down on the floor and waited for her to come. Shortly I heard a door open and close, and then felt the car bounce as she got in and closed the door.

"We're off," she said. "Stay down until we get out of sight."

As far as I could tell, nobody saw me. I couldn't be sure because I spent the trip with my nose to the floor, recording our progress by the noise of the car, the starts and stops, the bumps. Finally, after what seemed to be a miles-long trip, we lurched into her drive and into the shade of her garage.

"Okay, you're safe," she announced as the garage door began to close behind us.

We went in through the laundry room and into the kitchen.

"First we're going to tell your mother where we are, and then . . ." She was dialing, "Hi . . . He's here with me . . . After dinner, okay? . . . Yes, yes, I know. I promise . . . Bye."

She hung up and turned to me.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"She said she thought you were here."

"Was she mad?"

"I think she was glad to get you out of the house. This has been harder on her than you. Now, we've got to get you out of those hideous clothes."

Believe me, nothing could have pleased me more. I was absolutely miserable in them, humiliated, grotesque. But even in Aunt Helen's house, I could feel my father's wrath. However much I hated them, I

feared my father more. Her suggestion, instead of pleasing me, sent a shiver of fear passing through me.

"Dad says . . ."

"I know what he says. And how he bullied you . . ."

"He didn't," I protested.

"Didn't he? That's what I'd call it."

"Well he didn't." I assured her.

"Okay, okay, but he didn't say you have to look like a rag bag. If we're going to wear dresses, at least they can look like dresses."

She led me to her bedroom.

"Here," she said, producing clothes like a dog digging a hold, "change into these."

She tossed out a skirt, a blouse, a slip, and a pair of plain white panties. From her closet, she brought a pair of sandals. She started to help me off with my rags.

"You go out. I can do it," I requested.

She went, and I changed into the clothes she had given me.

Actually it was fun to be putting on fresh new clothes that fit. Part of what I disliked to intensely about the others was their ugly, ill-fitting shabbiness. Even a girl would have been ashamed to wear them. The skirt she gave me was a heavy red cotton one with Indian designs embroidered around the hem. The blouse was rather like it, but white. I still felt foolish, of course, but also quite relieved to be in fresh neat clothes again — even girl's clothes.

The fact that they were Aunt Helen's made a difference too. She didn't show my mother's humiliating pity or my sister's nasty teasing. Kind of a pleasant joke, she seemed to think it.



"Oh, that's better," she exclaimed. "Now give me some help for a few minutes, and then we'll think about some lunch."

Help involved folding sheets, taking a bag or garbage across ten feet of visible territory, running the vacuum, putting a load in the washer. Having spent many a day with her, I was pretty familiar with all that had to be done.

"Now," she said, "let's talk about lunch."

"I'll help," I offered.

"I'm thinking," she mused, "I'm thinking we just might be able to go downtown."

"Not like this," I said, dismayed.

"I'm thinking we might. Wouldn't it be fun?"

"Oh, no!"

"I think I've still got that hat, and white socks and gloves. Come on, let's see."

"Aunt Helen, no!"

"Hey, where's your spirit? Have they knocked all of it out of you?"

"Everybody'd think I was a girl."

"That's the whole idea! Think what fun. Put one over on your father, too. He thinks you're home crying in your room."

"I wouldn't want them to."

"Not forever. Just for the afternoon. Like going to a Hallowe'en party. I think we could have a lot of fun. The question is do I have that hat?"

"No."

"Come on, be a sport. As long as you've got to be in a dress, you ought to have some fun out of it. We could go to a movie, and . . ." she added teasingly, "we might just have time to do a little shopping."

Aunt Helen was a very special person in my life. I suppose that some would say that it was because she bought me things and indulged me in a way my father and mother could not. True, she was a young widow with enough money to live a comfortable and gracious life, and to be generous to her niece and nephew. That mattered. What mattered more was the sort of person she was, a really loving person with little of the anger and hostility I often felt from my parents. Afternoons downtown with her were always a treat, errands to interesting shops, movies that always turned out right, ice cream sodas bought for me, perhaps a sweater or pair of shoes, perhaps a new car for my train or a baseball mitt. She never found it necessary to scold or make corrections, and she seemed to take a kind of pleasure in life's activities — a sort of zest for doing things — that I found marvelously infectious.

No, I didn't think it would be fun at all to have people think that I was a girl, not even for a little while. Being really a boy it was too difficult, too dangerous a task, to take the risk. On the other hand, I didn't want to risk her opinion of me either. I acquiesced, not because I saw any hope of having fun, but because she seemed to want it so much for herself.

