

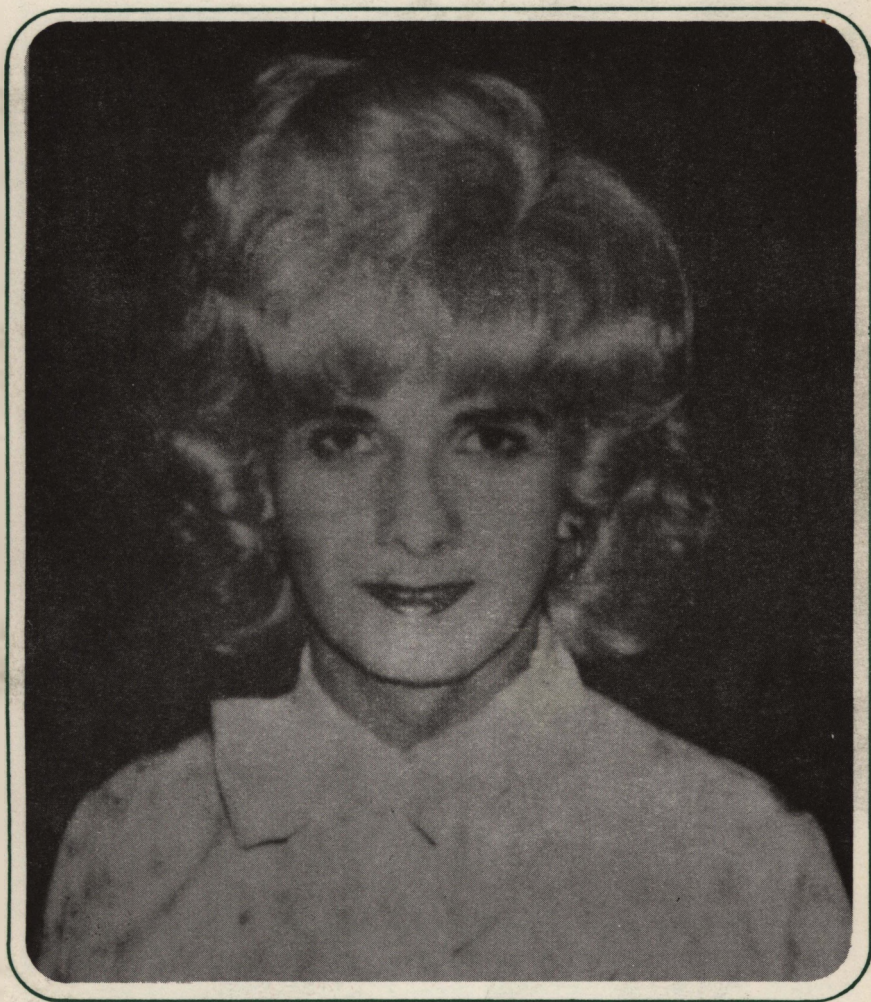
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TRANSVESTIA

VOL. XVII

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 101



OUR COVER GIRL

LINDA TX - 8 - D

Publication Policy

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

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

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

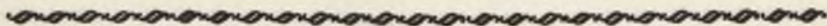
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

TRANVESTIA 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.

TRANVESTIA 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.



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Editor: Carol Beecroft

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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



Our Cover Girl

I was born in 1937 and raised in northern California. My first impression of anything involved with crossdressing was in kindergarten. It was at this time that I felt jealous of the pretty clothes and shoes that the girls in the class were able to wear. I have no idea what prompted my feeling this way.

I had a sister who was two years old than me and at some point in time I started wearing her clothes and shoes to see what it was like. However, this was not a one-time experience and I found myself continuing to wear her clothes from time to time.

I purchased my first pair of girl's shoes (black patent Mary Janes) when I was 11 years of age. But this occasional crossdressing was not without its negative features. I suffered many feelings of guilt and, as each birthday arrived, I would say to myself, "You're going to be 12 (or 14) years old tomorrow and you *must* stop this now." Of course, I never did!

At age 16 I dressed almost completely in my sister's clothing, which often included her underclothes, a skirt and blouse, shoes and a scarf around my head. This was the first time that I can remember dressing to such an extent, and this experience was to be repeated only a few more times over the next 20 years.

I have been married for 19 years and have been blessed with two children. However, I have been careful not to allow my



Linda Tx - 8 - D



children to know of my interest in crossdressing. However, I did tell my wife after several months of marriage that I had a "thing" about feminine apparel. But she said that she never wanted to see it and she didn't change her mind thereafter.

About six years ago I gained access to some privacy and for the *first* time I dressed all the way, including a wig and makeup. I certainly was astonished to see how much I looked like my mother. Thereafter I would dress at "my secret place" every month or two. My wife guessed the reason for my many absences and so about five years ago we reached a compromise in which I could wear certain feminine items of clothing around the house in her presence — when we were alone. I hoped that I could work up to dressing completely in her presence, but her rejection at the beginning became too much for me — given the super-sensitivity of the subject over the years.

I went on one last "purge" — grew a mustache and went through the whole macho bit again. I am glad to say that two years ago I finally got my head together and for the first time accepted myself for what I am — a heterosexual transvestite. I feel that this acceptance was the turning point in my life and in the way that I feel about myself. The burden of guilt for all those years probably shaped my life and personality.

Seeking acceptance and an outlet, I joined the Society for the Second Self about a year and a half ago, and went out in public for the first time. In fact, the first time out of the closet was at the meeting of the Society members in Dallas. I found much acceptance and sincerely regret that I did not join sooner. But "sooner" I wasn't sure I wanted to be associated with a bunch of "wierdos" who wear women's clothes. And, of course, "sooner" I wasn't to the point of accepting myself as I really am.

As a definite personality, LINDA didn't emerge until I joined Tri-Sigma, the "short" name for the Society. I didn't even have a name until I had to choose one to put on the application for



Linda Tx - 8 - D

membership. Before I was just me with a dress on.

My spouse has never met Linda and, of course, expresses no desire to do so. She has listened to me explain transvestism, as it pertains to me, by the hour, and she has also read all the books that I could lay my hands on. Her general attitude can be summed up in that she knows, she accepts, she understands, but she does not approve.

I am 42 years old, wear a size 12 dress and am 5'9" tall. I weigh 139 pounds (kept that way through a constant low carbohydrate diet and running three miles a day). I tend to be conservative in my portrayal of my feminine self. I suppose that my "time freeze" is the 35-year-old career girl.

My major regret is that I didn't "come out" years ago. I feel I would have been a "smashing" girl in my twenties and thirties. All of the photographs in this issue of *Transvestia* were taken this year.

*A transvestite, we'll call her Calpurnia,
Took a vacation this year in Hibernia.*

*While kissing the Stone
Dislocated a bone*

Plus suffering an inguinal hernia.

Dee Dee (CT-7-W)

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Virginia Prince

Dear Friends:

This is by way of a farewell yet *not* a farewell. It is a farewell in the sense that, as of this issue, I am an "ex-Editor" — you will notice Carol's name on the masthead as the Editor and Publisher of this magazine. I have sold the business to her (except the commercial accounts and the lending library, so rental requests should be addressed to me at the old address). All future subscriptions, contributions of material, letters to the Editor, etc., should be sent to Carol at P.O. Box 194, Tulare, Ca. 93275. You can address the envelope "Chevalier Publications" and it will arrive at Carol's post office box safely.

Twenty years and 100 issues is a long time! So, both for my sake, since I would like time to do some other things in life (I am now nearly 67), and for your sakes, since you are entitled to a new and different voice and point of view, I turn the future of *Transvestia* over to Carol.

While the terms of the transfer obligate Carol to continue to put out the same type of magazine with essentially the same policies as we have had in the past, as a new Editor she is entitled to put the stamp of her own point of view on the publication in her editorials and layout. So you may see some changes in the set-up of this and subsequent issues.

I think that Carol will do a good job with the magazine and will carry it on in the right spirit. I could not, in fairness to you and to myself as the tired old mother of this child, turn it over to just anyone. But since Carol and I have worked together in founding and operating Tri-Sigma Sorority for three years, I have had many occasions to see her dedication at work and, therefore, felt safe and comfortable in making the sale to her. I hope that you, the readers, will feel equally so.

I am aware that there have been those of you around the country who have gotten rather annoyed at Virginia and her policies from time to time. Although everything I have ever done with this magazine and other efforts has been designed to be helpful to my sisters, there are always those who find something to disagree with. Possibly any who have felt that way will now be willing to give their support and help to Carol. She will need it. Putting out this magazine and all the peripheral tasks that go with it is not easy, though it may look so to the readers. Taking over from someone who has been 20 years at the helm and trying to learn how to operate the business is going to put pressure on Carol. She may make some bad decisions, although I will try to help her so that she won't, but if she does, I hope that you will all not make an issue of it and be understanding and helpful until she gets it all tied down. Getting typographers, printers and binders to do their thing on time and the way it should be done is very frustrating, so there may be delays in publication dates, etc. But bear with her on this.

Carol is most fortunate in having a very understanding and cooperative wife who will be handling much of the mail order and shipping. Her name is Norma and she is a good friend of mine and will be of yours, too, if you will let her. It's nice to have a GG on the team. So let her know that you appreciate her.

So, as I said, this is farewell in that I am retiring as Editor and Publisher, but I won't die on the vine. I'll be in the background and will provide what help and guidance I can. I may even write an

Editorial when I feel in the mood. I will, however, be busy with some other projects — a couple of books in another field, some traveling, a lot of university courses at UCLA, some lectures and a lot of reading. Reading is a pleasure that I have been denied too long because of the press of details in this business. Now I look forward to absorbing a bunch of books that I have had to pass by.

In closing may I extend my thanks to all of you for your support over the years and for your contributions of materials sufficient to make *Transvestia* a viable operation. May I also take this last occasion to express my appreciation for *your* appreciation — to those of you who have, over the years, thanked me for the magazine, the books, Tri-Sigma and for my attempts at individual counseling. It makes me feel very good about my efforts over these 20 years to know that I have had an impact on a great many lives — some minimal, just in the process of providing entertainment — but, to others, a significant contribution to their life and happiness and, in many cases, to their marital relationships. It may sound like bragging for me to say this, but it isn't. I would count mine or any other life wasted if it could not provide some help and comfort to others who may be in need of it. *Transvestia* has given me the media to do that and it is very satisfying to me to know that I have been able to ease some of the stresses in the lives of others. May you, too, find a way to enjoy that feeling.

So now, I'll bow out and let Carol and Norma put their shoulders to the wheel and with your help I'm sure *Transvestia* will continue and be successful and helpful for a long time.

Faithfully,

Your "Ex-Ed"
Virginia

A

LOVE

AFFAIR

Dee Raymond

I got along really well with Roy after we both got over our initial awkwardness. He really was a nice guy with a real sly sense of humor. We had a lot of fun. Valerie was really quiet when I told her all about it Sunday morning. She was even a bit put out, though she denied it when I asked her, after I told her Roy wanted to see me again.

