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FICTION

Photographs
The Summer of '72

HISTORY

A Man And—A Woman Too

ARTICLES

Feather Your Own Nest
Skirting the Issue
Finally!

TRUE STORY

How It All Started

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Further Adventures of Virginia

Vol. XVII No. 98

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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

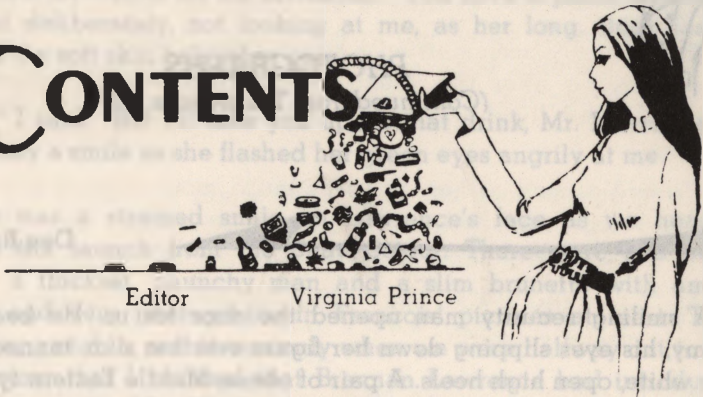
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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Virginia Prince

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VOL. XVII

NO. 98

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

PHOTOGRAPHS
(Continued from Transvestia #97)

Dee Raymond

A smiling security man opened the door for us. He beamed at Romy, his eyes slipping down her figure over her slim, tanned legs to her white, open high heels. A pair of obese, Middle Eastern types also turned to look at her, exchanging whispered comments, as we came out onto the white steps and met the hot blast of the early afternoon sun.

"There must be people I know in you . . ." Brennan Lawrence was nervous and unsure of exactly what I was writing, or so I thought.

"It's a series of articles," I grinned. "I hope I spelled your name right, Mr. Lawrence."

He looked quite sick to me beneath his tan.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Romy was cross. "It's no big deal. I've been in the papers lots of times."

Lawrence looked very unhappy. Romy had slipped her arm through his, and was trying to start him off along the boulevard, towards the main part of the dock.

"You look ill," I grinned at Lawrence. It wasn't nice of me, but then I didn't feel like being nice.

"It's hot," Lawrence also made an audible gulp. "W-would you like a drink, Mr. Evans?" he stammered.

"Al," I said.

"Al," he agreed, "it's cooler out in the harbour."

I glanced at my watch and then at Romy. She was downright angry at Brennan Lawrence for his invitation. "You have a plane to catch," she said deliberately, not looking at me, as her long, thick lashes brushed the soft skin below her eyes.

"Yes," I said. "But I'll take you up on that drink, Mr. Lawrence." I gave Romy a smile as she flashed her green eyes angrily at me.

There was a strained smile on Lawrence's face as we headed towards the launch from the Beau Sejour. There were two other people, a thickset, paunchy man and a slim brunette with ample breasts and very photogenic—in Francois' pictures at least. They were very amiable, and it was only when we were halfway out to the Beau Sejour that I realized that Brennan Lawrence had introduced me, and correctly identified my paper, to Georges Panetta and Lisa Ford.

"You know who I work for," I murmured to him, as the others were gawking at an ocean-going yacht that was just arriving, to considerable fanfare, with a bevy of pretty girls hanging over the rails of its sundeck.

"Oh, yes," Lawrence was startled. "I heard about you this morning."

I wasn't able to follow that up right away as the others returned to the conversation. I was floored when we arrived at Lawrence's yacht by the reception he received from a young, blonde woman. She greeted him as if he were a long-lost survivor of a shipwreck or something, kissing and hugging him warmly to the amusement of my companions.

"My wife, Adelle," Brennan Lawrence said to me shyly, his arms about her waist. I was clearly going to have to revise my opinion of him and fast. "This is Al Evans, darling, a journalist from the United States."

Adelle's smile was bright. "Enchante de faire votre connaissance, monsieur," she spoke rapidly, with a Germanic accent.

"Adelle speaks only French and German," Brennan Lawrence was apologetic, "but she understands English."

There were other people on the sundeck, soaking up the hot sun and sipping long, cool drinks. After more introductions, a babble of languages broke out as conversation was resumed and only the most cursory of attention was given to me.

"They've only been married a month," Romy spoke sharply to me as I was staring after the young couple disappearing below decks. "Brennan had lived with her parents in Vienna when he was a student."

I looked around at her. She was much more relaxed now, sitting with her legs stretched out on the chaise lounge. She altered her position slowly, with a rueful smile, as she caught my wandering eyes.

"He seems like a nice guy," I said, trying not to be too ironic. She got the message clearly.

"But he is," she snapped. "He's one of the nicest people you'll ever meet." She paused. "Did you really put him into one of your newspaper articles?"

I was surprised. "Aren't you worried about yourself?" I asked.

She snorted in disgust. "Print anything you like about me," she said.

"Unless it's the truth," I added.

She gave me one of those swift, penetrating looks, sheer astonishment in the glance. But the surprise was gone, as fast as it had been shown. "Exactly," she said lightly.

A steward came up the gangwalk and came to me hurriedly. "Mr. Lawrence's compliments, sir," he said in clipped British tones. "Would you join him in his study?"

"His study?" It sounded so incongruous on board a boat.

"If you would follow me, sir," the steward was gently insistent.

As I left, a young, dark giant, suntanned and muscular, took my chair and began to chat with Romy. I could hear her laughing as I swayed down the steps of the walk to the main deck of the *Beau Sejour*.

There was no one in the dark cabin into which I was ushered by the steward. "Mr. Lawrence will join you shortly sir," he said, as he closed the door quietly.

I meant to explore the cabin, the expensive wall coverings and fittings, but the photographs on top of the oaken desk caught my attention, as they'd likely been intended to. They were the photos of Romy and "her" friends aboard the *Beau Sejour*. But how could they be aboard this boat?

I was pondering that pretty hard, when the door opened and two women came in. I recognized Adelle right away, but it wasn't till she took the hand of the cute, made-up brunette that I recognized "her," too. She was Brennan Lawrence, in a tight purple silk dress, with heavy gold bracelets on both arms, a thick necklace that must have cost a fortune and earrings to match.

Brennan Lawrence was as assured as a woman as he was tentative and nervous as a man. He moved easily to the desk and sat down, arranging the folds of his skirt over his dark stockings. His makeup was skillful but at the same time heavily applied and it seemed that the feminine fragrance in the room came mainly from him. Adelle followed behind him and leaned on the back of his high chair. His hand, with what must have been artificial long, red fingernails, met hers and they clasped together. Adelle was looking at me with great hostility.

"Sit down, Mr. Evans," Lawrence's "female" voice was soft and lilting, quite convincing with the teased curls about his face and neck.

"Where did you get those?" I pointed at the photographs, eyeing both of the women in front of me with as much contempt as I could show.

Lawrence opened the top drawer of the desk and pushed across a typed letter. It was a blackmail threat.

I swore as I read it. The more I looked at Brennan Lawrence, the more I realized I had been looking at him, or rather at "her," in the photos with Romy. She was the one who didn't wear bikinis like the other girls, though I was getting more doubtful about them as I looked at the now-feminine Brennan Lawrence.

"You didn't know about this?" Lawrence's voice was disbelieving.

"Of course not!" I said angrily.

"But you had these pictures taken," he picked up one of himself and Romy, both in skimpy little dresses, leaving for tennis matches at the Racquet Club.

"Francois Hebert took them for me," I said guardedly, and then the thought struck me. I'd spoken of nothing else but getting away to London as fast as I could, just as soon as the photos were on their way to the States, via Paris, along with my articles. The calculating glances directed at me by Francois were beginning to add up. With me in England and determined to "get lost" for at least three weeks, he must have seen the opportunity to indulge in a blackmail scheme. In the letter, clearly based upon what I'd said, he had Romy pegged as Brennan's girl friend, and he promised to stop publication of my article on Romy if Brennan met his terms.

"You had nothing to do with this," the brown eyes, outlined with eyeliner and enhanced by blue eyeshadow and thick mascara, regarded me in surprise. There was also an apology in the voice.

"No, I had nothing to do with this blackmail," I said grimly, looking directly into the face of the "woman." "My articles on Romy will go as printed along with," I waved my hand over the photographs, "whichever of these my editor chooses to publish."

There was a rapid exchange between the two women across the desk from me. They spoke in German, and surprisingly, they seemed more relaxed after their conversation.

"We misjudged you," said Brennan Lawrence at last. "My apologies ... Al."

How do you accept the apologies of a man dressed as a woman, with his wife leaning on his shoulder, encouraging him? "The articles will be published," I said stiffly.

"Oh, I know that," said Brennan Lawrence, his red lips parting in a smile. "I'll have my father speak to Jeff Conlon about the photographs. I don't want to embarrass my guests in public. I think they do

very well just to put up with Romy and I in private, and our, eh, different lifestyle." A soft hand pushed over the photos of Romy and Brennan in bathing costumes. "This one should be O.K."

I was flabbergasted by the cool way in which "she" was taking the news that "she'd have her face plastered in every American newspaper, after they had picked them up from us. I was even re-writing in my mind the Romy Pohlman articles in the light of what I now knew about Brennan Lawrence.

"I can guess a little at what you're thinking, Al," Brennan Lawrence's voice was soft again. "But wealth insulated us against criticism. And any publicity, even Jeff Conlon's kind, will help men like us to be accepted for what we are in the future."

Some hope, I thought bitterly.

"Now, that drink, Al," Brennan stood up smoothing the back of his dress. "I'm afraid Romy had me rather panicked against you. You're rather an imposing figure you know. I hadn't any idea what inviting you aboard might lead to."

"Does Romy know all about this?" I indicated the photographs and the letter on the desk.

"Of course," said Lawrence, somewhat surprised. But at least I was beginning to understand why Romy had been so sharp to me. Or I thought so.

But she was just as cool towards me as she'd been before, even after the feminized Brennan, known as "Cindy" to everyone, let them all know that I was off the hook. If Romy had been even the slightest bit friendly, I probably wouldn't have let Cindy talk me into accepting "her" offer of accompanying the party on the trip around the Adriatic which they were planning. I hardly had time to call Paris about Francois, and collect my things, before the boat was under way, and I was dressing for a candlelight dinner on the sundeck in the early evening hours off the Italian coast.

The women were very glamorous in their evening dresses, the most beautiful, of course, being Romy, though the others, including Cindy, were all pretty and attractive. The other two guys and I were in white or blue evening jackets and bow ties, all pretty formal. I saw Cindy

smile at Adelie when Romy gave me a funny look as I sat beside her for dinner. But there was little else I could do since the gilt-edged dinner cards were arranged that way about the circular table.

As it was, I found most of my time taken up by Monique, an actress, or so she said, who was seated to my left. She was just divorced and wanted to let me know how much she had suffered at the hands of men. I didn't enlighten her as to whom she was speaking, even when she became slanderous about her former, well-known, director-husband.

I caught Romy's eye as I reached for a light from one of the stewards to the after dinner cigar. Perhaps I showed just too much relief to be free from Monique's monologue for a moment, for she gave me a highly amused smile.

"You didn't take a cigar?" I asked, trying to find something to break the ice. She looked very lovely, her shoulders bare, her red hair swept softly about her neck. The evening dress was tight at the waist but loosely gathered about her bust, which showed definite cleavage.

Her expression changed to one of distance, but whether for me or for my gaucherie, I don't know. "Of course not," she snapped, picking up a glass of the excellent Anjou with which we had been completing the meal.

I blew a thick cloud across the table. "Is this your first trip to the Adriatic?" I asked, trying to make up a little.

"I've been to Greece, naturally," she said stiffly. "Corfu and the Aegean."

"Hey, everybody," it was Cindy, looking beautiful in a white lace gown. "We'll dance when the deck is cleared."

With six female-clad figure and only three male, I was soon pretty hard worked although Adelie and Cindy soon retired, their eyes almost glued to one another. Monique left quickly, too, and with the others pairing off, Romy and I were soon left as a couple. I held her easily in my arms and she showed no disinclination to move away, but then, we danced very well together.

When Lisa and Georges left, the last to withdraw, Lisa cast a sympathetic glance over my way, and when the music died, I steered Romy to the rail overlooking the dark water.



We dressed again for dinner **BILLIE UT-3-H**

girls put their hair up, in



I had my hand about her waist. "Did you really mind what I wrote about you?" I asked.

Her lovely face, partly shaded, turned to me. "It was very accurate," she said softly.

"I asked if you minded," I said insistently.

She shook her head and sighed. "I can't, can I?" she asked. The piped music from the bridge had ended and the well-lit deck had darkened noticeably as the power was reduced to the lamps. Romy shivered. The night was chilly but I wasn't sleepy. Nor, did it appear, was "she."

"You need a wrap," I said, heading back to the table, now secured at the top of the walk leading to the lower deck. The soft woollen shawl was on the chair where she'd sat for dinner. Romy was staring moodily at the dark horizon, where the occasionally yellow or red light gleamed brightly and at what seemed a great distance. I put the shawl about her shoulders, and she turned to me so that I could pull it about her completely.

As I placed the shawl, she raised her eyes to me, a strange, apprehensive look in them. I gently pulled her towards me, and she didn't fight back. In fact, she sighed and seemed rather glad when I kissed her. It was light at first, but she was willing, her eyes closed, and so I slipped my hands from her arms and put them round her back and waist. Her arms came about me, and we began what was at first a gentle embrace, but her lips were so warm, and the sensation so nerve-tingling to her, so it seemed as well to me, that the gentleness soon became stronger. My hands seemed to want to touch everything about her, her soft shoulders, her hair, her waist and her hips. She, too, pulled me closer, kissing my face, neck and then my lips again, hungrily, as if she had never kissed anyone like me before.

We might have gone on for a long time, how long we were actually at the rail I don't know, but the convenient whistling of a steward arriving to clear and put the deck in order, caused Romy to stiffen against me suddenly. And then she was gone. One moment she was in my arms, soft and compliant, and in the next, she was gone, abruptly thrusting herself away. With the long skirt held up by one hand, she was off, fleeing down the gangwalk to wherever her cabin was.

* * * * *

The following day, I was pretty strung out after one of the worst nights I'd had in years. I'd have thought Romy would be the same. At least, she should have been avoiding me the next day. But she wasn't. She was in a little white dress, a white ribbon in her hair, as she came tripping up the steps for breakfast. She even smiled at me and was quite friendly in the general small talk in which everyone was engaged.

I guess you could say that everyone had a really nice day, relaxing and sunning themselves. Romy sat next to me and had me apply lotion to her soft-skinned body, changing to a bikini when the other girls did. She gave me another of those funny, self-deprecating grins when Monique took off her top and settled herself comfortably in the sun. Then Lisa laughed and said that all the girls should do it, too. Romy still smiled, but I caught her tense glance at me as she slipped off her white bra top. Her nipples and the aureole of her breasts were tiny, and, to my eye, were clearly masculine. I doubt, though, that anyone else but me aboard that boat would have been an expert in such things.

We dressed again for dinner, and all the "girls" put their hair up, in Forties style, for the evening. With pendant earrings and heavy makeup, they all appeared exotic and sensuously mysterious. They were all obviously pleased with the admiration they saw in our eyes. It was only after dinner that I noticed something that I hadn't before. The others were treating Romy and I as a pair.

When Romy moved to a love seat with the last of her wine, I was just kind of hanging back, but Lisa immediately made room for me beside Romy. Even Romy appeared to accept the situation. She moved up slightly towards me. In the dancing again, the pairing was clear. Adelle and Cindy danced only with each other while Romy and I were clearly partners in everyone's mind.

When I held Romy tightly, I could breathe in the soft fragrance that adorned her neck and hair. She snuggled into me, like any normal girl, and without evening meaning to, I dropped gentle kisses onto her cheek and ear. Romy only cuddled me even more closely, her hand clasping mine also as tightly as she could.

"See me to my cabin," Romy whispered urgently as the evening drew on and the other couples showed little inclination to leave the sundeck-dancing floor.

We tried to slip away fairly unobtrusively, but it isn't easy when there are just ten people, the captain of the Beau Sejour having joined us. It didn't help the way I felt either, when Lisa called out a cheery, "Good night," after us as I helped Romy descend the steps away from the sundeck. I waved a hand but didn't look back.

Romy's cabin was on the right side, the starboard, of the lower deck. She opened her door quickly and stepped in, leaving it wide open in invitation to me to follow her in. Gingerly, I stepped over the ledge and into "her" room.

The cabin was similar to mine. A single bed bolted to the forward wall, or bulkhead, I should say, was the only major piece of furniture in the place. She had the light on dimly, and as the door closed itself behind me, she turned, smiled at me, and held out her arms to put them about my neck.

"Romy," I said hoarsely, knowing that this was the time to tell "her" all about myself. Our lips met first, however, and this time there was little preamble. There was passion and desire in both of us. As I pressed her body close into mine and crushed her soft lips, I knew the ecstasy of love and the all the words disappeared as I enjoyed "her."

Romy pulled me towards "her" bed and I went with her. I tried to speak again, but she began to pour kisses onto my face and neck. "Romy," I said shakily as I pressed down on her.

