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# TRANSVESTIA

*Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.*

Because being a woman — is everything.



**JILL**

No. 110

For The Heterosexual Crossdresser

No. 110

## **PUBLICATION POLICY**

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

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

## **PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA**

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

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding—Self Acceptance—Peace of Mind

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

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

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

# TRANSVESTIA

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

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## FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

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# Editors Choice

Carol Beecroft

Dear Reader:

I am happy to tell you that this issue of Transvestia is one of the better ones. I have excluded several items which are often in Transvestia in order to bring you more reading space. And, of course, we are pleased to present another fine story from Dee Raymond. She is an excellent writer and, according to our letters from you readers, the one writer whose stories are most in demand. One of these days, when money is available, your Editor and Publisher would like to publish many of her stories separately. This is not to say that other authors do not measure up to Dee's stories, it is just that Dee is far and away the most experienced and proliferate writer that we have ever had. Do understand, I care about all of our writers since they take a lot of time to come up with material of sufficient caliber to appear in this magazine. So thanks to all of you gals who write for Transvestia — without you, we could not publish TRANSVESTIA at all.

You will notice that although we have a pretty picture of a girl on the front cover (in this case it is JILL) we do not have any autobiography concerning her. Unless one of you gals takes the time to write something about your girl-life, accompanied with quality pictures, we shall continue as now, with a pretty picture of a crossdresser, but no story. I do invite, however, any of you who read this magazine to be the COVER GIRL of TRANSVESTIA, merely by presenting an interesting autobiography of you and your crossdressing, accompanied by about 10 pictures that will produce well in this magazine. I always recommend black-and-white because these types of pictures reproduce the best!!

I always like to get in a plug for The Society For The Second Self (Tri-Ess). It is the largest organization for heterosexual crossdressers in North and South America — maybe in all the world. We now have over 600 members and are growing at a healthy rate. We are forming chapters wherever there is an interest. Come on aboard!

Tri-Ess has recently received

word from the IRS that they consider us a Non-Profit Corporation and this pleases your Editor and Publisher a lot. The State of California also recognizes our Non-Profit status. Believe me, it took a lot of paper work to accomplish the above.

You will notice in the price list, appearing in the rear of this issue, that we have some newer books — some of you are not aware that your Editor and Publisher spent a lot of "bucks" recently so that you would have some new reading material. I have a manuscript that I will publish as soon as money is available, that features a professional woman whose husband is a crossdresser. It is well written and presents the story of crossdressing from the viewpoint of an accepting wife. It should help a number of wives who need emotional and intellectual assistance. Publishing is most interesting — I'd like to do more since I have the manuscripts available for publication. But printing is not cheap and until things change around here (or a nice sister comes up with some extra money) new publications will come as I can afford them. I hope that you will understand.

# SHOWTIME

## - DEE RAYMOND

The show was obviously failing. Not even Joe Dubilow bothered now to give the dancers a hearty goodnight. "I guess that means we've had it!" exclaimed Cindy Brenner to the little group following her.

David Rennick glanced in through the stagedoor-keeper's lodge window. Dubilow was reading the entertainment section of an evening paper. There'd be a review in there somewhere of "The Great Shoot-Out", damning it with the faint praise that had been the show's lot since Baltimore. "Old Joe always knows," said David softly, slipping his arm through Cindy's. They'd been going together since the second day of rehearsals, over six months, and all the 'kids' recognized them as a pair.

"Where're we going tonight?" asked Marty Salter. He was the kind of male dancer whose slimness and smooth features made people raise their eyebrows and smile knowingly. Yet, he too was paired, to Sally Rader, a striking, big-busted girl, who stood taller than any of them in her high heels.

"To Fatima's!" shouted Cindy pointing up the Great White Way "Our taste buds deserve it!" Her shoulder-length red hair was blown all about her laughing

face as she turned out of the alley into the street proper.

"Besides, it's the only place you still have credit." Ace Demanski's growl only made the group laugh and giggle more. You could always count on Ace to be glum and serious even when they were all trying to be jolly, and, as well, it was true that money ran through Cindy's fingers like water.

"Seriously though," said David, when they were seated on the brown, leather-covered benches that Ali, the proprietor, called 'booths', "our being here is as stupid as this show we're trying to fob off on the public."

"Tush, child," Rosalie Hammond, the Eurasian, put a green-tipped finger on her dark lips. "Don't ever bite the hand that feeds you."

"Feeds us!" Now, Ace was joining in, too. "Look at the pack of us. We twelve keep that whole show going, and look who's on the percentages. Not Nadine or any of the backers. Oh no. Not Miss Congeniality. Ugh!"

David hadn't wanted to get Ace started again, even though he could sympathize with him. They all felt it, he was sure. The very unfairness of the system wrangled. They'd had nothing

to do with setting up the show, but the demands of Director Nadine Boorman that they be actors, singers as well as dancers, on stage almost constantly, even for costume changes, were adding up to be too much. And now with the last pay day missed, all the 'troupe', at least they were together in that, all they could afford was coffee at this second-rate diner, while listening to last year's hits on the jukebox.

"Come on, Dave, let's dance." Cindy had his hand, pulling at him, and he followed her willingly. Ali didn't have a license but he didn't object to them dancing in the small space behind the machine. The girls were good, and the boys were sometimes better. Ali would beam and say it was good for business, though nobody ever gave them more than a second glance. David cynically guessed that Ali was just trying to be friendly enough to get them to stop calling the Bazaar-am-Baal Coffee House, 'Fatima's'.

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"We lack elan," he returned to his theme later as he and Cindy prepared for bed, in the bed-sitter they shared in the boarding-house.

"Oh, David," she said, tired and snuggling down into the soft mattress. She'd heard him go on

about this topic before.

"We don't do anything that isn't predictable," said David, slipping in beside her, his warm toes on her cold ones. "We're all talented, sure." His arm went about her, pulling her body against his. "Marty and Babe are even really great. It'd all be fantastic in support of one eye-catching or heart-stopping idea."

"Yes, David," murmured Cindy. She closed her mouth over his, realizing that it would be the only way to stop him once he was in flow. He yielded reluctantly, but her mouth was insistent and her body inviting. Soon he was responding nicely and they melded together. It doesn't matter how the lousy show works out, thought Cindy. I've got you, David, and I would never have even met you but for Nadine's idea for the show.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the one thing that had never happened yet, thought Nadine savagely, and now it had to happen! Of the six boys and six girls who made up the show, Johnny 'Babe' Corbin was the youngest at nineteen, there had never been three ill for one show. And, just on the night when two of the show's backers were in town to decide whether to pull the plug or to keep the show on for a while longer in the hope of re-couping some of their losses, three girls were out.

Nadine bit at her elegant, red fingernails. She could not afford another loser. Three in a row, and this would be her third, would be the 'out' from directing for her. They'd gone on before with five pairs, even with four, but never with three. It just wouldn't be a show with three. Oh, damn Jackie, Shirley and

Danielle, she thought savagely. It just couldn't happen that three girls would go down on the same day.

She looked about the stage. The set and the performers were in place. From the orchestra pit, there came the sounds of tuning up along with a few practice riffs from the two or three numbers from the show that were already well known. Ace Demanski, in top hat and tails, glared at her from the doorway to the 'Roaring Twenties' speakeasy. Jackie should have been there in a long black evening dress, her flapper costume concealed beneath the gown. They would have to fill in for her, which meant an awful strain on the three girls. It would be tough on the others, too, trying to give and receive the right cues, and make the whole show a polished one. But they were all good kids . . . If only she had another girl!

Nadine's eye swept over the group, checking their costumes. Marty Salter never looked butch enough, she thought angrily. If only he could be as tough a man as he was agile as a dancer . . . She stopped, suddenly, a mad thought chasing through her mind. Marty looked back at her becoming nervous under her staring. Why not, she thought savagely. At least, it'll give them a show tonight. Nadine Boorman may be failing, but she'll go out with something for everyone to talk about.

"Come with me," she snapped at Marty, heading off stage towards the dressing rooms. She waved Farrell Prior, the only male black on the cast, to take over Marty's position. Sally Rader wouldn't mind, she thought fiercely. Farrell would make that

pairing work much more attractively to the 'liberated' audience they usually got at their performances.

Marty followed her very reluctantly down the narrow passage. He didn't know why he'd been pulled off the stage. Of all the dancers — they still thought of themselves that way despite what they were called upon to do — he was the most versatile. He'd done every role on the road, and he could pick up and do sections of others when they were missing even for the girls at rehearsals. He was more versatile than anyone else, save for possibly David, who was a study of the show itself. Better for Nadine to leave out the inexperienced Babe, he thought miserably, not Marty Salter.

"Come on! Come on! We haven't got all day!" Nadine snapped at him and turned into the girls' dressing room. The dresser, Millie, looked up anxiously at the Director's invasion of the room. Marty stopped at the door, the top hat twisting nervously in his hands. "Get Jackie's things ready!" ordered Nadine.

Millie blinked. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. "She's better?" she asked.

Nadine's mouth smacked in annoyance. She turned and eyed Marty. Millie's eyes followed hers and came to rest on Marty, who stood now stiff with shock and fear. Slowly, Millie began to smile.

"Use a shoulder-length wig, with heavy bangs," said Nadine curtly. "And long gloves. Gloves for all his skits. Short, black lace ones underneath. You'll have to stuff her out everywhere, too. Cotton-wool if you've nothing

more realistic. And really heavy on the makeup."

"I-I'm not going to do it!" Marty had at last found his voice.

"Of course you are!" Nadine descended swiftly upon him, seized his arm, pulled him into the dressing room and slammed the door. "The livelihoods of over one hundred people depend upon you! You know the part and you know that we need four pairs out there!"

"But I'm not an impersonator!" he cried, sinking onto a soft chair. All about were the other girls' things — their street clothes their lingerie, even the makeup kit Sally had 'liberated' from him. "I don't have a voice!"

"I'll do that myself from an off stage mike," hissed Nadine. "Now, get your clothes off and let Millie get to work."

\*\*\*\*\*

David was sure that the show would be cancelled for the evening. They were already ten minutes past curtain time and Nadine had not returned to the stage. He had wandered over to swap cues with Farrell, now in Marty's spot on the stage.

"No sweat, man," beamed Farrell, his arm resting lightly on Sally's waist, while she seemed happy to have it there.

"If we go, of course," said David, catching Cindy suddenly waving to him. He turned. Nadine was bearing down on him, a dark-haired girl behind her.

"In your places," Nadine snapped, glowering at David. "And you're off tonight, Mr. Corbin." She didn't even look as Babe's worried glance disappeared while he slipped away. Nadine turned to the girl. "Come on!" she snapped. "You know where to start!"

The girl was wearing Jackie's long black evening gown, finding herself having to mince just like Jackie to get into position. Even the necklace and long, silvery-tasselled earrings were like Jackie's, but she also wore white evening gloves, the only real difference to the girl whose spot she was taking. It was hard to see if she was pretty because of the amount of stage makeup she wore — even over her throat and upper arms. She certainly was attractive, at least as good a looker as Jackie. Nadine had swept away imperiously and the curtain was going up just as David heard Ace's muffled expletive, followed by, "Marty, how could you do it?" in a tone that sent chills up and down the spines of each performer so that their first number was likely the low point of the evening.

David found it very hard to play to Marty, either in the long gown, or in the short, flapper dress with the black garters and flowered slip showing. It was disturbing to watch Marty do the 'chorus' dances with the other girls, not missing a step and doing every action so girlishly and prettily. Then, with Nadine's voice coming out in place of Marty's, when he and David did Jackie's piece as a hooker, it made the whole scene so real that David quite forgot that it was Marty and he ended the dance as usual with the kiss he gave Jackie at the finish of the scene.

"Oh, David," said Cindy in a tiny, fake-sobbing voice as Ace and Sally took the limelight. "Is she taking my place? How was it for you? Does she turn you on more than me?"

They had to join the others

for an involved scene of partner-shifting so that David could do little to assuage his chagrined feelings. Still, he felt for Marty. He wondered how the others felt about the turn of events. At least, Marty was making a show possible, and it was turning out well, too. He was a much better 'Jackie' now than was Jackie herself. In the 'Can-Can', he was positively scintillating and the sparse audience gave him a special round of applause for his efforts.

The finale through at last, David was ready for a quick withdrawal. The house was small and they'd all worked hard, but Nadine had come on stage. Oh, oh, here it comes, thought David. Now we close. He pressed hard on the hands of Cindy on his left and Marty on his right. Marty breathed lightly, his bust, rising and falling, the equal of Cindy's, his mouth a painted-on cupid's bow of red lipstick.

"This was a special performance tonight," stated Nadine directly into the mike, and everyone gave her their attention. "We usually have six pairs in this show, but tonight there were only four — because three of our girls were very ill and couldn't make it."

Marty's hand suddenly clasped David's very hard, but Nadine was going on. "Just to make a show for you, one of our male performers has been a girl all night. I'd like to introduce him to you." There was an expectant hush. Marty was looking down at the stage, the extra-thick, dark lashes hiding his eyes. Even to David's inexpert gaze, Marty seemed flushed.

"Could you tell who it was?" Nadine was actually challenging

the audience. There were cries of "No" from several sections. "Here he is, ladies and gentlemen Mr. Marty Salter." She turned and stepped over to Marty, leading him forward. There was applause like the troupe had never heard in that little theatre, or never had to that point anyway. Ace, the next man in line, looked in amazement at David.

"Now, take off your wig, darling," said Nadine. Poor Marty, thought David. He could do little else but oblige.

It wasn't until they were back in their dressing room, Marty having gone with the girls, that David realized that the show's closing had not been announced. Perhaps she forgot about it, he thought, not daring to think that 'The Great Shoot-Out' might actually be extended.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey, have you seen the reviews of Marty's performance?" Rosalie Hammond threw the paper onto the crowded lunch table at Fatima's.

"Have you seen Marty?" growled Ace, his dark glasses covering the ravaged appearance of his eyes.

"After the way you guys treated him last night?" Sally was still angry. The troupe had teased David and Marty unmercifully about the kiss in the hooker scene, Cindy being the worst. When she asked Marty how much he charged, and if he'd recommend David to Marty's new friends, Marty had finally had enough. He'd hardly said a word anyway after the show, or at Fatima's. But after Cindy's question, he'd almost run out of the coffee-house with Sally chasing after him, leaving several nasty expressions about Cindy's par-

ents behind her.

"It was all in fun," said David placatingly.

"Fun!" snapped Sally Rader.

"The reviews, kiddies! The reviews!" Rosalie picked up the paper and languidly let it go. "Marty gets a whole paragraph, and all of it good! Wanna bet there'll be a big house tonight?" Her tone was mocking, spiced with innuendo.

There was a stunned silence at the table. In the background, cups rattled as secretarial workers hurried off to their offices as lunch hour abruptly ended. "They - they'd be coming to see Marty," said Sally slowly.

"Oh, but he wouldn't have to . . ." Cindy began, but then she saw David's face. She took his arm and hugged it to her. "Oh, the poor kid," she said softly.

"Well," said David. "Be nice to him tonight, do you hear?"

"Yes," said Cindy and Sally in unison. They stared at each other and then looked away. Everyone seemed more than a little embarrassed.

"We're, uh, we're supposed to rehearse today," said Farrell.

"That's right, dearies," Rosalie gave Farrell and Ace a pat on their knees. "Let's all go and shake our tails." As she stood and made exaggerated progress towards the door, they all began to smile. No-one could stay mad for long with Rosalie around.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nadine was in deep conversation with a little group of dark-suited men throughout the 'rehearsal' so that it was actually Sally Rader, who had choreographed most of the dances, with no billing, who ordered them about. As a rehearsal, the time spent was wasted, as Marty

wasn't there, and Jackie was just going through the motions, her voice quite gone with acute laryngitis.

At the end of the desultory session, Nadine left her little group and spoke directly to Sally. "Where's Marty?" she asked

Sally shrugged. "I don't know, she said."

"Come on now," snapped Nadine. "You're living with the guy aren't you? What's the matter with him?"

Sally was wearing a loose sweater and dancing tights. With her hands on her hips, and without makeup, she looked like a very tough, muscular woman - which she was. "You humiliated him last night," she said, giving the director a very cool look. "I won't be surprised if he never comes back to the show."

For a moment, Nadine looked a little stunned which made even David Rennick feel a little twinge of satisfaction. It took quite a lot to pierce 'Miss Congeniality's' cool, Nadine had reached the stage through the beauty contest route, and each of the 'kids' secretly cheered Sally on.

"Then, he won't get paid tonight," said Nadine frostily. "And neither will any of you unless Marty performs."

Sally was the only one not to show concern. "You want him to do his own part, or Jackie's?" she asked quite coolly.

Nadine's dark eyes flashed. "Jackie's part," she hissed.

Sally gave her a very long look "All right," she said finally. "I'll talk to him. I'll let you know what he says."

Beautiful! David Rennick chortled inside. Sally was treating Nadine in just the same way that Nadine treated them. It was



just great to see Nadine take some of the treatment that she liked so much to give.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He's in Nadine's office," Ace jerked a thumb at the wall behind him when David got into the dressing room that night.

"Is he going on?" asked David. He saw Babe sitting off in the far corner, only partly dressed, as if he knew he wouldn't be on at all. "Why not?" Farrell chimed in, doffing his top hat at a very rakish angle. "She needs the bread as much as the rest of us."

"She?" Ace was disconcerted.

"He means Marty," said David with a grimace. "Come on, Farrell. That isn't fair. If Marty does the part, he'll put money in your pocket, too."

"Sure she will," Farrell grinned at David.

"Besides," said David, stripping off his levis. "What would you do if Nadine walked in here, and said that Marty wouldn't go on, and you'd have to do Jackie's part. Would you?"