Roy wasn't the only one who saw something different in me. Jimmy Rycroft, a lawyer, and a friend of Pat's, came to the office one day and then Pat invited me over to her place to meet him. She told me that it was Jimmy's idea actually. He hadn't realized before how attractive I was. When I got to Pat's she was overwhelmed by my new, chic appearance. Jimmy Rycroft was very nice, too. Shy, but very appealing. I really had a great time at Pat's that night and I agreed to see Jimmy again. I'd even manage to refrain from commenting on Pat's obvious condition. So, what with Roy, Jimmy and occasionally Ed, whom I didn't have the heart to cut off entirely, I got myself pretty busy and I only saw Valerie to more or less say hello and goodbye.

It was Roy who was feeling a little frisky one night after we'd been dining out rather late and who suggested that we go on to a cabaret club. There wasn't any particular reason why we chose the Red Slipper, except that people were still going in there when we cruised

the downtown area around one a.m. We were ushered to a table already partly occupied. There was a band playing and the dance floor was packed. The cigarette smoke stung my eyes and my ears were assaulted by the undisciplined sound of the band. I'd have left right away but I could see by Roy's excited face that he really wanted to get into the 'action.' Roy ordered some kind of drink but I couldn't hear him even though he was yelling into the waiter's ear. Two drinks appeared almost instantly, mine was some kind of Sling, as far as I remember, but I paid little attention to the drink because the floor was being cleared for the cabaret. The black group of singers had the place jumping in no time and there was no let up as a blonde girl singer, with obvious non-musical talents, followed. I was quite unprepared then for the club's main attraction. The lights over the audience suddenly went out and a solitary spotlight shone at the top of a small set of stairs on the stage. The band had switched into a steady blues-type beat music, sultry and aimed entirely at creating a sensuous atmosphere. "Katrina," a heavy voice gasped somewhere into a microphone. She parted the sheer curtains and stepped out into the spotlight. The grace and sensuousness of her performance riveted every eye on her so that her slow stepping down to the stage was accompanied by almost total silence.

Katrina wore a long, see through robe of dark brown silk. It was slit up to her waist. Her black hair was swept back into a tight knot, from which came a long, black pony tail. The diamond tiara that held her hair in place was matched by the sparkling from the bra and panties she wore which were only dimly to be seen through the silk. The outline of her figure, however, was clear. She was thrillingly feminine in form. Her movements matched the insistent beat of the music, her hips swaying seductively as she unclipped the gown, and began her exotic dance. I suppose some people would describe Katrina's dance as a striptease, but I never would. Sure she removed her bra and her jewelry, ending up naked save for the g-string which covered her most private parts, but it was all done so sensually and artistically that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Katrina was one of the most gorgeous women in the whole world—an epitome of femininity. Perhaps I wasn't the only one who wasn't convinced, much as I enjoyed and was titillated by her dance. But then I had been living with those grey eyes for more than three months. Yes, Katrina was, in fact, my roommate, Valerie MacMillan, alias Terry Evans.

After Katrina's exist, there was a kind of stunned silence in the audience before the applause broke out. No one, I think, had been aware, least of all I, in how involved we'd been in her dance, not until the lights went on the illusion was broken. Roy hugged me pretty close after that and wanted to stay on and dance. But I was pretty well shook up after seeing Valerie that way. I hadn't realized until then just how far out of my circle she normally moved. Roy sensed that I didn't want to stay and he was pretty gracious about leaving. He did go on quite a bit about Katrina, however, and he was really aroused later when we got back to the apartment. In fact, he didn't want to leave, and surprisingly, I didn't want him to either. Naturally, Valerie wasn't home when we got there, so Roy stayed. He eventually left about six. I hadn't heard Valerie come in, but I saw her grey, leather coat hung up beside Roy's raincoat as I ushered Roy out.

The next day was a Sunday, and for the first time since we'd teamed up, Valerie didn't go out. She stayed in her room most of the day with her radio. When I popped my head into her room she was sorting out a bunch of body shirts, stitching away and being thoroughly domestic again. Without eye shadow and just a touch of lipstick, she looked incredibly young. When Roy came around later, that was how she was, in a striped shirt and black skirt, her blonde hair parted in the middle and brushed down to just touch the nape of her neck.

"I didn't know your roommate was so young," he said to me. As I hesitated, he went on, "She's just the kind of girl my boss dotes on." Roy had been going on about his boss, a guy named Earl, almost since I'd known him. Earl wasn't yet out of his twenties, but already was the Vice-President in charge of sales in Roy's company, and he was riding his salesmen hard, accompanying them on their rounds and then setting what Roy felt were impossible sales quotes. For some reason, he got along well with Roy, perhaps appreciation of Roy's sense of humor, but Roy was just waiting for the pressure to be put on him. "Would she mind if I arranged a double date for her with us and Earl?"

Valerie came back into our main living room at just that moment. "Would she mind what?" she asked, giving Roy a demure smile as she curled her feet up under her on the sofa and began to sip her coffee.

Roy smiled back. "I was just wondering if you'd like to come on a date with Dot and me. I know a really great guy who'd just love to meet you." Valerie's eyes flicked over to me. She must have read the disapproval in my face. After all, she knew what she really was, and this was taking my involvement with her just a little too far. As a roommate she'd worked out fine, but my mind was still reeling under the exotic impression she'd made on my senses the night before. It was wrong that a man should be so feminine as he was. Even the way he was was girlish, his nylon stockinged legs so perfectly shaped and poised as he leaned on the sofa, just a little of his silk-ribboned petticoat revealed in the pose he'd chosen.

"Sure," Valerie smiled back at Roy. "I'd just love to double date with you and Dorothy. Any time at all." There was not a doubt that she knew I didn't want to go out with her, but she'd accepted anyway. Roy wanted to go out to a movie Sunday night. He invited Valerie to come with us, but this time, maybe because she noticed the daggered looks I was giving her, she declined prettily, saying she had to be ready for an early job on Monday.

I could hardly discuss what I was feeling and thinking with Roy, though he seemed to get the message that I was upset with his asking her to go out with him. He asked me about it and, well, what could I say? I said it wasn't that of course. I claimed a headache and Roy didn't press it. But when he left met at the door, he said he'd talk to Earl and call me. I went to Valerie's room to talk to her, but if she wasn't really asleep, she was making a really great job of faking it. In the morning, too, she was gone before I even got up, and her 'modeling bag' was gone. I didn't get a chance to talk to her, then, before Roy called and told me he'd booked us a table at the Tropicana, the swankiest of all the night clubs in town, for the following Friday and that Earl was just dying to meet Valerie.

When I told Valerie what Roy had done, she just nodded at me and said she'd get free. She was so calm about the date that I was shook up. She quite casually accepted that she was going to the most 'in' place in town, where evening dresses were obligatory, and she didn't turn a hair. Going there with a man as her date didn't seem to upset her either. In fact, it was upsetting me much more than her, him or whatever. I found that I couldn't broach the topic with her at all. The very thought that Valerie was in fact a man herself left me tongue-tied.

She helped me considerably in getting ready for our Friday date. I doubt I'd have managed it at all but for her. She arranged and combed out my newly streaked hair and did my make-up with green and white eyeshadow in a way that made me appear positively attractive. My purple and white gown with the white peasant sleeves was set off by the purple shoes and evening bag she lent me. Roy was stunned by my appearance, but I'm afraid I was still too uptight at the thought of what might happen between Valerie and Earl to really appreciate Roy's admiration.

Earl had instantly moved in on Valerie when I'd introduced them. She wore a black, silk evening dress, with thin, silver straps over her bare shoulders to hold up the backless dress. Her hair was parted in the center and she'd put an artificial braid on the back. The large, silver earrings she wore and her black-painted eyes, making them seem huge, accentuated her youth. Earl was almost fawning over her, and she was lapping it up, a permanent smile on her pink lips. She had a sable wrap that she insisted on wearing, although I thought it wouldn't be warm enough. Earl was there instantly to help her drape it about her shoulders and to slip his arm about her slim waist.

As the evening wore on, I could see why Roy felt as he did about Earl. I found it sickening the way he cosseted Valerie, holding her hand and putting his arm around her, just as if he owned her. He was flamboyant in almost everything he did, but Valerie didn't appear to unwilling to follow his lead. She looked like she was actually enjoying being the center of so much attention. He had a hug for her the end of every dance and even Roy, on the occasional dance, treated her the same way. She seemed to enjoy the slow dances, also snuggling her head into Earl's shoulder and neck just as if she was a real girl. I was relieved at last to get her away from our table to 'powder our noses' to talk to her. She was more interested in fixing my make-up, however, than in talking about Earl.

"I've met worse," was her cryptic comment then I acidly said I didn't know how he could stand such a show-off.

When we got back to our table, Earl bounced up and started to hug me. "Hey," he said. "Roy just told me about you two. I hope you'll both be very happy." Roy looked embarrassed as well he might. Earl's words were as much news to me as they were to Valerie. I could feel her go rigid as Earl went on and on and gave me a quick kiss on the

cheek. All Roy did was to give me a little shrug and to stand there helplessly, not contradicting Earl at all. Valerie's hand slipped out of mine and Earl broke away from me to help her sit down. She was visibly shaken by Earl's words and her pink-tipped fingers were twisting and untwisting one of the napkins. Luckily, Earl was too insensitive to have noticed. He was going on about how great a salesman Roy was and the high sales to visits ratio he had, the highest in the company, and Roy started in, too, about how he did it. I couldn't have got a word in without shouting one of them down. Then Earl turned off and pulled Valerie onto the dance floor. The bright smile had already returned to her face and she looked most delighted to be in Earl's arms as he hugged her tightly in a waltz.

Leaving the club, Earl gave Roy the keys to his car and made some fatuous remark about us having had the use of the back seat on the way to the club and now it was their turn. That was something I hadn't expected. Nor had I expected the enthusiastic way the two of them began to neck in the back seat while Roy and I sat in the front for the drive home, exchanging small talk.

Earl was all set to stay at our place, and so was Roy. By the way Valerie was clinging to Earl, she seemed ready for that, too. Her pink lipstick was quite smudged and her face was flushed. I put my foot down, though, and insisted that both Valerie and I needed our beauty sleep. Roy whispered something about Valerie being old enough to do what she like and I whispered back a promise to make it up to him on the next day or so. Earl regretfully broke away from Valerie and our sofa, where they'd said a very romantic good-night. I guess I puzzled him a little by my insistence that he go. "Good-night, Ma," he said with a laugh to me as Roy let him out, and, turning, he blew a kiss to Valerie.

I wanted to talk to Valerie about what Earl had said, but she was already stripping off to her slip and bra as soon as the door closed. She went tripping off to her bedroom with a bright smile to me. "Thanks for arranging for such a nice night for us," she said huskily, as she took off her heels. "I really enjoyed myself." Then she slipped off her bra, her ample breasts showing firm, full and female. I was left gasping as she softly closed her door and, I guess, went off to bed.

Roy was back for me at our place by noon the next day, though Valerie hadn't yet put in an appearance. I got to him immediately.

"What did you tell Earl about us last night?" My voice was angry and full of accusations.