"No, please," she whispered. "Let me talk if we must."

Her arms were about my neck, hugging me. Her lips met mine again. It was fireworks, bells and skyrockets shooting off for me. I could feel myself quivering, but I kept my hand still about her waist. There was too much to say before I had any right to explore that curvaceous, feminized form beneath me.

"You know that I'm a man," said Romy, and surprisingly, there was a sob in her voice. "A transvestite," she quivered as she added the word. "But I never felt like this about anyone, Al. I don't know what's got into me."

There was a wetness on her cheeks that amazed me. "I've faced up to it," Romy gave a shudder. "I'm in love with you, Al. If you want me

like I want you, I'll change my sex for you. I really will. I'll become a real woman for you."

Now the tears were coming so fast that "she" had to break off. I sat up quickly on the edge of the bed, releasing her so that she could reach for a tissue and wipe off her face. Her trembling alone told me what an effort this was for her, particularly with her already stated views that the operation she had said would have constituted a "mutilation."

"You'll do no such thing," I said at last when the sobs had stopped.

"What?" It was just a querulous whisper from the shadowed figure beside me.

"You'll do no such thing," I repeated. "You won't change your sex, Romy. I love you just the way you are."

There was silence for a moment, a stunned, shocked silence. "She" seemed to edge away from me.

"You like me as I am?" there was disbelief in her question. "You want me as a man?" A note of disgust had crept into the voice.

"Don't you want me the way I am?" I asked "her." "Don't you love me as I am?"

Her body twisted and some of the dim light fell on her face, so delicately feminine. Shame twisted the features and her eyes were a mess as tears brimmed over the mascara. "Yes," she said huskily. Then she pulled her legs and her long skirts up to her, retreating away from me into the far corner of the bed. "But you can't want me like this, Al," there was fright in her voice and on her face, as she stared wildly at me. "I really am a man, fully functioning, just like you."

I shook my head. "Not like me," I said savagely as I'd said it once before. "No, never like me."

"What . . . ?" she began, but I reached over and pulled her to me quite roughly. I realize now that I should have been more gentle, but I was under pressure, too. I'd never told anyone else what I was about to tell her.

I kissed her roughly and even though she winced she also touched me and began to shiver. "I'm not a man," I said clearly into her ear.

She froze into my arms. Then a strange cry came from her mouth. She tried to pull away but I held onto her. She twisted her head away as I tried to kiss her.

"I was born Alice Ivanich," I said as she tried to put her slender hands over her ears. The long earrings grated wildly. I held her hands down, forcing "her" to listen. "And look at me. Six foot four and muscles to match. Every woman's dream!" I added bitterly. "But what woman really wants to look like a man, like me?"

She struggled, but I held her easily. "You tricked me," Romy hissed. Even though we'd exchanged our true sexual identities, there is still no way that I can think of Romy but as "she" or as a "her." "All this time, I've been killing myself slowly, thinking of you, and what I could do to make you happy." Her voice rose. "I'd even have changed my sex for you!" She couldn't keep the bitterness out of her femininely pitched voice.

"You wouldn't have anyway?" I asked sardonically.

She was outraged. "Of course not!" she snapped. "I've always envied Cindy her finding someone like Adelle. I guess I can go on looking now."

I was stunned. Somehow it had all gone wrong. I hadn't thought it all out, not daring to, but the whole idea of Romy and I had seemed somehow just the right solution to what we really were, what we wanted and how others would see us.

I tried to caress her but she pulled away. She slipped off the bed and went hunting for a cigarette. "You want me to leave?" I asked. She still hadn't realized how much it had taken out of me to bare myself like this to anyone.

"I've spent my whole life being honest," she said bitterly to the porthole, "even when it's hurt me and caused me great embarrassment. Even when people sneered at me, I've told the truth. She undid the pins holding up her hair, letting it cascade back over her neck. "I wouldn't say that I want you to leave. But if you stay, you have to be

honest with my friends and I. You'll have to tell them that you're really Alice."

I shook my head. "No way," I said. I've spent my life-time avoiding ridicule. I'm not getting back into that. I'm Al Evans now, and that's it."

She turned to me, pain in her black, smudged eyes. "Good night, Al," she murmured, tears spilling over and making tracks down her pale, soft cheeks.

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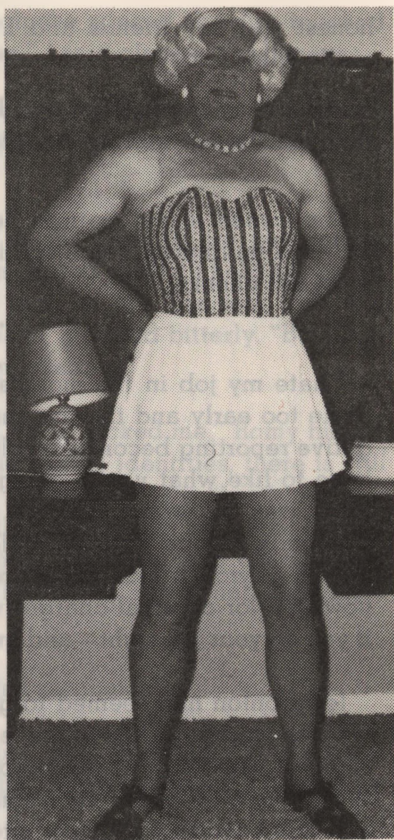
I hate my job in the months of January and February. The nights come too early and the ice and freezing rains stay too long. Investigative reporting becomes a cold, dark, soul-destroying job. You really have to like what you're doing to stick to it and do it properly. The job I was on wasn't like the soft summer assignment I'd done for Conlon in Europe. That I'd really done off the top of my head. Investigating payroll frauds needs every "I" dotted and every "t" crossed, however, for criminal charges will probably be laid against someone if you do your job right—and even if you don't.

Jeff Conlon had seemed to grow older as the winter had come on. He was waiting in his office, a little, tartan scarf about his neck. He listened woodenly to the report I gave him. There did seem to be something odd in the city's construction industry. My tally of workers and hours worked on three sites didn't match the "official" records, that Jeff had somehow managed to obtain, not for inside nor for outside workers.

Conlon nodded when I finished, "O.K.," he said. "I'll put Bart and Crimmins on it. Leave your notes for them." He leaned back in his leather chair, the only non-standard item in the place. I waited. Conlon would do this to us when he had something on his mind. I wondered what I'd done to upset him.

"You know a, er, a guy called Brennan Lawrence," he said at last. It had been six months since I'd seen "Cindy" when "she" had said a puzzled goodbye to me when I'd left the Beau Sejour at its first stop in Naples. I hadn't rewritten the articles from Paris so that the name, Brennan Lawrence, hadn't been seen by Jeff Conlon.

"Yeah, I know Lawrence," I said.



JOY - ENGLAND



JUANITA FL-4-G

Conlon gave me a speculative look. "His brother, Hardy, called," he said at last. "He's one of our major shareholders. Brennan's in town and wants to see you." He sniffed and reached for a handkerchief. "What's the story?" he asked, his faded blue eyes staring at me in deep suspicion.

"I don't know," I said, though I felt that my throat was terribly constricted. "Perhaps I should go ask him."

Conlon's suspicions weren't allayed at all. He'd agreed to the prosecution of Francois Hebert, but I hadn't filled him in on all the details. The French police had taken care of the affair. Perhaps Jeff knew more than I'd told him.

Adelie let me into the penthouse suite of the Lawrence Building. She held up her cheek for me to kiss and prattled on in German, knowing that I didn't understand it. She seemed happy to see me.

I'd hardly have known Cindy in the months since I'd seen "her." I don't think "she" wore a wig anymore. Her short hair suited her as did the loose-skirted green dress. Cindy's figure, too, had more curves than I remembered. She must have been in dresses continually since I'd last seen her.

"Hi," Cindy said, giving me a big smile. "It's really great to see you again, Al."

Both "girls" were so warm and friendly to me that I didn't notice for a while, but something in Cindy's manner tipped me off and I realized that Adelie was pregnant. I hardly got through congratulating both, when Cindy asked me bluntly what had happened between Romy and I.

I shrugged. "Didn't Romy tell you?" I asked.

"Yes," Cindy said, watching me intently. "She told me you were female. I find it hard to believe."

I shrugged again. "And I'm supposed to believe that you're a father?" I asked wryly.

Cindy nodded. "O.K.," she said. "But you might as well know," she said quietly, "that Romy's going to pieces in Hamburg. You've really done something to that girl's head."

I hope my face didn't show all the shock I felt. The cool way that Romy had seen me out of her room and then off the boat in Naples, had been enough for me. "To that girl?" I just slightly emphasized the last word.

"Yes," said Cindy, a stubborn look on her face. "We didn't know that much about you, Al, but you seemed just right for Romy, even when we were sure you were a man. She was so obviously in love with you."

I ignored the last bit. "What do you mean, 'just right'?" I growled. "Two wrongs are bound to make a right, huh? Just because I'm big and muscular, I have to feel like a man? Is that what you're saying?" Cindy winced. Her painted eyes glanced towards Adelle, who was watching us in alarm. I paced over to the tinted windows. Even the distant lakes were visible at this height above the streets. "A woman, though, wants a man—not something fragile and feminine like she is—but something she can never be. Romy wants a woman, someone like Adelle, a real woman. Romy is, after all, a man."

Cindy's long hands were quite agitated. The perfect, long, pink nails matched the new lipstick "she" wore. "I don't believe that," the voice had dipped to a lower, flatter, more masculine range. "We don't choose people to love just because of what they are. Adelle had always wanted me to give up my dresses, but she loves me anyway." Their hands came together as Adelle moved up to sit beside her husband. "She knows she can't change me, she just accepts me as I am." Cindy's feminized face turned to me. "You and Romy will have to learn to do the same thing."

* * * * *

The stunning blonde wiggled across the stage while the band into a breathy, sax-dominated waltz. Her hips were wide and the black dress hugged them tightly. The slit side showed off her dark stockings, her black garters and the black lace panties. She teetered on her high heels, impossibly high, and then twirled to meet her partner. Her hands ran over her waist and up over her small breasts

that pushed against the gauzy veil that covered her bust and upper arms. Her partner clasped her tightly for the sensuous dance, thrusting her head back so that the long blonde hair and the dark gold-rimmed earrings swung crazily and sexily just above the floor. She wrapped herself lithely about her partner while he tried to fend her off. The dance was acrobatic and expertly performed. The crowd roared its approval at the finish as the girl ended up, her skirt ripped away to show off her fine, slim legs, at her partner's feet, while he looked down at her in lordly fashion.

She was tired and hadn't even begun to remove the overly thick stage makeup when the manager ushered me into her dressing room. Her blonde hair clung to the perspiration on the back of her neck. I slipped the man his fee as he'd demanded and pushed the door shut behind me.

She turned and recognized me. "Al!" she said, and she sat, stock still.

I nodded and went over towards her. She shrank away a little and I sat on the sofa near to her makeup mirror. "You've changed your hair," I said, as lightly as I could.

"Yes," she said. I was trying to read her expression, but she seemed more frightened than anything.

"Does Carlos"—her partner—"prefer it blonde to red?" I asked.

"He's only seen it blonde," she said, turning to the mirror. She began to smear her face with cream but her hand shook as she put the lid back on the pot. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you, Romy," I said as quietly as I could. "I came to see if you loved me at all."

She buried her head in a cloth, and when she pulled it away, she had no makeup on her face at all. Somehow, she looked very young, very feminine and very vulnerable. "I want a man," she whispered, not looking at me. "I want a man to look after me. I can't make it on my own." I knew what she was saying. She was telling me that I could carry on as "Al Evans"—my life of avoiding ridicule was acknowledged, by her at least.

"I want to be the man in your life," I said, surprising even myself with the shakiness of my voice. She came to meet me then, and I rose to meet her. She wore just a tiny, thin-strapped bra, black-lace panties, garter belt and black stockings. Perhaps that was why she trembled so much when we kissed. I hugged her to me and she gasped.

"I can't breathe," she whispered and I had to release her a little, even though she felt so warm despite her lack of clothing. She glanced at the sofa on the far wall and an impish smile crossed her face.

For the next half hour or so, we were both too busy to talk further. I was only when my exploring hands slipped over her lace panties and onto her soft, gartered thighs that she objected.

"I want a white wedding," she said, as she nibbled on my ear, her hands trying to keep mine at her waist. "I want to wear a long dress, a veil and be a real bride."

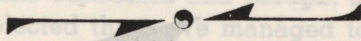
With her on top of me, my own head reeling from the fragrance of her perfume, her body rousing desires in me I'd never felt before, I didn't really want to wait, but she hadn't finished. "And after that, darling Al," Romy went on, "I'll be the perfect wife for you. We'll have a honeymoon that we'll never forget." Her eyes were on me, anxious and a little afraid.

"All right," I said, giving her the best smile I could. "I guess I can wait."

So wait we did. We had the white wedding Romy asked for, and she was a beautiful, blushing bride. Then she was as good as her word. The love we started on our honeymoon we'll never forget, and now, every time I look at the photographs of us on our wedding day, they're on our bedroom wall, I remember that first perfect night together at last.

It's a pity that the photographs we had taken didn't reach Jeff Conlon's desk. But I couldn't risk that. Jeff knew all about me. He gave me a job and knew my credentials. He sponsored my passport application, too. But I know him. He'd have used the pictures and written about Romy and I in the paper if he'd known.

But nobody here on the Coast knows anything like that. Mr. and Mrs. Al Evans are just the perfect couple--big, muscular husband and very attractive, petite wife. We're so normal that we even had a white wedding just like everyone else. We even have the photographs to prove it.



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HISTORY

A MAN AND — A WOMAN TOO

Barbara FCO-8-L

Forty-three years ago, aged four or five, I can remember trying on an aunt's nightgown and from that day on I was a "gone goose" although I didn't realize it at the time, of course. I can still feel the indescribable pleasure it gave me. From then until eight or ten I have really no recollection of experimenting again. But from this age on until I was a teenager, at long intervals my mother's clothes were raided for brief excursions into my femme self—by brief I mean from 20 to 30 minutes before revulsion and guilt overtook me and I couldn't get out of them quickly enough.

I do remember in my early teens looking for legitimate excuses to be a "girl" at parties or on the stage. I had become interested in church basement entertainment and being something of an extrovert, in spite of a severe stutter that never was evident on stage, I got the reputation of a person who would do anything to perform and play any part. It wasn't difficult to quietly angle for the "women's" roles in all-male productions—they weren't too popular with the other guys. To my complete satisfaction and personal edification—but under outward protests to the contrary, "Why do I always have to play the women's parts?"), I won a reputation for doing them very well. People in the audience complimented me on how well I wore and handled the skirts, walked and moved in high heels and used appropriate gestures.

One occasion in particular comes to mind when I was about 15. The Young Men's Club at the church was asked to do a fashion show for a Young Peoples Group party. Because of my reputation I was asked to be one of the models—I argued a little but not hard enough to make them look for someone else before I accepted. Where to get proper clothes?

At that time we lived in a duplex. Our neighbors upstairs had three daughters in their late teens and early twenties. Although I was younger than they, we had always gotten along very well and I was good friends with the three of them. It took a little time before I got up enough nerve to go upstairs, explain the situation and ask if I could borrow some of their "best." I shouldn't have waited. They thought it was a hilarious idea and couldn't wait to get started. I can still feel the blushes of pleasure, that they mistook for embarrassment, as they opened their cupboards and brought forth beautiful dresses from which we selected three. We managed to find a pair of high-heeled, sling backed, black suede shoes into which I could crowd my rather ample feet when assisted by stockings. A padded bra, and a borrowed girdle of my mother's put the right curves on a slim masculine figure. Even with a somewhat less than satisfactory wig the result filled me with so much excitement I was almost sick to my stomach. No other experience in my lifetime had affected me emotionally as much. I wanted to laugh and cry and dance and sing all at once.

The show itself was anticlimactic. I had to tone down my excitement so no one would suspect how much I enjoyed it. Of course I played it to the hilt and received the looked for appreciation of the audience. However, there was no way I could let myself go and sink into the total femininity that I felt was well within my grasp at that moment for the first time—a fantastic frustration I still remember. Although I couldn't put a label on it at that time, in retrospect I was a confirmed TV.

What sort of a home had spawned such a "deviate"? I knew that what I was enjoying was not "normal" in the usual connotation. I was an only child. Had my parents always wanted a girl and treated me as such? Definitely not. There was no older sister with whom to identify. There was no close relation who had undue influence over me. My social activities were normal in every way except that I may have started dating a little later than some at age 16. I had a close group of male friends and we enjoyed each other's company immensely. We all had our girl friends and double and triple dated regularly. My interest in girls was certainly as physical as any other fellow with "the ultimate objective" just as high in my mind. School extracurricular activities included membership on the student council, captain of the rifle team, commanding officer of the Cadet Corps—an arm injury kept me out of contact sports for a while

although I managed two football teams. In short, a rather normal socio-sexual life. And yet, throughout it was this strange urge, too infrequently satisfied, to be a "girl" for a short time. A short time was all I could conceive of. A weekend or longer never crossed my mind.

Throughout my teens opportunities were engineered. One Halloween my girl friend and I went to a costume party as a Middle Ages Lady and her page—roles reversed of course. We rented costumes, far too expensive for our budgets, that looked beautiful—even to my high conical hat with the chiffon streamer from the point that fastened under my chin.