Farrell cocked his head to one side and grinned wide enough to show his gold fillings. "Would you?" he countered.

David didn't have to answer that, for, at that moment, Nadine Boorman came in through the door. She was scowling fiercely. She glared at one dancer and then another until each was forced to look away, their throats suddenly dry. It was hard, David found, to swallow.

"Marty tells me what a bad time you guys gave him last night," Nadine's voice was raspy, as if she'd been doing a lot of talking. "What a bunch!" After he saves the show, and gives me one of my greatest ideas ever,

you guys put him through hoops. She glared at Farrell. "Well tonight, I'll have you know, we have a full house." She paused to let those words sink in. "Yes, a full house, gentlemen. And all to see Marty. But we're going to cross them up tonight." She glared anew at David Rennick. "We're going to lip-synch all the parts with the Baltimore tapes, so that the performers only have to dance and act. What's more, she'd shifted on to Ace Demanski," who glowered back at her, "your parts tonight will all be done by somebody else."

After about thirty seconds of uncomfortable silence, David finally asked, as Nadine gloated at them, "We're all fired?"

"Perhaps," Nadine's tone was mocking. She turned and spoke to someone just outside the door. "O.K., Millie, bring them in."

Millie, the grey-haired old woman who dressed the girls, pushed in a rack of sequined, glittering dresses and costumes. "Take off your top hats and tails, fellers," She was grinning. "The girls need'em in the other room."

"You mean . . ." There was a desperate, sinking feeling at the pit of David Rennick's stomach.

"Yes," Nadine Boorman was crowing. "We're going to reverse all the roles tonight. It'll be the biggest thing along the block in years!"

As she spoke, another woman came into the room — a woman, at least, at first glance — But David recognized Marty with a second look. It was hardly the Marty Salter whom he knew. Marty's hair was long and styled in feminine fashion about his bejewelled ears. His face was made up, too, his cheeks rouged, his

nose powdered, his eyes mascara'd, his lips glossed. He wore a two-piece suit, green, with a pleated skirt. A soft green, silk blouse complimented his outfit as did the dark stockings and green high heels. A faint smile, apprehensive, played across his pink lips.

"Marty, is that you?" Farrell Prior mimicked in a high, unnatural voice. He flipped a wrist limply at the feminine figure. Marty blushed and bit at his lip. He was forced to look down, showing the blue eyeshadow on the back of his eyelids. The other guys also looked away, embarrassed both by Marty's appearance and by Farrell's remarks.

"Farrell!" Nadine was enraged. For a moment, it appeared that she might attack the black actor-dancer, who for the first time, looked a little abashed. With an effort, Nadine regained her self-control. "Millie," she said curtly, turning to the smug dresser. "help the girls," she snapped the word out, "into dresses for their first number. Those that aren't dressed and on the set in twenty minutes can leave right away — without pay!"

As soon as Nadine had left, Millie's face broke out in a big smile. "O.K., girlies," she snickered. "Into your panties first!" She held up a pair of red, bikini briefs.

"Give'em to Marty," said Farrell savagely. "You're not gonna get the rest of us into them!"

Millie was somewhat taken aback. Marty sat down daintily on the chair in front of his mirror. He took off his jacket, showing a surprisingly feminine bust through his soft, silk blouse.

"I'm not gettin' tarted up like her!" In moments of stress, Ace

reverted to an English, working class accent, though he hadn't seen London since he was a child

Marty flushed and glanced at David Rennick beside him. Rennick immediately looked away, not daring to look into his friend's feminized face.

"You'll have to, you know," said Marty in a low voice. "She won't pay you if you don't — and you won't be able to do anything about it."

"Oo! Listen to'er!" Ace made a limp-wristed gesture at Marty. His voice was high-pitched, but there was a touch of hysteria in it.

"Knock it off, Ace," said David quietly. Beside him, Marty had opened up a makeup kit and was beginning to work on his eyes.

Ace seemed about to make a furious reply, but Nadine came suddenly bursting back into the tense, crowded dressing-room. "Ace," she said conversationally as if nothing else was going on. "I need you as a man tonight to make five pairs. Your costumes are in the other room. So, you can go there to dress."

Ace stood and gave the other guys a look of scorn. "See you, girlies," he said softly as he went out, bowing and leering, after Nadine.

"Damn it! I'm . . ." Farrell stood and hurled a large jar of cold cream against the door. It shattered and cream spread out in a great starburst before trickling down the wood in greasy rivulets.

"You can't do anything, can you?" Marty was touching up his eyeshadow. Then he stood, undid the zip at his waist and took off his pleated skirt. Beneath was the lower half of a white slip,

gathered at the hem into little embroidered flowers. Marty began to undo his blouse. "I feel sorry for you all. But dressing as a woman isn't all that bad, really. In fact, it can even be lovely, if you're a transvestite like me." He nodded as he took off his blouse, showing the upper part of the slip and the bra straps beneath. He flicked his long hair behind his earrings. "You'll be able to stand it for a few performances, until the novelty wears off."

"And what will Nadine have for us then?" asked David fearfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cindy Brenner felt very silly in the top hat and dark trousers that David normally wore. It was lucky that the boys and girls in the troupe were so close in height and weight. But, the suit jacket was still a size too large, and besides, this idea of Nadine's was outrageous. She wouldn't blame the boys at all for not going along with it. She looked about at the others. Only Sally looked uncomfortable while Ace was positively beaming.

Cindy heard the rustling of the evening dresses before she saw the 'girls' enter the stage. She heard Ace's guffaw, too, which didn't help any of them — not even the super-cool Rosalie, peering out past the props, her top hat at a rakish angle. Marty was the first one to come into Cindy's view. In the long black wig and the black evening dress, he looked just like he had in his previous performance as 'Jackie'.

A blonde followed Marty, so much like Jean Harlow in her white, sequinned gown that Cindy's breath was taken away. It was only when the blonde turned in profile and went blush-

ingly to line up with Ace Demanski that Cindy realized that 'she' was Babe Corbin. He looked so real, even in the sexy way that he walked on his white, high heels, that Cindy was intrigued.

The brown-haired girl in the dark blue evening gown tight all the way below her knees, save for the flared little skirt just above her ankles, wore Cindy's dress in a nervous kind of way. She was forced to take small steps by the skirt but she moved most woodenly. "David?" asked Cindy breathlessly. The brunette was very thickly made up, her heavy earrings and thick hair giving her an exotic appearance.

"If you laugh, I'll kill you!" David Rennick muttered from lips heavily painted with scarlet. Apart from the shake of the jelly-filled bra at his chest, his panties and tights were giving him a very odd feeling inside the soft but clinging dress.

"No," said Cindy, shaking her head. "You look all right."

But that made David feel even worse.

Nadine had already announced her 'surprise' to the audience so that the burst of applause that erupted as the curtain went up was a shock to the performers. They didn't really recover from their first wooden number but the audience didn't seem to care. The 'Can-Can', with the boys showing their frilly panties, black garters and petticoats along with many high kicks, wasn't really up to the standard of the girls, but they received much more applause than the girls had ever received.

Nadine had the boys remove their wigs at the end of the session so that they could feel properly foolish standing before the

audience in various stages of a woman's undress. The heavy applause didn't help at all nor did the snide remarks from Ace and some of the stage hands as they swished, wiggled or tiptoed back to the dressing room.

"Never again!" snarled Farrell Prior, throwing his Afro-wig onto the table in front of his makeup mirror. He sat down in the loose-fitting gown he had ended in, the light-colored panty-hose and dark high heels making the most of his shapely legs.

Marty Salter took off his gown first and hung it on the rack. In bra, panties, nylons and garters, he looked disturbingly feminine as he sauntered to his table, a slight wiggle of his backside, a bounce at his chest. He took off the extra false eyelashes beneath his eyes, but left on his wig.

"Come on Marty," said David Rennick awkwardly. He was sitting in slip and nylons, panties underneath. "At least, take your wig off."

Marty gave him a quizzical smile. David looked at himself in his mirror and could see why. His own hair was naturally long, and even though it was a mess, with long earrings and heavy makeup, he still looked like a woman.

Farrell was ripping the loose dress away from himself in frustration. A string of beads popped and beads cascaded all over the floor. In the white bikini panties, white stockings, garters and bra, Farrell looked just like a sexy, 'foxy' black girl. Again, the lack of wig didn't hurt as the makeup changed his sexual orientation completely.

Babe Corbin was still in wig and long white evening gown, dabbing at his glossy, red lipstick

He made no effort to change his dress nor to take off his wig or makeup. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" he whispered to Clinton Hart, the sixth male dancer, a quiet, fair-haired man, who was hurrying to change into his usual denim shirt and faded jeans. With his thick eyelashes, soft, powdered skin and lipstick, his naturally long hair pushed to one side, Clinton resembled a thin, not too well-endowed young girl.

David was the first to start work with the cold cream. Without makeup and still in women's underclothes, he looked very odd but he changed quickly slipping off the clinging hose. He felt so much better out of the tiny male bikini that Millie had given him to disguise his true sex to the audience. He felt somehow freer even in his tight-fitting jeans. But beside him, Marty Salter had just exchanged his black panties for a pair of white ones. Marty was also adjusting his bra, and in front of him were panty-hose and a white slip.

"I don't know how you can do it all the time," said David Rennick carefully, eyeing Marty's shapely legs as he manouved the hose over his painted toe nails.

"I feel at home," said Marty in the feminine voice that David was now getting used to. "I've crossdressed ever since I can remember."

"Nadine did you a big favor!" David was sarcastic, but he could see Babe Corbin standing, still in wig and evening gown, turning this way and that, looking with pleasure at his feminine silhouette in the mirror.

Marty shrugged. "She knew about me all right," he said hesi-

tantly." "But if you all treat me as if I was queer . . ."

"You mean you're not!" David was incredulous.

There was pain in Marty's eyes. "Of course not!" he snapped in a very low voice. He fluffed out the dark wig and stared at his reflection in the mirror, dressed in the white, flowered slip and dark panty-hose. "Sally and I get along great. I just have this thing about cross-dressing."

David was astonished by the revelation. He wasn't able to say much then for Nadine Boorman came in, a number of envelopes in her hand. She handed the top one to Farrell, dressed now in his dark suit, who snatched it, gave her a terrible grimace and then left hurriedly.

Nadine looked after him, a cool, amused smile on her carefully madeup features. David took his envelope without looking at her, while Clinton, traces of eyeliner still about his eyes, shot away without a word. His wife, an ex-dancer, was expecting at any time which explained much of his harried look lately. He really needed the money.

Marty's envelope was a little thicker than the others. He took it and put it in a little red handbag that David didn't remember seeing when he came in.

"Babe!" Nadine turned to the last of them. "I'm so glad you haven't changed. Our backers want to do the town tonight, and you can come with us and make a foursome!"

The look of pleasure on Babe Corbin's face was counteracted by the disgust shown by David Rennick and the relief on Marty's madeup face.

"I'd love to, Nadine," Babe said in a high-pitched voice that

made Nadine smile even more. She went over and took his hand Babe was wearing the long, false nails Millie had left earlier — a bright, blushing pink to match the makeup he had re-done since entering the dressing room.

“Leave that dress on then,” said Nadine, putting her arm about Babe’s narrow waist in the white, sequinned dress. “Let’s go right away. The men are waiting!”

When the pair had left, Marty let out a sigh even greater than the one released by David Rennick. “That woman!” he hissed, pulling up and fastening his green pleated skirt over his silk blouse. He took off his wig and took up a comb to style his own hair.

David Rennick wavered. Normally, he and Marty, perhaps with Ace and Farrell, would take the girls out for a drink on a pay day. Now, Marty had become one of the girls! He didn’t know what to do. “Well,” he said with a girlish smile. “Tomorrow we have a matinee show as well. Right?”

\* \* \* \* \*

In bed, later that night, after reassuring Cindy several times about his maleness — in the best way David knew of doing that — he told her how awkward he’d felt in the whole performance. With her sweat-streaked hair pushed back from her eyes, Cindy laughed as David related how the boys had struggled into different articles of women’s underwear.

“But you know what a garter belt is,” she insisted. “You’ve seen me wear one often enough.”

“But I’ve never worn a garter belt before,” explained David. “Not with nylon stockings, either, with those stupid seams

you have to get straight.”

“Ah, poor darling,” said Cindy lighting a cigarette. “I’ll have to give you lessons with my clothes.

There was an uncomfortable pause between them for a moment. “I told Marty you had to see your sister tonight,” said David gruffly, taking a drag from Cindy’s cigarette. “I didn’t think you’d want to go out with him the way he was dressed.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t have minded,” said Cindy seriously and David pushed himself up on an elbow to stare at her. “I had a long talk with Sally. She’s in love with Marty, you know, and she’s the one who does his makeup and buys his dresses for him.”

“You wouldn’t have minded!” David’s voice was choked.

“Oh, not Marty,” said Cindy, putting her arm about him. “You I’d worry about, I suppose. But Sally’s not worried about Marty. She says he’s more of a man in bed with women’s clothes than with men’s. She told us all about transvestites. It’s quite interesting really!”

“Cindy!” David stubbed out the cigarette, stretching over her. He dropped on her then and she protested — but not too hard.

“You know what Sally calls Marty when he’s in drag,” she gasped, pushing out her arms behind David’s neck. “She calls him Cindy — if you can believe that!” David’s mouth closed over hers — but she got free. “What femme name would you like, darling?” she giggled into his ear. “Sally? or Davida? or what about . . .” But by then David Rennick had started something really interesting and Cindy wasn’t at all worried about girls’ names for her boy friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next few performances of ‘The Great Shoot-Out’ went on without much improvement from the first night’s switch of parts. The men dutifully swished and pranced like showgirls while Ace Demanski laughed from his position in the girls’ row — all attired as men. Only Babe Corbin showed any improvement in his role. He was revelling in the part of a blonde bombshell and he confided to Clinton Hart that Nadine was going to upgrade his part in a few weeks when she began to alter sketches again.

The return of Shelley and Danielle brought a protesting Ace Demanski back to the boys’ dressing room. He put on a wig and makeup like the others, but played his role like something from Wagner — a massive Brunhilda that produced almost no reaction from the audience to the genuinely funny lines that originally had been Sally Rader’s.

After two performances by Ace, the boys were joined by a new dancer in their dressing room. She came in, in an orange mini-skirt and dark-blue, see through blouse. When she took off her top, she embarrassed the boys by stripping off her bra, to show her real, full breasts.

“Oh, it’s all right,” she said, as she began to make up for the extra rehearsal Nadine had called. “I’m a guy just like you. This is just the hormones at work.” She glanced knowingly at Marty and Babe, both with sick looks on their powdered and painted faces “You’ll be on them soon, won’t you, dears?” she added with a smile. She took up a black bra and got Ace to fasten her up. She was so genuinely female that the boys were embarrassed to be in the same room as she

donned tight sweater, hose and tight pants for the rehearsal.

"Lisa is going to understudy your parts at first," Nadine told them on the stage. "She will be able to take over from anybody who can't do the job." She looked menacingly at Ace who glared right back at her.

By now, the girls were used to the boys taking their parts. With Lisa hovering daintily in the background, they were particularly vocal in their advice to the boys on how to project themselves more femininely. "Come on, David," said Cindy, after her partner had blown a pirouette. "Swing your tail, like I do!"

David glared at her. In the next attempt, he exaggerated his walk and kept his hands and wrists moving daintily — which drew compliments from Nadine and made Cindy flush.

"You didn't have to be so . . . so swish!" she snapped at David when they took a break later.

"How'd you want me to behave?" asked David angrily. "You told me to be more like a girl!"

"Yes," said Cindy, considering "But not too much!"

Rosalie sauntered over to join them. She wore no makeup now, none of the real girls did. She eyed David in his tights and black high heels in his shaped girl's gym costume — Nadine insisted they practice in their waspies and falsies "to get used to the special movement of the sex." David flushed and turned away.

"Who's that lovely creature?" asked Rosalie, a chuckle in her voice. She nodded her head towards Lisa who was smiling as Nadine talked to 'her' and Babe Corbin, who watched Na-

dine in fascination, a fixed smile on his madeup face. Babe had a ribbon, too, on his blonde wig.

"David." said Cindy sharply, taking his hand. "Who is she?"

David Rennick was angry and frustrated. He felt silly in the girl's warmup outfit. He looked at all his friends, Marty so clearly a woman, standing laughing with Sally, Babe Corbin, his skin so clear and wearing makeup all the time now, beaming at every feminine flattery turned his way. Even Farrell wasn't immune. He was standing with Ace Demanski, trying to show the big fellow how to push out his skirt with his hands to show off his nylons and pretty legs in their 'duet'. Clinton had, as usual, almost faded into the background. In a black costume, between Danielle and Jackie, he wouldn't have been noticed as different from the other two girls.

David took his time before turning to Cindy. She had folded her arms and her mouth was a thin line. "Lisa's really a man," he said at last. "But she'll be anything you want her to be — male or female. She's ideal for Nadine. If only she could get the rest of us to be like her."

For the first time, David was glad to see the fear in Cindy's eyes. She was looking at him with genuine apprehension. "Come and show me how to make those divine doe eyes." He had raised his voice a notch or two in pitch.

Rosalie laughed and after a moment Cindy joined in. But she was very quiet throughout the rest of the day, even after the boys were paid, finding their money almost doubled in the packets Nadine passed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It will be much better — and Millie will do it for you." Nadine had laid down the new proposal immediately after Babe had entered the room in a tight-fitting skirt and sweater, dark hose and narrow, stiletto-like heels. Even the look that Ace gave him couldn't take away Babe's euphoria at having come from his apartment fully dressed in women's clothes. He was positively beaming as he wiggled over to his makeup chair.