"Nothing much," he was quite taken aback by my attack. "I just told him that we were heading towards a lasting relationship." There was worry on his face. "Aren't we?"

I was shaken. "What's a lasting relationship?" I gasped.

It was his turn to be surprised. "Well," he said, "I thought we might get engaged pretty soon. Didn't you?"

What could I say? I was stunned. Despite Ed Birley, I usually thought to myself that no one had asked me to marry them. Roy's question was a funny kind of proposal. I was standing there open-mouthed when a sleepy Valerie came out of her bedroom. She hadn't put on a robe or a negligee. Her black, frilly nightie, black, bikini panties and tousled blonde hair gave her a sexiness that Roy responded to in open-mouthed wonder. Her beautiful legs were entirely bare and you could see her well-shaped bust through the nightie.

"Oh!" her voice was huskier than usual. "I didn't know anyone was here."

"Just me," said Roy with a gulp, eyeing her as if he'd just seen strange fruit. "I just asked your roommate to marry me, but she's thinking it over."

"But . . ." her voice trailed off. She stood in her doorway, staring at the pair of us. "I though Earl . . ."

"He just misunderstood me," said Roy, his eyes looking down at her pink toenails. "But at least he forced me to be honest and ask the questions I should have asked the other night." He turned to me. "Well, what do you say?"

They were both watching me expectantly. "Wh-What can I say?" I started out hesitantly, still astonished beyond words.

"Excuse me," Valerie had realized how she must appear but there was a funny kind of look of her face. "I must get some clothes on." Her door closed firmly behind her.

"I can't think," I said to Roy. "I never expected this. I was happy just to be, well, just to be noticed by people," I finished lamely.

"You don't want to marry me?" There seemed to be both question and relief in his voice.

"I don't know," I said honestly. "How do you really feel? Isn't it too soon for both of us?"

"You're right," he agreed quickly. There was an awkward silence. "But I still very much want to see you and take you out."

"I'd enjoy that," I smiled. Valerie came back out at just that moment. She still wore no make-up and her hair was the same pleasant mess. She wore a dark brown mini-dress and was putting on matching heels as she came out. Her panty hose were also dark tinted.

"You look happy," she said to me cautiously.

"Yes," I said, "I think it's for the best."

"Well," said Roy, "I've got tickets to a hockey game for us. So . . ."

He smiled at Valerie, who gave him a nervous little smile back.

"I'm ready," I said grabbing my bag. I turned to Valerie. "I don't expect we'll be back till late tonight. Are you working late?"

She nodded woodenly and was going off to the kitchen even as we shouted a good-bye, grabbed our coats and left.

It wasn't actually our intention to go back to the apartment at all, before going on to dinner and the theatre, but the game was unusually penalty free for hockey and we found ourselves with more time than we expected. Then we ran into Dr. Lewish and his wife and she invited us to their home for dinner and bridge, which is one of Roy's weaknesses. I agreed but insisted on going back to the apartment to change. After a couple of drinks, it was still fairly early when we got back to the flat it must have been after eight. The Lewises had already gone on to prepare dinner, and I agreed to be quick. Roy stayed in the car while I nipped up to change.

The lights were out when I opened the door save for a soft glow from Valerie's room. I burst in to turn it off and the movement on the bed was the first indication I had that someone was in there.

"Valerie?" I said, flicking on the main room light.

"Don't," said Valerie's husky voice as I was moving towards the switch. With the room flooded with light, I wished I'd listened to the voice. The two figures were not yet into the bed, but from the way that they were intertwined, I had no doubts that they'd soon be beneath the sheets. For a moment, the person who was partly covering the sparsely clad Valerie didn't register with me at all. And then I realized she was a woman. Valerie was on her bed with another woman. Valerie sat up and pulled herself away from the woman who was most reluctant to let her go.

"This is Natalie Birdwell," Valerie said shakily. "A friend of mine."

"That I can see," I said dryly. "But a woman?"

Natalie sat up, too. She was wearing a green blouse and a dark green pantsuit. "I thought she knew about you," she said accusingly to Valerie.

"She does," there was insecurity and nervousness in Valerie's voice and manner that I'd never seen before.

Natalie looked at me. "So why are you so cynical?" she said in a challenging tone. "Terry may be a transvestite, but he's not queer. He's had many other girlfriends."

My whole body registered the shock of that remark. I was paralyzed. Valerie came rushing from the bed to take my hand. "Oh. I didn't want this," she said desperately. "But now that you and Roy are fixed up, I needed someone, I needed Natalie badly."

My senses were still reeling from the assault on my perception of the order of things. "No," I said. "Roy and I agree to be friends, not to be married."

It was her turn to be astonished. She was lost for words. "Well," I shrugged and backed away. "I'll see you later. I'm supposed to be changing for dinner at the Lewises. Aren't you working?"

"Later," Valerie almost whispered.

"I'll see you then," I said, pulling out of that room as fast as I could.

I've never changed so fast in all my life. I must have been out of there in five minutes flat. Not that I could eat anything at all. All I could think about was what Natalie had said. Valerie wasn't queer. She had girlfriends! And why not, I thought bitterly. She's a man, isn't she? She's fooled me just as much as she's fooled everybody else. And then I thought of her performance with Earl and I was revolted. Needless to say, I played some of the worst bridge of my life that night. The Lewises, I think were heartily glad when we broke off early and Roy took me home.

Roy wanted to come in so that I could keep my promise to him from the night before—but there was no way. Eventually he got the message and went off in a huff. I could tell he thought that what had gone on earlier between us had somehow changed my opinion of him. It was a pity. I had intended to let him stay that evening right up until the moment when I saw Natalie cuddling Valerie on the bed.

I went into Valerie's room. It was so neat that you'd never have known that anyone had been there earlier. I brooded about for a little while. By my watch, Katrina would just be starting her act. I doubted I could keep awake long enough that night for her to be home. There was only one thing to do. I went back to my room and prepared myself for bed. Then I went into Valerie's room and got into her bed. It was a good thing it was queen-size, I thought sourly. I lay back on her silk-covered pillows and was asleep in seconds. I didn't hear her come in, get changed for bed or slip into bed beside me.

She must have disturbed the pillow, because I was aware of her, of the Werth cologne she'd just started using, all in a flash. I sat up and would have gone for the light but her hand touched my arm and she whispered, "Don't."

I considered and lay back. She had laid just about as far from me as it was possible to be in that bed. "I want to talk to you," I said, trying to shake the cobwebs. I was waking up fast.

There was a rustle as her head moved. I think she must have nodded. "You couldn't wait until morning." It was a flat statement of fact.

"No," I said. "Tell me about Natalie."

"She went home five minutes after you dashed out," she said huskily. "I think she realized ..."

"Where did she come from?" I cut in.

"From out of my past," Valerie's voice showed uncertainty again.

"I mean," I said pointedly, "Why was she here today? Was this going on before when I wasn't here?"

I didn't think she'd answer me for a moment. There was a little silence before she went on carefully. "I asked her over. I was lonely, I guess. I haven't been near another woman since I met you. She and I were, well, we were very good friends once, but it's long over now. And I think we both realized it after you left."

"What are you, Valerie?" I finally said, ignoring the soft, conciliatory tone of her voice. "That's really what I want to know. I saw you with Earl and I've seen you with other men as they pass you by. I've seen Katrina, too." A gasp came from out of the darkness. "I thought you wanted to be a real woman," I said. "I treated you like a woman because ... because ..." Words failed me. I was getting into an area where I didn't actually know what I thought any more. I didn't really know why I was so upset, either.

"I suppose you want the story of my life," she had regained her calm again. It was I who was tongue-tied and defensive. I mumbled something and she began to talk in a low murmur. "All right, but hear me out and listen to it all. Then, perhaps ... Well, I had the usual unhappy childhood. I loved to dress in girl's clothes, my mother's clothes, even when I was a boy. She hated me for it and punished me pretty harshly when she caught me, and she caught me many times. But she died when I was 16, my father died when I was just a little boy," a shiver ran up my spine as she described herself that way, "and Mother's death left me largely to my own devices, save for my trustee, a friend of my mothers. She thought my cross-dressing was cute and she encouraged me. She even interested me in sex. She was the one who introduced me to hormones and surgery as well. Oh, yes, I've seen you looking at me, but you don't know what I've gone through in having my nose, my face, and my breasts fixed up to pass

for real. See, Celia thought I was like Christine Jorgensen and she thought she was helping me to emerge into a new kind of womanhood. I guess. Even though we were making out almost every night and twice on weekends, that didn't give her the message that I wasn't queer or a transsexual.

"I didn't know this, either, of course. And I was eager to be a woman— to have reality meet my fantasies. But reality intervened. I met a man, whom I imagined I was in love with. I went with him for six months. Celia even made the arrangements for me to have the last surgery that changes man to woman, but luckily, I told David all about myself." There was sardonic humor in her voice. "I wanted to be so pure and honest, a good and submissive wife. He beat me up. He fractured my skull and put me in the hospital for six months. My condition was the talk of the place, of course, and they just naturally brought psychiatrists in to see me. They tested and retested me and then came up with the astonishing conclusion that I ought not to be operated on. And I didn't want it, either, I was happy being a miserable freak.

"Natalie is one of the radiologists in the General. She was the one who largely got me through this period, by treating me as me, as a person, not a freak." My eyes, accustomed to the gloom now, could see her soft, feminine profile as she spoke. Her eyes were glistening with tears. "I've been out with men since, even let them kiss me, and, I guess, I responded a little bit like any woman would. But," she sighed heavily, "I only went along with Earl because of you, because I thought you wanted me to at first. And when you were going to marry Roy . . ."

"Never," I interrupted.

"Never," she turned toward me in the bed and I felt her foot touch mine. There was a tingling in my whole body. "I couldn't seem to talk with you before," she whispered huskily. "I couldn't get you to see me as I really am. You treated me just like a woman. You even got me to date your friends."

"No," I almost shouted. "I didn't want you to go out with Earl. It was wrong."

She moved closer, her shoulder touching mine, a strand of hair stroking my cheek. "Darling Dorothy," she said, a quiver in her voice. "There's been no one in my thoughts since I met you. Can you even accept me as a man?"