Following university, I joined the Army Reserve and was shortly commissioned. The social aspects of life in the Officers' Mess gave lots of opportunities to put on skits as entertainment on party nights. I usually got the job of writing them and, of course, acting in them. As often as I dared I cast myself in a female role—usually to much laughter and applause, particularly from the girls, who after all were the best critics of my performance and whose "review" I sought most.

I remember one skit in which I had done a Lauren Bacall take-off with another officer who played Bogart. At the end as we took our bows one of the senior officers came up and presented the "leading lady" with a potted geranium. He insisted I join his table for a drink. To many cheers, cat calls and whistles I accepted as graciously as possible, took his arm and "tapped" across the floor with him in my gold, high heeled evening sandals, green satin formal with long white evening gloves and my long Bacall-like hair bobbing on my bare shoulders, as I acknowledged the hoots and hollers of my friends. At his table he introduced me to the people I already knew as "Lauren" and what followed was a quick drink with a chaser of a great deal of laughter. Very shortly dancing started again and a "Ladies Tag" was first. To wrap up the "joke" before it got out of hand, I rose gracefully from my chair and went over and asked the commanding officer to dance. He didn't know whether to laugh and accept or run and hide. Taking the opportunity, with a great display of mock anger and disappointment, I turned on my heel and flounced out of the room to change back into uniform—somewhat reluctantly. Reluctantly because I had loved every minute of it. I had been told I looked beautiful by two of the girls who seemed to express sincerity in the comment, along with some wonder. I had felt beautiful and wanted it to go on.

By this time I knew what I was—a TV—but there was no way I would admit it to anyone. I was ashamed of it and yet I couldn't wait for the next opportunity, months away.

Sixteen years ago I met the most wonderful woman in the world and fell quickly and hopelessly in love. About a year later we were married and now have three absolutely super kids, 10 to 15 years old.

The resultant problem is an old story to all married TV's. I felt that levelling with my wife could and probably would jeopardize a very happy home and life. For 15 years I continued to hide my urges, participating in a few skits in the various organizations I belonged to.

About a year after our marriage, the church Men's Club had their annual Christmas Ladies Night. I was asked to do the entertainment and wrote a 25-minute sketch that was a take-off on a women's afternoon TV show—celebrity interviews, cooking and gardening hints, fashion notes and book reviews. Guess who ended up being the hostess of the show? Having no clothes of my own, of course, the constant problem arose as to where to get some that would look "nice." A friend of my wife's offered to make over a dress of hers to fit me, but, we knew of no one else who wore large enough sizes to finish "kitting me out," as we used to say in the Army. The only answer was to buy a bra, stockings, a pair of black suede pumps (10½C), a slip of my mother's (discarded), and a hat that would cover a fair semblance of a short hair style. Again the show was a success and my wife's friend was prolific in her praise of the job I did. There being no sense in throwing out the few items I had gathered together, we put them in a suitcase for sometime in the future when they "may be needed again." My wife accepted this "skill" as a hobby at which I was particularly good and there was no problem around stage work in amateur productions where people knew me and accepted me as a "normal" family man.

For the next few years I "played in my suitcase for fun" in her presence once or twice a year with good natured tolerance on her part but little or no enthusiasm. Several other situations arose during this time that gave me the opportunity to play the "actress." At those times I was able to borrow some clothes from an older woman in the office who dressed particularly smartly and was more my size. Several of the things she let me keep for the "costume cupboard at the church." Needless to say the costume cupboard was my own suitcase at home.

Unfortunately, this good lady, who had been so free with her wardrobe had never seen any of my "theatrical productions." She made this point one day at work. Here was another opportunity just asking to be picked up. I agreed that it was somewhat unfair that she hadn't seen the use to which I had put her clothes and suggested that some night I get "dressed" and come over to her apartment for a private showing. "Would you really do that?" she said, "that would really be fun." We set a date and I went home to explain the situation to my wife.

She agreed somewhat apprehensively fearing that the neighbors would see me leave or come home in our car. Supposing I went down to mom's apartment and changed and returned there before I came home, I suggested. That was an acceptable solution. My mother agreed with the admonition to be careful.

By this time I had an inexpensive wig I had ordered from Hong Kong for another skit I had done. This was the first time I had gone out "dressed," completely dressed as a woman from the skin out. What a fantastic adventure and thrill. Although it was after dark, I took extra pains with my make-up and hair and took a long time dressing; savoring every moment. Finally, in a white nylon blouse, through which my lingerie was just visible, a long, full, green wool skirt, high-heeled brown alligator pumps and gold belt and jewelry, I was ready. My mother loaned me a bag into which I put my powder and lipstick, a lacy hanky and my identification which I sincerely hoped I would not have to use. A white nylon scarf, my wife's grey lamb jacket and a pair of black, long wristed gloves finished the costume. My image in the mirror thrilled me. I couldn't believe it. As a matter of fact, I could believe it because what I saw was what I felt.

In spite of my nervousness, the drive over was uneventful. I passed to women in the apartment lobby who never gave me a second look. In front of Beth's door I took a deep breath and knocked.

The door opened, she looked at me and said, "Yes?"—a moment's silence and then, "Good grief, I don't believe it, come in." I laughed quietly, walked in and began to take off my gloves.

"No wonder you're asked to play women's parts. You look fantastic," she said.

If I had been a man she would have asked me to hang my coat in the hall closet. Without thinking she ushered me into her bedroom and laid my jacket, bag and gloves on the bed. That was a very rewarding gesture as far as I was concerned. The evening was most relaxed and wonderful. Conversation was easy and general with the odd remark on how well I handled myself, sat and walked. My voice I didn't even attempt to change. Towards midnight we had a snack, tea in tiny cups, small sandwiches and little cakes which she put together in the kitchen while I sat and we talked. When she finished she said, "This isn't much of a refreshment for a man but to tell you the truth it's what I would get for a girl friend and I did it automatically." The crowning compliment. I said not to worry—it was fine and I didn't mind a bit.

At the door, after powdering my nose and tidying my hair, I swore her to secrecy. She agreed that it was no one's business but ours and mentioned for the second time how much she had enjoyed the evening. I thanked her for her hospitality and told her I had enjoyed it too—more than she ever dreamed.

About four years ago our lodge was having our annual dance and again entertainment had to be arranged. For the previous couple of years I had handled the entertainment but stayed clear of women's parts for myself. Several of the men in the lodge, I had grown up with at church and they were fully aware of my other skill but saw it as part of my aptitude as a general amateur entertainer.

This year the wife of one of the committee members suggested we do a legitimate fashion show for the girls and we could probably get one of the stores to sponsor it as our lodge was rather affluent and there was probably a great deal of potential business for the store. She suggested that the wives of a few of the members could do the modelling. Someone, not me, suggested in jest that we throw in a couple of the men without comment and see what would happen. Surprisingly the girl laughed and said if we could get a couple that were good enough it would be fun. I was designated to find two men to do it. The first member I approached was in the fashion design business and flatly refused. "I see enough of that crap in this business as it is without doing it myself," he said.

The second chap I knew to be somewhat of an extrovert and he said, "I will if you will." The perfect deal, from my point of view, was

struck. I told the committee it was arranged and I knew a store that would sponsor the show. A neighbor of ours ran a smart women's store and had a great deal of experience in fashion show planning and commentary. She agreed to do the show and supply the clothes for the girls. However she said we boys would have to find our own. My wife finally believed that the whole thing wasn't my idea, which in this case, surprisingly, it wasn't.

Again it was back to Beth and a friend of my wife's who wore a size 20 for clothes. Great success!

The dinner and dance was at one of the local country clubs. We had a large dining room on the main floor but the dressing rooms for the show were on the second floor. We had to parade through the main lobby and up a long winding staircase and down a short hall for every change—three in all. This took a little of the wind out of my sails. The club was full of regular members.

The other "male model," much smaller than me, was simply given a stage name to go with the descriptions of his outfits—nor was he as convincing a "woman." Because I certainly wasn't a size 10 or 14 I was introduced as a "large size model to prove the fuller figured woman can be smart and chic."

The show got underway. My fellow "impersonator" was third out and hammed it up to laughter and good natured applause. I was sixth in the sportswear number in a beautiful heavy wool brown plaid suit and the brown alligator pumps. The suitcoat was worn over my slip and there was a fair expanse of shaved chest with a gold pendant moving easily as I walked and turned. Voices from the women in the audience commented quietly on what a beautiful suit it was and I walked off to the normal amount of applause for the outfit. No recognition at all.

We changed to afternoon dresses. Mine was a pale blue wool tweed with navy trim at the neck, hem and cuffs that fitted like a glove. Black suede shoes, black gloves and bag. Down the floor with a turn half way and on down to the end; stopped, turned and across the base of the "U" turned again and up the other side past my own table. From one of the girls at my table: "Who is she? I don't recognize her at all." I stopped, turned and winked at her husband and then grinned. "Good God, it's Bob," said the other girl, "he's fantastic." Both of the men laughed out loud. As we had suggested, they hadn't

told the girls we were in the show. I had excused myself an hour before to "get the entertainment going."

The word spread quickly and when I returned for the last time in the formal dress segment, I was greeted with a round of applause and satirical whistles and cat calls from the men—most of whom were good friends. This dress too was a size 20. It was just beyond ankle length in a navy and white leaf print, scooped neck and sleeveless. "For cool summer nights," we had dressed it up with white evening gloves (to cover hairy arms) and a black French lace stole wrapped across my chest and over one shoulder to start with. After my first stop and turn I let it fall to just across my shoulders and draped over both arms—a movement which had taken no little practice.

Again a resounding success. One of the club waitresses came up to me at the bar, where I was restoring my courage, and asked me if I was the man who had worn the navy and white formal—she had seen me coming down the stairs and one of the men had pointed me out to her after I had changed. I said I was, why? She said it was such a beautiful dress and looked so lovely on me she wondered where she could buy one like it. I thanked her for what "I'm sure you mean as a compliment," but had to tell her the dress was borrowed and not for sale. Wow!

The next few years saw me go through some agonizing times as far as my family (but not my marriage) and my job were concerned. I was under a great deal of pressure continually. My church was asking me to take on more responsibility, and I was counselling three relatives through difficult times in their lives. My job had reached a dead end and was becoming a serious drain instead of the pleasure it had been for many years. There was problems with my son at school now rectified by special schooling. I didn't know how long I could stand the pressure.

I had one escape that was total in every respect and satisfying beyond belief—my transvestism. Yet without my wife knowing, I couldn't indulge it except at the longest intervals. I was beginning to become a nervous wreck. This situation too was adding more pressure and if I could get it out in the open one of my heaviest burdens would be relieved. I'm also convinced I was going through the male mid-life crisis. Call it male menopause if you like; there are a large number of similarities. It was time to take stock. I mentally made a list of all of

of the things that were weighing me down and decided to attack them in order of priority or ease of solution. I'll spare you the details of my other problems except to say that they are all solved or in the process of being solved and I see them no longer as a burden. I have a new job that is fulfilling, interesting and challenging at a most adequate salary.

Coming out of the closet as a TV was the most traumatically shattering of all. About that time I noticed an article in *Forum* in which Virginia's name and address were mentioned. I wrote for information and the prompt and open response gave me the courage to talk to my wife.

One night when I couldn't stand the pressure any longer, I told her I was going upstairs to "play in my suitcase"—my son being away at school and the girls in bed asleep. When I came down dressed, relaxed, feeling fresh, clean and feminine from the skin out—and even a little from the skin in—I picked up the newspaper to use as a front while I pulled myself and my tactics together. Finally, I put the paper down, looked at her, and said, "Honey, do you know what a transvestite is?" She wasn't too sure but had a rough idea. "Well, dear, I'm one," I said, slamming the closet door behind me forever.

What followed was about two hours of conversation with me doing most of it. While I was dressed I could explain better all of the feelings involved and, to me, the *necessity* of expressing them. She didn't by any means turn immediately into an "A" wife who pleaded for the chance to participate. Nor did she get sick to her stomach and rant and rave and threaten divorce. How I loved her at that moment. It brought tears to my eyes and my first conscious thought was for my mascara.

She agreed quietly and thoughtfully that if it was that important to me and had been going on for so long it was a part of me and my life. But she said, "I don't want a sister, I want a husband." That was more than fair and I have never been so relieved in my life. Now I could face anything. She had been reading Sears catalogue and looking at women's clothes. I went over and sat beside her and we spent the last hour doing it together—complete contentment for me. I went out and made us both a cup of tea which we drank together and the "fearful" experience was over.

In retrospect I wish I had done it years ago. Both of us would have had extra time to grow together with my "sister." I would have had years when the younger more sophisticated clothes and hairstyles could have been a part of me. I still like to be smart and chic but as a middle aged woman. People of both sexes who can't age gracefully and wear the particular beauty of their years with effect, grace and pride seem to be caricatures of humanity. A beautiful woman of forty-five has the serene beauty of maturity that cannot be matched by the twenty-three year old fashion model whose appearance is almost solid sexuality carved on the surface and not shining from within. Mind you, no man would turn away from that "solid sexuality" unless he had completely stripped his mental gears.

If you can bear with me a little longer, that isn't quite the end of my story. If you've gotten this far, you've been most patient.

Flushed with the success of my first disclosure I wanted to share the "good news"—anybody want to argue with that description?—with another woman where I might find acceptance. I thought immediately of our friend who had loaned me the clothes for the last fashion show. She had never married, had a great sense of humor, was sympathetic by nature, sophisticated and seemed to get a real kick out of my dressing for the stage.

With my wife's permission but some apprehension I made a date to go and see Shirley. The visit was something less than successful. She listened to my presentation with apparent sympathy and understanding of my problem but with a noticeable element of reserve. She assured me she would respect my confidence and felt quite complimented that I wanted to include her and that I felt I could trust her. However, participation seemed to be a little more than she could handle and she asked if she could think about it. It appeared to be a quiet but definite brush off. We have seen each other a number of times since but she has never raised the issue nor have I, I wonder if I should? She is certainly as friendly as ever.

Undaunted, I looked elsewhere. By this time I had two of Virginia's books, *Understanding . . .* and *The TV and His Wife*. Both excellent, by the way.

Almost, if not equally, as frightening as telling my wife was telling my mother that her only son, indeed only child, wanted to be her

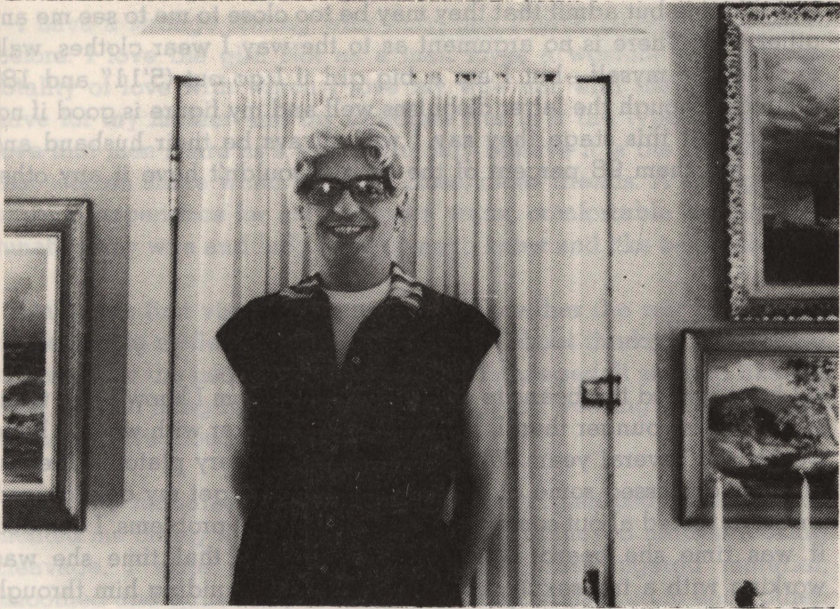
daughter as well. This could be one two-for-one sale she wouldn't jump at. (My father, incidentally, had died suddenly some 24 years before. As I got older our relationship became closer and for a long time I missed him very much.)

The opportunity presented itself one afternoon when we were on our way home from seeing friends out of town. My wife wasn't with us. To say she was surprised and taken aback would be understatement. But she is some kind of woman! In her 70s she looks like early 60s, she is active, mentally sharp, modern and very much alive. I had brought the book, *Understanding . . .* with me and left it with her. A few days later I called her and asked her how she was coming with it. She had finished it and only had one major concern—that the children might catch me dressed and how was I going to explain it? This had worried my wife and I as well, but I had been taking that chance. Mom also felt it was unfortunate I had had to bear this burden alone for so long.

Her solution was that I should bring all my clothes, what few I had, down to her place and she would give me a drawer and room in her cupboard. How do I deserve to have two such marvelous women in my life?

In the meantime, my wife and I had had several more conversations about TVism and she was becoming more and more accepting. I had read her several excerpts from the book and we talked about them. She still hasn't read either of them herself. About this time I joined the Tri Sigma girls and gave my wife a C+ rating. Fantastic for such a short exposure to the subject. I have just renewed my membership and felt I had to move her up to a B—she's just super.