"No wig for me tonight," he had sparkled at Millie, his eyes brilliantly blue in contrast to the excess of black eyeliner, eyeshadow and mascara he had used. "Rene did my hair." He patted the blonde kiss curls on his cheeks and around his forehead. Ace looked away, shivering in the dark blue evening dress he'd just had Farrell lace him into.

"I like this color, don't you? Babe bubbled to the grim-faced Ace, his mouth white like the rest of his face under the pancake makeup he'd just applied. Then they all realized that Babe had had his hair dyed platinum-blonde and that he'd actually gone to a woman's hair stylist to have it done.

"It's a very good idea," said Nadine when she came in. "You all have long hair — for men anyway," she added. "It will be much better for you not to have to worry about wigs too much. I'll get Millie to set your hair for you for the first performance."

"You're not touching mine!" Ace had hollered, slashing his mouth with scarlet lipstick.

Nadine had stopped at the door. She turned, a sarcastic smile on her thin lips. "You didn't like the extra money, eh, Ace?" she asked.

Ace glared back at her, the eyebrow pencil working overtime on his eyebrows.

Nadine looked over towards Lisa and Babe. "If you don't want your hair done," she glanced down the line of partly clad, feminized men, "any of you, darlings, I have a few more . . . uh . . . persons to interview tomorrow about replacements. Besides, "she paused, found Clinton's anxious face, and was suddenly serious," it'll mean more money for you all if you do." Then she was gone.

Millie didn't have too hard a time with washing out and setting the boys' hair in curlers under driers. Ace, as usual, objected to everything so that his manicure was not a success. Not even David Rennick, however, expected to lose almost all of his eyebrows. After Millie combed out the hot perm, he couldn't believe his eyes. The two changes had altered him almost beyond recognition. Even without makeup, he was a girl. He looked at the others, and saw that they were the same.

While Babe giggled on about how beautiful they all were, even Lisa was quiet and nervous as they got ready for the first show. As they moved along the wings, David heard wolf whistles from the stage hands, the first he'd ever heard. When he dropped a glove, a husky electrician came running over to pick it up for him. The big worker smiled at him, "You look great," he said, giving David a wink.

With the boys giving their best and most authentic performance in the two Saturday shows, the girls as boys seemed to give their worst. Even Rosalie, usually so wicked, so leeringly convincing

as the misogynist-chauvinist, had no zip. Her pinches on David's derriere were just gentle pats compared to the way she usually liked to taunt him.

"What's wrong?" David asked Cindy as the two sat on a swing—her arm about him — his head cuddled onto her shoulder just like an attractive girl.

"You're all so . . . so . . . David felt a tear touch his cheek.

"Hey!" he said, trying not to interrupt Babe's new number, the one where Babe stripped off his white, silky gown while Danielle, Shelley, Jackie and Rosalie, the 'boy friends', treated him as the sexy glamor girl he appeared to be. "Hey, Cindy. It's me, David!" he exclaimed.

"Are . . . are you sure?" The words came out very slowly, as Cindy's arm came around David's narrow waist and she pushed him out to join the other 'girls' on re-dressing Babe so that they could go on to a modern, up-to-date dance.

As they left the stage, David held onto Cindy's hand. "Let's go for a drink," he said. Cindy turned and looked at the thin bobbed nose, slender eyebrows and thick eyelashes in the soft-skinned face. David's hair was parted down the middle and then swept back down both sides, very thick and curled at the nape of his neck. Gold circles swung in his ears.

"With you looking like that?" She tried not to be bitter. "Maybe we'd be better to just sneak home instead."

David shook his head, feeling the earrings now and realizing how he must seem. "I'll get ready quickly," he said, moving as fast as high heels and tight skirts would let him.

He met a violent Ace at the doorway, Marty and Lisa hanging on to the big 'man' trying to hold him back. "Just let me get at her!" Ace was raving in a deep bass voice. Strands of blonde hair lay across his face, his black eye-makeup screwed up in rage. He was wearing the very tight, black tubular dress of Sally's and, like her, could hardly move.

"What's up?" asked David, pushing at Ace, who scratched at him, with long, pointed fingernails.

"That woman!" screamed Ace allowing David to push him back a little, into the dressing room. "She's taken away all our street clothes!"

"She thinks it'll help us all," said Marty wearily, "if we wear drag all the time. We'll be more feminine."

Behind David, Babe Corbin began to giggle again. "It's true, darlings," he cried. "Look at me! We can all be more feminine."

There was a strange kind of snarl from Ace Demanski and suddenly David was thrust aside. He had a ringside seat to the punch that caught Babe flush on his pert, little nose. Then, Ace was on top of the platinum blonde, punching away. Farrell came in and with the help of all the others pushed Ace away.

Babe lay on the floor whimpering. Blood came from his nose and ran across his thickly, scarlet lipsticked lips. "My dress!" was all he could say, followed by, "I don't have any more panti-hose," and then there were floods of tears.

Ace sat for a moment, breathing heavily, at his dressing mirror staring at his reflection in the mirror. Then he stood slowly, ignoring the sobbing Babe whom

Lisa was trying to console, Babe's head pressed against his large breasts. Ace stripped off his long evening dress, the slip and the stage underwear. He looked like a wiry, muscular man, his hair and makeup so strange with his body. Then he went to the drawer and took out a pair of blue, bikini briefs and put them on. He put on pantihose, a padded bra, a silky slip and a dark blue dress with a tight skirt. High heels and a purse completed his outfit. He turned then and looked at the others, moving so slowly and watching him with care.

"Goodnight, girls," Ace said pleasantly, swishing towards the door, and with a nod to a red-faced Nadine who came pushing in, he went strolling away.

Nadine looked after him, shock and surprise on her face. She turned back and saw Babe and the tissue plugs at his nose, the blood down the front of his dress. "What happened?" she barked out at the room.

Water lapped over Babe's black-painted lids as he looked down desperately at David, Marty and Farrell. David gave him an almost imperceptible shake of his head.

"I-I slipped in - into the table," said Babe, tears now streaking his mascara.

Nadine looked down at the stiff, tense backs of her other 'male' dancers. She tried to grasp what was going on, but Clinton stood up and took out a pair of orange panties for himself from the drawer Ace had left open. He was blushing as he put on an 'up-lift' bra with padded inserts. He had the kind of chest muscles that could be taped across to show 'real' cleavage. He left as

soon as he could - a cute, little brunette in a black miniskirt, black, knee-high boots, a tight sweater and a shaped leather jacket. The tiny gold crosses at his ears and the dark eye makeup made him far more attractive as a female than he'd ever been as a male.

It was clear to Nadine that whatever had happened was not going to be revealed to her right then. It was also clear that Nadine was going to wait until she saw them all into 'street' clothes before she left. David exchanged glances with Farrell, who shrugged at him. When David had changed to a lacy underwired bra a mini slip and dark pantihose to go with his dark mini-skirt, Nadine came over had fixed his makeup, giving him extra white eyeshadow on the back of his lids. Smiling, she hugged him, his padded bra in the sequined blouse being pressed tightly against him. She smelt of musk perfume - just like he did.

"Keep those earrings," she said. "They really go with you, David." She frowned, smiled ruefully and shook her head. "We'll have to do something about that name, won't we?"

David picked a wine-colored purse, and stuffed in the money and keys that had been left on his table for him. He pulled on high heels, grabbed the little coat that matched his skirt and went quickly to the door.

"David, wait!" Marty and Farrell came tripping after him. They were dressed much as he was. Lots of shapely leg showing under little mini-skirts. All had bouncing breasts and long, dangling earrings. "Let's go together," said Marty. He gave David Renick a little smile that seemed to

say - Now we're all girls together, and isn't it nice?

They had to argue with an aghast Cindy Brenner at the stage door but Rosalie and Sally had seemed to expect them as they were, passing compliments to the men on their makeup, hair and clothes. A bunch of stage hands also wanted to take them all out for a drink. That moved Cindy and she agreed to go with all the 'girls' to a local bar.

It wasn't as crowded as might have been expected, but it was late at night and soon they had a booth to themselves.

"How do you feel?" asked Cindy at last. David had taken her hand and now their hands lay together, each with long, pointed nails, David's red and Cindy's clear. Each had large dress rings on their fingers and bracelets at their wrists.

"You mean in a skirt, sitting here?" asked David quietly.

"And with all the lingerie," added Cindy. "You are wearing panties, aren't you?"

"Of course," he said. He had to think. How did he really feel? Strange. Yes, there was that. But it was nice, too, to feel the nylons on his legs. He knew he had shapely legs and it was good when Rosalie told him what he knew to be true. The slip stretched across his thighs was soft and different. He did feel very feminine, from the constriction of the bra and the tight sweater. He wasn't upset about it. In fact, he was rather looking forward to making love to Cindy later and he could sense that much of his pleasure came from his clothes and from the perfumes he wore, as well as the fact that she was no longer as certain of him as she'd always been. It was going

to be nice proving to her that it was the real David Rennick in these clothes.

"I feel all right," he said lamely, looking her in the eyes. Farrell was flirting with a waiter trying to con a date for a drink but the young guy wasn't having it. Farrell looked very pleased with himself as the waiter walked away.

"Did that feel good?" asked a smiling Sally. She seemed happy for the first time in a long time.

Farrell was shocked. He'd hardly realized what he was doing. "It's all right, dear," said Rosalie, touching his arm. "Come home with me tonight."

Farrell nodded. He bit his pink, glossy lower lip. He too had no eyebrows to speak of and with his fluffy Afro and small, sleeveless dress with the plunging front, he looked like an African Princess, particularly with the slave bracelets on his arms and the gold at his ears. He stood and smoothed his skirt. "Let's go!" he said hoarsely, his eyes on Rosalie, who stood up with a great, beaming smile, and took his hand.

The waiter looked after them in disgust as they went skipping out. "Lizzies!" he said, the word carrying the length of the bar.

Back in their flat, David didn't wait to change before he began to make love. Cindy responded just a little. She kept asking him to change, but soon she melted into his arms, and in fact, undressed him herself. She left on his bra and panties, though, and wouldn't take them off, even though her hands explored each part of his body.

"No!" She was quivering as she pulled away. "I'm not going to make it with another girl!"

"I'm not a girl!" David Rennick was affronted.

"You just smell, taste, look, dress and feel like one," retorted Cindy. She pulled away and went off to the bathroom, and even though David changed to his pyjamas, she wouldn't snuggle up to him for a long time.

"Your hair," she said after a while. "It's so soft, and it smells like my sister's." As David moved closer to her, she ran her fingers over his face, smoothing down his thin eyebrows. She sighed. "I suppose you couldn't join another show?"

It was time to tell her. "I've been trying for the last two weeks," said David, letting her run her hands through his hair and over the earrings he'd forgotten to remove. "I was offered a few dates as an impersonator. But I'll never work on the real stage again, nor will any of the guys."

Cindy stiffened. "But . . ." she began.

"We're stuck with Nadine's show," he whispered. "If we quit we'll never be employed as dancers again. Even Ace knows it."

"I saw him leave," Cindy shook a little. She let David begin to make love to her. "I shouldn't have asked you to stick it out for the money." There was a wetness on her cheeks.

"No matter," said David, biting her ear. "It's not so bad as it might be . . . so long as you're here to accept me as I am."

"Or whatever Nadine turns you into," Cindy was crying.

"No," David was definite. "I'll never be like Babe . . . or Lisa." He shuddered and it was Cindy's turn to hold him tight. "Anyway look at Marty. He's dressed like

a girl for years and he's still a man. You've got Sally's word for that."

"Yes." Cindy began to kiss David, tasting the face powder and feeling the liner which he'd hardly removed from his eyes. He had so much yet to learn about being a woman — so much that Cindy could teach him. She wondered what she should call him when she dressed him in the morning. 'David' just wouldn't seem right for the woman she was going to create.

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"I'm sorry we had to let Babe go," Nadine was saying to the two backers. "But she was just too much."

"He was too much," one corrected her.

"Yes, that's what I said." There was a frown on her thin face; her red lips were pursed.

"I didn't follow it all," said the other.

"The Senator's wife was threatening to divorce him unless he broke off with Babe. She intended to cite Babe as the 'other woman'," said Nadine. "But David Rennick's come along really well, now he's adjusted to being dressed all the time. He'll be a really big star after this new review."

"You still want to call it Cross Currents?" asked the second, fatter man.

"Or Crossover. Which do you think is best?" Nadine sounded anxious.

The fat guy shrugged. "David Rennick?" he asked. "Can't you come up with a more suggestive name than that? Peaches or Bubbles or something?"

"He isn't a stripper," said Nadine angrily. "He's a true artiste." She buzzed the intercom. "Send



David in," she said to Alice, the secretary who had worked with her through all her failures and her present success.

The girl who came into the room had long hair halfway down her back. It was all waved out from the centre parting, with many blonde streaks. She wore huge earrings and very little makeup save for a little brown eyeshadow and a touch of pink on her lips. She wore a tight, black, leather dress, which ended several inches above her shapely knees, and dark stockings with black stiletto heels. The front of the dress plunged to show a spectacular cleavage. Her waist was narrow and her hips wide. She wiggled in the tight skirt across the office and pouted at the men, turning and stretching, her breasts thrusting tight against her dress.

"You — you're David Rennick?" gasped the taller, thinner guy.

"Yes, darling," the voice was a low, sultry contralto.

"David always has been a complete actor for whatever role he has to play," Nadine put in anxiously. "David can sing in his own voice, too, she added, overselling the sexy product in front of their eyes.

"She still needs a girl's name, said the fat man. David turned to him and flicked his long hair over his shoulders, bare save for the thin straps that went over his shoulders and behind his neck. "Have dinner with us tonight — David," said the fat man to the beautiful girl, who smiled and nodded.

She minced and wiggled her way back to the door. She gave them all a big smile and a little wave of her slender hand with

the big engagement ring and long pink nails.

"David's married, of course," said Nadine huskily as both men stared open-mouthed at the door "To what?" croaked the thin man.

"To Cindy Brenner that's what," Nadine was gossiping now "or Cindy Rennick as she is now. She's expecting too, in three months which is why she had to quit, and David has to work."

"Cindy," said the fat man, sitting up. "That's a good name."

"It's Marty Salter's femme name too," said Nadine apologetically. "He'll likely be in the new show."

The thin man snapped his fingers. "It might be even better to leave her as David Rennick," he said. "Yeah, that's it!" He was excited. "Get all the photographs you can of him like he just was — as sexy and femme as you can. Hey! We got a really great idea starting out here! We can make this David Rennick into one of the most talked-about personalities on the stage in years!"

\* \* \* \* \*

David didn't enjoy the photo sessions as much as he enjoyed the interviews with the reporters. It was different being sexy and female for a single photographer who was as straight and disapproving as he could be of David and the strip he did down to a polka-dot bikini. In a white, strapless evening gown, cut up the side to expose his fishnet stockings, David's newly bleached and lightened hair a mane over his bare back, David felt relatively at ease in putting on the reporters with outrageous lines. As well, he was a hit wherever he went — escorts provided

by the show's backers — usually male though not always.

Cindy was the only person he allowed as his dresser. They'd gotten, now that Jason was born, into a little routine before his shows. He had his own dressing room, and though Cindy still wouldn't let him make love to her when he was in drag, she would pet and caress him and let him do the same to her. Sometimes, when he went out to do his act, he was physically shaking with repressed sexual feelings, and usually Nadine told him that those were his great nights. Cindy had it all worked out, too. She knew how long David could keep going before they had enough money to do just what they wanted for Jason, and the rest of the family they planned.

David's chorus line, that went out with him quite often, was much more subdued than he. Marty (or Cindy as he preferred to be called), Clinton (also known as Debbie), Farrell (now called Diane by everyone), Ace (or 'Ellen' as 'she' preferred now that she was on hormones and developing at an alarming rate) and Lisa of course, all would go out with David who was the only one still to use his real name. But 'the girls' felt themselves to be overly treated as 'freaks'. They were uncomfortable and afraid of letting go even in private parties, save with each other and their own 'girl friends'.

David Rennick, however, was not inhibited at all. He was like a butterfly burst from a cocoon. Sooner or later, he knew, he would crash down to earth, but for the time being, he tried to take advantage of the star billing of the new show Nadine had created specially for him. It was

a tremendous show. Not a real girl crossed the stage despite the show's title.