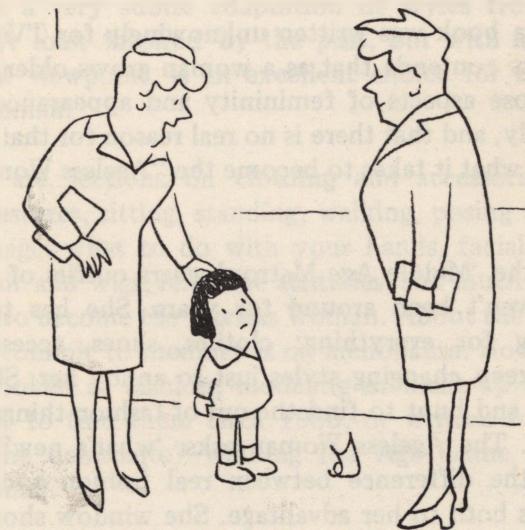
There was such a naive and sincere quality in her voice that I couldn't help myself. I began to giggle. I felt her stiffen and begin to pull away, but I reached out, grabbed her and pulled her close. I kissed her first, feeling her soft body yield instantly to my touch. But then she was onto me, making love to me. I love it. She was so soft, curved, and gentle, and she was all man, when she at last removed her panties. The perfume of her hair and body was more exciting to me than anything any other man had ever had to offer me. I won't say I fell in love or anything right there, but having Valerie make love to me was the most enjoyable experience of my life. She was also much more experienced and insatiable than I was—everything a woman wants in a man. Now I knew why I'd been so upset at the closeness to Earl and to Natalie. I'd been jealous. From the start, she'd captivated me and that's all there was to it. But I still found it hard, if not impossible, to accept Valerie as a man. A man she might be, but she was also Valerie, and Valerie was something different, something else. Sleep when it came was from an ecstatic exhaustion, both of us wound up in each other, hugging and holding each other tightly. We were reluctant to get up, too, finding too much to explore about each other in bed, but at last hunger drove us out and we began to put the world back together again.

It's a very odd relationship we have. When Laura, our oldest daughter was born, we moved out of the apartment to an old, respectable district. Though our neighbors accepted my tales about Laura's absentee father, they've become quite standoffish now that I'm pregnant again, and showing it. My parents too are irate. They know I'm married but they've never met Terry. They think I'm sleeping with any guy I want and my sister, who knows Valerie lives with me, thinks I'm a lesbian. Valerie isn't what you'd call a devoted father. She still won't wear a pantsuit—not even to the bizarre registry office wedding service we had. I've never seen a man so red and flustered as the clerk who filled out the papers. Natalie was a great help though the ceremonies and at least our marriage gives the kids the security of Valerie's money which is far greater than she ever let on. She's getting richer all the time, too. She begged me to go on location

with her this time in the new film in which she's agreed to star—but I don't want to. I just wouldn't feel right seeing how those people, particularly the men, treat Valerie. It's bad enough watching her in the last movie she made. Seeing men make love to her on the screen really upsets me—but then, no one really knows her the way I do.

She says she's going to quit after one more film—we'll have enough to live on in comfort the rest of our days. But she also says that if this one's a boy, she'll never take another hormone, she'll cut her hair, start wearing pants and have her breasts removed. But somehow we both know that she'll never do it. I don't really worry either. Our love life is one long rapture when we're together and I think I fulfill her in some way she just can't be fulfilled by a man. I believe she knows it, too. And so we go on living each day one after the other just as it comes, me Dorothy Evans, and my husband, Valerie Russell or as the papers say, the girl with the face and figure made in heaven.

the end



"This is little Albert. We haven't told him he's a little boy yet."

BOOK REVIEW



WINNING THE AGE GAME

Review By: Linda Davis (TX-8-D)

WINNING THE AGE GAME

by Gloria Heidi

1976 A & W Visual Library

345 pages, paperback, \$4.95

If ever a book was written unknowingly for TV's, this is it. The authoress contends that as a woman grows older, she begins to forget those aspects of femininity and appearance that once came naturally, and that there is no real reason for that to happen. She explains what it takes to become the "Ageless Woman." Some excerpts:

" . . . the 'Middle Age Matron' wears outfits of colors that haven't been around for years. She has trouble shopping for everything: clothes, shoes, accessories. 'They' keep changing styles just to annoy her. She has to hunt and hunt to find the out-of-fashion things she's used to. The Ageless Woman asks, 'what's new?'. She knows the difference between real fashion and fads, and uses both to her advantage. She window shops the latest fads at I. Magnin, then copies them at Penney's for a lot less and looks almost the same. She doesn't care if fad items last forever, so why pay for quality she can't see? She doesn't have to be a dedicated clothes horse to follow the trends. She just reads two magazines

a year. The Ageless Woman buys the most expensive fashion she can afford because true fashion changes slowly and predictably. Well tailored slacks, a cashmere sweater, an expensive well-made handbag are all good fashion investments.

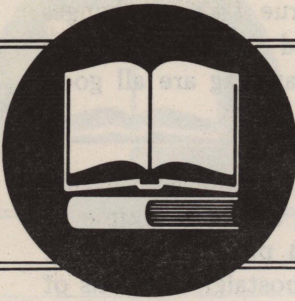
“ . . . Don't leap aboard every fad bandwagon that comes along — chandelier earrings tinkling in time to the clump-clump of your one-inch platform shoes. If designers are looking back to the nostalgic fashions of the 40's and 50's, don't take a trip down Memory Lane if you've already been there. If you were old enough to wear the original fashions of the 40's, you'll look like a female Rip Van Winkle in a rerun of ankle-strap shoes, deep red nails and lipstick, or crepe dresses with sweetheart necklines. Avoid fads and fashions that are a literal translation of clothes from your past. Instead choose a very subtle adaptation of styles from your past. A look inspired by the past, but with a totally current viewpoint, is an excellent choice for the Ageless Woman.

There are sections on clothing and accessories, complete make-up, gestures, sitting, standing, walking, posing (yes, posing), body language, what to do with your hands, facial expressions, facelifts, hair and wigs, feminine attitudes, and much, much more. Everything to become the Ageless Woman. About the only chapter you won't commit to memory is on menopause. How many times have you looked at fashion, modeling or make-up books at the library only to find them circa 1950, or written for the unreal world of the debutante? Winning the Age Game is NOW, for today's woman.

My spouse has had trouble getting it back from me ever since she bought it. Is my enthusiasm showing? I'll give it an 11½ on a scale of one to 10. At all good book stores.

Linda Davis (TX-8-D)

BOOK REVIEW



IDEAL MARRIAGE

Review By: Karen (CA-30-G)

IDEAL MARRIAGE

by Dee Raymond

3 volumes, \$4.50 each

Throughout the years, author Dee Raymond has become known for fast-paced and thoroughly enchanting stories based on transvestic themes. Unlike many types of this genre of literature, this three volume novelette deals with more than just fantasy crossdressing episodes. Written specifically for heterosexual transvestites, Dee has also added a pinch of education to this short trilogy.

Those who have come to a recent and partial understanding of their femmophilia will find gentle guidance and warnings of the excesses which can become problematical for the newly decloseted transvestite. Care must be taken to regulate the amount of transvestic freedom one allows oneself. Those who are married and desire to remain so must take into account the needs and feelings of their spouse. Dee skillfully weaves these conflicts into the warp and woof of the story and artfully proposes answers and solutions in the actions of the story's characters.

In part 1, "The Wedding," the reader is introduced to Richard Archer, whose impending marriage seems a cure to early transvestic urges. His bride finds that mention of female

impersonation increases their marital enjoyment and attempts to cultivate Richard's feminine inclinations. Richard's growth as "Janice" is followed in graphic detail.

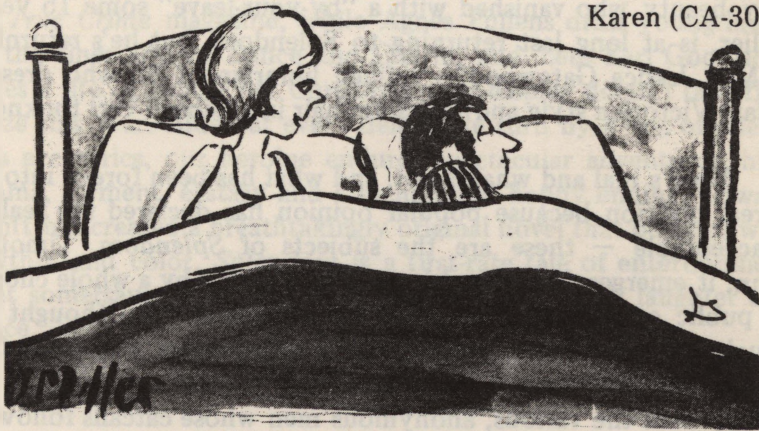
Part 2, "Lucy's Party," follows the cross-genderal growth of Janice to the point where Richard's wife, Claire, begins to regret her part in her husband's feminization.

Part 3, "The Weekend at Standen," is full of delightfully complex genderal surprises for the reader and incorporates the healing of wounds wherein a new understanding is shared by Claire and Richard which also includes a place for Janice and ends in the "ideal marriage."

The slight disappointment of physical format design problems of these booklets due to the small printing quantities inherent in a small, specialized reading market is easily made up for by the excellent quality of the story and palatable nature of Dee's writing style.

This reviewer rates Dee's delightful triptych three High Hells and a thank you.

Karen (CA-30-G)



" Oh, alright, if you're going to be that way, go ahead and put on your 'baby-dolls'."

BOOK REVIEW



SPLENDORA

Review By: Carol Beecroft

SPLENDORA

by Edward Swift

251 pages, clothbound, \$8.95.

The courtyard in Splendor, Texas is an antique red brick building with gables and turrets and gothic windows and a four-faced clock, but all of this is encased in a jerry-built modern cover-up of three concrete blocks that rise in tiers like a blank wedding cake. And Timothy Coldridge, a one-time Splendor boy of legendary beauty who vanished with a "by-your-leave" some 15 years earlier, is at long last returning to Splendor, but he's returning as Miss Jessica Gatewood, a refined librarian of 33 who dresses in late Victorian style and wears her hair in a Gibson Girl topknot.

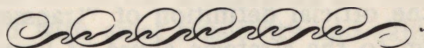
What's real and what is not, and what has been forced into an unreal position because popular opinion has declared the reality unacceptable — these are the subjects of *Splendor*. Timothy John, it emerges, has been driven to his disguise by a whole chorus of public opinion: the feminizing grandmother who thought he "ought to be a French bed doll," the schoolmates who made fun of him, the Splendor ladies who agreed he was "too pretty to be a boy," and the various, anonymous men whose catcalls followed him down the street before he finally, with some relief, fell into the role of Jessica Gatewood. Inside Miss Jessica's upright figure, then, he returns to Splendor and, like a whole army inside a Trojan horse, he takes the town by storm. Splendor is an unusual

town. The sheriff keeps his door padlocked at all times, the fire department doesn't answer its phone, and for at least the last 28 years the citizens have been assuming there's a mayor, when there doesn't appear to be one. The big event is the annual Crape Myrtle Festival, although, as the town's most sensible character points out, crape myrtle resembles nothing so much as "chewed up, spit-out watermelon." This is the place that goes berserk over a Victorian lady who calls her acquaintances "dear heart" and who entertains a house guest so bizarre that her friends decide "we got to get this one up the hill fast before somebody spots her."

There are many moments in the book where we can relax and find ourselves borne effortlessly along, and there are always those moments when the voices reverberating from Timothy John's childhood begin to take over the airwaves. The writer has a particular gift for capturing the continuous low musical murmur of small town gossip: the ladies on their telephones, comparing opinions; telling secrets; sorting out the substance of other people's lives.