My dressing is now at my mother's apartment. I go for supper after work and change before supper. We two girls have dinner together, which I often help her prepare and we wash the dishes together afterwards. One early fall afternoon we sat on her veranda, me in an elastic strapless sundress showing some rounded breast, nude pantyhose and white spaghetti strapped high heeled sandals, a new hairdo and careful make-up, and sipped drinks before supper. My wardrobe is slowly growing and I now have something for almost any occasion. Neither my wife nor my mother are prepared to call me Barbara yet but I think it will come. I think that is all that is left that keeps me from sinking into the feeling of total femininity. Both feel that I still



JOANNIE CA-31-G



look like me but admit that they may be too close to me to see me any other way. There is no argument as to the way I wear clothes, walk and handle myself—but I am a big girl if I go out (5'11" and 180 pounds although the latter disguises well and my figure is good if not perfect). At this stage they say I will always be their husband and son. I tell them 98 percent of the time I wouldn't have it any other way.

HOWEVER . . .

I have spilled the beans to another woman whom I know I can trust. A few years younger than I, Judy is a social worker with whom I have worked for several years. We are good friends; very platonic friends. She has discussed some of her cases with me to get my opinion and we have talked about some of her minor personal problems. I decided it was time she heard about one of mine. At that time she was working with a transexual and very sensitively guiding him through the sex-change process along with his psychiatrist. She has unusual empathy with people of all kinds. During a discussion of this case I asked her if she knew the difference between transexuals and TVs. She did and in fact knew quite a bit about TVs and seemed interested in them. I told her I *was* one and she was fascinated, to say the least, never suspecting it. She became more enthusiastic and finally said she would love to see me dressed and spend some time with me. We made a date for the next dinner at mother's. This was the first girl to show real enthusiasm. I could hardly wait.

That night, after dinner, I was like a school girl on her first date waiting for Judy to arrive. I wore a two-piece summer dress and my white sandals. When I opened the door she smiled beatificly and said, "You look beautiful," and gave me a hard woman-to-woman hug. My cup runneth over.

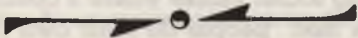
Judy is sure I can pass on the street and is prepared to come with me at any time; trying things slowly at my pace—a walk, a drive-in show, window shopping, a snack, a drink in a bar or shopping if I dare. She sees Barbara and I as separate people, a duality of personalities. She claims the man she knows could not be as untheatrically feminine as Barbara. She says she enjoys Barbara as a woman and would like to have her as a friend.

I have a strange feeling with Judy, one I have never experienced before. I love the girl. Not as a man loves a woman; not with the totality of love with which I love my wife nor with the deep love I have for my mother and my children. Nor is it the type of fraternal love that men share as a sex. I can only believe it is the type of love that women share when they are close, close friends. A strange and unusual experience for me and yet a warm, comfortable feeling. Fortunately, my wife and Judy have come to know and like each other.

On Judy's first visit I was anxious to show her the rest of my wardrobe and to model some things for her. Without thinking I asked her to come into the bedroom with me while I changed. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world—if I had been wearing male clothes I wouldn't have thought of it.

With no embarrassment at all I partially disrobed. She complimented me on my lingerie and asked how I achieved natural looking cleavage. I wore several things for her. She fingered material, smoothed and turned me as I had often seen women do to each other. I couldn't believe how natural she was with me. She makes me feel all all woman as I never have before. I am one lucky son-of-a-gun.

Two years ago life was a bummer. Today life is soaring. I'm a happy *man* and Barbara, during the still to infrequent times we see her, is a happy woman. Virginia deserves a large share of credit for her writing, and honest reporting on the subject, and bringing we people together to share openly what most of the community can yet not understand. My thanks to her.



HAS EVERYBODY LOST THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR?

I used to get a lot of retitled cartoons to make them appropriate for the FP world, but it has been some time since anyone has sent any in. How about constructing a laugh or two for other readers, and sending in some cartoons to me?

Virginia



ARTICLE

FEATHER YOUR OWN NEST

Nancy CA-116-W

After having lived much of our lives according to a socially accepted prescription, many of us come to realize that we have not been true to ourselves. As full-time or part-time transgenderists, we feel the need to improve the quality of life for ourselves by creating an environment around us which is compatible with the kind of life style we wish to achieve.

Many years ago, a well known Englishman once remarked, "People tend to become that which they imagine themselves to be." This was the prelude to a flood of books and articles such as *The Power of Positive Thinking* all designed to remind us to create what we will for ourselves. yes, this certainly does include transgenderists. It means that we actually do have the power and ability to turn our fantasies into realities. We *can* make our own accepting environment.

The winds of change are now blowing at a fast moving clip in this time of rapidly shifting social values where a counternorm is developing which advocates that "people do their own thing." The point is that once we have determined what we want to do or the way we want to live, we must approach it with self-confidence and poise. This means going about the task like there is nothing wrong and without any of the past feelings of guilt, anxiety and frustration. After all, didn't someone say that the best defense is a good offense? If we are walking down the street, regardless of how we are dressed, casting worried glances over our shoulders, naturally others will assume something is wrong and look a little closer to find out what it is.

Anyway, let me illustrate the basic message contained in this article by sharing a couple of personal experiences with you and then

summarizing the essential factors in being able to "feather our own nests."

While looking for a change of apartments, I walked into the rental office of a large complex, looked at the models and then proceeded to tell the manager about myself . . . my work, my hobbies, and, yes, even my transgender lifestyle . . . but all in a very matter-of-fact and self-confident manner. The result was total acceptance. In fact, they invited me to return as Nancy to the Halloween party they were holding that same evening . . . and I did!

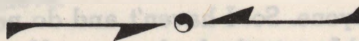
Later on, I visited the 310-unit apartment complex next door. I used this same approach which again brought about a totally accepting response. This time they invited me to become a resident there and to feel free to use either the men's or women's gyms! They also invited me to attend their annual barbeque as Nancy. With that, I signed the rental agreement papers, paid my deposit and moved in. You're probably dying to know what happened in the women's gym. This leads us to point two of this article. I decided not to flaunt my lifestyle in front of everyone. So, I haven't and do not intend to use the women's gym nor did I go to the barbeque as Nancy. Once I satisfied my basic desires of being accepted in my dual identity roles, I wisely decided not to do anything so extreme as to bring possible complications from others unnecessarily, even though I had already secured the office's stamp of approval. Didn't someone remark, "Wisdom is the better part of valor?" I do feel comfortable living as Nancy much of the time including visiting a few neighbors, taking walks around the complex as well as swimming and sunbathing at times when it is not crowded. I have told some of my neighbors about me using the same approach as I've suggested. So far, everyone has accepted me and I've even become the Avon representative for the complex.

I've used the same approach in arranging for groups of FP's to dine out. Rather than going to second or third class places, I always select the very best restaurants in town, explaining the nature of the group like nothing was wrong and with self confidence and poise. Then, I ask for reservations. I've a very high success rate. The other evening, for instance, I returned home late in the evening as Nancy when most restaurants were closed. I called a nearby 24-hour family restaurant only three blocks from my apartment and using the same approach, the result was that they not only invited me to come on over to eat there anytime as Nancy but also remarked that other cross-dressers

had also eaten there at times. So over I went for a dinner that was nicely prepared and served.

To summarize, let me suggest that you improve the quality of your lifestyle using the following guidelines:

1. Develop self-confidence and poise in your feminine role. Believe in yours.
2. Don't be afraid to tell others about yourself. Your employer may be an exception.
3. Release the pent-up feelings of guilt and anxiety within you connected with society's old-fashioned and stereotyped "Emily Post" standards of behavior and dress.
4. Use good judgment. Don't *flaunt* the way you are in front of others.
5. Dare to live the kind of lifestyle you want to achieve . . . improve the quality of life for yourself.



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FICTION

THE SUMMER OF '72

Cindy—KA

Each summer the Rose family went to the Ozark Lakes to spend three glorious months. Their son Joe always enjoyed these three months even if his dad could only be with them during June. They had a nice cabin by the lake and Joe had grown accustomed during the last three years to the swimming and boating that was available. Also, he had made some acquaintances through the summers and was looking forward to renewing these friendships. Up until this summer his male friends had been able to fill his needs. This summer was different, however, as he had just turned 15 and was beginning to become interested in girls although he was quite awkward with them.

His two closest friends, Hal and Gary, were also quite interested in this new subject and of course it came up in their discussions and they talked about some of the girls that were available at the lake in their age group. Joe wasn't quite as impressed with the younger girls since he had had a crush on one of his high school teachers the previous year. Also, since he had no sisters, he was quite intrigued with some of the female mysteries.

One day, while he and his two buddies were at the dock, he noticed a beautiful girl in her early twenties who was having some problems with her packages, and he offered to help. Her name was Ellen Fargo and she lived on the lake about a half mile from where Joe did. He volunteered to help her home with her packages as it wasn't out of his way. She said she could certainly use the help. So they started down the road. They talked as they walked and Joe was very impressed

with her beauty and charm. When they got home she offered him a refreshment.

Ellen said, "Would you like milk or pop?"

"Pop would be fine, it's warm today and I sure worked up a thirst carrying those packages."

"What's your name? I don't remember seeing you around here before."

"I'm Joe Rose and I'm from Chicago. I guess I should have introduced myself when I first offered assistance. I get kind of flustered when I'm around a girl for the first time."

"Are you staying here at the lake for long?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes we will be here all summer. My dad can only stay for the month of June but Mom and I stay here until school starts."

"Don't you have any brothers or sisters?" she asked.

"No, I'm the one and only.

"That's too bad, I'm sure you get lonely sometimes."

"Not too bad. I have my friends, Hal and Gary, but I would like to meet some girls this summer. Of course I prefer older girls."

"A good looking lad like you shouldn't have any trouble meeting young ladies but I might be able to help you out," Ellen offered.

"Well, my dating has been quite limited and there are a lot of things I don't understand about girls. I would talk to my mother about it but that is hard to do."

"Well, I would be glad to answer any questions and fill you in on anything you're interested in," Ellen replied. Joe took a hard look at this beautiful young woman and began to wonder how he could do with her since she certainly was giving him a lot of attention. He decided to become braver in his questions.

"How do you feel about younger men?"

"Well, I don't know about all younger men, but you're quite attractive and you look experienced." This was more than Joe had hoped for so he became bolder. Ellen was sitting on the couch and was very appealing in her orange mini-skirt and black peasant blouse. Joe could see some lace on her slip that peeked out as her skirt was pushed up quite high showing her nylon-covered legs to their fullest advantage. He sat next to her and put his arm around her and moved his lips close to hers. She came toward him and they embraced. Joe couldn't believe that he was doing this well but he wasn't going to miss this opportunity. He started to feel her leg slowly moving his hand upward. The kissing became more passionate and Joe was really becoming charged up.

As his hand started to slip under her mini-skirt she quit kissing him and whispered in his ear. "This is no place to make love, come into the bedroom with me."

At this point Joe was about to flip as they slowly walked to her bedroom. Once in her bedroom she told him that he had to follow directions as he was new at this and she was experienced. Joe said he would do anything she said.

"First take off my high heel shoes and place them by the bed." She was sitting on the bed and Joe got a good look at her legs again and he was becoming quite excited as he had never seen a nude woman before. After he had slipped off both pumps, she told him to take off her blouse which he did as she raised her arms. Joe became more excited as he saw her black satin bra. He said he had seen pictures of bras but never the real thing. Ellen smiled but said nothing. She stood up and told him to take off her mini-skirt. He clutched at the buttons and in his excitement almost tore them off. She told him to be more careful and respect her beautiful clothes. He stated he was sorry and slowly slipped the skirt down over her legs. She stepped out of her skirt and told him to lay it nicely on the bed by her blouse. While Joe was folding the blouse he had trouble keeping his eyes off of this beautiful creature as she stood in front of him in her black satin bra and black half slip with one inch of lace on the bottom. Joe said the slip was quite pretty and that his mother didn't wear such fancy underthings.

Ellen smiled and said she was glad that he appreciated the beauty of feminine clothes. "Wouldn't you like to see what is under the

slip?" she teased. Joe reached at the elastic and slowly pulled the slip over her legs exposing the sexiest and fanciest pair of pink panties he had ever laid eyes on. Ellen could tell by the look in his eyes that he was really exited and she started to get excited thinking about what she was going to do. Joe laid the slip neatly on the bed and said now what. She told him to slip off her panties, which he did. She noticed he was slow laying them down on the bed and she smiled again. He then slowly pulled down her blue panty hose. He had some trouble unhooking her bra but he soon figured it out and stared in wonder as Ellen stood in front of him completely naked. She told him to remove his clothes and he quickly took them off, almost tearing at them. When he was completely disrobed he started for the bed but she stopped him.

"Not yet, Joe. When I go to bed with a man he must wear my panties and bra or I won't react."

Joe was a little taken aback by this statement. He stood there puzzled and Ellen said, "Remember, I said you had to do it my way." Ellen reached over to the bed and picked up the pink laced panties. Opening them up, she said, "Put your leg in here, Joe." At this point Joe didn't know what to think, but he had come too far to stop now so he put both feet through the leg holes of the panties. Slowly Ellen pulled the panties in place, letting Joe feel the coolness of the nylon as it slid over his legs. Joe had never felt anything so soft and comfortable. "How do you like them," she asked.

"They certainly feel different than my shorts," he said.

She picked up the black bra and slipped it over his arms and hooked it in the back. "You will need some help up front." She went over to the drawer and took out two rubber mounds and slipped them into the bra. Joe now insisted that they go to bed but she wasn't quite ready. She handed him the panty hose so he sat down on the bed and helped roll them into place until they covered the pink panties. She quickly picked up the half slip.

"Enough is enough," he said, but she held her guns and said, "You look quite girlish at this point, but I think I could go for you all the way if you looked like a complete woman."

Joe thought as long as he had gone this far he might as well satisfy

her so he could really score with her. He said, "Tell me what you want and let's finish this game."

She handed him the half-slip and he pulled it on. He then slipped on the mini-skirt and blouse. Ellen said, "Just a few more touches and I'll be satisfied." She told him to slip on her high heels while she went to the closet. When she came back she had a long blonde wig. "Put this on and then we will be ready."

Joe started to become excited again. He went over to the mirror and started to put on the wig. Just as he did so there was a bright flash.

"What was that?"

"Only a picture that I took of my sweet she-boy," she stated. "I want to remember how pretty you were." He smiled and she told him to sit down at the dressing table so she could apply the makeup. After fixing his eyes and applying lipstick she told him to turn toward her. "Now you cross your legs very lady like and smile so I can get one final picture." Joe did as he was told and when she was finished they embraced and kissed again and again.

Joe had gotten home late that night but his mother hadn't said anything as she thought he was bumming around with his friends. His only concern the next morning was that she might notice a slight redness around his lips as he had had a hard time removing the lipstick Ellen had put on him that evening. Thinking about what had happened that evening he had to admit it was quite an evening and he was mostly surprised by the fact that he had ended up completely dressed as a girl. All and all though the evening was certainly worth it. One thing was for sure he was sure glad his two buddies didn't see him in that mini-skirt or they could really make life miserable for him. Joe thought a lot about Ellen during the next few days and finally figured out an excuse one afternoon to see her again.

As he approached the house he had visions of the other evening. He knocked on the door. "Who's there?"

"It's Joe Rose."

"Come on in, Joe."

Joe entered the house but didn't see Ellen. "Where are you?"

"I'm in the bedroom getting dressed. Want to help me?"

This was the type of invitation Joe was waiting for as he felt it could lead to other things. As he walked into her bedroom he was surprised to see her sitting with just her pale blue panties on at the dressing table. "Where have you been the last couples of days?"

"Oh, bumming around, keeping out of trouble," he stated.

"I expected you would be back before now. Since you're here, help me get dressed, my pretty boy."

This embarrassed Joe a little but he said nothing. "Hand me the blue brassiere on the chest of drawers, will you?" Joe picked up the bra and walked over and gave it to her.

"Thanks, Joe, you're sweet. Now look in the top drawer there and pick out a slip for me. We'll see what kind of taste you have."

Joe began to look through the drawer holding those soft silky slips, recalling the one he had worn the other night. He picked out a short dark slip with lace at top and bottom and handed it to Ellen. "Good selection, Joe, this is one of my favorites and goes well with the panty and bra. Now pick out some panty hose from the second drawer."

Joe selected a pair of black sheer hose and handed them to her. "Come here and help me put these on," she commanded. More and more Joe was responding to her every demand, becoming more intrigued with this beautiful older woman.

"How would you like to help me today, Joe? I have a lot of cleaning up to do around here."

"I was hoping you would ask me to stay as I certainly enjoy being with you."

"Fine. Well, if you're going to help me I think you should dress for the part."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe.

"You can't help me in those clothes. I think you would make a cute maid but only if you dress the part."

"What should I wear?"

"Hmm let me think. Yes, I've got it. When I was in high school I played a French maid in our senior class play and I think I still have the outfit."

"You mean a dress or something?" asked Joe.

"Of course, silly, what else does a maid wear?"

"Well, I'm not wearing any more dresses. The other night was different, but I'm not doing it again, I'm no sissy girl."