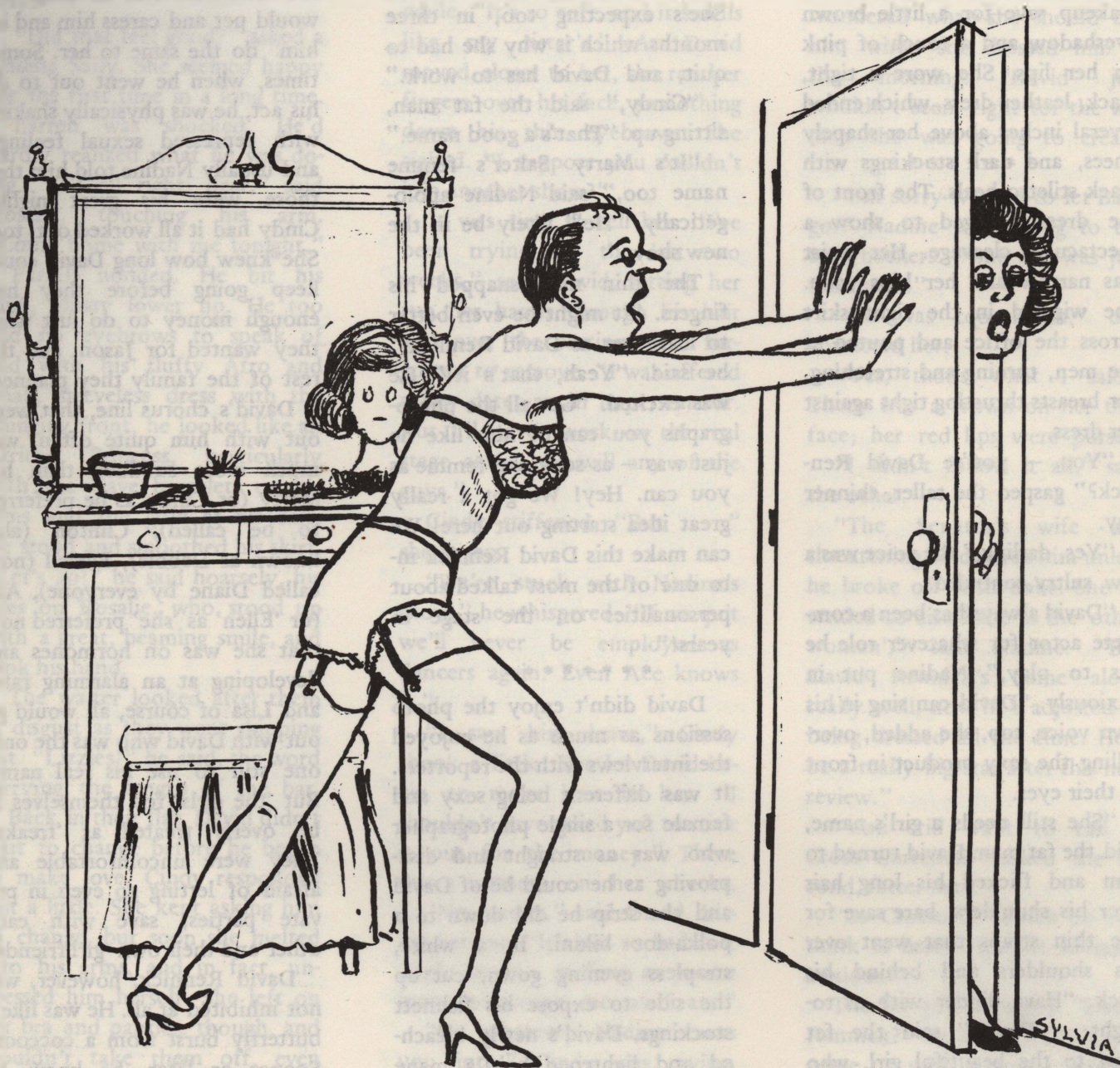
David Rennick had even posed for the portraits that were scat-

tered all over the city — a picture of himself in a black, lacy bikini all feminine curves and shapely legs, hair cascading over his bust and shoulders. The caption was

very simple. It just said — David Rennick is "A Woman Of The Future."

\* \* \* \* \* END \* \* \* \* \*

## MOMENTS NOT TO RELIVE!!



"John! I'm home! Are you in there?"

# JANET BLADE - PAWN

by Marge Beam

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"But you are the only one who can do the job!" This was Chief Harn who was doing the extra hard sell. "Chief, I don't even work for the force." I retaliated. "Well, I'm allowed a certain number of special officers and that will be no trouble," he snapped right back.

For those of you who may have tuned in late, if you remember my two previous accounts of my adventures in Morrisonville as the result of my changing jobs, you may remember that I was employed by the Morrisonville Blade as a police blotter reporter and that I had been instrumental in whipping the decoy squad into a sharp unit through the Chief's contriving to get me in with a squad and then using my talent in dressing the entire squad properly. Right now the Chief was trying to talk me into doing some undercover work for the force. It seems that Vittor's, a haute couture house of fashion was experiencing a certain amount of style thievery before they could get their models properly displayed and presented in a suitable public appearance. This caused much distress to Vittor. No one knew his real name or if he had any other, and

this in turn caused Chief Harn much agony as Vittor thought that it was the police department's duty to protect the interests of all and sundry. Chief Harn was wanting to take the easy way out as he had no point of contact whereby he could argue with Vittor so this brought on the discussion between the Chief and myself, James Blade, or maybe Janet Blade as I had become known while dressed as a woman reporter reporting and taking part in the decoy squad's efforts to place the City of Morrisonville on a safer status.

Chief Harn felt that I as Janet Blade, should take employment with the House of Vittor and by using my snoopy talents, I could come up with some leads that would permit the force to reach a more suitable solution to the problem of style thievery and Vittor's name. Chief Harn had a natural inquisitiveness, which was maybe to his credit.

"Chief," I protested, "What you ask is impossible! First, I am a reporter with a job to do for my paper. Secondly, I cannot do what you ask as I am not a licensed detective. You had better get someone who you know can do the job." I felt I had

scotched all his arguments and was about to depart when the Chief turned his cigar up as he does when he has made a decision.

He said, "If you will take a crack at this, I will personally see that Vittor knows you will be working for me, also, I will see that you will be protected by a suitable license and also besides your paper's wage, I'll try to get Vittor to put you on his payroll also." The Chief slowed down as he finished, "I'll also arrange with your editor to assign you to that detail and with that kind of money what can you lose?"

I think the chief knew full well that I'd like nothing better than to work and be in the world of fashion. The fashion feel, I would call it. I think he knew he had me sewn up on the deal and felt I was only milking as much out of it as I could get. He had a sly glint to his eye as he was clinching the last points of my objections.

Needless to say, the very next Monday morning, I reported to work at Vittor's. Although the place is not on 5th avenue, no one had spared the horses. The business was in a rambling building with small lots on either side

for parking. The front had panoramic windows in which mannequins were posed in high fashion settings showing the world the quality inside. The idea of panorama was carried on inside where cases holding several models were placed about the large lobby. Often when an appointment had been made by someone who was important, the dummies were replaced by live models who would hold a pose until the customer neared the display and then would present an animation that was intended to appeal to the customer. This was one way Vittor created interest in what he thought was right for the particular person. He gave much time and thought to these displays. In the center of the lobby sat the receptionist, in a small railed off enclosure. To the rear were the business offices and on the second floor was the workrooms.

The Haute of the Couture was all over the place. No one spoke above a whisper except Vittor. Vittor could not speak in a whisper. He was a bundle of nerves. He was constantly dashing about with a bolt of cloth over his shoulder with the trailing edges threatening to lash any tardy seamstress or laggard model. One could not help absorb a feeling of hushed hurry-up that in itself was a paradox. As I became acquainted there were other paradoxes that came to light. In a staff of about 35 people, designers, interpreters, seamstresses, models and others, all of whom appeared to be devoted to Vittor who could be a traitor? If styles were being pirated, how could they be taken out? After I'd been there for a week or two, I thought all thoughts of crime were imagined. These were some

of the things I mulled over as Vittor gave me instructions on my new job as — receptionist.

Vittor and Chief Harn decided that I could more quickly learn to know who came and went if I was given this job to start with. Val Nichols, the girl I replaced was given a promotion and was assigned to Mr. Harden, sales manager, as his assistant. This was good for her, after 5 years with Vittor's.

I was very self conscious at my desk. It was within a small railing in the center of the lobby. The railing was of modernistic metal work but I noted that I was on view from all sides and with spotlighting centered on this area I knew Vittor relied upon this to set the tone for persons doing business with us. I had intentionally put on a shorter than usual suit of pink cotton knit. The light hosiery and matching high heeled pumps were not lost to the world because of the fence. My makeup included vivid eye treatment and I had added a little extra color to my face because I had an idea of the kind of place where I would be working and knew I needed all the boost I could get to carry off my roll I was going to play in this world of high fashion. A very trim waistline caused by my merry widow kept me sitting quite straight and prim. I felt I did create a very fetching picture in my "goldfish bowl." All in all, I did not feel out of place with my costume and I tried hard to keep straight all the comings and goings of the various people, both those connected with Vittor's and the salesmen and others who called or had business with our concern

I'm sure by now you are won-

dering who did it and I wish I could have known at that stage of the game. It would have saved a bit of suffering and much embarrassment if I could have just said so and so was responsible and come up with some convincing reasons for my believing this. I will however make it as brief as possible. We did finally find out the guilty party.

I thought Val was angry with me when I went to work the first morning but about 10 o'clock she stopped by my desk and asked me to go to coffee with her. I asked, "Is it alright to go or do I need to wait for someone to come and take my place while I'm gone?" She replied, "No I had a little sign that I put on my desk when I went out and I moved it with my other things. I brought it back to you. Besides, anyone as pretty as you will cause no anger at waiting while you're gone!"

I put the sign up on my desk, powdered my nose, checked my hose and went with her. She directed me to Ciro's about half a block away and we sat and discussed my job and her promotion just as regular girls would. She seemed reserved but still entered into the conversation with much animation. I could see the possible effect the "goldfish bowl" had had on her and wondered if it would cause me to over act also after a while. When we returned, she said to me, "go on in, I want to get something out of my car and will go in the back way."

When I entered, there was a group of visitors and employees around my desk and amid much agitation Vittor was talking at the top of his voice. "She's new here but she just cannot walk off

the job like this! Send her in to me right now!" I went. I was quite concerned. I didn't want to get fired before I even got in my first day. I wondered if Val could have done this on purpose?

When I got to his office, he closed the door and went back to his desk and sat down. He winked at me and said, "It's just a little window dressing I thought up. Usually Val waits for some one to relieve her before she leaves but she did use the sign once in a while when no one was available and we were not busy. It was just a good time to show that you are not going to be a favored employee around here!" I know I was blushing as a girl might with a bawling out when I left Vittor's office. I took my mascara and straightened up the damage a couple of tears, I managed to squeeze out, might have done. I did this as soon as I returned to my desk. I soon had everyone on their respective ways.

Aside from that incident, my first day on the job was uneventful. I wondered why Val had put me in a bad light. Why had Vittor taken it up. Was it a part of a bigger plot that might even include Vittor. Why would he play both sides against the middle?

When I returned home that night, Mrs. Scarcliff, my landlady could scarcely contain her curiosity. I made her wait until I had bathed, put on a fresh dress and new make up. I then told her about my new job and even invited her to visit me while at work. I liked my job and it seemed that no one had by action or deed, shown any doubt about my disguise.

It was not usually my job to answer the phone but one day

about a week later, when no body was at hand, I answered. "Vittor's, Miss Blade speaking. May I help you?" "I wish to speak to Mr. Hardin," the ominous voice said. I pushed the button, buzzed Mr. Hardin and listened to be sure he answered. Before I could get off the line, I heard, "Watch that receptionist! I got it first hand she's a plant!" With that the line went dead. I hung up as quietly as I could to keep Mr. Hardin from knowing that I had heard. Who could that have been? Who would squeel on me? The plot was getting thicker quicker.

In a little while, through my mascaraed and curled lashes, I noticed that Mr. Hardin had opened his door where he could watch my desk and also me. I could feel my neck burning where he was watching. I turned around toward his office, pulled out my compact and lipstick, crossed my legs, giving a careless toss of my skirt to tell him, "Go ahead and be suspicious of me!" I then proceeded to repair my make up. He sat and ogled my legs. I enjoyed it. I thought to myself, you dont suspect me a bit more than I suspect you.

Nothing further happened that day. The next day I reported for work in high spirits, also in a bright red empire cut chiffon dress. The color did much for me and I knew that under the bright lights I would have to take a back seat to none of the models.

Always, it seemed to me that things happen about 10 o'clock. Well, sure enough about 10 a fellow came in who said he wanted to see Mr. Hardin, and that he was looking for a job. Well, I phoned Mr. Hardin and told him.

He inquired who was wanting the interview. The fellow stumbled over his words as he thought of a name. I know it was made up. Mr. Hardin then asked me to tell him to come in.

They sat and talked for a little while. The door stood open. I could occasionally hear words like "her" "she couldn't" and another time I heard what I think was "do away . . ." Well, I began to wonder just how secure I would be in the bright lights even, let alone when I was going to and from Vittors.

I lost interest in the others about the place and tuned in on every phone conversation of Mr. Hardins, I kept time of his going and commings. I did not try to keep it a secret. I once asked him when he was on his way out, "Where can we get in touch with you if you are out?" He said, "You are just getting a little too nosey for a good little girl, I'll tell you what I want you to know!"

About a week later, I was sitting at my desk minding my own business, trying to figure out how the fashion patterns were getting out before the completed product was ready for the stores when I was brought back to earth by a voice. It was Mr. Hardin. He said, "I have not been very good to you while you have been here but I wish to make ammends. If you have your short hand up to snuff, I would like you to attend a sales meeting tonight and take notes. I am having a few people in who would like permanent copies of the matters discussed tonight. Will you be here about 6:30?"

This about face almost threw me. My knifepleated skirt almost lost its sharpness. I then told

him, "I'd be glad to do this and I think I can have my notes typed by tomorrow noon." This seemed to please him and he made a wry wink as if we had a secret between us. To me it seemed that it was a secret and I felt that I was probably the only one on the whole staff to know about it.

When I went out for supper, I called Chief Harn and told him what I was asked to do and asked him what I should do about it. He told me to go ahead and play it straight. I then had a light supper, returned to the goldfish bowl as I thought about it and picked up a shorthand tablet and about 5 pencils. I then sat and waited for a few minutes and then in came Mr. Hardin. He was accompanied by Val. She winked at me and said that sometimes she still sat in on these meetings to keep up on the work of receptionist as you can never tell when she might need it again. I couldn't see how keeping up on the work and receptionist work was the same now that she was his assistant.

Mr. Hardin then said that they held meetings of this sort in the basement. I felt that something was wrong but the Chief said to play it straight. So I went along. I noticed that Mr. Hardin turned out the display lights in the main room, leaving only the outside display windows lighted. As we went down the stairs, Val and I went back to a part of the basement where I had never been before and did not know was a part of the building. There was a short stage and a little Model's runway such as might be for very private showings. There was a knock on a basement door. Five men and two women were

brought into the light and took seats near the runway. They were expensively dressed and looked like they might be very good spenders, but, there was something that just didn't seem right. I could not put my finger on what didn't seem right. After they became seated, Mr. Hardin told Val to get me ready. I wondered whether I had done wrong in showing up. I had on a blue suit with a blouse and jabot. Val seemed to turn into an animal. She snarled, "Get out of them duds you show off! I'll help you really show off!" She almost tore my clothes from me. She left my panty girdle on but did tear my slip as she forcefully undressed me. Fortunately, she was more concerned in what she was doing than what she was likely to see. Fortunately, my bra hid my falsies quite well and there were no telltale bulge on my panty girdle. She threw a special slip at me and told me to put it on. This I did. She then put me in a dress that made me look ridiculous. It was too tight in the wrong places. I was embarrassed as she shoved me through the curtains into the whitehot light before the runway. I could not see the people but I knew they were there. I heard a woman in a coarse voice ask, "Who sent you here?" Another, "Why were you sent here?" Then a man said before I'd had time to answer, "I'll see that you answer!" He jumped on the stage and threw a fist at me. I instinctively dodged away. I thought it was too far gone to not reveal that I was not really a girl. I fended the blow as I thought a girl would and I let out a little squeal and he tripped me, as he swung at me again. The man then got carried away and

shouted at the top of his lungs, "We get everything lined up to make a mint and a little pip-squeek like you comes along and fouls it all up. We had Hardin bought to slip the patterns out under his coat at night and back in the morning and no one was the wiser and then you had to come along. I don't know who is more to blame you being suspicious of Hardin or him losing his nerve. But by the Holy H ... I'll see that you and even he pays what we should have had. I'll mark you so you can't get another job." With that he drew back his hand and I saw he had a small knife in his hand. Chief Harn, where are you kept running through my mind.

I then heard a word that sounded more like my "Chief". The word was "Stop!" I could not see Chief Harn but I knew he was there. I heard a short scuffle and the man that was threatening me was jerked backwards beyond the lights. Because I felt very tired and yet relieved, I merely lay there. Someone turned on other lights and turned off the bright lights. I then saw that Chief Harn was not alone. He was being helped by 8 or 10 of his crack plain clothes men. Everything was secure. Chief Harn helped me up. He asked me if I wanted to go and change back to my clothes. I did this and rejoined the gang. They were being herded out to waiting vans.

At the police station, Chief Harn and several of his men were standing around and complimenting me on my part in the roundup. I stated that I did nothing and why was I being given kudos?

Chief Harn then told me and the group, "Well, right after you

went over to Vittors, we realized that there was really very little that could be discovered during working hours but that your being there seemed to bother someone. This was given us by Vittor himself. He could not find out who it was but there was new tenseness that was not directly due to Janet Blade. So, we decided that we would follow up on a thought that you gave us one time in one of our talks, Janet, about guilt. We remembered how you told us that guilt was a persons greatest enemy. Also, you said how you faced up to your ability to dress up as a woman and how you had gotten over your guilt by facing up to it. We then thought that if your presence was going to create guilt in the guilty party, we'd just play

along. That is just what we did. When you called this evening, we knew it was the time we were looking for. We came in while everyone was out to eat and just waited around. We were lucky in that the entire plot was given away while they were working up their nerve to work you over. All and all, it was a job only you could have done for us, Janet and we all thank you!"

I was overwhelmed and wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. I felt sad that my good job was over and that I would have to go back to reporting and being James again.

About this time, Vittor, came bustling in since he had been told of the events. After he had been briefed on everything and had signed the complaints, he turned

to me and said, "Dear Janet, I don't want you to quit us right now. I'll talk to your editor and see if you can stay on for a couple of weeks until I get my staff straightened out. I'll even make you my fashion editor and you can feed to your paper some of the goodies on style and fashion from my business directly, if you will only print what is available for public use."

It ended up that I went home that night singing in my heart after all. Mrs. Scarcliff waited up for me and when she saw me she said, "Did you propose to someone or did someone propose to you? You are as happy as a new bride and you sure look like one!" I gave her a playful pat that was not quite as one girl to another and I then hurried upstairs to bed.