Some of the characters provide interesting insights: Sue Ella Lightfoot furthers her study of "sexual motives" with every issue of *True Crime* magazine, while Agnes Pullens drills young ladies in the finer arts of Dance and Charm, and Zeta Earl Goodridge faces a life of ruin if her Christmas yard display doesn't take first prize this year. Aided at every delectable turn by a cast of relentless eccentrics, our heroine endures spectacular adventures, high drama, torment, ecstasy and a technicolor happy ending. Edward Swift has created a breathtakingly original novel that pulsates with rhythm and color. *Splendor* is a first-rate tale of entertainment that somersaults the bog of "social-normalcy" with laughter and grace.

Carol Beecroft



BOOK REVIEW



THE TRANSSEXUAL EMPIRE

Review By: Thomas Szasz

THE TRANSSEXUAL EMPIRE

The Making of the She-Male

By Janice G. Raymond

220 pages, Beacon Press, \$12.95

Review by Thomas Szasz

In the old days, when I was a medical student, if a man wanted to have his penis amputated, my psychology professors said that he suffered from schizophrenia, locked him up in an asylum and threw away the key. Now that I am a professor, my colleagues in psychiatry say that he is a "transsexual," my colleagues in urology refashion his penis into a perineal cavity they call a vagina, and *Time* magazine puts him on its cover and calls him "her." Anyone who doubts that this is progress is considered to be ignorant of the discoveries of modern psychiatric sexology, and a political reactionary, a sexual bigot, or something equally unflattering.

Like much of the medical-psychiatric mendacity characteristic of our day, the official definition of "transsexualism" as a disease comes down to the strategic abuse of language — epitomized by confusing and equating biological phenomena with social roles (in the present case, chromosomal sexual identity with acting

as a man or a woman). Although there are connections between these concepts and facts, neither one "causes" or "determines" the other.

Because "transsexualism" involves, is indeed virtually synonymous with, extensive surgical alterations of the "normal" human body, we might ask what would happen, say, to a man who went to an orthopedic surgeon, told him that he felt like a right-handed person trapped in an ambidextrous body and asked the doctor to cut off his perfectly healthy left arm? What would happen to a man who went to a urologist, told him that he felt like a Christian trapped in a Jewish body, and asked him to re-cover the glans of his penis with foreskin? (Such an operation may be alluded to in I Corinthians, 7:17-18.)

"But," the medically informed reader might object, "isn't transsexualism a disease? Isn't it — in the grandly deceptive phrase of the American psychiatric establishment used to characterize all 'mental diseases' — 'just like any other illness.?' No, it is not. The transsexual male is indistinguishable from other males, save by his desire to be a woman. ("He is a woman trapped in a man's body" is the standard rhetorical form of this claim.) If such a desire qualifies as a disease, transforming the desiring agent into a "transsexual," then the old person who wants to be young is a "transchronological," the poor person who wants to be rich is a "transeconomical," and so on.

Such hypothetical claims and the requests for "therapy" based on them (together with our cognitive and medical responses to them) frame, in my opinion, the proper background against which our contemporary beliefs and practices concerning "transsexualism" and transsexual "therapy" ought to be viewed.

Clearly, not all desires are authenticated in our society as diseases. Why the desire for a change in sex roles is so authenticated is analyzed with great sensitivity and skill by Janice Raymond in *The Transsexual Empire*. Arguing that "medicine and

psychology . . . function as secular religions in the area of transsexualism," she demonstrates that this "condition" is now accepted as a disease because advances in the technology of sex-conversion surgery have made certain alterations in the human genitals possible and because such operations reiterate and reinforce traditional patriarchal sex-role expectations and stereotypes. Ostensibly, the "transsexers" (from psychologists to urologists) are curing a disease; actually, they engage in the religious and political shaping and controlling of "masculine" and "feminine" behavior. Miss Raymond's development and documentation of this thesis is flawless. Her book is an important achievement.

The claim that males can be transformed, by means of hormones and surgery, into females, and vice versa, is, of course, a lie. ("She-males" are fabricated in much greater numbers than "he-females.") Chromosomal sex is fixed. And so are one's historical experiences of growing up and living as boy or girl, man or woman. What, then, can be achieved by means of "transsexual therapy"? The language in which the reply is framed is crucial — and can never be neutral. The transsexual propagandists claim to transform "women trapped in men's bodies" into "real" women and want them to be accepted socially as females (say, in professional tennis). Critics of transsexualism contend that such a person is a "male-to-constructed-female" (Miss Raymond's term), or a fake female, or a castrated male transvestite who wears not only feminine clothing but also feminine-looking body parts. Miss Raymond quotes a Casablanca surgeon, who has operated on more than 700 American men, characterizing the transsexual transformation as follows: "I don't change men into women. I transform male genitals into genitals that have a female aspect. All the rest is in the patient's mind."

Not quite. Some of the rest is in society's "mind." For the fact is that Renee Richards was endorsed by Billie Jean King as a real woman and was accepted by the authorities monitoring

women's professional tennis as a "real woman." This authentication of a "constructed female" as a real female stands in dramatic contrast to the standard rules of Olympic competition in which the contestants' bodily contours count for nothing, their sexual identity being based solely on their chromosomal makeup.

Miss Raymond has rightly seized on transsexualism as an emblem of modern society's unremitting — through increasingly concealed — antifeminism. And she correctly emphasizes that "the terminology of transsexualism disguises the reality . . . that transsexuals 'prove' they are transsexuals by conforming to the canons of the medical-psychiatric institution that evaluates them on the basis of their being able to pass as stereotypically masculine or feminine, and that ultimately grants surgery on this basis." The "transsexual empire" is thus a Trojan horse in the battle between the sexes, helping men to seduce unsuspecting women, or women who ought to know better, to join forces with their oppressors.

Still, why should anyone (especially feminist women) object to men wanting to become women? Isn't imitation the highest form of flattery? Precisely herein lies the "liberal" sexologists' betrayal of human dignity and integrity: They support the (male) transsexual's claim that he wants to be a woman — when, in fact, what he wants is to be a caricature of the male definition of "femininity." What makes transsexual surgery a male-supremacist obscenity is the fact that transsexing surgeons do not perform the operation on all clients (just for the money) but insist that the client prove that he can "pass" as a woman. That is as if Catholic priests were willing to convert only those Jews who could prove their Christianity by socially appropriate acts of anti-Semitism. Janice Raymond's analysis is bitterly correct. The very existence of the "transsexual empire" is evidence of the persistence of our deep-seated religious and cultural prejudices against women.

The war between the sexes is a part of our human heritage. It's no use denying it. If that war ever ends, it will not be because of a phony armistice arranged by doctors, but because men, women and children will place personal dignity before social sex-role identity.

BOOK REVIEW



THE TRANSSEXUAL EMPIRE

Review By: Virginia Prince

THE TRANSSEXUAL EMPIRE

The Making of the She-Male

By Janice G. Raymond

Review by Virginia Prince

This is a whole new look at the subject of transsexuality. It is the first (and so far the only) of what might be called "anti" books. Everything else written on the subject in book form has either been an autobiography of someone who has had the surgery and as such is given to self justification, rationalization and explanation (and money making); or a few professional books such as Dr. Benjamin's *Transsexual Phenomenon*.

The Transsexual Empire takes up the whole field from an entirely different viewpoint and, therefore, is worth reading. To the author, it seems to smack of a medical conspiracy, since it is the medical profession that has set up the "empire." While I can't disagree with her that this has occurred, it was a very secondary thing. Back about 15 years ago, Dr. Richard Green, one of the early workers in the field, sent out a questionnaire to doctors soliciting their opinions about whom, and under what circumstances, they would accept sex changing surgery. The response was highly negative, doctors being unwilling to approve such emasculating surgery except under very special circumstances. Over 15 years that attitude has certainly changed. Once a lot of plastic surgeons,

genito-urinary surgeons and others found that there was an apparently unending stream of applications and that the prices that could be charged were considerable, and after such prestigious institutions as Johns Hopkins and the University of Minnesota had done their original 25 surgeries apiece, thus giving the procedure some reputability, surgeons everywhere began to get into the act. Be it noted in passing that both of the universities mentioned discontinued the surgeries after their 25 cases.

The point that the author seems to miss, however, is that the demand for such surgery came from a large number of troubled candidates and was not invented by the medical profession. The sad thing about it all is that the universities didn't put as much time and thought into finding out why so many people seek the surgery and what alternative means might have been developed to assist them into a more comfortable life, as they did in preparing the surgical programs.

Dr. Raymond's main complaint, aside from her accusations against the medical establishment, is that such operated persons are not true "males" or "females" after the surgery but "female to constructed males" or, "male to constructed females", to use her terms. Moreover, and this is her big point, that in each case the new "woman" or new "man" is guided and assisted to achieve a maximum of conformity to the stereotype gender appropriate to that sex. Since she is an avid feminist herself, most of her effort and ire are directed towards the male to female transsexual and the professionals who help them to conform to the current (actually rather passe) stereotypes of "femininity." At the very time that the women's movement is trying to rescue women from these ancient ideas of what a proper feminine lady should be like and helping women to establish themselves as people, capable of a variety of activities, attitudes and occupations (even those previously considered as masculine) here comes the "Lady makers" and they teach these new "women" the heights of conformity to the stereotype. While I think she gets too intense over this, she does have a point. She would have liked to have the medical profession spend its talents in helping to reshape social thinking and

behavior more along the lines of the feminist movement. This, however, is not the task nor the talent of the medical profession and, although I am a feminist myself and agree strongly that these old stereotypes must go, I don't think her attack on the medical profession and on the TSs themselves is warranted. However, much the world *ought* to be changed in these areas, the fact is that very large segments of the population still subscribe to the old values — witness the anti-ERA movement. Thus any “male to converted female” who is going to have to go out into that world and live undetected in it had better become rather adept at the protective coloration of that stereotype. Being a “No. 2” he/she will have to try harder than the GGs. As TVs we all know that perfectly well. The medical profession cannot make revolutionary feminists out of the TSs — it can't be done to begin with, and the medical profession is not equipped even to try in the second place — so they can only provide such counseling and training as may help the new “woman” to survive safely.