She found the hat, a straw one with a brim and a ribbon hanging down in back. It, together with the coat and gloves, gave me an almost Easterly look, a look she found delightful.

We drove to town. At first any pleasure I might have taken in the deception was more than fully obscured by the fear I might be seen by someone who knew me, or just by being recognized to be a boy in a dress. But as waiters, clerks, cashiers, one after the other called me a young lady, I began to enjoy it too.

We came out of the movie with tears in our eyes, tears which for the first time in my life I felt free to shed, a sad movie in lots of ways, but a happy one too, because the people came through their sadness knowing that they loved one another. We dried our eyes, squeezed hands, and headed for our sodas.

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"You have to make me a promise," she said, turning serious.

"What?"

"That you will never try stealing things again."

I blushed to have that embarrassing and painful subject brought up in the midst of such a delightful afternoon.

"How did you know?"

"Your mother told me, of course."

"Why?"

"She's very upset about it."

"I took them back."

"It is more serious than that. You could get into real trouble, and not with just your mother and father."

"I guess so."

"People get very upset by little things, sometimes."

"Uh huh."

"More than if you had stolen a bike or something really valuable."

"I guess."

"They could understand your taking a bicycle. They wouldn't like it, but they would understand why you did it. They don't understand a boy stealing women's underwear."

I blushed again.

"I'm not trying to embarrass you," she observed. "I'm trying to tell you that I know what's been going on, and think I understand it. At least better than your father."

"I'll never do it again."

"That would be very wise."

"Well, I won't," I assured her.

"That may be a harder promise than you think."

"Oh, I'll keep it all right!"

"That's easy to say while you're being punished."

"I know I won't."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to suggest that we take out a little insurance."

"What do you mean?"

"Against having you wind up in the hands of the police or a father who knocks you against the wall."

"Honest, Aunt Helen."

"It's only insurance."

I dug away at my soda, both of us finding it difficult to learn exactly what she meant.

"Do you know what I mean?"

"Sort of, I guess."

"Do you want to know?"

"We're going to buy you some . . . of the things you stole, and keep them at my house . . . where you won't need to steal them, and your father won't have to know about it. Nobody will."

I was too embarrassed by the idea to tell her if I liked it. If she had suggested it this morning, I could have rejected it at once. Our afternoon's escapade, however, had begun to rekindle my appetites,

and the idea was an exciting one, not for the insurance of which she spoke, but for the things themselves.

"You seem to like the idea," she observed. "But remember, you've got to promise me."

"Oh, I promise," I said eagerly.

"Promise," she went on, "that you will never — and I mean never — never steal again."

"I promise!"

"And you'll be careful with your father — give him no cause to suspect you."

"I will."

"Because your mother is very afraid he might really hurt you."

"I promise. I really do."

"Then what are we waiting for?" she asked, losing her serious tone. "Let's go."

It was lucky I was in a dress. Going meant plunging right into the heart of things. I had never been in a lingerie department before. It was simultaneously very frightening and very wonderful. Cases full of the sorts of things I had risked so much to steal. Acres, it seemed, of panties, slips, petticoats, nightgowns, brassieres, girdles, pinks, blues, yellows, lavenders, flowers, stripes, polka dots, ribbons, laces, frills. I never saw such a feast.

"Size 5," Aunt Helen told the clerk.

The clerk pulled a box from the shelf and began showing us the panties it held. At Aunt Helen's insistence, I chose a half a dozen pairs, somewhat plainer than I would have chosen in private, but still much frillier and more feminine than any of the ones I'd stolen. From the counter where they had the panties, we moved to slips and petticoats, and then to girdles and brassieres. There I drew the line.

"I think we'd better," Aunt Helen whispered. "As I recall, it was a bra that precipitated all of this."

We walked away from that section with two junior bras, a girdle and a garter belt.

We brought some stocking and a pair of shoes.

The hardest stop of all, and the most daring was in the dresses section. There Aunt Helen gleefully dragged me into the fitting rooms, where women, thinking themselves safe from all men's sight were running around in various states of undress, a treat for my adolescent eyes. We tried on several dresses, and left with two. We also bought a blouse and skirt.

"That should hold you for a while," she said.

Back at her house, we took our purchases to the bedroom.

"This will be your drawer," she said as she transferred several purses into another drawer. "You can keep your underwear here and your dresses in the closet. That way no one need ever know you have them."

"And now," she said, "you can have a few minutes to change. But we're going to have to hustle to get you back on time."

By then I had shed all my reticence and accepted her suggestion eagerly. She went to the kitchen to start dinner, and I began to change.

It was an utterly delightful experience, delightful because I had nothing to fear, delightful because of the fresh and frilly femininity of the clothes, delightful because they were really mine, delightful because there was someone who would want to see how they looked, delightful because I felt light and free, effervescent, girlish, graceful and pretty.