Cont. from page 25

some charity. But from this time forward Beth Elaine Riber would walk free...barrier free. Surely there would be legal things, surely there would be friends, surely there would be economic considerations. These may be formidable. They could in no way be as formidable as had been the barrier. Thus had been the gift. Thus had Beth given...Thus had Elaine received.



"IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME IF WOMEN STOP WEARING BRAS " BUT IF THEY STOP MAKING THEM WHAT ABOUT US T.V.S ?

# THE GIFT



J. REVIERE

Packed among the various boxes and items littering the apartment lay the gift. It had remained unopened. It had remained unopened now for eight months at least. That is how long it had been since Beth had been killed in a tragic accident. The aircraft in which she had been returning from a visit to Washington had been ice laden, stalled on takeoff and slammed into a bridge. Of the nearly 100 tragic deaths, Beth had been one.

The marriage had been nearly ten years old. It had suffered the usual stresses of economic pressures, cooling romance and above all the barrier. It was not so much of a barrier, as it turns out, but a perceived one. None the less, barriers in fact and in perception are barriers all the same. Now with a numbness that only can come from loss of a loved one, Lane sat staring at the package, the gift.

Lane, or Elaine as was the preferred identity, ached looking at the gift. She sat with legs crossed slowly turning the gift this way and that. Memories flooded her mind. There had been the wonderful flush of new love, the romance of the courtship and finally the honeymoon. During this time the barrier had not

been a bother. It had been more or less submerged. It had been thought to have dissolved.

Elaine couldn't remember, but it had been about two or three years after the honeymoon when the desire had begun to be noticed. At first it had been slight. Lane had suppressed it successfully, at least he thought so. But the ever present exposure to Beth's beautifully feminine things caused it to grow and grow. For months Lane had tried to keep down the desire. He fought with it, he cursed it. He called it a tender trap and when he first slipped a pair of Beth's frilly bikinis up his legs and around his hips, he knew he would remain in the tender trap.

Tell Beth! Don't tell Beth! So the argument within waged. Careful strategies were concocted. They were discarded one after another. Years had passed in secretive dressing. During this time the clandestine reading of TV literature, the "business" trips, the secret meetings with others and the correspondance with many similarly inclined "sisters" had given Elaine identity. She had gained expression. A peacefulness unknown before had settled. But yet there remained the barrier.

In a more or less turn about, Beth had announced just two weeks before the crash, her intent to visit a long lost college friend in the Nation's capitol. Secretly Elaine had loved it. Ahead would be at least a week of being able to enjoy the luxury of dressing uninterruptedly at home. There would be some shopping trips, some visits with others and the pure and simple luxury of being herself all day every day.

The trip had gone just about as anticipated. Beth had called from DC. Her visit was going wonderfully, in fact she had mailed a gift. She hoped it would be enjoyed. Then that fateful day. The anticipated gift had not come, but Elaine was happily engaged in some of the feminine things one does to tidy up the place when someone special was due to arrive. Beth was indeed someone special. She was due home in a couple hours. Elaine was busily arranging the apartment and putting away all signs of feminine occupancy and preparing to greet Beth as Lane. The barrier remained.

Elaine was casually watching the mid-afternoon news. A terrible snow storm was working its way up the East Coast. She won-



dered idly if it might interfere with the plane Beth was to ride home. The news said the airport at Washington was closed. A mixture of agitation and relief was felt by Elaine. She was agitated that Beth would be delayed; relieved that she would be free to remain in evidence that much longer. Typical of TVs, Elaine considered every moment of being free to dress, a moment to be treasured. She had treasured these days with Beth gone, but wanted to stay dressed. The barrier imposed itself.

Elaine was struck dumbfounded by the announcement. An airplane had crashed on take off. It was the flight Beth was due to ride. Fear struck. Then there came a desparation, a feeling of urgency, a feeling of dread, a feeling of utter aloneness. The hours drug as years. Finally, late into the night a call came from the airline. It was in response to Lane's urgent request for information. Passenger Beth River had been on Flight 90. She was missing.

Over and over the scene had been shown on the news. Over and over Lane had seen the stewardess being lifted from the icy river by an unbelievably skilled Forest Service chopper crew. Over and over he had mentally demanded that the rescued girl be Beth. Over and over, reality said it was not. Beth was still strapped into her seat. That seat remained still beneath thirty feet of ice clogged Patomic River water. The nation held its' breath and shivered with the workers trying to recover the victims. Beth was a victim. Then the numbing blackness of mental lapse and depression fell.

Somehow, Lane/Elaine had

gotten through the first weeks at the office. Some how the weeks had pased. After the recovery of the bodies, identification of the remains, shipment, burial and all this time the grieving. Lane/Elaine had begun to recover some balance. At first there was no thought of dressing. Lane had numbly played the role of worker, grieving husband and only in the last week had Elaine emerged Life goes on even in the face of tragedy.

Now sitting in her bedroom, what had been their bedroom. Elaine considered the gift. It had finally come. Delays in the postal service are leigon. This one came the day after the crash. It had lain on the coffee table unopened all this time. There had been simply too much hurt. There had been numbness. Now perhaps it was time to open the gift.

The outer brown paper came off, inside was a neat box. Inside there beneath the gauselike paper an envelope lay. With trembling hands, Elaine opened it. Tears made eye makeup distort. That could be repaired later. The card came to view. It was a beautifully feminine greeting. It smelled of love. It spoke of love. Inside was the note Elaine now read;

"Dearest," it began. "You are much loved. I have loved you more dearly all our years. I love you dearly now apart from you. I've seen you suffer. I've not been able to reach you. I've wanted to take you and comfort you in those times hardest for you. I've understood your aches. I've understood your "business" trips. I've understood and loved you. I've been unable before now to break down a barrier in myself, a barrier that

wouldn't let me tell you I know. It has been a hateful barrier that wouldn't let me let you know I've loved both Lane and Elaine. I want that barrier gone. I hope you enjoy the enclosed gift. I can hardly wait to return to you. I want to be a part of your whole life. I want to be loved and to love Elaine as I love and am loved by Lane. I'm terribly sorry I could never open up and let you know I love Elaine too. Dearest, be Elaine for me when I get home. I'll be on Flight 90 out of Washington National. I'll take a cab home. Be Elaine for me. I love you."

Beth

There were no words to express the feelings Elaine felt. One was a resolve to be freely Elaine and hide no more. Beth may not return, but Elaine would meet that final request. She would be Elaine.

Opening the paper, Elaine slowly lifted the beautifully frilly lingerie, hose, foundations and the dress Beth had so lovingly wrapped, so lovingly sent. Relief and a oneness was felt. Elaine now felt Beth within. She was resolved more than ever to be herself and never to allow the barrier to rise again. Finally there came a sense of completeness. A sense of closure. Her life with Beth was full. It was complete. Now with the gift of Beth, Elaine could look forward to life as Elaine and not be bound by a perceived barrier.

A tear of joy was allowed to roll down her cheek as Beth/Elaine arose and began taking down Lanes' things. They would fold away and go to good use in

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# NATURE AND MANAGEMENT OF TRANSVESTISM

From: THE LANCET

10/23/71

I am a physiologist who, for the past thirty-three years, has been a male transvestite.

In my own thinking about the cause of the transvestite state based on my own experiences and on reading *The Transsexual Phenomenon* by Dr. H. Benjamin, *The Transvestite and his Wife* by Dr. Virginia Prince, and *Sex and Gender* by Dr. R.J. Stoller, it is clear that many factors must be involved. One factor, however, has been largely ignored. A developing personality reacts with and adapts to its psychological and social environment—all the time learning to behave in ways that will enable it to preserve its own sense of identity and integrity. Elements of this idea are present in psychoanalytic and conditioning theories of behavioural and emotional development, but the idea of a reacting, dynamic entity, always seeking for a way of living that lowers tension and conflict, is perhaps best expressed in the "personal construct" theory of the late George A. Kelly.

There is little evidence of a role for hormonal imbalance in male transvestism. It has been suggested that excess estrogen might be present, or that the cells in the hypothalamus that mediate sexual behaviour are hypersensitive to the normal estrogen content of the blood. Both should lead to a reduction in testicular Leydig cell activity through the hypothalamus-pituitary mechanism, with a resultant loss of libido. But in the transvestite state the heterosexual emotional drive is usually normal:

loss of libido, when it does happen, is a secondary effect due to the intense anxiety set up by the failure to satisfy the transvestite drive. Other similar mechanisms to this hormonal one belong to the realm of speculation.

## FULLY DEVELOPED STATE

Clinically, transvestism is a compulsive state; to its sufferers the most distressing aspect is the build-up of anxiety and tension that occurs when the compulsion cannot be satisfied, and the intensity of the drive varies from case to case and from time to time. "Unisex" clothes have no appeal to the transvestite, nor did the gorgeous clothes and wigs worn by all men in the 17th and 18th centuries. The obsession forces the transvestite across a clearly defined line into the apparel of the opposite gender. I don't want a frilly or patterned shirt from a men's store, I want a lady's blouse, and there is no doubt about it. Although there may be a fetishist aspect to the state, this is not invariable. Many established transvestites—and I myself have found this—report that the fetishist or erotic stimulation on "dressing" fades as the compulsion is satisfied, being replaced with a feeling of relief at the freedom from anxiety. Almost all, whether dressed or in men's clothes, feel the normal heterosexual attractions towards women. The persistence of the normal heterosexual drive distinguishes "normal" transvestism from both homosexuality and transsexualism. Homosexuals may cross-dress to attract other men. The transsexual, on the other hand, really believes himself to be "a woman's mind trapped in a man's body", and so woman's clothes are the only right ones for him: he wishes to go further and have his external genitalia refashioned, so repudiating his biological sex.

## CASE - HISTORY

My mother was of Puritan stock. Her first husband was a doctor who died only 10 weeks after the marriage,

which was never consummated. She married my father 12 years later. His background was in farming, school teaching, and the Church. He was a "Harvard intellectual" who had decided to do medicine, but had stopped short and made a career for himself in physiology. My mother was the dominant partner, having much physical energy and a vigorous emotional temperament: my father was quiet, intellectual, and artistic. I was the youngest of three sons, and it was early decided that, since I alone showed an interest in biology, I should become a doctor. Our family was very close-knit; we didn't have much to do with our neighbours.

For me to become a doctor was part of the family's mental structure, built in some years before. In my thirteenth year, I first had transvestite fantasies. In a geography lesson on Holland I heard of the island community of Marken which kept boys in girls' dresses and long hair until they were fourteen. I can still clearly feel the excitement and envy with which I heard this.

At the age of twenty-five, I began unaccountably failing in my medical examinations. I was sent to a psychiatrist, and had two years of analytical psychotherapy. One significant fantasy that emerged during this time was of a female patient, of my mother's build and age, who attempted to seduce me while I was conducting a physical examination on her. I was so anxious about the consequences of medical qualification that my analyst suggested that I forget medicine and pursue a career in physiology.

Within the context of this family milieu and neurotic breakdown, the development of my transvestism could be explained as follows: I imagined (or construed) my mother as wanting me to replace her first husband by becoming first a doctor and then her lover. In this she was threatening my self-realisation by choosing my career for me and this in a partnership in which she would clearly be the demanding and dominant member. My reaction, in order to maintain integrity and to avoid this sexual relationship, was to try to escape by disguising myself as a girl.

This reaction would have been reinforced by the general family attitude of despising girls. Thus by becoming a girl I would remove myself from the family and from all danger to myself. Neither of these steps ever occurred at the conscious level. I was quite unaware of my construct of the nature and designs of my mother until it emerged during the analysis.

Other things could have reinforced this escape reaction. From my seventh to fifteenth years I was sent to boys' private boarding schools, at all of which I was a misfit because of the powerfully expressed and unconventional views of my parents and older brothers. I affected to despise team sports, I read far more advanced biology textbooks than was usual, and, unlike most boys of my social class and age, I had not been circumcised. At times, therefore, I was very unhappy. Becoming a girl would have removed me from this inimical environment, leading to self-preservation and reduction of tension.

During adolescence and until after I was married (at twenty-seven—apart from very occasional opportunities for clandestine dressing in borrowed clothes—the state remained one of fantasy activity alone. Like many other transvestites, I had assumed that normal heterosexual activity within marriage would solve the problem. (My puritanical background and family cohesiveness had precluded premarital sexual experience.) The fantasies were partially relieved by marriage. My wife made many of her own clothes. We had many discussions about dress design, and I frequently assisted in her dressmaking. I began to buy women's clothes for myself and to wear them as chances arose. With children in the house and an understandably uncooperative wife, the times available for dressing were, and still are, very limited. A sabbatical visit to another country gave me a chance of experiencing what it felt like to be dressed for a whole day at a time and for part of every day. It was during this period that I noted the decline in the fetishist aspect of the condition and the relief that accompanied the more-or-less continuous satisfaction of the compulsion.

One transvestite's wife says that she has no difficulty in talking to me as a woman when I am in woman's clothes since I seem to her then to be a more feminine person (despite my height and very masculine and hairy hands). Although I was not aware of it myself it seems a feminisation of personality accompanies the partial feminisation of appearance.

#### MANAGEMENT OF TRANSVESTISM

Since there is no evidence that Transvestism is due to abnormal sex-hormone production nor that it is caused by hypersensitivity of hypothalamic cells to estrogen, there is no reason to believe that steroid therapy might affect the condition. Transvestism in the male normally coexists

with full androgenic testicular activity and is not affected by continuous estrogen therapy. Estrogens neither enhance pre-existing transvestism nor do they reduce the power of the drive. Negative conditioning (aversion therapy) has been tried, but with little effect. One wonders, anyway, at the attitudes of mind of those who apply or suffer such indignities. Analytical psychotherapy remains a potentially useful tool, but I doubt whether it can ever be economically justified as a therapeutic method.

To the question: "If you could be cured for all time of your transvestism by a single dose of a harmless drug, would you take it?" many transvestites would answer a resounding "No". Despite all the difficulties of their state, they derive much pleasure and enrichment of life from dressing which they would not wish to forgo. Should society, then, aim to "cure" a person who doesn't wish to be cured, who regards cure as an impoverishment of his personality? The answer to this lies in the extent to which transvestism harms other people. It may well be harmful for children to grow up in an environment where there is overt confusion of gender identity in one of the parents, but no more so than in the confusion in which I grew up (in which the gender and sex identities of both parents were muddled). Married transvestites can, and I think should, refrain from having children. Harm to other young members of society can be avoided, and I do not see how a transvestite can possibly hurt other adults. The position of his wife must be considered. A normal marriage relationship clearly confers many benefits on the transvestite when it comes to shopping and to learning how to play his part as woman as well as man, but there is another side. One wife has spoken to me of her femininity being diminished by her husband's adoption of feminine dress and role. Some wives are happy to act as mother to their husbands (as to a daughter) when their taste needs guidance, but find they have no place left when the husband's transvestism is fully developed. If I were advising an about-to-marry transvestite, I would say that his fiancée must know and freely accept his condition, that it is his responsibility to ensure that she feels no sense of confusion or subsequent loss of role, and that both accept the wisdom of not having children. Many American transvestites will disagree with this last point, but this is another area where the American ideal of personal freedom has gone too far, for this freedom will infringe on the safety, happiness, or health of others.

#### TRANSVESTISM AND SOCIETY

Around the biological distinctions of the male and female sexes have collected the social and psychological distinctions of masculine and feminine behaviour and personality traits. While biological sex is rarely in doubt, the development of the behaviour appro-

priate to this sex may be different in different societies. It is also open to many varieties of emotional and social pressures, and the gender identity of a developed personality may be grossly confused as a result. In any case, certain areas of personality will be developed and others remain latent so that sex and gender identities are aligned. Thus it is probably a reasonable assumption that all personalities contain masculine and feminine aspects. This idea was developed by C. G. Jung in the 1920's and 1930's, and he drew our attention to the need for a synthesis in individuals of the masculine and feminine parts of their personalities.

Aggressive and predominantly masculine personality traits have led to the two bouts of very destructive warfare that Western civilisation has suffered—the religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries and the conflicts of the past 60 years. These same traits are keeping us poised on a knife edge today. These same traits have also led to the despoliation of our terrestrial environment which, even without a major war, may cripple or destroy civilisation in the next 50 years.

All men (and all those women who are attempting to masculinize themselves in an attempt to liberate their sex) should realise that unbridled masculinity will inevitably lead to destruction. What the Western world needs is a big dose of feminine conservatism and creativity—an integration of masculine will and feminine feeling. Only thus can both aggression and emotion be turned from destructive activity and work together for the conservation of our environment and, therefore our civilisation.

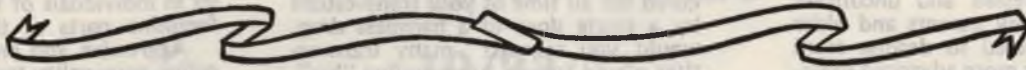
The frequency of transvestic jokes and situations in the entertainment world leads me to believe that the drive may be weakly present in fantasy in a large proportion of the male population and (together with the current preference of young men for long hair) be symbolic of their partial awareness of the need for integration of their dominant masculine personalities with their latent femininity. The more florid clinical transvestites perhaps have the drive enhanced by some particular circumstance in their development, but the urgent need remains for all members of society to achieve some measure of personal integration if we are to avoid disaster.

As long as normal people find transvestism disturbing or repugnant, the transvestite will remain alone in his pursuit of relief from anxiety and tension. To combat the loneliness, as well as to help explain transvestism to sufferers, their relatives, and society as a whole, organisations have developed in various countries.



# FASHIONED IN FANTASY

J. REVIERE



Fantasy invades everything. It gives us the ability to leap the barriers imposed by senses. It gives us flight above the glaciers of logic. Fantasy woven into thruth's fabric renders tolerable that which otherwise would be stifiling. Business life can be imposing. It can be a burden, a necessary evil, or woven with just the right amount of fantasy, the right fantasy . . .