Unfortunately, the author is as mixed up as everyone else in the meanings of the terms “sex role”, “gender,” “gender identity,” “sexual identity,” “Core gender identity,” etc. When I say “as everyone else,” I know that I am taking on the establishment. She quotes liberally from the authorities such as Money, Green, Stoller, Benjamin and many others. But since the authorities themselves use these terms in illogical ways, quotations of such illogical use only compound the problem. For example, there is “sex” meaning anatomy and biological function. Since the word “role” (coming from the drama) refers to the acting out of a part, “sex role” should refer to the acts and behaviors characteristic of carrying out sexual relations. Now, I am not meaning a “wham, bam, thank you man” activity — naturally it is more subtle than that — but the male sex role is essentially the same in a human, a wolf, or a tiger. However, when one is referring to social-cultural ideas of how persons with penises should comport themselves in non-sexual circumstances, that is gender, and the sum total of these expected behaviors is what should be referred to as “gender role.” But when authors use “sex role” when they really mean a complex of nonsexual behaviors (i.e., gender), it can't result in

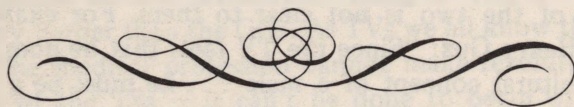
very clear communication, and quoting others who make that mistake doesn't make it any less confusing. I expect that the sociologists among our readers will fire back a bunch of letters informing me about the sociological uses of these terms, but the fact that a whole "science" uses terms in confusing and unclear ways neither justifies the error nor ameliorates the resulting non-communication. Personally, I believe that it is the non-understanding of the difference between the absolute of "sex" and "gender" that brings many people to surgery in the first place. They want gender and think that sexual surgery is the way to achieve it, since the real nature of the two is not clear to them. For example, she quotes Dr. Henry Guz: "Since the TV feels that he does not really fit the cultural concept of a male . . . he must be a female." Please note that maleness is *not* a cultural concept — it is a biological fact. This quote exemplifies all three of my complaints: (1) the authority, Dr. Guze, makes a misstatement; (2) the author of the book quotes it to make a point and doesn't perceive the error of the statement; and (3) since it presumes to epitomize the feelings of the TS it illustrates the confusion that is in the TS's mind. The correct statement would be, "since he feels he does not really fit the cultural concept of a *man* . . . he must be a *woman*." That he could do without a surgical change of sex.

In a chapter on Androgyny, she again evidences her confusion of sex and gender: ". . . androgyny symbolizes primal personhood or original humanity in its bixexual or asexual condition." Androgyny does not, in fact, refer to *anything* sexual at all, either in anatomy or in object choice, but is a word for bi- or ambi-genderal (i.e., both gender manifestations in one individual at the same time). In the chapter where androgyny is discussed, she constantly equates it with maleness plus femaleness.

The book as a whole, however, should be read by anyone thinking about surgery and would prove interesting and informative to most TVs too, since it puts the whole area in an entirely new light that no one has bothered to consider before. While I have indicated some of my criticisms and reservations about the

book — and there are others — nevertheless, it is a valuable contribution to the literature on this most controversial and little-understood area. Although we, TVs and TSs as well as the medical-psychological-sociological professions like to think that the formerly dark areas of sex and gender are now pretty well illustrated, I think that there are still many shadowy areas and light of any color (opinion) will contribute to a brighter understanding.

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There is an old golden tune, *I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight*. I have re-titled it, *I Wonder Where My High Heels Are Tonight*. It represents the thoughts of the wife of a TV who finds her husband missing.

*I wonder where my high heels are tonight?
I wonder if they're doing wrong or right?
My hat, my golves and purse
And just to make things worse
My brand new wig is missing from it's stand.
I wonder where my panties are tonight?
I wonder where my scanties are tonight?
If they're not back by three
I'm killing one TV.
I wonder where my high heels are tonight.*

Dee Dee (CT-7-W)



*Little boys whose hair's allowed
To grow quite long should feel quite proud.
Boylets having mothers who
Dress up their prettiness are too few.
Little fellows blessed this way
Should feel grateful every way.*

*It's nicer, even, so much sweeter
(When grown up one is discreeter)
And one's more grateful, one's more proud
To be maturely then allowed
To revel more in long hair, dresses,
Self-flattery which, itself, caresses
With girlfriend or, say, fiancee
Or darling wife — the nicest way!*

Lil

A Man Will Sure Become A Miss If He Can Both His Elbows Kiss

Barbara Madden

For many centuries, more than two millenia documented, a two line couplet, prophetic in it's portent and potent in it's realization, has been mocked, feared, misunderstood and yet practiced by people of various nationalities. That it has been and is being practiced in some European countries is documented; that it is practiced in Oriental or African countries is moot. One interpretation of the verse is:

*A man will sure become a miss,
If he can both his elbows kiss.*

According to Philemon, in his *Life and Times of Tiberius Caesar*, upon hearing this story Caesar said, "Very well, break both their arms above the elbows, have them kiss their elbows and then you report the results to me. I want to see if the sex change this old superstition prophesies will actually occur!"

It would be of certain interest to know how this experiment of Tiberius Caesar concluded. Unfortunately, no further reference to it has been brought to light. It is singular to note that this

belief was current among some people of the western world at least 2,000 years ago.

Early one September, after a disagreement over a matter of principle with the Director of Admissions at my University, I resigned my position and left for Europe. I had wanted a trip for some time, particularly to Yugoslavia, primarily I suppose, because, like Mount Everest, it was there and I had never been there. France and Germany were also on the agenda, which was flexible enough to be changed at whim or fancy.

In Paris, my first stop, I was put up by an Embassy friend with whom I had worked a few years earlier. I told him my plans and desires and out of a clear blue sky he asked if I would care to be attached as an observer to a French trade mission to Yugoslavia. I, of course, agreed and eight days later was on my way.

It was in Belgrade that I met Iozza Vilfanji who — inter alia — made a casual reference to this old superstition. The mention of this jogged my memory and I remembered having seen a reference to this couplet in the *Life of Tiberius*. My curiosity piqued, at an opportune time I asked M. Vilfanji what he knew about the verse and if he believed that it could work. I also mentioned that I had seen a reference to it made by Tiberius Caesar some 1,900 years ago.

Vilfanji stated that, although he personally did not believe in it, many women in the Balkans did and some claimed that it was still being practiced successfully. He went on to say that one of his female relatives certainly believed in it and would be most interested in hearing that the superstition was known so many years ago. At my request and in his company I met with the lady, Madame Nic, at her home in Montenegro.

Amenities concluded and explanations made and accepted, the lady asked me why I was interested in this superstition and wasn't I concerned as to the effect the explanation might have on

me? I answered the first part of her question by owning to a more than normal curiosity in matters of alchemy, prophecy and superstition. I also stated with some hauteur that I had no interest in a sex change, if for no other reason than because I was of such stature that a change of this type would be ridiculous. I called to her attention the fact that her nephew was informed as to the substance of her interpretation of the prophecy with no apparent side effects. She listened with interest to my explanations, with no comment.

In preparing this article I have enclosed the lady's remarks in quotes, even though all are not direct quotations, but because so many of the words, phrases and even nuances of expression are authentic. The conversation was held in French, which is not the native tongue of either, though both of us were fluent. I have interpreted rather than translated.

She stated that this little verse —

“The man who would become a miss,
His elbows he must learn to kiss”

is deeply interwoven in the way of life of the people in the Balkans, and she knew it to be true, for she had seen several youths who had become what are called “boy-girls” by practicing the exercise told of in the verse.

“This change of sexual determination definitely serves a useful purpose both to the women and to the boys who are chosen to participate, as the women in this area, almost without exception, outlive their husbands. The later years of their lives can, therefore, be cold and lonesome. Children, particularly sons, are needed and wanted, but sons have a habit of growing up, leaving home and establishing their own family groups. I know that you are familiar with this refrain:

*A son is a son until he's wed,
A daughter's a daughter until she's dead.*

"This is not altogether true, for even daughters must marry and go their way. This leaves the mother, when widowed, alone and dependent upon her children not only for support but for companionship. Support the children can give; companionship they generally cannot.

"Some women, realizing the probability of this situation, take one of their sons, usually the youngest, and from birth very subtly show more interest in him and bind him closer to her, than she does with any of the other children. This must be done with care, so as not to infuse the youth with homosexual tendencies, which is not desired, but which occurs many times in this area and in Greece. The 'boy-girl' must remain a male, retaining some of the male characteristics. He must lose at the same time he realizes it, a great part of his normal male sex drive. The change will then become the norm, with the male sex drive, while still present, sublimated to the feminine physical and mental characteristics which will become predominant. As the selected son nears puberty the exercise and manipulations commence. They are done without fanfare, so that the other sons will not be tempted, through curiosity, to try them.

"These compacts are entered into willingly enough by the son not only because of the closeness of son and mother, but also because he does not quite understand exactly what he will become. This is cruel, certainly, but it is not as bad as it sounds, as the 'boy-girl' in this society is accepted by the women, and generally not too contemptuously held or harshly treated by the men. There is always a place in our society for the 'boy-girl' during his lifetime.

"At the time the youth is able to perform the kissing act, a major disruption of his life occurs. He begins, under the urging of his mother (but at more and more his own desire) to wear

feminine garments; to engage in more passive pursuits — sewing, cooking, housework, etc.; to mingle with women rather than with men; and to show tenderness and concern rather than roughness and disregard for others. His whole mental attitude undergoes a change and he becomes more accustomed to and happy with his new-found femininity. There are occasional hysterical outbursts against his lot, but these occur more and more infrequently and in any event are soon forgotten.

“Physical changes are very noticeable — muscles soften, fatty tissues redistribute themselves, body hair and beards minimize. Token breasts sometimes develop. In short all characteristics of the female, except sexual organs, emerge. However in many cases the ‘boy-girl’ continues to be able to perform the male sex role.

“It is not too difficult, if one looks closely enough, to differentiate between a true female and a ‘boy-girl.’ Hands, feet, neck and bone structure are definitely larger and therefore more distinguishable, particularly in the large cities where the woman does not perform such arduous tasks as does her country sister. The present style in feminine clothing with nylons, high heels, filmy lingerie, and clinging short skirted dresses and skirts tends to draw attention to the not so comely ‘boy-girl.’ Dressed as a boy, which is vigorously resisted, the ‘boy-girl’ — no matter what age, appears to be an attractive woman dressed as a man. The person is not so attractive when attired in feminine garb. The delicacy and daintiness of women’s clothing seems to accentuate the remaining masculine physical traits. However, the posture, walk, gestures and play of hands together with speech patterns and voice modulations are distinctly feminine, as is the desire to help and to be needed.

“I hope this has satisfied your curiosity, as it has certainly been a pleasure to me to have discussed it with you; although I’m afraid I may have bored you.”

I reassured her on this point, but asked why the concern

that other sons might be tempted to try to kiss their elbows when this is physically impossible without prior conditioning and manipulation.

She stated in general that if a man or boy, no matter what his age, attempts sincerely, with foreknowledge of the results — to kiss his elbow (even if he never succeeds) he will begin to assume some feminine characteristics. The longer he continues in his attempt the more feminine he desires to become until he cannot stop because he doesn't want to.

“Remember, that these changes are irreversible and immutable; once you have begun to acknowledge the change, there is no turning back. I advise you not to try it — in spite of your age, stature and masculinity as I believe the minimum which would occur would be a definite gender change. You might not find this congenial.”

Throughout the remainder of my trip through the continent and England I heard few references to this phenomenon. In general the whole idea was contemptuously treated by men and in some cases, women, as being “old maid's tales,” silly superstitions as well as being a physical impossibility. The women seemed less positive than did the men, and in several cases when some of the seemingly more bluff and hearty men jokingly tried to kiss their elbows, their wives were palpably worried and stopped the action.

At a large gathering in Munich, I, inter alia, introduced the subject of old superstitions and legends. After some discussion, I mentioned the “kiss the elbow” jingle and told briefly of my meeting with Mme. Nic. One of the gentlemen present remarked that if I was interested he would loan me a copy of a periodical which contained an article on this very subject. I thanked him and when I received the article next afternoon, found it to be an abstract of an apparently very lengthy study on this subject.