Tingling with joy, I walked to the kitchen and presented myself. She gave me a hug.

"Aren't clothes fun!" she exclaimed.

In fact they were such fun — for both of us — that she called my mother and obtained a reprieve until the following morning. And by then the shabby clothes they made me wear no longer mattered. When Mother would show me pity, I could remind myself that it was through all this that my new life had opened up. When my sister tried to tease me, I thought of the pleasure I had had, and was still to have. When my father was contemptuous, I reminded myself that I had a whole side of myself that he did not — or which he refused to see. I served out my time proudly, almost haughtily, and counted it a very small price to have paid.

That was many years ago. In the years that followed, I spent a lot of time at Aunt Helen's. My wardrobe grew, with contributions from us both. In fact it reached a point where I had as many dresses and as much lingerie as she did. I used to go there Saturdays, spending every possible minute there in a dress.

For a while the trips to town continued, pretending I was a girl. As I grew older and my features became more masculine, we had to stop the trips, and confine our pretenses to the privacy of her house.

My father never found out about it. If Mother knew, she kept her knowledge to herself. The Carpenter's line was safe. Although there is nothing that quite duplicates the thrill of climbing a fence and taking down a pair of panties that have been flapping at you all day, it was easy enough to put that thrill aside, especially when there were alternatives like going with Aunt Helen to a lingerie shop and to be welcomed there by a clerk who mistook me for a girl.

Like too many things, I took Aunt Helen's part for granted, not really knowing why she had intervened. It was only a couple of years ago when I talked to her about my plans for marriage that I learned that I was the second man she had known who had enjoyed women's clothes. The first was her husband. She had discovered this only when he died, when she came across his carefully hidden wardrobe and diary. Only when it was too late had she learned of his frustrated yearnings, the things about himself he was too ashamed to tell. She had loved him dearly, his gentle ways, his deep sympathy with her own joys and needs. She found it tragic that so much of him had been kept in a book and a box, hidden and unknown to her and everyone else he loved. In her naive but well-intentioned way she wanted to



make life a little easier for the nephew in whom she saw the ghost of her beloved husband.

Alas, there was little she could do — opening the sanctuary of her home to a boy growing up in an intolerant climate, laughing with him at a world so stereotyped in its sexual roles that it could be fooled by dressing a boy in skirts, sharing with him his need for femininity. Never, I fear, will there be another Aunt Helen, so free of fears and rages that she can enjoy people for what they are. I hope she knew how good she was to me.

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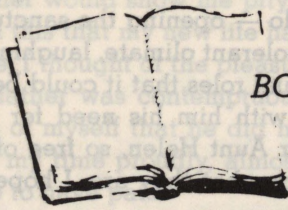
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## BOOK REVIEWS

Virginia Prince

*ANDROGENY—Toward a New Theory of Sexuality.* June Singer. Anchor Press. Garden City, N.Y. 1977.

When I head of this book—it was being using as a text book in a sociology class to which I was to speak on the Sex and Gender question, I thought, "Hey, this is pretty interesting, I'll have to ask for a review copy." I did and the publisher was kind enough to send it to me. But frankly, I had bitten off more than I found it comfortable to chew. The book is monumentally difficult to get through and it took me a long time to burrow through it but I finally made it and here are my comments.

To start with, I take exception to the title. Androgeny is a gender phenomenon and to tie it to sexuality is wrong to begin with in my opinion. Ms. Singer, is a Jungian psychoanalyst and as you probably all know it was Jung who thought up the ideas of the Animus and the Anima—the opposite gender characteristics in all humans. So she is pretty involved in that sort of thing. Unfortunately, the book is a weird mixture of correct and perceptive comments on the subject of androgeny and a whole terrible lot of divergent commentaries on all manner of myths, religions and philosophies. She has done a monumental research job in this area which would be great in a study of mythology, etc., but really doesn't help for a book on *Androgeny*. She talks as though Adam and Eve were in reality the parents of the human race. (Some of you may also believe that and if so I hope I don't hurt your feelings.) If they had been and the human race started out "zap" with no preceding development, her theories would be much more appealing. She continuously refers to the "Original

Androgyne," that super type human who embodied all qualities in one person. According to her, something brought about the separation of the yang and the yin or the masculine and the feminine (or several other terms in the various philosophies or religions), and the problem is how to get them together again.