This made Ellen mad. "Listen to me, Joe Rose. First of all you said you wanted to help me and secondly you wanted to find out more about girls. Well, I'm giving you the opportunity so don't get wise with me. Besides, you give me any more lip and I'll see to it that your two buddies see some pictures I took the other night."

Joe was stunned. "You wouldn't show them, would you? We were just fooling around."

"We both know that but they don't and I wonder what they would think of their buddy if I told them I caught you in my bedroom dressed that way. Besides, I didn't like that crack you made about sissy girls. We'll find out how much work you can do wearing high heels. You start getting undressed while I go find that maid's uniform and I don't want any more lip."

Joe's mind was whirling with the fear of being exposed. He decided he better do as he was told. He started taking off his clothes and was in his tee-shirt and shorts when Ellen came back into the room with a package. "I think it is all here, but I'm not sure whether you can get it zipped in the waist. I think it would fit you good except in the waist. Take off your underwear while I get a tape measure."

Joe did as he was told. She handed him a bikini girdle and told him to slip it on for modesty and flatness. She then measured around his waist. "Hmmm, 26 inches. That's pretty good for a boy, but about three inches too big for this outfit."

Joe said, "I guess we'll have to forget it. That's too bad."

"Oh no, it's no problem. I have a corset in the drawer that will take care of it and besides, you need a little help in the hips. Here, slip these black French panty hose on." As he slipped them on they seemed even softer than those he wore the night before. A chill went up his spine and he became excited at what was happening to him. With the hose in place Ellen put the corset around Joe and snapped the front. "This doesn't feel as bad as I thought it would. I don't see why women are always complaining about girdles and corsets."

"Don't get ahead of yourself, I haven't even started to tighten it yet." Starting at the top she started pulling on the strings. As soon as she did this, Joe knew he had spoken too soon. It was already pinching when she stopped and got out her tape measure and measured his waist again. "Only two inches to go."

"Two more inches? I can hardly breathe now."

"You'll get used to it. Hold your breath while I pull some more." Finally Ellen had it.

Joe said, "You expect me to work in this thing?"

"You'll get used to it in a while, you'll just have to take it easy." Ellen took a pair of white frilly panties from the package and gave them to Joe and told him to put them on. He could barely bend over but finally pulled them into place. Just before they went over the corset Ellen slipped some foam rubber under the hips of the corset which really gave him a feminine contour. She then slipped a black satin bra over his chest and hooked it in the back and slipped in the necessary padding. She took the short full frilly half slip out of the package and told him to put that on. Joe questioned why the slip was so short and she explained "that it was the same length as the dress."

Joe said, "The dress is that short?"

"Of course, silly, why do you think you have on such pretty panties."

Joe thought to himself, if my friends ever saw me like this I would die of humiliation.

Now they were ready to slip on the maid's dress. She put it over Joe's head and it slipped into place. "Now we will see if your corset is tight enough when I zip this up."

Joe felt the dress encase him as she slowly moved the zipper up his back. It balked a little at the waist but then slid on easily to the top. "A perfect fit, you're almost ready." Out of the package Ellen took a pair of black three-inch pumps and slipped them on Joe's feet. Luckily their feet were about the same size, as Joe wore a men's size 7 and Ellen wore an 8½.

"Okay, stand up," Ellen held on to Joe's hand as he stood up.

"I can't walk in these high things."

"With a little practice you will have no problems. They will keep you from taking long strides, too."

Ellen then placed a white apron around his waist. "Go over to the dresser and I'll put on your makeup." Slowly Joe wobbled over to the dressing table. "A man certainly wouldn't have trouble winning a race when a woman wore those shoes, would he?" "At last you're beginning to realize how hard it is to be a woman. Maybe you will start helping your mother out at home now that you know how tough she has it."

Ellen started applying eyemakeup, slipping on long black eye-lashes and then applying mascara. She darkened his light eyebrows somewhat and painted on the reddest lipstick she had. She then went to the closet and brought out a beautiful long blonde wig and pulled it around his head. Joe couldn't believe what he looked like and he stared into the mirror in disbelief.

"Never thought you would make this cute a girl, did you, Joe?"

"No, to be truthful I'm amazed." Ellen slipped a white cap on his head and said, "There, you are a perfect French maid. Walk across the room and back. I want to look at my feminine creation." Joe wobbled back and forth trying to get used to the high heels. While walking he felt a sensation he hadn't known before. The movement of the air against his silk stockings was quite stimulating.

"That's enough primping around, it's time for you to get to work."

"I thought you were going to help?"

"Not today, today I will be your teacher and explain what and how you will do things. First you help me finish dressing. Pick out a dress you would like me to wear."

There were several Joe would have liked to have seen on her. He picked a mini-flare dress and handed it to her. "I like, this, too, Joe, I'll bet your dying to see what you would look like in it, also."

Joe turned red, but said nothing. Ellen was clearly amused at his embarrassment. "Zip me up, Joe. I can't keep calling you Joe when you have all the outward appearances of a beautiful young girl. How about Debbie?"

"I don't want to be called by a girl's name."

"Listen, from now on when you have feminine clothes on you will be Debbie. Get me some shoes from the closet."

Joe went over and bent over to get the shoes and Ellen said, "You have got to learn to pick things up differently. When you bend over your white panties show." Joe turned red again and muttered, "Aren't they supposed to?" Ellen laughed and patted him on his fancy panties and said, "You're not supposed to try and show them. Don't forget it."

During the day Debbie was shown how to do her various duties and Ellen was busy taking pictures of him involved in his duties. After six hours in a corset Joe felt he was about to crack in half. "I can't do anymore today—I'm bushed," he he stated.

"Well, you found out women don't have it so good, didn't you? I hope there won't be any more cracks about sissy girls."

"Not from me there won't."

"OK, go into the bedroom and start taking off your maid's uniform. I'll be in to help you take off your corset."

When she walked in he was laying on the bed. "You can breathe better this way," he said.

"Get up and I'll unfasten the corset."

"Boy, does that feel better." Joe then continued taking off his feminine clothes.

"You had better take your makeup off and get your clothes on. Your mother will be waiting supper for you. Well when do you want to come back for another lesson?" Joe was silent for a moment. "I like to be around you but do I always have to dress up?"

"That will be my decision when you come over. If I want you to dress up you will have to accept it when you come and abide by it."

"I'll be back," he stated. Ellen smiled at her captive she-boy and said, "Give me a call when you want to come over." Joe left and went home. His mother was in the kitchen fixing supper when he entered the house. He walked into the kitchen. "Were have you been all day, Joe?"

"Around here and there. I did a little work for the lady I told you about." "That's fine," his mother said, "now clean up and we'll eat."

After supper and through the evening it was hard for Joe to concentrate on the book he was reading. His thoughts kept drifting back to the six hours he had spent as a maid. Looking at his mother he thought boy would she be surprised if she knew. The next day was Friday and when Joe came down for breakfast he was surprised to find that his mother was meeting his father in Little Rock over the weekend, as he had some business there. She asked if he wanted to go along or stay at the lake with his friends. Joe of course was old enough to stay by himself. "I would prefer to stay since I'm sure dad and you would enjoy yourself more without me tagging along. Joe knew that his mom and dad enjoyed their evenings out being only in their late 30's. So that afternoon Joe's mother left and Joe had the house to himself. Since Joe had never paid much attention to girls' clothes he had never noticed what his mother wore. Of course since his two sessions with Ellen he had learned a great deal about these things. He kept thinking about this as he tried to read a book but he finally gave in to himself and went into his mother's room to look at her wardrobe. Opening her closet he looked at the collection of dresses, pantsuits, skirts and blouses. He took a few out and looked them over and then hung them up again. Going to her dresser he

started looking through the drawers and was surprised to find a large assortment of panties, bras, slips, girdles and sleeping wear. He had to admit his mother had sexy taste in lingerie as many of the items were covered with lace. He decided he had better leave the room as a great desire was building in him to see what her clothes would look like, on him. It was one thing to be made to wear the clothes but quite another to do it on his own. Not knowing what to do with himself he decided he would have to call Ellen. He dialed her number. "Hello Ellen, this is Joe, are you busy tonight? Well my mother is out of town for the weekend and I thought I would drop over if you're not busy. Good I'll be over at seven o'clock."

Promptly at seven Joe showed up at Ellen's house. "Come on in Joe while I finish up dressing." Joe went into the bedroom and noticed Ellen was quite dressed up.

"Where are you going? I thought you weren't busy tonight?"

"I'm not but I thought we should do something tonight, so I thought we could go to the theatre in town."

"Well, why didn't you tell me? I would have dressed up more. It's not everyday a guy like me gets to date a chick like you. Will you wait while I go home and put something better on?"

"Don't be silly, Joe, you're not going in those clothes or any other boys' clothes. I couldn't be seen on a date with a man as young as you are, but there's nothing wrong with being seen with my cute cousin Debbie."

"You don't think I'm going to town dressed as a girl, do you?"

"Sure you are, honey, take your clothes off and get dressed—the movie starts in an hour."

"This will never work—I might see someone I know."

"When I finish dressing you your own mother won't know you, so hurry up." Joe knew he was beat, there was no turning back now. While he undressed, Ellen was hurrying around selecting what he would wear. "You won't need a corset tonight, so that should be some consolation." She told Joe to pick out his panties and bra from the

chest of drawers. He decided to go all out and picked a hot pink combination. "Take the chemise slip with the flair in it, it goes best with this full skirted net dress." Joe quickly put on his lingerie, added his falsies and slipped on the slip. "Don't forget your panty hose," she said. Joe preferred to wear the panties over the panty hose so he slipped his panties down and pulled on the panty hose. It was really a kick when you slowly pulled those panties up your nylon covered legs. Joe then slipped the dress over his head and admired it in the mirror. It was a two-toned knit, with the molded top having a V plunge and button trimmed. The top was purple and the flip skirt was lilac. Joe looked at Ellen and he had to admire her taste in clothing, as he was certainly learning fast. She was wearing a smooth and slimming A line, that was contoured all the way down. The revealing top was deeply V-plunged in front and back. A rope tied under an empire bust. It was also lilac so they were almost look-alikes. Joe's style was younger, as he was the younger girl. Ellen then applied the makeup and wig and they were ready to go. About then Joe discovered he didn't have any shoes so Ellen went to the closet and took out a pair of black crinkle patent leather shoes with 1½-inch heel. "You shouldn't have trouble walking in these. Now come on and let's go."

"I can't, I'm shaking like a leaf."

"Here's a cute purse, now let's go. Ellen grabbed Joe by the arm and they walked to the car. It was still daylight and Joe imagined everyone was looking at him even though there was no one around. Joe jumped quickly into the car. Ellen got in on the other side and looked at Joe who was trembling. "Now listen, Debbie, no one will know you dressed like that, so act as feminine as you can and pull your skirt down and let's enjoy our night out."

Joe settled down while they were driving to town but became excited again as they pulled into a parking lot across from the theatre. "Well, let's go." Joe got out of the car and saw various couples and singles going to the show. He felt the coolness of the breeze as it blew under his short full skirt and he discovered another feminine thrill. Joe hesitated by the car and Ellen came around and grabbed him by the elbow. "Don't stop now—just act natural and feminine and no one will ever guess who you are honey." Joe flushed when he heard the word honey from this beautiful woman who was taking more interest in him than he ever dreamed she would. Ellen

purchased their tickets and they went into the theatre. Joe was relieved to see that the movie was already on. The room was dark and he felt more secure knowing everyone wasn't looking at him. Taking their seats Joe began to settle down a little and relax and enjoy the film. During the film Ellen would occasionally look at him and smile. She whispered, "Are you enjoying your first outing as a girl?" Joe made no acknowledgment, although he had to admit to himself it had been quite an adventure and one soon wouldn't forget. Once during the show, Ellen placed her hand on Joe's knee and he ignored her. Slowly her hand moved up his nylon clad leg under his skirt, which was no problem since it was full. As her hand continued to go up Joe became quite excited and she didn't stop until she touched his panties. When she got that far he couldn't stand it any more so he pushed her hand away and whispered, "Why are you doing that now?"

"I wanted you to know what it feels like when you do it to another girl sometime. Maybe you won't pester her since you know how it feels." Finally it was intermission time. As the lights came on Joe began to sink deeper into his seat. "Don't slouch down, it's not lady like. Come on we'll go to the lobby and get a Coke."

"I don't think I want one," he muttered.

"Do as I say." Joe thought he had better get moving or he would make her mad. Once in the lobby, Ellen slipped in a couple of coins and they got their drink. They stood there sipping and talking and a young girl about Joe's age walked up to them. "Ellen Fargo, what are you doing here in LaVista?"

"Well, if it isn't Susan Boyd. How are you? Well, Susan, I have a cabin by the lake and I'm up here for a couple of weeks."

"What are you doing here?"

"Well my folks and I come every summer and stay by the lake."

"Excuse me, Susan, for my rudeness, but I forgot to introduce you to my young cousin, Debbie, who is visiting me for a couple of days."

"Nice to meet you, Debbie."

Since Joe wasn't wanting to talk he just nodded. Ellen said, "You

kids are about the same age, you should get together sometime." When Joe heard this he almost spit up his drink. Susan said, "That's a great idea. I'll give you a call sometime."

"Well, the movie is starting so we better get back in before we miss some of it. Nice seeing you again, Susie." Susan waved and went back into the theatre.

Joe said, "Why did you suggest us seeing each other? As a boy I wouldn't mind but as a girl forget it."

"Well it seemed like the thing to say so don't sweat it, she will probably forget it." Soon the movie was over and they drove back to the lake. When they got back to Ellen's cabin Joe said, "Well it was a wonderful evening and I enjoyed being with you. I'd better get my clothes on and leave."

"Why go home? There's no one there, you can stay here and borrow one of my nighties and tomorrow I can give you some more maid's training. Besides, with all of your dressing, you haven't been exposed to the luxury of sleeping in a nylon gown. After tonight, you'll never want to sleep in cotton pajamas again."

"I don't know, Ellen."

"Come on, Debbie, how many times has a good looking woman asked you to stay overnight with her?"

"Well, none, but . . ."

"No but's about it. Start taking your clothes off and I'll pick out a night gown for you."

Joe started to take off his dress and was wishing the night didn't have to end. He couldn't get over the thrill especially when no one discovered him. Ellen handed him a yellow waltz length night gown. "This is a good one for you since it has a built-in bra. With a little padding you will be as feminine as ever. Here are the panties that go with it."

Joe slipped on the night gown, it was so light he could hardly feel it. "I'll probably freeze in this."

"Don't worry, honey, I'll keep you warm."

Joe took off his makeup and wig and jumped into bed. Soon Ellen came from the bathroom and started to undress. Joe watched her every move. Seeing that he was staring at her she said, "You know, Joe, you should be starting to get used to this." Joe turned red but he couldn't take his eyes off of this lovely vision. "Do you have the bed warmed up, honey? Here I come." Joe watched as Ellen moved toward the bed in her turquoise baby doll bikini pajamas with a lace dickey. The shorties did a lot for her as they covered very little.

Joe woke up bright and early on Saturday morning and was somewhat startled for a moment until he figured out where he was. He looked over at Ellen and then himself. Yes, he did sleep in her nightgown and he had to admit it was warmer than he thought it would be and he had had a good night's sleep. He got out of bed and looked at the clock. Ellen was awake and looking at him. He was standing in front of a window, with the light behind him, and it left little to the imagination. Ellen whistled softly, "Quite a figure you have, Debbie." He laughed and jumped back into bed. After they fooled around a little she said it was time to get up. "You take a shower and I'll start fixing breakfast."

The warm water felt great and soon he was finished. When he came out of the shower he noticed the gown was gone. Ellen heard the water stop and yelled, "Put on those lounging pajamas and robe. There are some slippers there, also. Then come on—your breakfast is ready." Joe slipped into the pajamas and robe, thinking to himself, everything is soft, what a life. He then went into the kitchen.

"As soon as we finish with breakfast you can get into your maid's outfit and we can do some cleaning and I can teach you more about the life of a young lady." Joe welcomed the idea of the short flirty maid's skirt but was reluctant about the corset. "Do I need the corset?" he asked.

"Yes and you need to get used to it, too. In a couple of weeks you won't even know that you have it on." Joe thought to himself that that would never be true but if he had to wear it, so be it. Anything to keep him in good with Ellen. "How do you like the lounging pajamas, Debbie?"

"They're quite comfortable although they're not as sexy as a nightgown."

When Joe finished his breakfast he went into the bedroom and started putting on his French maid outfit. Ellen had to help with the corset but he was able to do the rest by himself. He even attempted to apply his own makeup and did well, considering it was his first effort. When he was completely dressed he started his duties by filling the tub for Ellen. While she was bathing he laid out her clothes on the bed. Ellen came in with a towel around her. "Well, let's see what my maid wants me to wear today. A white lace plunge front bra with push-up pads and a pair of lilac sheer nylon bikinis slashed high on the thighs. A very good selection, Debbie, and what will I wear over this?" Joe went to the closet and took out a flowing garment. "Another great selection, my lilac arnel crepe jumpin with permanent pleated full legs and sleeves and a low V-neck to frame my breast cleavage."

Ellen was certainly amazed at how fast Joe was catching on but of course he had a good teacher. Joe helped her dress and after putting on her makeup Ellen worked with him showing him how to comb out her hair. They also spent some time combing out her wigs. The rest of the day was spent with cleaning and some cooking instructions. At about three o'clock the doorbell rang.