I translated it from the German and herewith present my heavily edited version of the abstract.

The study was conducted by Professor Doctor H. Levitz, under the auspices of the Superintendent of the Munich Institute for Correction, Herr Friederich Managel.

1. INTRODUCTION: For some time it has been the desire of this division to conduct a controlled experiment on a human male to discover what if any, forced induction of sex/gender aberrations could be accomplished. It was also desired as a by-product for the parapsychology section to determine the degree of efficacy, if any, present in the superstitious belief:

The man who would become a miss,
His elbow he must learn to kiss

which is prevalent in Central Europe and the Balkans even today.

2. BACKGROUND: Bertillion File M-16T/4-FM. Period of observation June 1936 to September 1939. Early signs of incipient Eonism harshly suppressed by parents, with apparent concurrence of subject. (Name of subject will not be revealed in this summation.) In May 1936, at age of nineteen, while attending Dresden Turnverein, Dresden, Saxony, subject was discovered dressing himself in a female administrative person's underclothing contained in a laundry bag. Subject was severely beaten by his fellows when discovered in the act. Subject was sent to this institute for observation.

Subject violently denied homosexual tendencies as well as tendencies toward Eonism. As this youth appeared to be an excellent subject for our study of this, we began our experiment and observations in June 1936. The results were remarkable.

3. BODY:

A. During 1 June – 31 August 1936, this period, subject refused either to wear or handle any feminine articles of clothing. Apparently against his will – for he knew nothing of the superstition – subject was forced once per day, to attempt to kiss his elbows. Some progress toward this goal was made. When at the end of this period subject was asked the standard question, "Don't you just adore having girlish traits?" he blushed violently and shouted "NO!"

B. 1 September – 30 November 1936: During this period subject continued his supervised effort to kiss the elbows, and began the extensive conditioning program which will permit this act to be accomplished. Subject disclaims any knowledge as to the purpose of this effort. Subject was less reluctant to handle feminine garments, but continued to refuse to wear them, even in private. Women members of our staff stated that the pastel shaded silk step-ins, slips and teddies, coupled with the lacy brassiers and sheer silk hoisery were most desirable. Subject spent more time on personal appearance, particularly hair, fingernails and complexion. When asked the standard question for this period, "Wouldn't you just adore to be a girl?" subject replied, "not particularly, thank you."

C. 1 December 1936 – 28 February 1937: This period showed some interesting results as subject began to demonstrate more and varied feminine traits, i.e., his concern for his personal appearance increased immeasurably; his speech was better modulated and his gestures more graceful; his desire to participate in the more masculine of outdoor sports lessened.

(2) He whole-heartedly assisted in the muscle and tendon conditioning program and was observed in the privacy of his room (which was equipped for surveillance) attempting to force his lips to his elbow.

(3) His interest in feminine attire became evident and he progressed from dressing in garter belt, hose, panties and bra in

the semi-darkness to clothing himself completely in lingerie, dresses, skirts and blouses and high heeled slippers. He appeared inordinately fond of a type of corsetry known as a "merry widow" and spent much time lacing himself into it and wearing it, even during sleeping hours.

(4) Toward the end of the period, he was much less concerned with the possibility of being discovered while "en lingerie." He still refused to appear in public dressed as a woman.

(5) When asked the standard question, "Don't you just adore being feminine?" he answered, "Well, I'm not a girl, but I see nothing wrong with having some of the nicer traits."

D. 1 March – 31 May 1937: (1) During this period, subject was able, with assistance and quite a bit of discomfort, to kiss his left elbow; seven weeks later he succeeded, again with assistance, to also kiss his right elbow. He was then informed that he was on his own and could either continue the kissing process or stop trying. The verse was then recited to him and he was told that the end results might be —complete feminization and possible sex change.

(2) The subject's reaction was stunning: he cried, pounded the table and accused the Institute of stealing his manhood; he screamed that he did not want to become a female or to incur more feminine traits. He begged that he be allowed to leave in the same condition as he had entered. His emotions were finally brought under control, and he was informed that during his second year at the Institute, he could leave this experimental area and be assigned to the division involved in agriculture and road maintenance for a period of one year. He was informed that the only advice we could give him was to discontinue, at once, kissing his elbows and never again to attempt this practice. He agreed to this proposal and was reassigned on 1 June 1937 to the division he wryly called his "rehabilitation center."

E. 1 June – 21 August 1937: (1) Information relative to the 82 day stay of the subject, outside our jurisdiction is covered in Report M3-473-27, Division of Labor, Munich Institute for Correction, dated 17 November 1937, is attached. A precis indicates that feminization continued. Other inmates made homosexual advances, which were refused. Subject finally refused to leave his quarters and begged to be returned to this jurisdiction.

(2) Subject, again in an almost hysterical condition, reiterated his desire to regain his manhood while at the same time expressing his desire to retain his present level of femininity and to maintain his affinity for feminine pursuits and habiliments. He then, resignedly, but defiantly, easily kissed both elbows and again burst into tears.

(3) A physical examination showed a pronounced atrophy of musculature, resulting in both a distinct loss of weight and redistribution of the resultant subcutaneous fatty tissue; a small but perceptible development of both breasts; a slight reduction in the size and prominence of the Adam's apple causing some change in the pitch and timbre of the voice; some diminution of body and facial hair. Male genitalia remained unchanged.

F. 22 August – 30 November 1937: (1) At the beginning of this period two female members of the staff, Frauleins Elizabeth Mannstein and Paula Amman began separately to develop more intimate acquaintances with the subject. They did not work as a team.

(2) Fraulein Mannstein states that for the first several weeks of her more intimate acquaintance with subject, he would not dress in her presence, but that as their familiarity increased this modesty or shyness wore off. The first breakthrough came when a corset string broke. Frau Mannstein secured another lace and insisted on replacing it and lacing the garment tightly over the subject's body. Subject was wearing yellow satin panties at the time and these became entangled with the corset's garters. This

action caused some frustration but was solved with good humor and seemed to further cement the friendship between these two. Fraulein M. stated that while the adjustment of and securing of hosiery presented no problem, the attachment of the brassiere in the back (in spite of the suppleness of the subject's arms) presented a minor problem. It appeared difficult to capture the breasts in the cups while attaching the hooks and eyes in the back. At one time, Fraulein M. said that she would help hook up the bra in the back by guiding the subject's fingers. M. stated that this was a usual practice among girls, until they became fully accustomed to this operation. When the bra was secured, M. carressingly ran her hands over subject's breasts and remarked how firm and well formed they were. Subject flinched and his face and neck flamed red. M. apologized.

Subject was now wearing feminine clothing exclusively. He showed an active interest both in looking at and in discussing fashions. His wardrobe, particularly lingerie, while polychrome also included white and black. Side buttoning panties of satin and silk were matched by lacy bras. Lace edged slips, half-slips and teddies in silk and satin were supplemented by dresses, both formal and casual, as well as by blouses, sweaters and skirts. Fraulein M. remarked on the purely feminine manner in which subject pulled a slip on over his head and smoothed it down the sides with his palms. He also had a habit of sensously smoothing his breasts after they were fitted into the bra. High heeled pumps, sandals and slippers were a must. At a later date subject remarked that he always wanted to wear heels, because the strain at the calf coupled with the insecurity of movement caused him to walk more daintily. He also, laughingly, stated that walking in high heels caused his breasts to bounce, a feeling which he enjoyed.

Fraulein M. closed her remarks by stating that by the end of this period, subject was, to all intents, a woman, as regards clothing, walk, posture and gestures. She further stated that the only residual masculine trait that she could discover was that subject was too conservative in dress and enthusiasms.

(3) Fraulein Amman in her report, states that she noticed the same initial difference of subject when she attempted to discuss cosmetics, hair styling, manicuring and pedicuring, etc. The ice was broken when subject attempted, unsuccessfully, to pluck his eyebrows. Fraulein Amman took over, and in spite of half-hearted protests, thinned and shaped the brows in a more feminine manner. Care of finger and toenails cemented the growing friendship. Subject at first desired only clear lacquer on his fingernails and none on the toenails. Amman remarked that while his hands were very shapely, an application of carmine nail polish would improve their appearance. A. also stated that the use of nail polish not only improved the appearance of the nails and hands, but gave a pleasurable erotic feeling to the fingers after it had been applied. Subject agreed to try this and upon completion asked to have his toenails done as well.

At this time, subject's hair became of concern to him. Rather straight, it was cut in a long men's style with the part on the left. When Fraulein A. suggested they discuss a new style, quite an animated talk resulted. While subject knew little or nothing about feminine hair styles, he showed no reluctance in expressing his views. Subject refused to wear a wig. The part was changed to the middle, hair was slightly waved and some bangs were established. Later, as the hair grew out it was curled and dressed to fall in soft shoulder-length waves down the side of the face covering parts of the cheeks. The banks were emphasized.

The use of cosmetics presented a major problem. Subject did not object to the use of powder and rouge, which he applied himself or later to the application of lipstick, at which he became very adroit. On 23 November 1937, the first of several strange outbursts by the subject occurred. The subject absolutely refused either to apply eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, and eyelash darkener or to allow Amman to make up his eyes. When Amman persisted, subject became hysterical. He screamed that Fraulein Amman was trying to completely feminize him and that he did not want this. He cried that he wanted to live as a man, not as a painted doll; he

ordered Amman from his room and dissolved into a flood of tears on the bed. He refused any contact with anyone and sulked in his room the remainder of the day and night. The next morning, however, he appeared for breakfast dressed in what he called his "prettiest morning frock", apologized sweetly to Amman, kissed her cheek, and asked her to help him apply his eye makeup.

(4) At a point in this period when subject was shown a photograph of himself fully dressed and made up, but with his hair still short, he stated with every evidence of sincerity and ingenuousness, "My, I look almost like a school boy dressed in his older sister's clothing." Both Fraulein Mannstein and Amman stated that in their opinion subject was physically almost completely feminized. The sole remaining masculine traits were a certain awkwardness in walk and posture, some residual masculine gestures, and a certain, but undefinable lack of gracefulness.

G. 1 December 1937 – 31 May 1938: During this period the process of feminization of subject continued, with excellent progress observed. Of interest were the two temper tantrums by the subject. On 17 January 1938, after listening to a radio program about a group of men exploring in Africa, subject again, as in November 1937, cried out that he was being feminized against his will and that he would not stand for it and fled sobbing to his room. The next day subject behaved as what could now be considered normally, that is, as a woman.

On 4 April 1938, after watching with me some young men playing soccer, subject again became hysterical, tore off his clothing, smeared his make-up and swore at me in the most violent manner. Clad only in yellow satin corset he flung himself on me, scratching, biting and pummeling. I slapped his face.

He stared at me, shocked and astonished, and as I had to show who was master, I slapped his face again and told him to try to behave like a lady. He burst into tears, fell at my knees and begged me to return his manhood. He said he wanted to play

soccer, to hunt and fish and explore and not be condemned to corsets and cosmetics for the rest of his life. I told him that he had had his chance when he went to the Labor Division and that it was now too late. When I asked him if he could stop kissing his elbow, he only cried the more and allowed an attendant to escort him to his room. Once or twice since the last outburst, I have noted subject sitting at a window watching the young men at sports. He appears to be reconciled to his lot.