She completely overlooks the long evolutionary history of the human species in which the development of masculine and feminine aspects of the human condition were the natural outgrowths of the division of labor based on the two different areas of responsibility in reproduction. Androgeny never existed as a condition in the past except for some special individuals. Its possibility today is solely because the human condition has developed to such a point and in such a way that we can begin to see that those qualities generally represented in both men and woman as not being quite appropriate, can, as a matter of fact, both be present and consciously used by each sex. It is interesting that almost all the books and research being done in this area have been written by women or undertaken by women. It is the freeing of women through the women's movement that is making Androgeny or Gynandry (same word, reversed order) possible.

In short, I'd have to say that although the name on the book *ANDROGENY* would seem to make it a very readable and instructive book it is neither and I wouldn't recommend your spending money on it. She does say some good things here and there such as: "Androgeny does not depend on what you do, but on what you are," or "One may ask, how do we become androgenous? The answer to this question is that we do not *become* androgenous, we already are. It is necessary only to let ourselves be ourselves. It is not necessary to learn how." "But nothing works without the dynamics of the interaction of opposites, and this is what androgeny is: the rhythmic interplay of Masculine and Feminine within the psyche of one individual." These little gems are, however, hard to find, sandwiched as they are between pages and pages of philosophical-religious-mythological filler. It's really too bad, I was hoping that someone had written a really definitive book on the subject, it is badly needed. But nobody has. Maybe I ought to do it myself, but I find that while getting books written is difficult enough, getting them sold is much worse.



## OBSERVATIONS

GOOD NEWS ABOUT  
ELECTROLYSIS

Virginia

Those of you who have undergone or are in the process of undergoing electrolysis will be interested in a new machine that I recently heard about and investigated. It is not something that you will be interested to buy because it is expensive, because it employs multiple needles and because you couldn't do it to yourself anyway. However, you might be able to help yourself if you could interest your electrologist into making inquiries and possibly in due course, buying one.

Most of you may know that the original electrolysis machines were multiple needle machines. The operator would insert a number of needles and after the array had been finished would go back and take out the needles and the hairs one at a time. This was not too successful because of the time consumed and because there was no way to regulate how much current went into each needle. As a result a follicle that was dry would not conduct current very well and probably wouldn't kill the hair root. On the other hand a moist follicle would provide a good current path and most of the current being put out by the machine would go through that needle (or needles) because of the better contact and conductivity. As a result, such wet follicles got too much current and it burned the sides of the follicle to some degree and resulted in enlarged follicles which appeared as small holes all over the face. You have probably seen some people on which this occurred.

Subsequently high frequency thermolysis was invented in which the hair is killed by the generation of heat at the end of the needle which in effect cooks the hair bulb. That is, it does if all works out

just right, but it frequently does not. If too much heat is applied more of the needle gets hot than should, and tends to cook the sides of the follicle too which can also result in the formation of small holes. It also tends to change the texture of the skin in two ways. A lot of the tiny but definitely enlarged pores give the skin an "orange peel" appearance. But the presence of hundreds of little blobs of cooked (coagulated like cooked egg white) tissue below the surface tends to give a certain "lumpiness" to the surface rather than the natural smoothness.

Then a man right here in Los Angeles invented a way of blending the high frequency thermolysis current with the ordinary galvanic current used in electrolysis killing. This current literally electrolyzes the tissue fluids which contain sodium chloride (ordinary salt) and in the process produce sodium hydroxide (caustic soda) at the site. This highly alkaline and corrosive material kills the cells in the immediate vicinity chemically rather than thermally. Combining the two types of current in one machine was intended to utilize the best features of both systems. It worked, because most of my beard was removed by use of the blend system. However the by product of this, that you are all very well aware of, is the pain. Certain areas are exceedingly tender, such as right under the nasal septum, right over the breast bone or sternum. I managed to survive the facial work by a kind of self hypnosis in which I would close my eyes and put myself someplace else and occupy my mind with some sort of problem or imagined activity. I reasoned that just as the phone rings but you don't have to answer it, so the phone lines of my pain nerves would "ring" in my head, but if I didn't answer, I didn't acknowledge the pain—because I was somewhere else (in my head) and didn't pay any attention to the incoming signals. Well, although I could do that pretty well, for most of my face, I had a heck of a time along the jaw line, but the few times I tried it on the chest, I just couldn't make it.

Then at a meeting one night I heard somebody talking about a new machine that worked by computer and it wasn't nearly so painful and it was more effective, etc., etc. I put the whole thing down and poo-pooed it as just some new gimmick that somebody was promoting. After all, how could a computer have anything to do with killing hairs. Ridiculous! Well, a couple of weeks later several people in the group were going over to see the man who had the machine to learn more about it. In spite of my skepticism, I went along in order to find out what kind of gimmickry was involved. The machine was

described and literature passed out and it looked pretty smooth but I wasn't satisfied. Since I'm a chemist and therefore know a little about physics and electricity, I asked a lot of questions—a lot more than the others did. Most of the answers were straight forward and reasonable and I could accept them. Some I couldn't buy and this led to more questions and more answers until we came to an understanding. It began to seem that maybe there was something to it after all. But the proof of the pudding and all that . . . So I challenged the man to do some work on my chest both to see if it would work and to see if the pain was less as he maintained it was. I made an appointment, went to the office and bared my maidenly bosoms to him and he went to work.