"Answer the door, Debbie."

"I don't think it's wise. I'll hide in the bedroom while you see who it is."

"Don't be stupid, no one will know you in that outfit. Answer the door and act natural."

Joe went to the door and was surprised to see Susan Boyd. "Won't you come in? Ellen is in the kitchen."

"Aren't you Ellen's cousin, Debbie?" she asked.

Joe answered in his most feminine voice, "Yes I am."

"What are you doing in that outfit if you're a visitor?" Just then Ellen appeared. "That's part of the deal." Susan looked at her and said, "What deal?"

"Well, when Debbie's mother asked me if she could stay with me a while this summer it was done on the basis that I would train Debbie

in the day-to-day duties of a maid. It is sort of a summer course on being a ladies maid.

"Sounds interesting," Susan said. Susan started to look Joe over and she was fascinated with his outfit. "I must say you go all the way when you do something."

"It creates a better working mood if you're dressed properly. Come in and sit down, Susan."

Ellen could tell that Susan was quite taken by what she saw. "Would you like some training some time, Susan?"

"I'm not sure," she replied, "I would have to think about it." She deliberately dropped something on the floor hoping that Debbie would bend over and pick it up, which she did. "Frilly panties and all," Susan said. Joe blushed.

"Don't make fun of her Susan."

"No, I won't, but I was curious." They visited for about an hour and when she was ready to leave, Susan said, "Say, one of the reasons I came over was to invite you gals for a party tonight. I'm having sort of a formal party, and I'm inviting some of the young men from the lake. We'll dance and have snacks, etc. I hope you can come." Joe never said anything but he was hoping Ellen wouldn't accept.

"We would be glad to come. What times does it start?"

"At 7:30. I'm glad you'll be able to make it."

With this Susan left.

"Are you out of your mind, Ellen? I probably know most of these kids since they're my age."

"Don't worry, when I fix you up tonight you own mother won't know you."

Joe didn't admit it but these outings were quite stimulating.

"Joe, go put on some town clothes. We'll have to drive in and buy

you an evening gown. I have one for myself but since this is your first formal party you must have a new one."

Joe got out of his maid's outfit and corset and slipped on a mini-slip. He slipped on a polyester dress with a flip skirt. It was red and had a high neck with two long streamers coming down over the bust. He slipped on some knee-high black suede boots and they were off for town. Joe's first shopping expedition was another big moment. Since they didn't have much time they went right to the formal department. They finally narrowed their selection down to two gowns. One was a full flowing maxi that gathered around a see-through rhinestone circle and had a deep plunge back. It was red and made from clinging nylon banlon. The other dress was a magnificent maxi with cut aways at the arms and front from a high stand collar. Big slits from top and bottom showed off the legs and bosom. It was white satin.

After trying on both gowns, Joe finally decided on the white one although he would have liked to have taken both of them. They then stopped in the shoe department and picked out a pair of five-inch glitter pumps to set off the outfit. They then stopped at the bra bar and bought a plunge front bra that would go as low as any bra possible. Then they hurried home to get ready for the big evening.

All the way home, Joe kept wondering how he would look in the gown since he didn't have all the necessary equipment. As soon as they were home Ellen told Joe to take a shower and she would prepare things for him. When Joe got out of the shower Ellen was busily preparing for the big night. Joe noticed a rubber, fleshy looking thing on the bed. "What's that for?"

"Well, I'm sure you're aware that the gown I bought for you has an exposure at the bust and since you don't have the necessary dimensions, this will help you out. This is what they call an adhesive bust. It is a contoured foam filled bust. We put this on you and feather in the edges and your own mother would think she had a daughter. Put on your bikini girdle and those dark blue lace panties and we'll get with it."

Joe did as he was told and was now standing in front of Ellen. "There I have the adhesive on, now I'll stick them into place." Joe looked down and admired the two fleshy mounds that now appeared

on his chest. Ellen used makeup to cover the edges. "Now go over to the mirror and see what you think."

Joe looked and had to admit that even without a wig he did look like a girl. "This adhesive will last a long time so don't worry about it coming loose. Let's slip on your plunge bra which will also hold it in place."

This was the first time Joe had a completely feminine feeling and he had to admit it excited him. These last few days had been like a dream. It was now time to slip on his beautiful white plunge gown. Then came the makeup and Joe was getting much better at this. He put on the five-inch pumps and tried walking in them, although it would take time for him to get used to them, they did wonders for his legs. Earrings, necklace, long white gloves and a clutch purse with the necessary tools and Joe was ready for the evening. Looking into the mirror it was absolutely impossible to imagine that this was anything but a beautiful young girl. As Joe was admiring himself, Ellen said, "You're beautiful, it's too bad mother nature gave you the wrong tools. If I were a man I could sure go for you."

While Ellen dressed, Joe practiced walking in his five-inch pumps and he certainly needed the practice. Soon Ellen was ready to go so they went to the party. Joe was becoming more excited as they approached the house. "Now don't forget with that high slit on your dress you must be careful of the way you sit or your blue panties will be showing. You don't want to attract any extra attention. Although I must admit that as sensational as you look it's going to be tough for the guys to keep their eyes off of you."

Joe began to wonder if he would know anyone at the party. His question was answered as soon as he entered the house. He spotted his two buddies, Hal and Gary, and almost swallowed his tongue. Susan spotted them coming and quickly came over to greet them. "I'm so glad you could come. My, Debbie, you're a knockout tonight. I don't think I needed this much competition." She smiled and then started introducing Debbie to all the young men her age. Being introduced to Hal and Gary was almost too much, but Joe kept his cool and got through it. As the evening progressed one of the young men was bound to ask Debbie to dance. Debbie said she didn't care to, but Ellen said, "Go ahead, Debbie, don't be bashful," and so Joe danced with a young man for the first time. He hadn't danced much

so he didn't have trouble following. He was quite nervous when he danced with Hal and Gary. They didn't seem to recognize him so he decided his disguise was adequate. This of course built up his confidence.

After some time, Ellen said, "Come, Debbie, it's time for repairs," so they went to the restroom. Joe was startled when he noticed the other young girls performing their powder room activities and he stared a little until Ellen nudged him. Boy, he thought, what those guys out there wouldn't give to be seeing what he was seeing. He was really getting an education. Ellen and Joe fixed their makeup and returned to the party. Between the dances there was much girlish chit chat and Joe was beginning to enjoy this new world, as they were saying things no young man would ever hear. Soon it was time to go home. Reluctantly, Joe and Ellen left and returned to her cabin. "Are you going to stay overnight with me again, Joe?"

"Well, I probably should go home in case mom calls or something."

"Please stay, Joe. I have a present for you if you will."

"What now?"

Ellen went over and picked up a sack. Joe remembered seeing her leave the store with this package, but thought she had bought something for herself. She opened up the sack. "If you'll stay tonight you can have this pink baby doll pajama with a matching lace panty. It will be yours to keep. Think of all the wonderful nights you can sleep in this." Joe couldn't resist this chance of having a nighty of his own so he quickly accepted. He started undressing, Ellen instructed him to leave on his adhesive bust, as the baby doll pajamas had a built in bra and he would fill it out better that way. Of course Joe did as he was told as he had become accustomed to taking orders from this domineering woman, whom he adored. Soon Joe was in his new gown. He also left his makeup and wig on as Ellen wanted to sleep with her wonderful boy-girl that evening. It was now Sunday morning and time for Joe to return to his home. He told Ellen he would see her the next day and he left. After the two days he had spent, Sunday was quite dull. After trying to keep occupied with different things, he finally decided he would have to take a closer look at his mother's wardrobe. While her clothes were not as young looking as Ellen's, she did have a few things that were nice, but more mature. Joe decided he liked the younger shorter styles better.

Sunday evening Joe received a call from Ellen. "Something has come up and I have to leave for awhile and I'm not sure when I'll be back. I'm leaving a key in the mail box for you and you're welcome to use the house when you want to. I put your clothes in a separate drawer and of course you can wear anything of mine. As soon as I get back I'll contact you. I'll miss you, Joe, but it won't be too long." Joe, of course, was sorry to hear Ellen was leaving but was delighted to hear that she was going to miss him.

The next afternoon Joe was laying around the house watching TV, when he heard someone knocking on the door. Since he was the only one home, he jumped up to answer it, figuring it would be Hal or Gary. He opened the door and much to his surprise there stood Susan Boyd. "Is Debbie in?" she asked.

Joe sputtered, "There isn't any Debbie at this house."

"Well, I'm sure this is the house Ellen Fargo told me her cousin Debbie was staying at while she was in the city."

"Well, I'm sorry but you have the wrong house."

Susan noticed the redness that was coming to Joe's face and how flustered he was. She became curious and just stared at him. This made Joe self-conscious and he was hoping that he wouldn't give himself away. Why did Ellen tell her to come here? A look of amazement came across Susan's face. "You're Debbie," she said.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You are Debbie. The more I look at you the more I can see it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Listen, I'm getting to the bottom of this. I'll just wait till your mother gets home and talk to her about it.

"No, you don't want to do that."

"Oh yes I will unless I get some answers."

Joe knew he was trapped, darn that Ellen. Why did she send Susan here?

"Okay, Susan, I'm the Debbie you met at Ellen's house, but that was just a joke that Ellen wanted to play on you."

"Joke, my foot. No one goes to the detail you did for a joke. Besides, the day I saw you in your maid's costume you didn't know I was coming over. Let's have the truth now."

So Joe started to tell the whole story from the beginning. "I still don't see how she could get you to do it unless you wanted to."

"Well, I have to admit at first I was opposed to it but I was so thrilled by the attention Ellen gave me that I gave into her. After a couple of days I began to get a kick out of the beautiful soft clothes that I was allowed to wear, and of course, when she bought some things special for me I was in seventh heaven."

Susan was listening and taking it all in. "So you're a he-she now? I've heard of men dressing in women's clothes but I never thought I would meet one. Well, what are you going to do for kicks now that Ellen has left?"

"That's no problem. I'll have some time to chum around with Hal and Gary. They've been wondering where I've been."

Well, Susan said, "I am disappointed not to see Debbie Today. I thought I had found me another friend my age. You certainly were a knockout at the party the other night. It's just impossible to think a young man could look that good in an evening gown. Well I'll see you later."

"You won't tell anyone about this will you?"

"It can be our secret." Susan left.

The next morning Joe got a call from Susan. It was Saturday morning. "Joe, can you come over to my house about one o'clock this afternoon?"

"Well, I was planning on going swimming with Hal and Gary."

"I'm sure you could change your plans, couldn't you, Debbie?"

Joe stammered, "Well, I suppose, if you insist."

"I insist," she said. "I'll see you at one o'clock." Joe thought he had best humor her as he didn't want his escapades to be the talk of the lake. So, at one o'clock sharp, Joe was standing on the Boyd front porch ringing the doorbell. Susan answered the door. "Come in, Debbie."

"I prefer that you call me Joe," he said.

"Well, don't forget I met you as Debbie and I think I prefer that name."

"Well, you certainly have a nice house. Looks like your dad is in the chips."

"We do alright."

Susan led him into her bedroom. "Have you ever been in a younger girl's bedroom?"

"Just once at a friend's house. Pretty wild."

"Well, Debbie, we have a lot of work to do this afternoon."

"What do you mean we?"

"Debbie and I of course."

"I don't get it. Why should I help you?"

"Because you're a good girl."

Joe blushed. "Quit that kind of talk, will you?"

"I have no intentions of stopping. Let's get busy — we have to clean this house and you have to get dressed first."

"What am I going to wear?"

"Well, you're going to dress your age this time. My clothes should fit you fine. Start taking your clothes off."

Joe knew of course that there was no sense in arguing since she

held all the cards. Susan threw out a stretch tiger bra and stretch bikini panty and said, "Start with those."

Joe slipped on the panty and bra with falsies and then a clingy stretch knit shirt made of black nylon, that Susan handed him. It had long sleeves and a mock T-knit tie in the back. "You probably prefer to wear hose but when us teenagers work, we prefer not to wear them. Besides you have less hair on your legs than I do."

Joe blushed but he admitted to himself this was correct because of the lightness of his hair. What he did have didn't show. Susan handed Joe a mini-half slip. "If this was any shorter you wouldn't have any thing at all on."

"Don't be smart, Joe, it's plenty long enough for the skirt you're going to wear. You have terrific legs and we want to show them off the best we can." Joe noticed the slip had a tiger on the bottom to make up a match set. She then handed Joe the mini-A line skirt with patch pockets. It was made of ribbed cotton corduroy and had a broad suede belt that flips into long front dangles. Joe's outfit was now completed with some two-inch loafers.

"Now you're dressed more your age. Although I must admit you have looked good in everything that I've seen you in." Susan borrowed a wig from her mother and put it on Joe's head and then showed him where her cosmetics were. She showed Joe how to use a brush to put on lip gloss, which was a first.

"I hope you're not expecting your mother soon?"

"No, she's gone for the afternoon, but it wouldn't matter as she would never know you were a boy anyway. You're just too much like a girl, you could fool anyone." Joe blushed but certainly enjoyed the words of praise. Quickly they got about their work.

While they were working Susan kept a close eye on Joe, correcting any of his now lady like movements. Several times he heard, "There you go again, bending over wrong. I can see your tiger panties. You do that when you're around boys and they will watch your every move. You need a lot of practice in moving around in your mini-skirt."

"Well, I think this skirt is just too short. I don't think you can do anything without exposing yourself."

"Oh, but you're wrong. With practice you can, but you must be careful and make very delicate moves. My skirt is just as short as yours and you haven't seen my panties."

"How do you know I haven't?"

"Well what color are they?"

He stuttered. "Well I haven't seen them, I guess."

"Tell you what, you keep an eye on me the rest of the afternoon and if you can tell me the color panties I have on I'll give you the panties and bra you're wearing now." Joe always liked challenges, so he accepted and started watching Susan's every move.

An hour went by and he still hadn't been able to catch her. "Well, we have about a half-hour of cleaning to go and you haven't caught me yet. I told you it could be done."

Joe had to admit she certainly could move good in that mini-skirt and he envied her. With little time left Joe became desperate and he tripped Susan and she sprawled on the floor and Joe spotted her lilac panties. "They're purple," he said.

"That was a dirty move but I'll keep my part of the bargain, but I'll get even with you."

It was time to leave so Joe took off his girlish clothes and put back on his own. Susan helped him take off his cosmetics. Joe picked up his prize, "Are you going to throw in the mini-half slip, too?"

"Oh, I suppose, but I'll get even with you." Joe wondered how she would get back at him, but he forgot about it.

About a week later, Joe received a letter from Ellen telling him she would be unable to return to the lake anymore that summer but that she wanted Joe to go to her house and pick up the suitcase on the porch. It contained the different dresses and underthings she had given him. When he went to the house, he tried to get in as he would have liked to have gotten a hold of the pictures Ellen had taken of him, but he couldn't and the house appeared shut for the year. Joe took the suitcase home and found a hiding place for it.

During the next couple of weeks, Joe spent a lot of time with Hal and Gary and he really had to chuckle to himself when they talked about that knockout Debbie they had met at the Boyd party and how they would sure like to see her again.

One day after being gone most of the afternoon, Joe returned home. As he went throughout the house, he started through the hall, for his bedroom. He heard his mother's voice.

"Joe would you come in here a minute please."

Joe walked into the front room and was quite surprised to see Susan Boyd sitting there.

"Hello, Susan," he said.

"Hello, Joe."

"Sit down, Joe. I want to ask you a few questions. Susan has just been telling me some things that I frankly find hard to believe."

"What's that mother?"

Joe tried to remain calm as he could see how Susan had decided to get even. Of course it was her word against his so he wasn't too concerned.

"Susan tells me that several times this summer you have dressed up as a girl and that you have been to the movies and to a party at her house and that you even dressed in her clothes, at her house and even kept a panty, bra and slip that she gave you when you tricked her."

"She's lying, mother. For some reason she doesn't like me and she has come up with this ridiculous story to upset you."

"You deny what she told me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, Joe, I gave you a chance to tell the truth but you prefer to lie, so how do you explain these pictures?" She laid out the pictures Ellen had taken of him on the first night they were together. In some of the

pictures he didn't even have on a wig or cosmetics. There was no question as to who was in the pictures.

"They forced me to do it," he said as he turned a bright red.

"Then you don't deny that this is you in the pictures?"

"No, but they made me. They were blackmailing me."

"I find that hard to believe Joe looking at these pictures. Do you still have some of these clothes?"

"Yes, they're in my room in a suitcase, but Ellen gave them to me. I picked them out myself and she said they were mine."

"You bought girls clothes for yourself in a ladies store?"

"Yes."

"How were you dressed?"

Joe sighed. "As a girl."

"Did you try on different dresses and things?"

"Yes."

"Go to your room, Joe, that's all for now. I will decide what your punishment will be."

Joe went slowly from the room. He felt like the world was collapsing around him. He thought to himself it wasn't his idea to do it but then he had to admit it was fun and he had been exposed to a whole new soft, frilly world.