The advertising campaign had been a fantasy. Fantasy had been successful. All the indicators said so. Sales had gone up steadily. Market talk was positive. Research studies indicated a positive relationship between the series of advertisements depicting the well turned ankle and the photographically near perfect foot seen in a series of the daintiest of slippers, to say naught of the dressiest of heels. There were no real questions. Particularly, there were no questions when money flowed. It was flowing.

Early on Tuesday morning the telephone was wrapped in a blanket. Yet the unstoppable buzzing of the electronic 'ringer'. muted and muffled, came through to Erik. Wakefulness followed. As the telephone was lifted, the well turned ankles, the photographically near per-

fect feet groped. At the bedside they found and slipped into a pair of fuzzy high heeled slippers "Hello", Eriks' voice was scratchy. Ordinarily every possible effort would have been made to sound much differently. After but three hours of sleep, there was little patience in Erik. No effort was forthcoming. Erik simply did not feel up to it.

At the other end of the connection, Brady was already through half a box of the worst smelling cigars in the city. This affectation was real. His curt businesslike answer verified it. "Erik," he rasped in his bruskmanner, "sales are still goin' up... Vogue is wanting a series..." he paused, but not long enough for Erik to speak. Continuing, without so much as an inquiry or pleasantry, Brady fired the words clipped and crisp: "They want a series with our new model for their new spring line... What'll we tell'em?"

Shaking head from side to side to clear away sleep's cobwebbs, Erik thought fast! This had started out as a lark. Now it was getting serious. A lark no more, something had to be developed, Erik realized even though sleep still dimmed mental processes. At the office of Brady and Erikson, Advertising Agency, the lark

had begun. It had begun with a comment about Erik's "well turned foot and ankles." This had led to the first photo spreads. In those spreads, designed to sell shoes, product lines had been featured adorning Erik's well turned ankles and near photographically perfect feet. Erik had never dreamed the advertisements would sell shoes. Now, six months later, his partner was on the phone wanting him to pose for Vogue.

At first the notion of wearing ladies' things had been a kick. From early childhood till then, his fine features, his lithe gracefulness and feminine fluidity had required deliberate masking with a shoe of masculinity in the "macho" businessman image Erik had been convinced was necessary. Now this! The last six months, Erik's every waking moment had been wrapped up in this advertising campaign. It was producing some mega-bucks, too. Working hard to perfect the image in the hose and shoes, Erik had gradually and in private begun experimenting with more and more feminine finery. Erik had justified this, at first as necessary to "get into the role". Gradually this justification had been unnecessary. The makings of preference had emerged and

Erik now admitted the preference for feminine finery. Within the last three weeks, Erik had been dressing exclusively as a woman, when alone. The thought of being "revealed" produced an icy knot of fear.

"Well," Erik hedged, stalling for more time...time to think as Brady, now silent, waited for an answer. "Vogue..." Erik, stammered.. do you mean, Vogue Magazine wants my feet in a new line of shoes? Waiting for Brady to answer, Erik was aware of a thought hoping this question would deflect Brady from the obvious.

"No", bellowed Brady. "They want the model...they are convinced we have come up with a new, fresh beauty. They want to photograph her wearing their new spring collection. They are pushing too...in a rush to get out the announcement before some of the other houses get theirs in print..." Brady burst out, not even pausing for breath. By the time he finished, he was so winded his voice was almost a whisper. Gasping for breath, Brady continued speaking to a shocked Erik, "Dummy," he said gently in an uncharacteristic manner, "they think you are a broad. They want to photograph your bod in their dumb dresses." "What are we gonna tell'em?"

"Well," Erik was still stalling, "what have you told them this far?" Erik was dimly aware of a growing wish that Brady had been caught off guard by Vogue and had committed the agency to producing the pictures. There was a good probability of just this having happened, Erik reasoned. After all, such was Bradys style of operation. And...the agency had the very best make-up artists, hair stylists and pho-

tographers available. The more Erik thought of the idea, the more excitement rose inside.

"I tole'em", the usually bruski Brady stammered, hedging and uncertain..."I'd ah...eh...that is...we'd..."

"You," enterjected Erik, now taking the offensive, "committed us to do it, didn't you?"

There was a long painful pause a silence heavy with meaning, before the now meek sounding Brady spoke again. In a barely audible whisper he spoke: "Yea, ...ole, buddy, ...I ...ah ...did. I didn't even think...all I could see was money...and...uh...I tole'em we'd do it...uh...that is ...you'd do it..." Erik left the moment silent. Let him stew a while, Erik thought. Continuing, still stammering, Brady said: "I'm sorry, pal, I guess I'll have to call em back and say our gal is all booked up, that way we'll be out." Brady continued: "Ya know, that's how they did us the last time we asked 'em for a favor." Though Brady was saying this, Erik was fully aware he really meant none of it and did not want to get out of the commitment. Erik began to wonder if their small agency dared or could pull off something like that on a big house, especially one that big.

Grasping the advantage, Erik, voice now under control, mind flashing faster than the hammer of Thor, spoke quietly in an almost soft feminine manor: "Brady, you really would like to do something like that, to pull it off on those folks over at Vogue, wouldn't you?"

Instantly Brady's brashness returned and his reply showed it: "Yea, you bet I would! Will ya do it? Will ya? Why, Erik, with that slim build of yours and

those pretty ankles an feet, to say nuttin' of all the make-up and hair talent we have at the studio, we could do it right in our place and they'd never know the difference." Rapid fire, his voice continued: "You could do it, they'd never know" he was being persuasive now, "we could just tell 'em to send over the rags and we'd do the shots, then send everything back" his mind was flying over the possibilities, "for more 'n the usual fee, of course,... come on, ole buddy, whaddya say? can't we do it? Sure we can, ole buddy!"

The possibilities were ripe, to say the least. As Brady had outlined it, if the shots were good, they just might be able to pull it off. With everything done in house, if the shots weren't good, they could be destroyed. The idea began to appeal to Erik more and more. So slowly, Erik said: "Brady, are you sure?" continuing before Brady could reply Erik went on: "If it got out in the business I'd been dressing up like a woman, much less posing for our pictures and trying to put one over on Vogue..." Erik paused a moment to let the thoughts sink in, then continuing "all hell would come down on us, we'd be out of business... You know what a macho bunch of SOBs we have to deal with every day!" "Besides," Erik rushed on before Brady could comment, "I'm not really sure I like the idea of parading around in women's clothes, especially with a bunch of other people gawking and taking picture. This is to say nothing of the slight chance somebody at Vogue would be looney enough to print any of them." Erik was by now fully aware of being really enthused about the idea and was

playing Devil's advocate. A smile had spread all across Erik's face in spite of the physical results of too little sleep.

Brady, however, was not in a smiling mood. Desperation was more like his mood, for he was hearing the person with the power to sink his dream threatening to say "no" and take him down for the third time...He had really opened his mouth and inserted his foot by committing his partner too quickly. Now he had to do a selling job, the selling job of his life, or be in real trouble. Loss of good relations with a big and powerful house like Vogue would really be a financial blow. Being the financial half of the partnership, while Erik was the artistic side, made Brady all the more aware of the necessity of surviving. To survive meant doing this Vogue spread, even if it had to be with deception.

Quietly, in almost a whisper, with a definite pleading quality in his voice, Brady spoke after some moments: "Aw, Erik, nobody but us will ever know. Heavens, I know you ain't gay or anything like that. Gee, ole buddy, I shot off my big mouth and now it is really up to you to pull the fat outta the fire for us... Ya just gotta do it. Why, "he continued pleading now", if it'll make you feel any better, I'll even let the gang make me up like a woman so some pictures of me can be shot, ya know, just for safety sake for you...if that'll make you feel better about doin' it!"

Brady was deadly serious, Erik knew, for him to offer such a thing. Macho was a totally inadequate word to describe Brady and for him to put all that on the line, it had to really be serious.

Erik had not really known the agency was in dollar trouble, but it must be something of that sort for Brady to offer to do this. Anyway, in this situation, Erik was just waiting to be persuaded.

Speaking softly, almost purring, Erik now rapidly becoming Erika cooed into the telephone: "Brady, we'll do it." After a brief pause just for impact, Erika continued: "Don't you think it would be keen to have you dressed in some of Vogue's things in the background of some of the shots? You could wear some of their nicer half sizes, and we'd really be putting one over on 'em. It could be done with shallow depth of field so you'd be out of focus,... yes, I think that would be great, don' you?"

At almost the speed of light, plans were made and turned into reality. The fashions were packaged and sent over from Vogue. They had protested a little more than mildly, insisting that their people be there with the clothes, but Brady had won them over. But the day was set, now it had come and gone ... Erika, now more than ever the evident personality in the firm's junior partner, was excited about the project. She had gone into it fully, in the artistic sense. The clothes, fitted and prepared had been perfectly dreamy. Being open and seen by others, a shock at first, had been thrilling. The project, in total was a dream come true.

Now some two years later, Brady smoked much less. The strong smelly cigars were gone. In their place were long slim cylinders of tobacco and mint. Both Erika, in the foreground and Brenda in the background, had been hits with Vogue. The

fashions had sold richly. Now living nearly full time as Erika, working as Erika the artistic side of the business the agency of Brady and Erikson flourished. Even Brenda came out of hiding occasionally, working in the office with the door sign that read "Brady". On those days there was no smoke at all. After all, one wanted to be lady like... Only perfume and the agency continued to thrive.

All because of a pair of well turned ankles and near photographically perfect feet, Erika, Brenda and their Advertising Agency thrived. What, then can be said for fantasy? What can then be said for the poser of fantasy to set us free to be ourselves? How many, one wonders, pairs of well turned ankles etc. are there hidden and unable to come to life because fantasy is suppressed? One really wonders?



Rita from Germany

# "INCIDENT"

KAREN

## A SEMI-TRUE STORY

Without a thought he backed out of the bathroom when he heard his wife enter the bedroom

"Would you help me with this zipper?" he asked her.

"No." Came her barely audible reply.

"Come on, I can't reach it," and demonstrated his futility by trying to reach over his shoulder.

She made no move to help him and no further reply. Turning his head he saw her standing woodenly in the middle of the room.

"What is this all about?" he asked as he tried again to reach the zipper. This time his hand reached behind his back and up. Still he could not reach the zipper tab.

She crossed her arms tightly about her, her face set. "You know how I feel about your dressing." Her voice was like chilled water, cold and devoid of any warmth, but heavy with distance and judgment.

"Yes," he said almost with a sigh, "I know how you feel. We've been over it often enough. You don't want me to ever dress in front of Billy and you don't like me to dress around you. Well that is what I am trying to do, but I can't get this zipper loose."

As she still made no move to help, he gave up and tried one last effort. By reaching up over

his neck he could just grab the top of the knit dress. Thus he was able to pull the collar high enough that he could reach the zipper with his other hand. Once the zipper was started he was able to reach behind him and pull it down the rest of the way. He pulled the beige knit slowly down over his hips, careful to prevent a tear in the tight fitting waist. As he hung the dress carefully on the hanger, he saw that she was watching him. She had seen him dressed often enough, though he had made a careful and sincere effort to respect her wishes and to dress only on his own. While this was not an ideal relationship at least in terms of his desires about dressing, it was, nevertheless, a very workable one for his marriage. For her sake he would gladly surrender even more of his dressing privileges, though he knew that would in time lead to resentment. This was a working relationship and he would do what was necessary to protect and preserve the relationship.

Still there was something in her attitude just now that angered him. He found himself more willing to confront her feelings about his transvestism than normally. In most circumstances such confrontations ended with him having to "surrender" some

part of his dressing, though surrender was not really an accurate word for it was always his choice. She had never in all their history made any situation into a demand of either her or dressing.

He crossed his hands at the hem of the full beige slip so loved for its all lace bodice. Pulling it over his head he said to her "Why wouldn't you help me with the zipper? I was just trying to undress."

She uncrossed her arms and walked to the mirror above the dresser, watching him in the mirror as she toyed with stray locks of hair. "I told you that I won't take part in your dressing."

"Oh come on! Pulling a zipper? Especially when I am undressing?"

Without him knowing it she watched him in the mirror as he unfastened the bra and placed it and the falsies in a drawer. She turned as he began to roll off the hose. There was a time when all his dressing had been behind closed doors. Then just as she had realized how foolish it was to pretend that he didn't dress by causing him to hide all of his things in boxes, so he had realized how silly it was to be ashamed of dressing. One day he had decided that he was a transvestite and that was alright, he had decided not to be self-con-

cious about being dressed or about dressing. Now it was not uncommon for them to be together while he dressed or undressed. Mostly this came as she was leaving or returning, but the result was that she saw him dressed at least once a day.

His undressing had reached the point where he only had the beige satin panties with their copious layers of lace remaining. These he would probably wear to bed with a nightgown. That much of his cross dressing they shared. Instead of the nightgown though he dug into the closet and came out with a robe. Wrapping the robe about him he leaned against the wall opposite her.

"Is it really that hard for you?" he asked.

"You're blowing this all out of proportion."

"Perhaps I am," he said softly, trying to keep his voice calm and not slip into the stirrings of anger warming inside him. "I know that you don't want to be a part of it, and I am not asking you to but what is so big a deal about pulling a zipper?"

She slumped down, resting her buttocks on the edge of the dresser, her hands falling to her lap. "No, you're right. I guess my feelings are that I don't really want any part of your dressing. You know that. I know that it is part of you, but that doesn't mean that its a part of me."

He thought about this for a minute and then asked. "But what is a part of me, is part of you. Isn't that part of what marriage is all about?"

"What are you getting at?" she asked cautiously.

He looked at the ceiling collecting his thought around that random observation. "It is like

we pretend that I don't really dress, when we know fully that I do. Dressing is a very strong part of me. That much you recognize, but we cope with it by shunting it off. Surely you must realize that just because I don't have on layers of lingerie doesn't mean that part of me is not there I mean our lovemaking should make that clear."

She nodded and smiled at this for he loved to dress her in the sexiest items and to feel her through the layers of lace, tassels and nylon. If anything she had found that it stimulated his passion and brought new energy and creativity to their lovemaking.

In their early marriage he had bought her all sorts of lingerie in the most exotic and even bizarre fashions. She had seldom worn any of these as she felt it was the lingerie he liked and not her. Besides they embarrassed her. Since she never wore them, he stopped buying them. Then last year at Christmas he had bought her a black lace garter belt and a set of hose. After a month in which they remained folded away in the back of a drawer, he had asked her to wear them to bed. The results had been astounding as he had lavished all his affections and attentions on her. When they had finished a most satisfying and exhausting session of sex and they lay quietly together he had told her why he had asked her to wear them.

It had taken him several years to gain the understanding of what motivated him to want her so adorned. He had discovered that his dressing was wired into his sexuality, that frankly it was to a degree, a fetish. Left alone to his dressing it easily became a substitute for sex with her. The

more he dressed, the more he wanted to dress, and the more his dressing became a satisfaction for his sexual energies. He admitted that he had come to realize that dressed, he could in fantasy become his own perfect partner.

By this time she had rolled over to face him, studying his face. It was not a remarkable occurrence for them to communicate in such a way, as they had a close relationship. But dressing and sex were things that they did not talk about, and if they did, it was more often than not, fighting instead of communicating. She cherished the moment and the opening of himself to her that his sharing represented.

"And the more you dressed, the more it turned me off," she said softly.

"Right, and the more turned off you were, the more I dressed." There was a sadness to his face as he said this, which abruptly changed as his hand slid along her stockinged leg. "That's the reason for the garter belt. Clothing turns me on. So when you dress for me, it is a tremendous turn on."

Before he had said all of this her feelings were that the garter belt was a pain to wear. After this sharing she saw to it that a special drawer in the dresser was set aside for the things that he bought for her to wear. It had not only revived their sex life, but it was fun. It also gave her a sure way of signalling her desire for sex.

At times she would awaken in the morning to find him wearing one of the articles of hers discarded in their passionate frenzy.

His voice brought her back to the present.

"I feel like I have to live in



compartments. At times it is ok to be a transvestite and then there are times it is not. There are times I can dress and times I can't. I am constantly having to fit my moods and desires to everyone elses schedule."

She felt her anger simmering and fought back the I-didn't-marry-a-transvestite response

that always hovered near in such encounters. Indeed, she had not married a transvestite as far as she had known, but she had taken him for better or worse and she meant it. She loved him, loved him deeply. "I know where this conversation goes, and I feel the same. Your dressing just turns me off."

"I know that it does, but not dressing turns me off. Well more accurately it kind of short circuits me."

"So what do we do?" she asked sitting down on the bed in front of him. He sat beside her, taking her hand in his.

"I don't know, I just don't know."



"GOSH DOC! I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU,"

Sydney  
56-K-1  
F.P.B.

# THE ANTIQUE TEA-LEAF

by Dierdre, in England



Cicelia said I had imagined it all, but then she only knew part of it, and I did not want to spoil any more beautiful relationships by explaining how I seemed to be in two places at once, and one of those "beyond the Pale". She was a fine figure of a woman, inclined to green and brown clothes with decorations of little belts and buckles, but always sure she understood a situation better than the man on the spot.