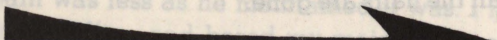
Well after that I had to admit that he did in fact have something. I found out that the computer is controlling the current. There are 14 needles coming out of the machine with fine delicate wires to an overhead rack. When making an insertion the operator takes one of needles, pulls it down enough to reach the skin and makes an insertion. He repeats this with each of the 14 needles until they are all in place. It takes the operator 1½ to 2½ minutes to place the 14 needles depending on his or her skill. If the machine is properly set, it will be time to take the first needle out about when one finishes putting the 14th in. After removing number one, it is reinserted and on to number two and thru the whole 14 again. Where the computer comes in is that there is a tiny computer in the circuit of each needle. When the machine is set for 0.1 milliamps for example, each computer is activated to pass precisely 0.1 milliamps, no more and no less. This means that it doesn't make any difference whether a follicle is moist or dry, the current that the needle carries is sensed by its computer and if it is more than 0.1 milliamps, the computer cuts the current down until it is 0.1 milliamps and if it is a dry follicle and is not pulling the full amount the computer steps up the voltage until it is getting the right current. Naturally, like all computers, it does this instantly and continuously with the results that all 14 needles pass exactly the same current which is the amount set on the master control. Thus the ionization and conversion of the sodium chloride to sodium hydroxide is always just what the operator intends and each needle gets the same.

So, lo and behold, he worked on my chest and I have to admit that it was not nearly as painful as the blend method. The machine works by pulses of current under the "eye" of the computer. Thus a needle

may be in place and has been there for half a minute or so and suddenly that one begins to hurt more than the others. This one really gets your attention and you forget about the other 13. But then it dies away as the pulse of current stops. Naturally some follicles are nearer to skin nerves than others, so occasionally a given needle will become quite painful for a little time, but it is still tolerable and certainly no worse than the blend method used through one needle. As to effectiveness, I must say that it lived up to its billing here too, as there is now a nice place right over my sternum that is as smooth as a baby's bottom because all the hairs are gone.

I can therefore say from personal experience that this machine is both less painful and fully as effective as the other methods. Obviously your electrologists are not going to rush out and buy one on your request nor on my testimonial. However, they may very well not have heard about the new machine and you would be doing them a favor now and perhaps yourself a favor later (if they should order one) by bringing the matter to their attention and giving them the address below to write for further information and details about the equipment. They should write to the House of St. James, 9201 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069, Suite 718 and ask for full information on the Ionization Computer Electrolysis machine. The inventor of the machine is himself an old time electrologist, Dwight Letchworth, and they could write directly to him at the same address. I think it would be worth their while looking into the machine as it is something entirely new and not yet widely known, but it does work.

**ANDROGENY-GYNANDRY:  
THE INTEGRATED SELF**



Some of you will be familiar with the word Androgeny or Androgyne and some won't be. Few of you will be familiar with another word, Gynandry (or Gynander for the individual). Essentially, they refer to the same thing and differ only on the level or relative importance and therefore of primacy of the two roots. "Andro"—means man or masculine, Gyne (as in gynecology) means woman or feminine. Putting the two together implies a person with both qualities in the same individual. Androgyne is the most common to but to me it partakes of the same male chauvinistic flavor of *his* and *hers*, *men* and *women*, *boys* and *girls*, *he* and *she*, and other pairs in which the masculine is given dominance over the feminine—the kind of thing that had led women's liberation to promote the use of "person" over man as in *chairman*, *policeman*, etc. Since I (speaking personally) regard the feminine as more important than the masculine to me, I prefer to regard myself as being a gynander or of being gynandrous as an adjective by giving the feminine the honor of first place.