Soon it was supper time and Joe's mother called him to eat. There was nothing but silence. "After supper we will discuss your punishment," he was finally informed. They went into the front room and his mother said, "I must admit that I was overwhelmed today to find out what you've been doing in recent months. I've never thought of you as effeminate and certainly never thought I could have gotten you into girls' clothes. However, you have proven me wrong and I guess I don't

know you as well as I thought I did. There are some good things to come out of this. First of all, you have learned a lot about the trials and tribulations of the feminine life. Second, you have had a chance to be around girls your own age. This is good since you were not fortunate enough to have a sister. I have decided that your punishment will be between you and I and will not be of concern to your father. As long as you do as you're told it will remain that way. If for any reason you balk on your punishment then I will turn the entire matter over to him and let him handle it. The first thing you're going to do is dress up in your maid's costume and do the dishes and whatever other cleaning chores I want you to do this evening. I must admit that I have always wished for a daughter to help me with the household chores and it appears to me that my prayers have been answered."

Joe was stunned at what he was hearing. His own mother was telling him to dress in girls' clothes. "Hurry up and get dressed. We have a lot of work to do."

Joe went up to his room, got out his suitcase and opened it. He started laying out his maid's outfit. Soon he had the hose, bra and frilly panties on and it dawned on him that he couldn't get the corset on by himself. So he went downstairs to get assistance from his mother. When he walked into the front room his mother was a little startled at seeing her son in bra and panties for the first time.

"Those are certainly cute panties, Joe."

Joe blushed, "Would you help me with my corset. It has to be drawn tight or the dress won't zip up."

"Of course, dear." And she tugged until they were tight. "My, you have a fine figure. I never would have dreamed."

Joe left and went upstairs and finished dressing. He combed out the wig and then put on his cosmetics and went back downstairs. When his mother saw him she walked over and put her arms around him and said, "My, you look sweet, dear. It just doesn't seem right to call you Joe when you're dressed this way."

(to be continued in TVia #99)

TRUE STORY



HOW IT ALL STARTED

Erika FCO-3-L

A few years ago I succeeded in obtaining my own apartment all to myself, so that I was free at last to indulge my taste for the feminine. A week after getting installed in my new home in Toronto, I took a vacation and went to Montreal on a shopping excursion. I arrived late in the afternoon, and after checking into my hotel and having dinner, I went out to "case" the city and decide where to commence my shopping the next morning.

Being inexperienced and believing myself to be the only person on earth having this particular objective, I was naturally very jittery about approaching a saleswoman in a woman's specialty shop. But the desire to dress was too intense to brook denial. I had to do something and make a start somewhere. Accordingly, having decided upon a shop, I was out and about at opening time the next morning. I went into a phone booth, looked up the number, and dialed.

A woman's voice answered. Without beating about the bush I said outright that I wanted to choose a woman's outfit to wear myself. Would she be willing to have a man come in and buy things for himself? She replied, "Yes, come and see me and I'll fix you up."

When I got there it was a few minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. There were just the proprietress and a woman assistant in the shop, both in their fifties. I introduced myself as the man who had

called a few minutes earlier, and said I would like to choose perhaps a dress and a blouse and skirt. When they asked what size I wanted I replied that my waist measurement was 30, but that I ought to have a foundation before trying anything on. "Oh," they said, "we don't have bras or girdles or lingerie. You could go to any of the big stores downtown for a girdle and bra, then come back here and choose your other things."

Well, you can quite imagine that I *could not* go to the big stores and buy a girdle and bra just like that! I asked them if there were any smaller stores nearby where I might be able to summon up enough courage to go in and state my requirements. They directed me to one of the main streets not far away and said I would find plenty of suitable places there, so off I went.

The reader is asked to keep one eye on the clock from this point onwards, for time itself can arrange peculiar experiences for a transvestite out all alone and driven by an irrepressible desire to get possession of a woman's outfit for himself.

It was just after ten o'clock when I went into the shop and about 10:15 a.m. when I left to look for a girdle and bra. I had to walk some distance, but I wasn't too concerned about the passing of time at this stage. I got to the street indicated and commenced to walk along looking at the shops, telling myself all the while to go into the first likely-looking place and get the job done. At last I found what I was looking for and went in. There were no customers, but—horror of horrors!—a man in his sixties who looked as if his breakfast was conspiring with his last night's dinner to do him dirt, came forward from the sanctum at the rear and said, "YEAH?" I said, "I am shopping for an outfit of women's clothes to fit myself and I need a foundation first. Can you supply me?" The way he reacted you would have thought my name was Oliver Twist and that I had just asked for more. He bellowed, "GAAHRRN! we dawn't do things like that 'ere." I took to my heels, but without the slightest intention of giving-up, and without thinking that time was marching on. I was driven by a demon, which told me to go and get a girdle and bra—period!

I went further along the street, the clock still ticking away, and found another place. When I went in—about 10:40—there were no customers, just a man and his wife, who were obviously the proprietors. They were both busy attending to the racks of garment, and

the woman came forward and asked if she could help me. I told her that I was in Montreal to buy a woman's outfit to wear myself, and that I needed a foundation; could she supply me with a girdle and bra?

She started to tremble, and I can't say that I blame her, for at that time I was sixty years old; and although I am only of average height I give the impression that my masculinity stands ten feet tall. In the meantime her husband had acquired a sickly look and gone into hiding behind the racks of garments. She said, "What size would you require?" and I replied that I would like to see a 36B and 38B bra and a high-rise girdle to fit a waist 30.

With unsteady hands she went about the business of pulling out a box here and a box there, and eventually I found myself in possession of two girdles and two bras, trusting to luck that the girdles, which obviously were not too large, would not turn out to be too small when being pulled-on. I got back to my first shop a little the worse for wear, with the clock advertising the time as being 11:10 a.m.

The ladies greeted my return by pointing out the size 16 sections on the racks. They invited me to make my choices, take them into a fitting-room at the rear, and try them on. The choice was bewildering, but it wasn't long before I had selected a navy-blue skirt with an off-white printed blouse to go with it, and a long, slinky evening gown in black crepe. On my way to the fitting room the saleswomen assured me that I would not be disturbed whilst trying on, and at that time there were no customers in the shop apart from myself. The time would be getting on to 11:30 a.m. I should mention at this point that it was sale time, and they were having a big sale at this shop, with lots of bargains on display.

I went into the fitting-room, closed the door, and took off all my clothes. One of the girdles was a high-rise, the kind which hooks-up first, then closes with a zipper. I put on the bra first, stuffing the cups with paper tissue, then started to pull on the girdle. Well, it was too small, but it was worth having anyway for the thrill of stepping into it and pulling it up. I was dithering with delight at the thought that this delicious garment was about to enclose my torso. But I couldn't get it over my hips. In desperation I tugged and pulled this way and that, and whilst I was in the middle of all this I suddenly became aware of a tremendous hubbub in the shop. In that district there are lots of

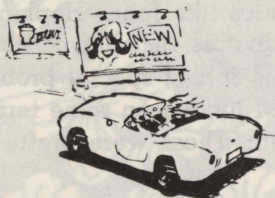
offices and factories, and the office girls take their lunch-hour in two shirts, beginning at 11:30. Well, there I was in the fitting-room of a woman's fashion shop, inside a bra and half inside a girdle, while a swarm of girls were milling around the shop looking for bargains and likely to be needing all the fitting rooms at any moment. To make matters worse, the door of the fitting-room didn't fit the frame too well, so that there was a quarter-inch of wide open space between the door and the frame. When I looked through this fissure to see what was going on, I had a reasonable facsimile of a panoramic view of the activities in the shop; the place was literally heaving with customers, but the saleswomen were going about their business as if nothing out of the common were in the air. There was a rack of clothes just outside my fitting-room and I could see a girl examining the goods on the rack. She and I were not more than twelve inches distant from each other.

I started to perspire, wondering what to expect—or rather what to choose—out of all sorts of possibilities which were propagating their kind with sans-culottic frenzy. But every TV who reads this will agree that the determination of a transvestite is superior to that generated by any other orientation. I had got so far, and I wasn't going to leave empty-handed—or ought I say undraped? I abandoned the first girlde and got the other on; then I tried on the blouse and skirt, and with the providence on my side, found the fit just right. When I tried to pull the black gown over my shoulders, however, I found it a little tight, and I was in such a sweat that I couldn't get it to slip down over my skin. I had to take it off and give up.

Eventually, I got out of the bra and girdle and into my legitimate clothes. I'll give you one guess as to my feelings as I came out of the fitting-room with the pretty clothes over my arm and started to run the gauntlet of all those girls in the shop. But, as far as I could observe, I made my way to the sales desk without anybody taking the slightest notice of me. I paid for the blouse and skirt, and handed back the dress, and made my way out.

It is said that there are some people who do not learn from experience. Let me assure you that I am not one of them.

Signs of the Times



FINALLY...!

Virginia Prince

Well, I finally did it! Many of you have thought I'd already done it and many others maintain that you just can't be a "real" woman unless you have it done. But I have fought against it for a long time and argued with many that it really wasn't necessary in order to be a woman. Why alter your body when it is really a mental attitude that counts, I said. But let's face it—every TV toys with the idea of such an operation. To be honest, I've toyed with it for years. I sometimes found myself envious of other girls who had had it done but then I'd say, "Get off it, girl, they can't do anything that you can't do—except one thing," and I'd put it behind me for awhile.

But it would keep cropping up when I'd see a pretty woman in a beautiful dress, wearing a lovely necklace and with long earrings dangling from her pierced ears. I'd say to myself, "I'd like to be like her. She has a wider choice in her life than I have." But the thought of the pain, the danger of infection, of possibly not having the operation performed quite right so that the result might not be perfectly symmetrical and off center or one sided. And then having to wear something in the cavity for so long so that it wouldn't grow together and close up. And you have to take the plug out, wash it, clean and reinsert it and that can be messy, inconvenient, even painful. Moreover, you have to wear it continually for a long time and then you can later leave it out for an hour at a time and you can increase it to two hours, etc. Takes a long time before you can leave it out completely and feel safe about allowing anything else to be put in it—if you know what I mean. All of this deterred me. So I rationalized that I didn't have to do it, that I was just as well off without it, etc. But finally it got too much and I had to give in.

Then there came the question of when I could arrange to have it done, and what institution should I go for it, and how much it would cost, and how long would I be incapacitated and therefore unable to carry on all my other activities, etc. So I had to explore the situation completely. There are medical school clinics like Johns Hopkins or Stanford and there are a lot of private doctors in a lot of places around the country that will undertake this sort of special problem. But some of them are rather slipshod and I have seen some terrible results—closure, lopsidedness, infection, etc. These were pretty "off putting" if you know what I mean.

Then there was the question of what everyone would say. With my strong stand in the past against having it done, I was sure there would be a lot of talk like "I told you so," "I knew she was that type all along," or "what a hypocrite, talking against it and then finally having it done herself." I wondered if I could face you all.

But things finally just came to a point. I couldn't buy any pretty clip-on earrings any more, so I finally said the heck with the pain, with the danger, with the inconvenience and all those other objections. I didn't go to Johns Hopkins or to Stanford or to any of the famous surgeons. I went to May Co. here in Los Angeles and for \$9.95 only, *I had it done—I got my ears pierced*. So Now I can be a *real woman*—sounds like a famous phrase I've heard elsewhere. But while the holes came out even and the pain was hardly noticeable and the cost was little enough, I still have to wear my form—the gold studs—for several months while the punctures heal without closing up and that will be something of a sacrifice because I like dangly earrings. But I had to do it because they hardly make clip-ons or screw-type earrings anymore. Everything is for pierced, so I had no choice.

Finally I had an operation, but not the operation. Sorry if I misled any of you.

Virginia



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A Place To Begin!

Letters to the Editor



Dear Virginia,

In response to your plea for more material for *Transvestia* I am enclosing a piece that, I hope, will be of interest to your readers.

The piece is the words from the song "Out of the Wardrobe," written by Ray Davies. I transcribed them from the album, *Misfits* (Arista AB4167), which was performed by the group called The Kinks. Ray Davies is considered a contemporary genius by knowledgeable people in the rock music field for his powerful use of simple lyrics and his frequent and dynamic use of tempo changes.

I own most of the Kinks albums and bought *Misfits* without knowing that this song was on the album. You can imagine my surprise when I first heard it. We had some friends over that first night (they know that I'm a TV but have never seen me dressed). We were talking and not paying much attention to the music when the words "... when he puts on that dress he looks like a princess" came out of nowhere and grabbed my immediate attention. My chin hit the floor! I played that song over three times that night. Out of the hundreds of albums that I own that song has become known as my song within my tiny circle of friends who know that I dress up. I know of no better song that could serve as an anthem to our sorority and I propose it as "our song."

I recently saw an article in our local paper regarding Fredricks of Hollywood. Twice I have purchased feminine clothing for myself at the Frederick's store mentioned in the article.

The first time was just before Halloween 1977. I used the excuse that I wanted to buy a "costume." The saleslady was not only helpful but insisted that I try on a particular dress that had caught my fancy.

While I was in the dressing booth she brought two other dresses for me to try on, commenting positively on each. Then she brought a wig for me to try, helping me to fit it and adjusted the curls and bangs for a most pleasing effect.

The hour that I spent in the store was the freest moment I have ever had in my life. I was out in public, among strangers and the saleslady was eager for me to be satisfied with my purchases. At first I was somewhat embarrassed and made a comment to that effect. She responded with, "I suppose you think that you are the only man who comes in here." I would have bought the store out if only I had the money.

The second time I was waited on by a different lady who, though not as enthusiastic as the first, was very helpful and made several suggestions about accessories to wear with the dress that I picked out.

I hope that you will find this item appropriate for *Transvestia*. In the future I hope to be able to offer more material. I appreciate the fact that *Transvestia* exists and am glad to be able to contribute.

Jennifer—CA-54-H

OUT OF THE WARDROBE

by Ray Davies

contributed by Jennifer—CA-54-H

Has anybody here seen a chick called Dick?
He looks real burly but he's really hip.
He's six fee tall and his arms are all brown and hairy.

He married Betty Lou back in '65
When you had to be butch to survive.
But lately he's been looking at his wife with mixed emotion.

You see, he's not a commonplace closet queen.
He's shapely hidden, he should be seen.
'Cause, when he puts on that dress
He looks like a princess.

Well, the day he came out of the wardrobe, Betty Lou got quite
a surprise.
She didn't know whether she should get angry or not bat an eye.
She really couldn't call up her Mama, Mama'd positively die.
Should she go or stay or should she try to get a trial separation?

You see, he's not a faggot as you might suppose.
He just feels restricted in conventional clothes.
'Cause when he put's on that dress
He feels like a princess.

He's not a dandy, he's only living out a fantasy.
He's not a pansie, he's only being what he wants to be.
Now his life is rearranged and he's grateful for the change.
He's out of the wardrobe and now he's got no regrets.

Betty Lou didn't know what to do at first
But she's learning to cope at last.
She's got the best of both worlds and she's really in a state of elation.
She says that it helps their relationship.
She says the change is as good as the rest.
And their friends are finally coming around to their way of thinking.

She wears the trousers and smokes a pipe,
And he washes up, she helps him wipe.
'Cause when he puts on that dress
He looks like a princess.

He's out of the wardrobe and he is feeling alright.
He's out of the wardrobe and he is feeling satisfied.
Now it's farewell to the past, his secret's out at last.

He's out of the wardrobe and now he has no regrets.

—transcribed from the album *Misfits* (Arista AB4167) which was
recorded by the group, *The Kinks*.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I had seen the periodical *Transvestia* listed almost ten years ago in a list of periodicals in a library, but did not have the courage or opportunity to purchase one until this month. I have read most of this issue and am surprised and gratified at the quality of this publication. I am very happy to have a new name for the kind of person I am —femmiphile.

I think the time has definitely come for me to recognize this part of me, this second self, and not keep her down anymore. From here on I say, full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes because I have a right to be what I am and not be afraid of the slings and arrows of those who do not understand. I am tired of being so alone and want to do anything I can to meet others like myself and become part of a group that is closer to my inner self than any other group could be.

In 1976 I met two others like myself for the first time, and the joy of that understanding surpassed anything I knew before. In November of that year I went back to that city and came out of the closet for about three days with surprising success. However, the paranoia about being found out began to get the best of me and I decided I must go back to masculinity on a full-time basis. I grew a beard and managed to stay away from dressing for almost half a year. In the end, though, as before, I found I had true affection for my second self. That is, I knew she was part of me and deserved better treatment.

I do find this situation hard to handle on my own. I would like a copy of *Understanding Cross Dressing*, and would like to subscribe to *Transvestia*. I also would like to become a full-fledged member of Tri Sigma.

Sincerely,

Jody—Montana

.....

Dear Virginia,

I have been absent from your magazine for the past several years, and I have just received and read #94 and #95 and I thoroughly

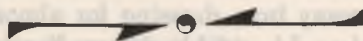
enjoyed them as you have managed to uphold your high standard throughout all these years since issue #1 which I still have. When I first discovered TV you were publishing issue #5 and I've stayed with you ever since. That was my beginning when I first discovered that I wasn't alone, and without that discovery I don't believe I could have upheld the guilt that I felt all these years.

Since reading those first five issues plus many, many more throughout the years, the guilt has disappeared. Thanks again for everything you've done for so many.