This evening she was looking better than ever, after a meal and inspection of the television news she was now trying to find out my recent travels with a skill that would make satellites redundant in no time. I try to keep ahead of the taxation system by dealing in antiques, obtained on my visits to towns and villages in the United Kingdom (this is the area of the British Isles that includes England, Scotland, Wales and the North of Ireland but not the southern part of Ireland, though this is a wonderful place for a holiday and there are opportunities for some business, as you have to be a collector at heart to put up with all the moving about necessary to find good stock, and then you have to make a profit if you are going to be able to fund the next step

up the ladder to greater rewards (and risks). I have been watching the antique world since before I was ten years old, and I have made some satisfying deals, so I now have a home, the nearest village sheltered from view, but within easy motoring distance of many towns and auctions. It was here I had just told Cicelia of the missing painting. I had visited a house of a recently widowed woman where an auction had been arranged, and noticed a small Wilson oil that I felt would be a good painting to cover the cost of returning for the actual auction, but it was not visible at the sale and not mentioned in the catalogue (or noted by widow as sold before the auction). It did not seem very important, but then I had noticed this type of loss before. I had not told anyone but I had taken some steps to try and track down the culprit (single or more) This is not as easy as might be expected as many dealers know one or are aware of one's particular field worth lifting would have been noted, and worse still might be traceable back to them, with painful results. There was a very good reason why this had not happened in my case, but perhaps I had better enlarge on

my routine, such as it is; in the early part of each week I go out checking possible deals and often these trips are solitary sweeps through the country, setting out early rarely meeting a soul and returning in the dusk, or moonlight. This all helped in a little deception, safer in Great Britain than the North of Ireland where there is more data fed into the computers by spot checks at road blocks, as my car was a common type of estate and I am not a very large or striking figure of a man at the best of times (in the vertical, anyway). I have always believed in full personal expression and if the second self was confusing it still seemed better expressed, even though in my teens I had been worried, guilty and very very careful, but in those days I could have been read by anybody, nowadays I doubt if my own mother would notice the quietly dressed red head walking round the preview of some auction, and although I try to be well out of my own territory to avoid people who know the other half, I have occasionally seen and been seen, but not recognised. There are sufficient hotels to allow me to stay out over night and portable electric razors make my light

beard controllable, if I am in the car before midday (but not in the hotel!) and life can be very exciting. I find that this allows me to judge objects in a more precise way and lets my rougher self enjoy the auction and the bidding at a later date. I suppose I am living in a quieter way and without the legal pressures the sort of existence the Chevalier d'Eon had many years ago. As I said earlier I have always been very careful from the first fateful trial of a "step in" girdle, later the nylons, while convalescing from chicken pox, to the present happy state when I know I am better turned out than Cicelia (and I know everything she has on for the usual heterosexual explanation, the second half of the week usually involves her visiting Fridays or earlier if I take her to catch the train in time for her to get to work.) She feels she knows about the early part of the week from the week end discussions, and the pieces I get through the week. This had been going on with her for a few months, and as it was getting near summer time she wanted to go on "a trip" as part of her holidays. As you can understand, this did not get much encouragement from me (or Winifred as I liked to be on Mondays.) This did not stop the plans and when I had described the disappearing objects, she seemed even more determined than ever to help, "as I might need the benefit of the feminine approach in future situations". I did not feel this was the opening I needed to explain how unnecessary this would be, and merely counted the weeks still available before abstinence began, ever hopeful that it would be shorter than

Lent, though doubting from reading Transvestia that the Second Self would settle for less than full expression even with such a well endowed woman as Cicelia, who as well as being "perfectly formed was a lovely mover" in whatever surroundings though somewhat lacking in imagination in choice of clothes. I cannot see how some women starting with several advantages can take nearly as long to get ready as I would, and their underpinnings would be the simplest, no frills, frou-frou or even a suspender belt, while their make-up did little improve their worst features often concealing their best features. I feel to get the transparent effect of the red head really takes skill (especially as these individuals tend to be looked at no matter how muted the clothes, and they have to be pale while a blonde with a tan is expected.) The theory that red hair and green go together is enjoyable providing you can find the green outfit and match everything in the same shade, but gloves, bag, and these days, hat can be very different, while underthings!

I put Cicelia on the train on Sunday night, her plans still in abeyance for a few days and returned to the old house, with its graveled drive and overgrown surround of grass and bushes, that I had tidied about twice a year after strenuous activity for about a month before each Equinox. The house is thatched and about three hundred years old, so it has quite good insulation and with the paved floor, small windows and heated by a coal fire if necessary, could hold antiques in a safer atmosphere than all but the most sophisti-

cated air conditioning. It has sensible plumbing so on my return from the station I enjoyed a soak in a warm bath then suitably scented I dressed in a long nightdress with matching peignoir, my feet in slip in mules. I prepared my nails for their lacquer of pink (unlike the lacquer used on some brasses) and ensured there were no unsightly hairs on my limbs or neck (the wig was dressed on its block and had a longer back so the male's bigger head did not expose an area invisible to a careless check). Thus ready for an early start with clothes hanging in the secret area behind the ordinary built in cupboard, not yet found by any of my girl friends over the years.

The next morning I dressed in my preferred gender role (only for the beginning of the week I enjoy the rest of the week too much to even consider the knife) dark green suit, with only slightly built up shoulders (fashion helping the outline but the outline augmented in bust by jelly filled forms, and bottom by polystyrene pads the whole completed by a frontal pad all well secured by the best in high waist panty girdle with matching bra and french knickers) the skirt well fitting and the slit in the side lined up with slit in the slip so the stocking tops could be looked for but the long legged brand would ensure the look would rarely be successful. However the clothes are only a small part of the role and I have found most satisfaction in the preparation from the night before, so the shaving is a chore rapidly completed (the rest of the image in the mirror, frou-frou nightie, sleep bra improving the fit, and posture, nails gleaming red, the

feel of the fluffy step in slippers all help to adjust movements in correct direction) the foundation swiftly applied so the eyes can be enlarged in appearance and lustre Green eyeshadow bringing out the colors in my otherwise unremarkable pupils, and a line above and below the eyes helping to underline the pallor of a red head (though my eyelashes benefitted from waterproof mascara). Small stud earrings from a Victorian lady, with matching bracelet and a small watch then the crowning glory of the Titian colored wig, that is cut and curled to frame my new face and not be too difficult to care for myself (if one can restore and know how to care for antiques, a modern wig is child's play). The lipstick matches the nails and I have found (again from Transvestia) that if I have damaged a nail at work a false nail with the new powerful instant lues will last an outing with care. I might add that because I am short sighted, in my masculine role I wear very thick framed glasses, in my second self state I use contact lens (these seem in the masculine state to remove most of my confidence, quite unlike the normal lift I get in my preferred role (but I do have to put them in before making up.)

So another week began, and I set out to the preview chosen to see if I could notice any other objects disappearing, or better still if lucky, see an object later that I had earlier noticed stolen. The first place I visited, was a Georgian house with well preserved windows, and a solid front door, opened promptly when I finally reached it having parked round the back in what would have been the stable yard

in times of horses and coaches, but now was empty of activity, providing a shaded park for my car and a purplish Mini "City" car. Inside the house I introduced myself to the owner as a representative of my business, and was allowed to wander through the house with occasional queries from the owner and their staff, and once or twice I saw a well dressed young man in a raincoat apparently also appraising the contents. As sometimes happens the auctioneers had not yet produced the catalogue, but there were only a couple of objects I felt worth any effort, so thanking the staff I left. I did however discover the competitor was reputed to be a "collector" though I could not place him in my own particular part of the antique dealing world and his name, James Polykoff, did not help either. The purple Mini was absent when I got to the car, so he might be its owner. However, I ignored the problem while I savoured the sensations of a change of posture in sliding on to the seat, and tucking my legs, etc. in decorously, before driving down the drive to the nearby town for a meal and walk round the antique filled arcade. Much of a dealers time is spent searching for objects that can be moved at a profit, while waiting for the particular subjects one would like to be able to collect oneself, and this can mean most of one's funds tied up in objects one can't part with, so you hope your craving is for snuff boxes, jade or minatures rather than furniture that requires a warehouse to keep it in so it can be admired rather than the museums that have to keep moving their dis-

plays to show the bulk of their objects that Iceberg like is out of sight in stores. Jade can be very satisfying as the Chinese knew with their finger pieces that they used to hold and some of the old jade pieces carved in the hard old stone, cold to the touch, could distract one from the pleasures of material pulling on thighs and back, and even after holding the jade in an ungloved (and unwashed) hand it still feels cool. There is a lot of "new" jade that is soft, green and easily scratched and jade does not have to be green, some of the best may be like "mutton fat", but perhaps you can guess what I have in stock at the old house. That evening I enjoyed a stay in a small hotel near a river where most of the visitors had spent the day trying to catch fish with various imitation flies, so even the staff did not watch the plumage of the people in the building too carefully. After a soothing bath, and ensuring there was no telltale shadow under the make up that was slightly more emphatic in the artificial light, I changed to black underwear with smokey toned nylons, a full length slip and a cocktail dress with a scalloped neck line to show the cleavage a good taping with uplift padded bra and inserts can produce with long sleeves of net, and black 3 inch heeled shoes with the pointed toes that have returned. (I would keep the paint on my toe nails to myself, though they matched my finger nails in color). My necklace and bracelet were plain gold and I also wore a wedding ring with an engagement ring of two diamonds set across the ring, as an aid to peace and my own kind of tranquillity.

eyes of other women and I hoped Marie would be one of them. She wore a long flowing dark blue dress with a narrow slit from the neck towards her waist while the skirt was slim fitting with another slit to allow progress. I complimented her on her taste and she said she had realised I did not like her "Jump suit" outfit of the night before. I had another frisson of nervousness when I realised how well she had judged my feelings, as I had complimented her on its color and the way one could move freely in it, though ones shape was hidden from all but those with second sight. Again we enjoyed a marvellous meal and had coffee in the lounge with the television, on this occasion I said I hoped to see her next week and gave her the firms (my brothers phone) number to ring if anything might interfere with the meeting and being told her home address in case of emergency. I then withdrew to my room in sorrow and yet still feeling some of the excitement I had had the previous night (and taking the same precautions before climbing in to bed).

The following morning I was away early, in the green outfit I had started the week, as I wanted to visit another house as early as possible, that had no catalogue yet and I wanted to test my theory about James P. and I was watching for a purple Mini as I parked by the house. I had no luck then but as I left I queried the staff about a young man and found that he had seen the place early the day before, I don't know how I will explain to Cicelia the gap in the trail but I am getting closer and I might be in his particular area of operations.

I checked round the arcades without much success and steeling myself not to return to the riverside hotel to see Marie, as I needed time to slip into my little house as it got dark, especially to remove all the satisfying traces of femininity, so there was no scent of nail polish remover or worse the reddened pieces of tissue used to clean the paint off (I had nearly been caught like that in early days and I dislike such excitement now,) and all the lovely silken garments stored away, behind the cubboards.

When I rose on the Thursday morning to my masculine role all the burdens seemed to conspire to remove the wonderful lift of the previous three days, there were the bills from the council, notes from friends about pieces of porcelin I had agreed to buy, and requests to contact my only scout (or barker) at present because of his loyalty. I can get other barkers if I am looking for something on commission as

they will work for money and they can enlarge my contacts enormously, but it is for money so the hunt for the thief is in my own time, and whatever satisfaction I can get at keeping our business clean as possible, this is why I do not like the "box" business either but it is so widespread that it cannot be wiped out alone. It involves watching the papers for recent deaths and visiting the widow along with all the others on the same quest and getting objects for really only a token payment (sometimes only an offer is made and not taken).

I visited my barker, Timmer, and heard that there was a man looking for an expert to help him find a particular piece of jade,

Timmer had given my name and had made a provisional appointment for me for tonight in the nearby public house, where most of the dealers gather if they are in the neighbourhood after eight. He hadn't heard of anything special in any of the auctions I had not got to, but had got me some of the catalogues so I could keep up with the movement of object even with personal attention elsewhere, and I gave him a small token to help him keep his thirst in some control.

I then went up to the actual auction of the house I had inspected as Winifred and checked to see if anything had disappeared before reaching the catalogue (and not just sold before hand) I also looked out for the Wilson painting and after watching for it noticed that it was my missing object, that had not been sold before or reached the catalogue. I suppose I was surprised too, when I noticed Marie in the crowded room where the auction was taking place. I kept out of line of sight and saw she did make one or two bids, once successfully for a piece of early Chelsea porcelin, fable painted by Jefferey Hamett O'Neale and at a very satisfactory price for such work, so her interest in our outing was based on real knowledge and not just drifting as I had thought, a real find indeed if she could accept other facets in my world. I got some Blue - scale pieces of Worcester to cover expenses and I could always find someone to help turn them over but I was most interested in the painting that had vanished as I had something I could look for (and even Cicelia could keep her eyes open up in the "Big Smoke" London) and I would have a

When I entered the dining room I found it quite crowded and the head waiter arranged for me to share a table with another unaccompanied young woman. This advantage of my second role had sometimes been a problem, but on this occasion it was a blessing as she was a very beautiful blonde who had concealed her curvaceous figure in the latest fashion outrage, based on the old boiler suit (and "an old boiler" is a phrase sometimes used to describe some one who has not used the aids available to keep them looking as if they were fit and active). We introduced ourselves, and I hoped that Marie would accept my slightly husky voice, slightly higher than my usual but altered more in the phrasing than the pitch. She was apparently holidaying early in the year from her father's farm where she did the books and helped with the planning, as she was a graduate in farm husbandry. She was interested in my description of the auction to be held later in the week, and after a satisfying and stimulating meal we had our coffee in the lounge and commented on the television that muttered of world affairs in the corner. I was electrified by her suddenly remarking on a programme she had seen on a previous week, called "Mary's wife" as this was another pot boiler from the programmers that described a meeting of a group of people with their wives at the house of a transvestite, with new members being met, a talk on fashion and hair styling with hints at the tensions but no clear message, and the usual muddling transvestites with transsexuals and an underlying hint of homo-

sexuality pushed out in the talk of people in various levels of dress. I did not bite at this opening as I wondered what vibration Marie had picked up to raise the issue and hoped I might learn to conceal it in the future, although I was very attracted to this svelte blonde in a way Cicelia could never aspire to in a million years. Marie merely said that after the program, she had begun to look at other women not as fashion plates, but in the hope of reading a man so infatuated with her sex that they took the time, trouble (she felt much of feminine frippery was constricting and archaic not a sybaritic dream of sound, feel and a wonderful amalgam of delights) and danger to try and imitate the appearance of femininity in public. She admitted she would be too shy to approach a person like that so I offered to help her if I was about and she made such a discovery. This seemed a good time to make an exit, so making a tentative date for the following day I went to my room in an elated state to savour the joys of disrobing and dreaming of strawberry blonde helping every delicious inch of the way. I won't tell this in detail as it is sad to see the bony frame appear before concealing it in sleep bra and a black baby doll night outfit, especially as I only see it all in a blurred way without the contact lenses, and a red wig on a block emphasizes the balding scalp. I put the door on the chain and shaved before going to bed, in case Marie found out my room and decided to call unexpectedly or some other catastrophe came in the night. I did not sleep well anyway with all the excitement, but was up early made up even more care-

fully than usual, and wearing a quiet blue suit with matching accessories, ready to show my new friend some of the secrets of my antique world, and if everything miraculously worked out, perhaps I would tell them the greatest secret I had.

The first house I visited with Marie was enormous even as we approached in the car through beautiful grounds of very old scrubs, carefully kept back from the gravelled drive until we swung into sight of the house, and the country in the background formed a majestic frame so the house was perfectly proportioned and only on leaving the car did we realise how tiny we were by the front steps. Although the contents were fine there were signs of the old problem for a collector, sorting the originals from articles got to fill the rooms and whose authenticity needed careful checking, though the program available here did not make any false claims. After this I brought Marie back to the hotel, where after freshening up, a much more careful procedure for Winifred than Marie! a light lunch enjoyed I pleaded an appointment so I could get to some antique shops and we arranged to meet for a farewell meal that night, as I had explained I would have to head south for a few days but that I would hope to see her the following Monday evening.

That evening I dressed with the greater enthusiasm an exciting partner can produce, in a dark red silk dress that hung in folds from shoulder to wrist with matching dangling earrings, necklace and ring on my right hand. The combination with my Titian hair I feel was satisfactory in the

chance to see if there was a particular path used for the clearances of the stolen wares. As I was walking out of the house (before everything had gone but I had seen some friends who no doubt would tell me later I had missed a pre 1755 Worcester blue and white mug for a few pounds) I heard Marie's voice as she spoke to a young man she had been standing beside, but in my ignorance I had not appreciated was with her, wondering about his availability to take her to the house we had visited together, and in spite of my feelings of jealousy towards the other man I felt some lift when he said he could not help. I suppose I should have rushed in then and there and made my play but I am sure you will have guessed that is not my nature, though of course I always regret my timorous nature in my natural role and I feel that I may have guessed my nature incorrectly as in more closely fitting garments and better curves I feel I can cope with problems correctly and with much more confidence. Anyway I did nothing to improve my situation with Marie and motored home in time for a snack and my appointment.