Now if one was to look these two words up in *Webster's*—as I have just done—one will discover that Webster is just as confused as most people about sex and gender. As a matter of fact, if you look up sex you find it defined as gender and if you look up gender, you find sex given as a synonym. Likewise when you look up Andro—and Gyne—you find them defined as pertaining to man or to woman and then you find something saying male or female and when the two are combined hermaphrodite is given as one definition and "having both masculine and feminine characteristics" as another definition so that sex terms and gender terms are under interchangeably. Now I mention the dictionary because I know there are some among our



readers who will otherwise rush to a dictionary so that they can cite it as an authority to prove Virginia wrong. (Yes, there are a lot of people out there who get some sort of kick out of taking sides against me or what I say—but I haven't time to bother with them, let them have their poor vicarious little victories.) But I rise to spike their guns beforehand on this issue, by pointing out that dictionaries are a formal compendium of the sum total of human ignorance at the time of their publication. Actually, of the state of things about ten years *before* their publication, since it takes about that long to revise one. I am aware that that sounds like a very superior attitude on my part but consider it for a moment. Mankind *never* finds out the *whole* truth about anything. What we do is to learn what we can, come to tentative conclusions and act on them as though they were true until newer information comes to us which requires us to modify the former conclusions. At the time most large dictionaries were put together psychologists had not yet begun to recognize that gender, although biologically and sociologically based on sex, was in fact a separate entity. Thus, prior to that awareness, dictionaries treated them as part and parcel of the same thing. Nowadays, our slightly more enlightened understanding helps us recognize that the qualities which we designate as masculine or feminine are not necessarily connected to the anatomical sex of the individual. Thus we can have effeminate men and masculine women neither of whom are hermaphroditic. So I hope nobody will get in a snit about what the dictionary says about the two words androgeny and gynandry. Because if we take the gender interpretation of the two roots, namely man and woman which in adjectival form mean masculine and feminine, we are using the words to refer to persons who manifest both types of qualities, characteristics or attitudes. O.K., so much for definitions.

Now the reason for making this condition the subject of the Virgin Views editorial in this issue, is that this duality is slowly coming into professional and public consciousness and it will do so a lot more in the near future. The drive in this direction is a by-product of the Women's Liberation movement because as women strive more and more to achieve equal opportunity, respectability and approbation for doing whatever they wish rather than what a chauvinistic society tells them they should do and be, they inevitably find themselves becoming androgenous. That is, they take on qualities and abilities previously thought of as being masculine. Thus we find books like Elizabeth Mann Borgese—*The Ascent of Woman* and Caroline

Heilbronn's *Toward a Recognition of Androgeny* and a new one by June Singer, *Androgeny: Toward a New Theory of Sexuality* (see Book Review in this issue of *TVia*). Because it is the women primarily who are moving out of their past social prisons into the light of new accomplishments, it is women who do the writing and it is about women that they write.

So who writes about the movement of men? Who do you think, little old Virginia, and I've been doing it since well before any of the above books were written. But speaking for a group generally regarded by society as being somewhere between perversion and insanity and having to publish my observations in this magazine and in the several books I've written for our particular sub-culture is not the way to become widely known and accepted. But if that is my limitation it is your good fortune. Now that will come over as a really conceited statement to some of you and if that is the way you see it, so be it, it will be your problem. I've grown enough to be able to say things about myself that I think are valid and true whether they are complimentary or not without having to preface it with a half-hearted apology. The reason I say it is your good fortune is that I hope I can provide many of you with some insight about yourselves and stimulate you to a greater awareness of, and appreciation for the potentials that your cross dressing has opened up for you.

I'm writing about androgeny-gynandry because I am getting very involved and interested in it. Maybe I can stimulate some of that interest in you. From one point of view, it is rather ironic that we have to have words and conceptions like these because as babies we are all androgenous. It is the process of growing up that divides us into two possible kinds of people. Then as adults we begin to realize that we are missing something and we start searching for it. If we find it we are termed androgenous or gynandrous. What a waste. How much better the world would be if we just kept what we had at birth, but we are, fortunately moving in that direction, thanks largely to the women's movement. The agitation against war toys, de-emphasizing the masculine "virtue?" of violence; the willingness to let little boys play with dolls, the admission of boys to cooking classes and girls to shop and auto repair classes in high school, women as breadwinners and men as house husbands are all straws in the wind.

But what all or most of you have experienced since you first started dressing in girls clothes is another route to the same thing. Of course