Several years ago I applied for membership in Tri Sigma, however due to complications on my part I never got around to joining. At this time I would like to join Tri Sigma, so please send me the necessary forms. Thank you.

Very sincerely yours,

Louise—ME-5-B



NO PICY - NO PRINTY

I expect you have noticed the paucity of pics in this issue. But if you don't send them in I can't send them out. It used to be that pics were a very popular item and I got a lot more than I could use. But not so lately. I expect that Kodak and Polaroid will take a severe dip as a result. So in order to prevent a lot of widows and orphans who own that stock from losing their dividends in 1979, how about going out and getting some film, taking some pictures and sending them to me? Remember that black and whites reproduce best, stand or sit in front of a background that contrasts with your outfit so it can be seen and SMILE—you're in *Transvestial!*



ARTICLE

IN THE NEWS

Robert Hollis

Skirting the issue

(Editor's Note: The following clipping appeared in the San Francisco Examiner November 10th, 1978, in a story by Robert Hollis. It is interesting and unusual so I thought you should all see it. He's got a lot of guts and I wrote and congratulated him.)

Bill Cushing, a College of Marin behavioral sciences major, is acutely self-conscious whenever he crosses his legs, "probably more so than most women."

He also regularly shaves them.

"I can't take the feeling of the hair on my legs rubbing against the cloth of my skirt," he said yesterday, sitting casually in a sun-splashed patio behind the college's student center.

Cushing, a 34-year-old twice married (and divorced) father of two, is unique among the students on the Kentfield campus.

He wears skirts. He always wears skirts.

What's more, he thinks that more



Examiner / Greg Robinson

A SKIRTED BILL CUSHING STROLLS ON THE KENTFIELD CAMPUS
In more conventional garb are Joanne Durbin (r.) and her son John



AT COLLEGE OF MARIN IN KENTFIELD, IT'S NOT YOUR NORMAL CAMPUS SCENE—A skirted Bill Cushing (left) heads for class with friend Joanne Durbin and her son John.

men should try them. He says they're more comfortable than pants — which he no longer wears — and they make him a lot more attractive to women.

Women and skirts are major topics of interest for the one-time construction worker who returned to college in hope of becoming a social worker.

He vehemently rejects being labeled a transvestite.

"Hey, man," he said when asked about his sexual preference, "I'm a macho dude. You can ask my girlfriend."

Cushing really does enjoy skirts and females, although he is the first to admit that his predilection for what is usually considered women's attire has its drawbacks.

The fact that he wore skirts "in the closet" for years was a factor in his first divorce. His second marital breakup came because "her folks couldn't understand. They thought I was a homosexual."

Today, although he's ashamed of his tiny wardrobe, which consists of only a half-dozen outfits, he wears a skirt to class each day. He is so much a part of campus life now that his presence hardly causes a stir among other College of Marin students.

Dressed in a shin-length blue denim skirt with a fly in the front, Cushing told of his one-person crusade against male clothing taboos and his belief that men are greater victims of sexual stereotypes than women.

"Being a male, I'm denied the right to wear skirts," he said, his voice rising as he became excited. "I love to wear skirts. They're

comfortable and I like to show off my legs."

The trouble is, he admitted, that when a man puts on a skirt, he is immediately thought of as a transvestite or a homosexual. Women can wear pants, he observed, but men are forbidden in our society to wear skirts.

"I don't impersonate women," he said. "I'm just plain Bill."

Since beginning his first semester at the college in September, Cushing has run into a wall of discrimination that threatens to wreck his educational plans.

Cushing is required, in addition to attending classes, to spend at least five hours a week as a volunteer with a Marin social service project. So far, he said, he's been turned down by some 25 agencies such as Headstart, the House at San Quentin prison, Planned Parenthood and various telephone hotline projects.

When he walked into the Headstart program, he said, a woman staffer turned down his application as a volunteer. "We might be able to use you as a secretary," he quoted the woman as saying. Later, other staffers said he wasn't qualified for that job because he would freak out the public.

Several agencies suggested that if he put on pants and a sport coat they would accept his services immediately. When he argued that women can work in pants or a skirt, another woman volunteer told him:

"You men haven't gotten that far yet."

Cushing said he refuses to bow to this kind of sexual clothing stereotyping. He is now hoping to

land a volunteer job with a central Marin convalescent hospital.

His interest in women's clothing started early, he recalled. "Since I was 4, I've wanted to get into women's clothes. I just loved it. They were so soft. I couldn't see anything wrong with it."

The crucial difference between his behavior and that of a transvestite, he said, is his self-image, even when wearing a skirt and blouse, of being male.

"I don't like the idea of impersonating a female. I get no sexual arousal out of putting on women's clothes."

Last spring, he said, he underwent a series of tests, he said, in San Francisco to determine if transsexual surgery might be advisable because of his preference for fe-

male attire. The tests revealed his strong heterosexual drive and he was told that a sex change operation was not the answer.

Caught in a kind of never-never land, Cushing decided to try to form his own support group for men such as himself. He's settled on the name: Do Clothes Make the Person?

Men or women who would like to join the group can reach him at P.O. Box 343, San Rafael, 94902.

Cushing said he believes there are many men in the Bay Area who find dressing in women's attire pleasurable without being sexually exciting.

"I'm not out to convert America," he declared. "All I want to do is let men choose; to make wearing a dress optional, so there's no indignity."

BUT MADAME -- IF YOUR HUSBAND IS SIX FOOT TEN, THIS WILL BE A MINISKIRT!





FURTHER ADVENTURES OF VIRGINIA

I was in the process of making my reservation for another visit to Fantasia Fair and deciding that I would plan to arrive on Tuesday, October 17. A day or two later I received my copy of the Beaumont Bulletin which is the publication of the British Beaumont Society. It announced that they would be holding their 10th annual Anniversary Banquet on Saturday, October 14. I thought for a few minutes and decided that if I was going to be half-way to London in Boston and with the new transatlantic fares being much lower I might as well "go the whole distance." So the upshot was that I did.

It was sure the longest and most tiring air flight I have ever taken. Leaving L.A. airport at 12:30 Thursday noon we landed in London at 6:30 on Friday morning — having sat in the plane for nine and a half hours elapsed time. That is enough by itself but the jet lag screw-up of your system is something else. It's enough going to and from the East Coast but non-stop L.A. to London is much worse. Arriving at Heathrow at 6:30 a.m. I got through customs, caught the TWA bus to their downtown terminal and finally found a taxi to get to the little family type hotel that I've stayed at before, arriving at 10:30. After greetings, moving in, unpacking a nightie, I literally konked out and slept till about two o'clock, waking because I had to make a lot of phone calls to set things up for the following week. Then a couple hours of walking through my favorite store—Selfridges—a dinner and back to bed.

Saturday morning I had an interview with Dr. Randell who is the fountain head of the sex reassignment surgery in southern England. I'd seen him before several years ago and he wasn't inclined to agree with me very much but this time he was very charming, interesting,

and interested. He even ordered a copy of *Understanding Cross Dressing* which was something of a victory. Late in the afternoon I was picked up by one of the London girls and driven to Farnsworth, about 60 miles southwest of London, to the home of a couple who put on a party for me. They had about 30 FPs there and about 10 wives. It was a great party and I remembered a lot of the girls from three years ago when they had done the same thing.

Got back to the hotel and bed about 2 a.m. Sunday morning. When I opened my eyes and looked at the clock it said four o'clock. Since it was a brand new travel clock I'd just bought the day before I was afraid that it wasn't working right so I checked my watch—still on L.A. time so I had to subtract four hours from its reading (the same as adding eight) and it came out to four, too. I couldn't believe it and put on my robe and went downstairs to check with the landlady. She saw me coming down the stairs in nightie and robe and with mock scolding she said, "Do you know what time it is?" I said no, that was why I'd come downstairs. She replied that it was four o'clock, in a tone of considerable disapproval. So, trying to catch up on my jet lag I had slept most of Sunday away. However, there was enough of it left to walk down to Speakers Corner in Hyde Park and listen to the various speakers expound on religion, race, communism or whatever. Quite an experience.

Most of the following week was spent in walking around Sohos Adult bookstores trying to find a guy who owed me \$180 for the last two years. Didn't find him but made a contact and got paid anyway. Also went to see the two big accounts I have in London and had a nice visit with both of them. Found that there were a couple of TV mags being published over there so I went to see the publisher to work out a representation arrangement for the American market which I did. I won't be selling them myself because they aren't the type I want to be involved with but since I know others who would be in a position to be distributors I arranged the representation.

Since I have another book (not about TVism) coming out of my head I had prepared an outline and mailed it off to about a dozen American publishers in Boston and New York since I would be in both cities on the way home. But I also walked my legs off on London pavements making the rounds of the publishing houses there. I found that they were having a London Book Fair at the Hotel Grosvenor and

most of the people I would want to see were there. So the next day I went to the Grosvenor and noting the sign, "Not Open to the Public," I blithely walked on in and signed up as representing Chevalier Publications, which of course I was. But I found that the big shots that had been there the day before had gotten enough of it and had gone back to their offices so I missed them both ways.

Friday night the Beaumont Society had a reception at one of the hotels which was put on in a very swanky manner. I was introduced and gave them a little talk. I am the grandmother of their organization, too, you see. When I was in England in 1969 I read a paper to the International Social Psychiatry Convention. I was approached after it by a reporter for the *London Observer* who wanted an interview with me and I arranged to give it to her the next day which I did and which she printed. That interview resulted in about 50 letters from FPs inquiring about the organization I had mentioned. At that time all the members of the little group were members of our American FPE group. But as a result of those 50 letters they got a good nucleus and have grown ever since. That was 10 years ago and that was why I thought it appropriate that I should show up for their 10th anniversary banquet having largely been responsible for the organization in the beginning.

Then the next night, Saturday, was the big affair. It was held in the Kensington Town Hall which is a beautiful modern building which seemed to be quite new. It had cavernous underground parking, a big reception hall and luxurious dining room and dance floor. There were 170 lovely ladies in evening gowns present and only about 25 of them were female. It was privately catered and with a private security service, both of whom had served the Beaumont on previous occasions. It was a really swank affair. The spacious powder room was well stocked with lovelies before dinner was served and the bevy of beauties lined up to get their wraps from the cloak room after it was over would have looked quite appropriate at the opera.

I asked the chairlady of the arrangements committee about the reaction of the powers that be who had to be approached for the rental of the place. She said that there was nothing to it. They wanted to know the nature of the group and how long they'd been around and where they had met on previous occasions and, assured that it wasn't a fly-by-night group, but was serious and had met in various

other hotels and public halls in the past, they just said O.K. and that was that. Of course I must say that England or at least London is much more open and accepting than most any place over here. I was personally very pleased that several of the wives came up to me after I had been introduced and thanked me profusely for having written the *Wives* book. They told me how much it had helped their marriage and how happy they were to have a FP husband. Honestly, that's precisely what they said. Once more it proved that if the wife herself can open her heart and head that there is something in FPia for her too. Only sad how many wives can't see it that way.

There was one foursome that was interesting because they lived within a few blocks of each other and the husbands had known each other casually but didn't know that each was an FP. Then unknown to each other they joined the Beaumont Society and eventually met each other at a gathering. Both wives were understanding and so it made a very nice foursome. I sat at their table along with the daughter of one of the couples and her boyfriend. It was the first time the daughter had met her father as a woman and naturally the first time the boyfriend had, too. He sat next to me and I bent his ear all during dinner explaining the fine points of cross dressing to him. But both he and the daughter seemed to accept the whole situation in good spirits and we all had a lively dinner together. The whole affair would make any group of American cross dressers green with envy. It was really a classy gathering.

Well, everything has an end so on Tuesday the 17th, it was TWA to Boston where I arrived without incident, went through customs and then waited around about three hours for the little puddle jumping plane that flew across the bay to Provincetown on the Cape. By taxi into town and to the same hotel I stayed at last year—Oceans Inn. The boys there, Mark and Horace, were glad to see me and were the same gracious hosts that they were last year. As usual they gave me a really nice room and I was very comfortable for the five days I was with them.

The fair was pretty much like it was last year with fancy dress balls, talent show, counselling sessions, seminars, and so on. We once again had a public meeting where four of us tried to enlighten the populace a bit about our way of life with a pot luck dinner in the basement of the church after it. This gave us a further opportunity to interact with

the townspeople as well as having a great dinner whipped up by some of our own members who proved what good cooks they were.

But as last year and the year before, the main pleasure of Fantasia Fair was in meeting old friends, sharing ideas and experiences, walking around town and having meals at various restaurants, etc. It was very successful in this way and provides a real service to the FPs (and others) who attend by helping them just to "live" in the real world and do as everyone else does.

We had a boutique where various clothing items brought by the girls were sold to others. One day a lady from the town came in and inquired about the boutique and said she had a coat she would like to sell for \$40. I was there talking to others and after she was gone and the coat was just lying on a chair I thought well, what the heck, let's try it on for fun. I did. It was in beautiful condition, originally a very expensive let-out mink coat, and it fitted perfectly. How could I argue with fate—I shelled out the \$40 and took home a beautiful coat. It was claimed by some that I shouldn't have taken it because I wouldn't have much use for it in California. Would you believe that while I am typing this, the evening news is telling everybody that it will be below freezing tonight in L.A.? Who says I'll have no use for it in L.A.?

Well, eventually it was all over and we drove back to Boston Sunday night. Monday the Boston chapter had a meeting in a Howard Johnson's and we had invited the staff of the Boston Gender Identity Clinic to join us so that the professionals could have some contact with the FP lifestyle by people who were comfortable with it rather than those disturbed enough to seek help. I think we made a good impression.

The next day Ariadne Kane, who runs the Fair and the Outreach Foundation, and I did a segment on the show *Today's Woman* on WBZ-TV. We had some interesting conversations with the several women who help put the show together. The interview itself went off very well but the interviewer said—as many others have before her—that you really couldn't get into the subject in a 15-minute segment and wished that there had been more time. We have had several inquiries as a result of the interview so I guess "we dun good" as the saying goes.

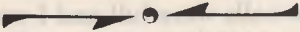
From Boston to Newark and then to New York. Had a frightening 45 minutes after I arrived at the West Side bus terminal. I finally got up to the taxi lane with two big bags, a purse and my fur coat. I gave the driver the address of the motel I thought I had a reservation in. When we got to the address it turned out that the place had been closed for six months. So we drove around the corner to another one. But it was full. The clerk gave me about five numbers to call which I did with my bags out in the taxi and the driver waiting nervously. He could have taken off and I'd never have seen him or the bags again. Four out of five of the calls were full and I was getting panicky when a little third class hotel told me that if I could get there in half an hour they'd have a single for me for just that night. You can bet I took it. It ended up costing me about \$8 to end up about 10 blocks from the bus depot. Welcome to New York!—the overcrowded big apple.

Well, I spent the next three days walking Madison Avenue about the book again and with the same result—nice collection of rejection slips accompanied by some of the stupidest reasons for rejecting it. But that's the way it is for striving authors. It pains me to think what the world will miss, but I guess they'll survive—but will I?

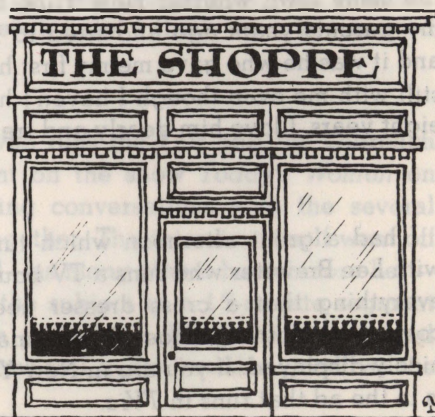
I did have the pleasure of visiting with Dr. Benjamin in his home for an hour or so. He is in his 80's and while his sight wasn't so good he was going to have a cataract operation in a couple of weeks—his mental perceptions were as sharp as ever. We enjoyed reminiscing over past meetings and people. We have been friends for many years and he always used to take me to dinner whenever he and I were in the same town whether New York, San Francisco or L.A. He visited my parents years ago and tried to help them to deal with Virginia and it was he who gave me my first hormones, the results of which are still with me even though I haven't had any more hormones for about eight years. I love him dearly and treasure his friendship.

I had a great afternoon which turned into a late evening dinner with Lee Brewster who runs a TV boutique in New York. He has about everything that a cross dresser needs in his shop—wigs, lingerie, cosmetics, clothing, shoes, books, magazines, etc.—the works and all nicely displayed. If you are in New York, drop in on him. The address is in the ad that runs in *TVia*.

But eventually all that I could do in New York was done so I caught the red eye flight out at 9 p.m. and got home about 2 a.m. And Monday morning started work on a pile of mail that had accumulated during my absence. So that accounts for some of the delay some of you experienced in getting serviced. Sorry about that. And that's enough of my wanderings for now. I'll tell you about my South American excursion in the next issue.



YOU SAY YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING COLD PILLS, BUT THEY WERE FEMALE HORMONES - AND NOW YOU WANT A BRA, SIZE **38G**?!? MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A NASTY COLD, SIR!



PRICE LIST

TRANSVESTIA ... A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.
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A number of issues other than those listed above have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought, when available, for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need, put a hold on it—first come, first served—and we will ship when it is available.

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

MERCHANDISE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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.

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

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