The pub was crowded as usual after eight, Timmer was well oiled to an effective level, and he introduced me to Brendan O'Brien who said he and his family were looking for jade but of a particularly high grade and not produced by time and motion experts anywhere in the world but China. He was a quiet, dark haired man with a particularly still quality in his presence, but once we had exchanged drinks (and included Timmer) and made an assignment for a couple of

weeks ahead, he excused himself and faded into the night, leaving me to see what my friends had found during my travels earlier in the week, and to give them a carefully edited report on my activities. Jean and Adrian made their usual snide remarks about my travels but were interested in getting some of the Worcester for their shop and my week was in profit if not a rip roaring success allowing me to celebrate by a shopping spree next Monday when I could purchase my hearts desire in more comfort, for every one concerned in the assessing, checking and finally the delicious process of trying the results of thinking in my second world, no longer confined to fantasy as I was in my teens and early twenties before I got my independent base that was not overlooked, so I could test the effects of various foundations (in more than one area) outside in the daylight and appreciate Virginia's book on so many points that otherwise could have made me easily read and with this the confidence to go out, and savour the delight of a well cooked meal in a hotel, with a beautiful GG, and be able to go with them round a preview the following day. It gradually seeped in to my consciousness that I was a little morbid at this point. I regretted not being able to go to the actual auction at Marie's side and even more knowing she might not even get to the sale tomorrow, and I had not done anything to prevent it. I saw Margaret out of the corner of my eye as she slipped in beside me and tried to give her a welcome that I reserve for close friends and Margaret had been very close but I had to ease off as

I am sure you have noticed the way some women change as they feel there is a change in a relationship that might get permanent, and I had not yet worked out if she could accept my better half without telling some one in a moment of pique, so we had accepted a slight hold off and kept up the business footing, to much profit all round as she had an enormous skill in using her little shop to its best advantage, and she would tilt business my way if possible, we had respect for one another. I asked about Wilson paintings and if she had any particular sources for them that I might have missed. She said "no" and went straight for my throat in her next question "Who was it you left at the station on Sunday". There is no doubt women don't waste any time if they want something and show little desire to conceal this either, though it might be that Margaret still had hopes of a return to the old relationship and I might have to check her feelings out about Winifred yet. I explained how Cicelia was helping in some research without getting much in the way of a sympathetic response, in fact a chill seemed to be forming so I made excuses and went home. I was just getting ready for bed when the phone went and I heard faintly the voice of Marie asking if she could speak to Winifred. I explained I was the firm representative and asked if I could take a message or help, she said she wondered if Winifred could take her to the sale tomorrow and I said she could not, but perhaps I might help if she gave me the necessary data to collect her, as any friend of Winifred's was a friend of mine, at least I

hoped she would let me stand in for her. She hesitated just long enough to make me wonder what I had said about the business and gave me the directions I would be expected to require if I hadn't two hats in the ring, each distinctly different from the other. In return I gave her a vague description of myself, but explained I would have the firms car that I hoped she might accept as a common point of contact. This might lead on other occasions to a faint suspicion and ultimately to a reading if care was taken, especially near the house, but I tried to keep such approximations from occurring close to home except at times when the light was changing and hope I had no acquaintances with a penchant for numbers, especially car number plates.

After a peaceful night to make up for the other restless ones or perhaps because of the need for sleep I awoke refreshed and after a snack, drove up to the appointed hotel only a few minutes early, to find Marie sitting on the sunlit verandah in a worsted suit with pleated skirt and "sensible" shoes for wandering round showrooms with variable surfaces, looking superbe and obviously the center of attraction for the various males up and about at that hour. I went in to the hotel and was brought to her as arranged and I was glad to be able to show my interest properly, although I was also sorry to see she obviously accepted this as her due, and I felt a little put out. She thanked me for coming to her aid and I said she might be able to help as she had seen what Winifred had seen and "I only had her report". At the auction she was a great help in

the way she attracted attention by just being herself, allowing me to bid away almost unnoticed, a very useful asset if you are not part of a ring, and I prefer to deal in objects that are barely worth the bother of a ring where you have the real auction afterwards in a pub and the proceeds are divided equally among the group after that. I took Marie out for a meal and discussed the antique world as she saw it, but I felt she seemed preoccupied and did not seem as happy as I know I was, she also stopped in mid sentence at times and took quite a time to finish whatever she had been about to say. I must admit I felt she lacked the vivacity I had noticed at the beginning of the week, but did not push too hard on our first official meeting, trying to keep everything going until I could make firmer plans. My obvious delight in her company seemed to have little effect but at least she agreed to let me contact her next week, though she qualified this, with the phrase "providing nothing shows up to take her back home." That evening I returned earlier than intended to the house to prepare for Cicelia, and the news from "the Smoke" though she might be delayed if she had been successful in the hunt and I might have to go there myself to check the possibility of there being a London link in the crimes, as there usually is if there is any length of time in the activities, or expansion in the field. I stayed in anyway as there was no other communication point until the pubs were in full action and everyone gathered in from their travels, and I did have a few things from today's outing that I

was sure I could move easily even though I was not much further with either my romance or my detective work. I could always check some of the catalogues. The house had a lot of awkward shaped cubboards, as well my private store and even had a fairly effective cellar that was entered through a trap door made from a hinged flagstone where I could keep many old objects safely cool and yet ventilated. Down in this space I kept heaps of catalogues too, and when all else is forbidden I go there and among the treasures I hope to keep, work out the position of various pieces I am looking for at a particular time, as over months it is possible to see if any new collector is gathering up certain objects, but I could not see any sign of any jade going in new directions it was all the old familiar names. I was going to have to visit some of them to see if they could help my search for pieces to start a collection, if no sales appeared soon, but I doubted if they would be glad to know there was more competition in a cutthroat field anyway. Cicelia rang to say she would be down about midday tomorrow and hoped to have a lead by then after checking about Hampstead in the morning I said I would see how the pub was doing but I doubted if there would be much. It was a fair evening and the pub was crowded but I got little useful data and Timmer got some more on account, though he had little to offer of real use, everything seemed to be quiet, and I hoped this was not before the storm. I got back to the house before midnight, and slept soundly until the post person arrived very early



with a registered packet, and gave me a little gossip while I signed for the parcel. I was not completely surprised to hear that the village was aware of the various ladies I entertained and that Winifred was included in the mixture inspite of my early starts and late returns, though the situation had not been interpreted correctly, it had been noticed she was the one with a car more than the rest. The parcel was a piece of jade carved after a lot of thought so the natural fissures were used into a small insect, and Cicelia had added to the wrapping the name of the shop where she had obtained the piece, but as I had not mentioned my new client this must be in connection with the thief, and I hoped the gang were confident of their scheme so they would not notice any checks, especially as nobody would miss a woman as good looking as Cicelia, though she did not attend auctions or previews and I doubted if she would have been asking around enough to arouse the awareness of dealers.

I was at the railway station very early and I was worried when I could not see her in the small group of passengers, the next train was several hours away so I went home to be near the phone but there was no message and I was no happier when she was not on the next train, and I could get no reply from her London address. The situation was one that should not have worried me but I felt things were not under control, and yet I could not go to the police without more information and I was effectively tied in one spot, until I knew where Cicelia had got to and if she had found anything

useful. I was sitting at home wondering if I should try cleaning the place, when the phone finally rang, and I heard a faintly bored voice ask if I would accept a call, on agreeing to this I was told Cicelia was in hospital in London unconcious after a car accident and my name was found on a card with instructions to let me know if unable to do so themselves.

I asked if there was anything I could do and was told they felt it would be a few days before they would know if there was any hope of recovery, as there was no sign of conciousness, and they had no details of the actual accident, apparently she had been found by the side of the road near Lewisham (!) and seemed to have no fractures apart from that of her skull. I decided to visit the shop in Hampstead, so drove off to the City as soon as I gathered a coat off the hook, and set the alarms. The shop was firmly closed and well shuttered too, with no easy entrance round the back, barbed wire along the top of the wall, and a door in the wall that appeared bolted, from its lack of response to pressure. There were no easily recognised vehicles, and the roads were lined with cars on both sides so I was parked a long way from the shop. This probably saved my case because as I was wandering along towards the car I noticed a purple Mini City and realised that the driver was parking, the number seemed to be the one noted before but I daren't be too visible as I wanted to see where the driver was going. He set off briskly towards the shop and I was delighted to see him unlock the door and enter it with scarcely a glance in any di-

rection, and I didn't see any sign of movement at the windows either, I doubted my luck holding much longer so I returned to the car and visited the hospital where Cicelia lay. They had no further news, and I supplied them with some details as apparently there had been no bag and finding my card in a small pocket the only identification, available for them. They said the police were no further help either as there was no evidence of type or color of the car so they too would be waiting for Cicelia to regain conciousness. I said I would check with them tomorrow and they said to ring first in case she had not regained conciousness. This made me think about altering my routine and I hurried back to the house, for a scented bath and a careful shave all over, followed by the application of paint to the nails with a restless night in a night dress and sleep bra, that reduced the tension and worry I felt. I rose early and carefully dressed in a white blouse with a froth of lace at the neck with a skirt of tartan, fitted as a kilt. The make-up and under pinnings were as before and my omission of their description does not remove my feelings at the firm grip and varying tensions of modern foundation garments and the sensations these scented materials produced each time I came in contact with them, or the satisfaction I got at inspecting the completed figure in the mirror before going out to see a world through rose colored contact lenses. I headed up to the hotel where I had last seen Marie, and was surprised to notice the purple Mini City in the car park, but went in to book a room for a couple of nights any-

way, hoping to see Marie in the lounge or if unlucky have to wait until lunch before joining her. I was horrified to see her in the lounge with not one man, but two, because the second man was the driver of the purple Mini. I was also hurt by the way Marie merely nodded to me as I went past, though later when the men left her she came over to where I was having some coffee and seemed her old charming, beautiful self, her blonde hair shimmering in the sunlight while her clothes seemed fresh and crisp on her curvaceous form. I asked who the men were and she said they were friends of one of her brothers, and they too were interested in antiques. She gave me their names but I did not know anything from that and we arranged to meet that evening for a meal as she had another engagement for lunch.

Left to my own devices I rang the hospital to hear if Cicelia was any better, but there was no change. I had a lonely midday meal in Marie's absence and wondered if it would be worthwhile going down to Hampstead for the afternoon as Marie expected us to meet for dinner, so I motored down the Motorway and turned off the Finchley Road early in the afternoon. The shop looked as lifeless as before, and again I was lucky the car was parked well away from the entrance and I was less like my previous self, though much more noticeable in another sense. The young man, James P. to me, with his colleague of this morning, I presumed the other man was the owner as his surname was the same as the proprietor written on a notice about opening times in the otherwise anonymous win-

dow. It was unremarkable compared to Polykoff, though Rogers might seem strange in other lands.

I now had two people working out of a shop that had sold Cicelia the beautiful piece of old jade and the last place she was known to be going on the day of the accident, if that is what happened, and to get to Lewisham from there without a car would have meant Cicelia could have done nothing else and could not have been expecting to see me at the appointed time. I decided to leave a message for the policeman who had been seeking information at the hospital, naming the men and the shop as the last place Cicelia had been known to visit. The Purple City Mini car might be full of clues to a forensic check.

I was feeling grubby from all the motoring and walking, so I motored back to the hotel for a nice long soak in a warm scented bath before preparing for a hoped for meal with only Marie. I wondered if some of my lack of success on the Friday could be from my rather untidy machismo image with glasses, though I don't feel I am extreme either way. It might be that the tweed suit, excellent for exploring houses, salesrooms etc, was not as smart as James P. or his pin striped colleague, and she might be sick of the sight of farming types. Winifred could be all the things I wasn't well made up, expensively dressed, tonight I would let my painted toes peep out from the thin strapped high heeled shoes, but avoid Marie's slim line by having a full skirt with a matching blouse in a becoming shade of blue, with blue the principle color in ear

rings, and bracelet.

When I entered the dining room and looked round for Marie I was shaken to see her at a table with two men, and they were of course James P. and his Hampstead partner, I went over, and was introduced formally, Marie had decided to help the evening along with a more obvious mix. I made sociable comments, through out the meal and fended off James who appeared to like what he saw, and although I was pleased by the tribute, I would have enjoyed Marie on her own. As we moved in to the television room for our coffee I was delighted to hear Marie turn down an excursion to a nearby pub with dance floor and made similar excuses to James. Marie then wound up the evening for our escorts and we went up to my room! There Marie said she wanted a very private talk with me and said she hoped I would forgive her but did I remember my offer if she saw a TV!

Quivering inwardly I said, certainly, if there was any way I could help her I would do it, if it was within my power. Marie smiled and said "Winifred, I like you very much, and I don't usually find such femininity, refreshing and exciting as I have found these last few days with you. It was spoiled when you were not available on Friday and you sent your partner instead. I was certainly very abrupt and curt with him, now I feel I understand what has happened, so I want you to help me in the next hour or so to solve a mystery. I feel you have been handicapped in your dedicated work by a lack of a keen outside observer, and I am offering my services. I feel

you should decide now if you feel I can be of help now or in the future."

I felt a wonderful feeling of warmth and love for this beautiful woman who was saying she would like to help in the business I said, "Marie, I would be delighted to have your help in everything I do, and I know this covers the whole firm".

Marie looked at me and said, "I suppose you have to be careful, but you still are avoiding the issue. When I spoke of transvestites I was referring to the heterosexual and I say that you Wini-fred are not a woman as I am. If you like, I dare you to strip as I do article for article of clothing, and as I am be prepared for the consequences."

I listened stunned to this statement, and with some excitement

saw Marie undo her blouse and put it carefully folded on a chair, she then stood a beautiful figure in her lace covered slip both hands poised over the skirt's waistband, fingers ready to unclip the garment.

"No, please no, Marie. This is not the time or the place for this. I admit you are perfect as usual. I have been worried over a friend and I am not myself."

Marie, laughed and stepped into my arms and I must admit sometime later I had little to show her about my inner secrets. We tidied our makeup and she admired the wardrobe I had with me, and she especially fingered the night attire, of which I had a fair selection. She said she must stay and help me get to bed, as it was the way my wig had lacked the professional finish that

gave her the first clue as everything else was nearly perfect. That and seeing me in my machismo role when certain body postures were the same.

The next morning I was in heaven and Marie agreed to help through the day but this evening we would go home and I could show her my trophies. My job was stopped by the news, when I rang the hospital that Cicelia had died, without regaining consciousness, but that the police had caught the culprits. Marie agreed to come down to the house as arranged and see me in the masculine role necessary for the funeral. However with my new partner I hoped to go into the future twice the person I had been in the past.



Laura of California

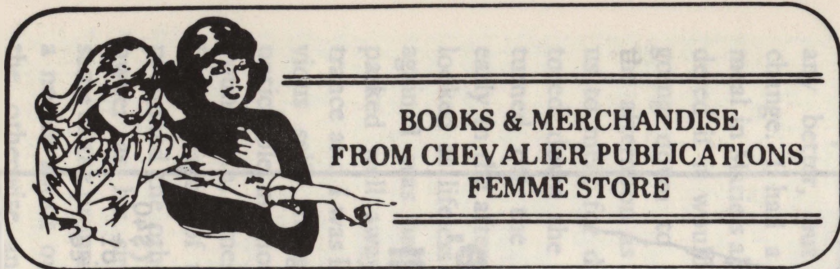
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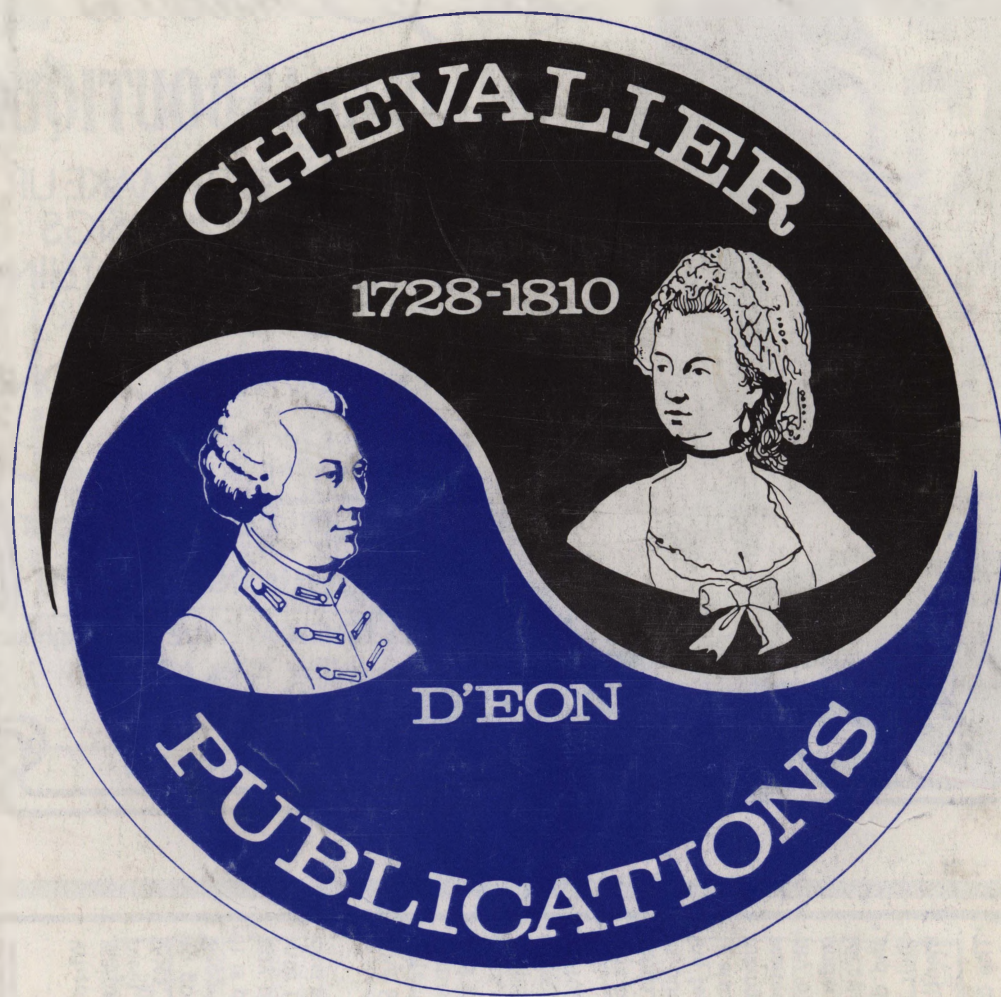
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When a Tv comes out of the closet she wants to go places and do things. She wants to be able to read about others with the same interests and possibly meet them. She may want to go out into the street as any other women does. However, there is the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

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

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

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



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