there was (and for some still is) the erotic phase in which the act of dressing brought on sexual arousal. But then came the phase when you left the clothes on for a time after the sexual release was over and you began to find that there was a pleasure other than a sexual one in "being" a girl. You began to get acquainted with that side of yourself that had lain more or less untouched since you were a baby, and which as a matter of convenience we designate the feminine side since it encompasses all those aspects of the human potentials and talents that can be thought of as "non boy". If, as you got older, you looked well enough and were daring (or foolish) enough to go out in public and interact with other people in various ways, your life experience as a girl complemented your ordinary experience as a boy-man so that you were in reality becoming androgenous. You probably found that when the pressures of your masculine life got a little too much you could take refuge in your dresses and, for the moment, forget about the masculine world that lay heavily upon you. You were literally turning off your left brain functions, putting your masculinity into cold storage for a little while and giving vent to that other part of your total humanity which had always been part of you but which society and your training made you suppress. You found it good and satisfying and in spite of fears, guilts, shame and perhaps occasionally discovery, punishment and embarrassment you kept it up whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Outsiders always find it hard to understand why an FP continues to practice a behavior which exacts such a high price for its pleasures. To them it seems that if the cost is that high any sensible person would say, "I'm just not going to pay it anymore," and would quit. What these people don't and never will understand, unless they experience it for themselves, is that the conjunction of the masculine and feminine in one person at the same time is one of the most fulfilling and integrating experiences a person can have. Even some of your practitioners of the "art" will balk at that assertion—possibly because you haven't progressed to the point where you can really experience this or perhaps because your guilt and shame are still so strong that they occupy too much of your attention and don't let you really experience the subtler feelings of "boys meets girl." But any of you past that stage will agree with me I'm sure.

Even those who go through sex change surgery and then express how much happier and at ease they are than before, are really relating to the gender change, not the sexual one. Sex is really a very

small part of life whether you are talking about what anatomical sex you are, or about the experience of using that anatomy in one way or the other. Females are not that ecstatic about having a vagina, so it isn't the new sex organ that TSs have or even the use to which they put it that contributes most to their pleasure in their new life. It is the fact that they have used the surgery as a means of providing a justifiable reason for being able to be girls, i.e. feminine, 24 hours a day. Although most of them would deny it, it is their achievement of feminine roles to fulfill and men have masculine ones, but that we might have felt using a feminine solution when we were men. cumstance. As a matter of fact, in today's world, it is becoming less experienced as "John" is still coded into their brain. Then when they begin to acquire a whole new library of learning and experience as "Jane" they have access to both sets of experience and they can have the option of how they will handle any particular environmental situation. They can act aggressively and attack the situation in a masculine way or they can decide to retreat from or ignore the situation in a classically feminine way. And interestingly, they can do either one without any feeling of guilt, shame or inadequacy. As their former male selves, and this goes for most of you who read this, too, there are a lot of occasions where if you had an urge to abandon, ignore, or retreat from a situation you would feel uncomfortable and shamed because that is not the "way a real man would handle such a situation." One of the criteria of true androgeneity or gynandrogeneity is, that of the several types of response that are possible in a given situation any of them can be utilized without having to feel guilty about not living up to a role. Because essentially that is what androgeneity is—the absence of a role to live up to. Women have feminine roles to fulfill and men have masculine ones, but androgenous and gynandrous persons don't have roles to live up to. There is no such thing as an androgenous role. Such a person is just a human being who is free enough to be able to make a guilt free choice as to which of the several possible reactions to the situation he or she will employ. Perhaps when the implications of that sink in a bit you will not only have a better understanding of the meaning of the words, but a greater ambition to achieve that state.

The other night this was clearly brought out by a group that I called together. Six women; two had had surgery, two were going to have it when it could be arranged, and two (Mary and myself) hadn't had it and didn't want it. But, regardless of the matter of surgery, we had all changed our gender. All six of us had formerly been men and

had made our way successfully as such. Now we were six women, all self supporting and completely integrated into our womanhood. We all went to a restaurant for dinner and then returned to my house for a gab fest. We all realized just what I said in the preceeding paragraph, that all of our former masculine lifes knowledge and experience was still available to us and that we could us it, when it was appropriate, without the sense of shame or inappropriateness that we might have felt using a feminine solution when we were man. Women don't live in such mental insecurity as men do. They seldom feel ashamed of doing something that a man might appropriately do. So we were all very happy in our liberated, free choice situation.

Now by mentioning this group I am not in any way suggesting or urging anyone else to take steps to get themselves into a similar circumstance. As a matter of fact, in today's world, it is becoming less and less necessary for a male to change gender (let along sex) as a means of expressing his inner femininity because it is gradually becoming more acceptable that a male should express qualities formerly considered to be feminine—longhair and necklaces for men are two obvious manifestations of this. I mention the group only to provide an illustration of six people who choose one "escape hatch" but there are others. Since I am writing for an FP readership, I would urge you to consider the philosophy of androgenity and its possibilities and benefits in your own life. Your dressing activities serve as a sort of entry way into it. When you are a girl try to let go and enjoy those ways of doing things, of reacting to situations, of enjoying life that are more characteristic of girls. Make a point of abandoning so far as is possible those attitudes and points of view that are generally appropriate for and expressed by your brother. When you get to feeling more at home with these feelings and attitudes, try to carry some of them over into your brother's life so that you will be able to develop some degree of androgenity. In short, what I'm trying to say is let your sister help her brother to escape from the prison of masculinity. This has to be done with discretion of course, I wouldn't want you to break out in tears in the office when the boss calls you down for something. But it does mean that you can learn to be more aware of your emotions, your intuitive ideas—among men referred to as hunches because after all, only women have intuition. Right? Wrong! Try putting yourself in the other parties position sometime and see how what you have just done or said or are about to do or say will seem to him or her. Empathy is very useful to have. Try being more considerate, more tender, surprise the heck out of

your wife (if you have one) by volunteering to do some of the less pleasant household tasks that you usually leave to her. In general, try to see what you are doing and saying and feeling objectively and try to determine if there isn't another way to do, say and feel in the same situation. How would a woman handle the same circumstances. See if you can allow yourself to approximate that sort of reaction. The more you try the better you will get to be at it and the better you get to be, the more most people but particularly women will appreciate the new you. In effect see what you can do to escape from the prison and go "over the wall." Learning to have the guts to be a non-conformist, a non-male chauvinist, an androgenous individual will have its problems. But it also has its rewards. The better you get at it the more of a total human being you are as compared to the half human individuals that presently populate the world. Read again the quotation at the bottom of the inside front cover of this magazine and substitute the gender terms masculine and feminine for the sex terms male and female and substitute "a state of greatest fulfillment and happiness" for the word "kingdom." I think you will see what I mean.

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### GOOD NEWS

I have received word from Marilyn, the instigator and mistress of the famous "DREAMS" of 1972, 73, 74, 75 and 76, that there WILL BE a DREAM in 1978. Marilyn had to take a vacation from all the work and planning that goes into the activity this year to catch up on a lot of her personal work (such as making a living), and so there was no DREAM in 1977. But for all those who went to any of the previous ones, it will be a delicious piece of news that she will be back in operation next year. All those who have attended previous DREAMS will receive notices of the plans for next year. But those who have not attended in the past won't be on her mailing list so I am taking this opportunity to mention it to you a year ahead of time so that plans can be made. If any of you would like to get the information from her, feel free to write to her about it. Write DREAM, Box 58, 507 3rd. Ave., Seattle, WA 98104. I can't take space here to tell you all about it, but she will be pleased to send descriptive brochures and information to you on request. A whole week at a beautiful condominium resort, dressed as the lady you'd like to be from early in the morning until late at night and to get professional instruction in all feminine arts and graces certainly should be a DREAM for all of you. Plan on it.

PRICE LIST

*TRANSVESTIA* ... A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.  
 Per Copy, Issues 63 and after are available (except 65, 71) . . . . . \$6  
 Annual Subscription . . . . . \$36

SEPARATE BOOKS

*THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE* ... A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand . . . . . \$5.00

*HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE* ... A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing, jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status. . . . . \$8

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*FATED FOR FEMININITY* ... Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader, but ended up as school beauty queen, most popular girl, and eventually the bride of another pretty girl. . . . . Illus. \$5.50

*TALES FROM PINK MIRROR* ... This book was not published by Chevalier, but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. . . . . Illus. \$4.50

*THE BIRTH OF BARBARA* ... Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. . . . . Illus. \$5.50

*I AM A MALE ACTRESS* ... Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. . . . . Illus. \$5.50

*THE TURNABOUT PARTY* ... A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they **MUST** win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends too. . . . . Illus. \$5.50

*IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM* ... A high school boy finds himself outclassed by a girl, wears her clothes as a penalty, required to maintain role by sisters, joins a sorority. Accepted by his family he gets job, meets girl, falls in love, reveals all, they become engaged. In two parts.

PART I *DOWN TO DEFEAT* . . . . . Illus. \$4.50

PART II *MARILYN MAKES IT* . . . . . Illus. \$4.50

*SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE* ... Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girls' school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. . . . . Illus. \$4.50

*HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS* ... Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie ... and stays that way. . . . . \$3.50

Issues 20 and 51 are available at a special close-out price, but 50 cents postage is required. . . . . Per copy \$2.50

A number of issues other than those listed above have been re-purchased 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.

### RENTAL COPIES

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 10% 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

**M9 HIP PADS:** Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary, they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. . . . . PER PAIR, \$7

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

**M11 SMALL FRONT PAD:** Designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth, rounded feminine control. . . . . PAD, EACH \$3.50

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

Other foreign customers should pay by checks from their bank drawn on a U.S. corespondent bank and in U.S. funds. Allow extra money for postage and a credit slip for the excess will be returned with the order. Foreign postage is higher than the 10% applicable to domestic postage.

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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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