To Be Cont.



DELTA-CHI GALS

TRUE STORY



An Exciting Adventure

The occasion of my wife being out of town for the weekend presented a golden opportunity to renew my transvestite activities. Since 5:30 p.m. Friday when my wife drove off I have taken full advantage of my rare chance. Friday evening and this evening I have dressed as a woman. Unfortunately other commitments made similar activity impossible Saturday morning and afternoon. Friday evening I was out in public for nearly four hours, and as I shall shortly relate, the extent of my undetected exposure far exceeded that of previous excursions. Last night I proved that my previous shopping center experiences of last February were no fluke. I would have ventured out this evening except for a light snow which has made the streets slick and hazardous. I cannot, of course, even take the slightest risk of having an accident.

I made some preparations Friday afternoon in anticipation of my outing that evening. Hosiery has been a problem. My wife's hosiery fits well enough but the transparent beige coloring does little to hide the luxuriant black hair which mars my legs. I decided to invest in some hosiery of my own. The new textured nylon hose are quite the fad just now and I reasoned that a pair of these might do a great deal to solve my hair problem. I visited a shoe store where such hose are sold and purchased three pairs telling the clerk, of course, that they were for my wife. Two pairs are textured in a diamond pattern in dark brown and the third pair is black in coloring and textured in the same pattern. I also purchased some women's magazines to read.

After my wife's departure I bathed in scented water, shaved, and began dressing. The wardrobe for my Friday evening excursion was as follows:

- 1 pair of black panties
- 1 black girdle with satin side and back paneling
- 1 longline brassiere
- 1 pair of textured brown nylons
- 1 pair of black high heels
- 1 light blue transparent slip

That completed my underwear. For a dress I wore my wife's dark blue double-knit woolen skirt with a matching blue and white knit woolen jacket top which has a high collar and long sleeves and buttons up the back. My accessories were a Swiss ladies wrist watch which I wore on my left hand, a pair of dull gold earrings in a leaf design, a pair of black gloves, and a handbag. Outside I wore a black lambs wool coat with a white fur collar and a headscarf. Just on a whim at the last moment I pinned my wife's college sorority pin just above my left breast. Of course, I also wore my wig and make-up as well as some perfume.

By 7:45 p.m. I was ready to leave the apartment. Two of our neighbors were home so I slipped out the back way to my car undetected. I had a letter to mail so I went to the post office first. I mailed the letter at the country post office unobserved and returned to my car. My next scheduled stop was the same shopping center which I visited in February. I knew from experience that the shopping center would be jammed with people on Friday evening because the stores of which there are nearly sixty would all be open. I knew also that there would be many teenagers there, in part because of the stores being open, and partly because of the two movie theatres which are inside the shopping center. The parking lot was crowded with cars, but I was quite lucky in finding an empty place just as I drove in. By coincidence it was virtually the same location that I parked in on my February visit. As I set my brake a girl left a car directly across from me. She saw my face quite well and I purposely stared at her to test her reaction. She returned my stare for several seconds before passing on but apparently saw nothing unusual in my demeanor. I embarked from my car with renewed confidence. Straightening my skirt and putting my purse on my arm I started for the entrance. All was going very well. A couple passed on the way in.

As I pushed open the door a couple with several children approached the doors on their way out. They looked at me. I looked at them and started ahead. Two women stood several feet away talking. The initial shock of the presence of so many people sent a quiver down my spine and the thought ran through my mind that soon I would hear a man shout, "Hey you, where do you think you're going dressed like that?" The moment was transitory and I soon felt reassured. At least 20 people had already seen me and accepted me for what I appeared to be—a young woman, perhaps 25 or 30 years of age, attractively dressed for a shopping trip.

Before entering the shopping center I had thought it a good idea to follow the procedure of my earlier visit and go down the stairway to the store with the mirror for a thorough check of my appearance. The stairwell of which I speak is very large and one can see to the lower level easily. As I approached, I spotted a group of nearly 15 young girls perhaps 12 to 16 years old in the vicinity. Struck by a sudden premonition that this meant nothing but danger I changed my course and started for the main concourse.

My calculations concerning the number of people were correct. Hundreds of people jammed the stores and the concourse. There was bustling activity everywhere. Men, women, babies, children of sundry ages, teenage girls and teenage boys surrounded me on all sides. I sensed motion on all sides. I was not still myself. I started up one side of the concourse pausing briefly before window displays. As one does in a crowd, I traded glances with many people. I was conscious of several second glances. My hose were attracting a bit of attention. I had expected this but felt confident that the hose would be more of an asset than a liability. I reasoned that they would distract whatever attention or scrutiny might be given to some of my less feminine characteristics. My experience in the shopping center bore this reasoning out. Before I had left I heard several people comment about my hose and I caught more than one gentleman glancing at my legs as we passed. I was by no means unique for several other women had worn the textured hosiery that evening.

As I approached the north end of the concourse where the theatres were, the number of teenagers increased. On the whole they paid no attention to me but I was distinctly aware that several groups of girls scrutinized me very carefully. There is a certain age at which they are very clothes conscious and are particularly observant of what

older girls and women are wearing. One girl caught a glimpse of my sorority pin and I heard her ask her companion, "What sorority is that?"

At the north end of the concourse there was a display of racing cars which had attracted quite a crowd. I looked at it briefly and then walked across the concourse in order to start down the other side following my window shopping routine. As I did so an incident occurred which very easily could have revealed my true identity. In the crowd of people I had failed to notice a booth at which several men in uniform were stationed. They were members of the Civil Air Patrol and were selling tickets to some program. One of them approached me and solicited a sale saying, "Ma'am, would you care to purchase a ticket to the Annual Air Show of the Civil Air Patrol?" Later I felt quite flattered to be addressed as "Ma'am." That said a lot, I thought, for the completeness of my disguise. At the time, however, I was thoroughly startled. Had I spoken it might have been the beginning of the end. Somehow I mustered the presence of mind and body to reply to his courteous inquiry with a shaking head, a smile as sweet as I could possibly make it, and a dismissing flap of my free hand. I walked on wondering how he had accepted my summary behavior. Had he thought me rude? I had scarcely paused to listen to his question. As soon as I thought proper I paused before a window and looked back. In the crowd I could not find him. All apparently was satisfactory. Satisfied with my accomplishments in the shopping center which had lasted nearly half an hour I went to my car. There was new adventure to be had elsewhere in the city.

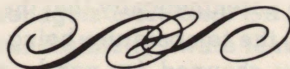
My next destination was another large shopping area known as the Plaza. The Plaza is not a shopping center in the strictly accepted sense of the term. It is very much like a shopping center, however, in that its stores include the kind normally found in shopping centers. There are many women's clothing stores, several department stores, shoe stores, book stores, restaurants, card shops, flower shops, haberdasheries, candy stores and various other specialty shops. There are nearly one hundred stores in all. There are many parking lots on the Plaza but I chose an empty place on the street. The stores on the Plaza are closed on Friday evening so I had no choice but to remain outside. I might add here parenthetically that the weather this Friday evening was quite chilly, the temperature being in the neighborhood of 25 degrees. I window shopped for nearly an hour and a half. Although the stores were closed except for the restaurants and the

movie theatre the sidewalks were not vacant. Elderly couples from nearby apartments were walking their pets. A group of boys stood in front of a bowling alley. Traffic on the streets, some of which are main thoroughfares in our city was quite heavy. I was well and frequently observed and always accepted. People here also were apparently noticing my hosiery more than anything else. One couple passed me as I looked at a display in a store window and I heard a suppressed giggle from the young lady.

I made one slight miscalculation. As I passed the movie which is a very large one the first show let out and suddenly I was surrounded by people. I was jostled once and felt myself being observed rather closely. The situation was potentially dangerous so I crossed the street to get out of the way of the departing moviegoers.

At 11:30 p.m. I was back home. It was an exhilarating evening and successful in every way. I had done quite a bit of walking but wasn't in the least tired so I stayed up. At 1:00 a.m. I ventured out again to the post office to mail an important letter. I wore the same costume basically except for my hat and coat. Instead of a headscarf I wore a white pillbox with a veil. Instead of the black lambswool I wore a brown mouton jacket and I changed to white gloves.

I have been at home all evening and it is now 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning. I am attired in the red skirt and jacket which I wore on my February trip to the shopping center. Even though the streets are hazardous I may make the trip to the post office before I retire. I am beginning to grow accustomed to appearing in public. Nothing is more exciting than to be seen and recognized as a female. How exciting to be addressed as "Ma'am." How exciting to walk along a sidewalk in high heels, tightly girdled, and further restricted by a skirt, feeling so dainty and feminine. It is unfortunately, an excitement which circumstances will allow me to enjoy all too seldom. But those few hours which give expression to my other self are precious lasting memories which I shall never forget and never regret.



ARTICLE

An English Tea Party

By Susan



Some four years ago while in England, I became acquainted with members of the Beaumont Society which is the British version of Tri-Sig except that they are somewhat more liberal in their member selection. While at an informal small nighttime gathering, I was asked if I would like to attend a formal tea. Since this would be an afternoon affair, and since I am reluctant to go out in the daytime, I declined the invitation. There was some discussion about this, and after one of the girls assured me that she would be happy to pick me up, I agreed to go; agreed to go with some hesitation, since it was apparent that Susan was "on the line," and needed to make a good impression in at least three aspects — as a woman, as an American, and as a properly turned-out member of Tri-Sig.

What follows is what I saw, how I felt, the affair itself, and my reactions. Do hope you enjoy it.

Immediately that feminine problem of "Oh, dear, what do I wear?" raised it's head . . . and was solved with the assistance of the British GG that I was dating. She found it rather amusing to help me select my dress and accessories for the occasion, since she herself had never been to a "formal" tea. That problem having been solved, all I had to contend with was the anxiousness that we all feel about an affair like this.

The tea was on Saturday, and I enjoy being dressed and in the "role" for a substantial period before such an affair (it makes me feel more like a woman), so I dressed Friday evening, relaxed, slept in a gown, etc.

Saturday — up and about. Breakfast; fussing about the apartment; long bath, legs done; light lunch; clothes laid out; and then the total transition started. Underclothing included my bra filled with Birginia's small bust inserts, girdle with pads, stockings (not pantyhose), and a full slip. Put on the outer portion of my pegnair set, and sat down to do my makeup. Soft, subtle makeup — had to remind myself that I was not going out in the evening and that it had to be appropriate for the street in the daytime. I so much enjoy those final touches, such as the cologne lightly on the neck, the crook of the elbows and on the wrists. My dress for that day was street length, a cream satin-like material covered with a very sheer filmy overlay which had flowers printed on it in very soft colors. It was high necked, and with very full sleeves of the overlay only. As I zipped it up and felt the satin come in contact with the smoothness of the slip, I knew it was right. I wanted very much to look in the mirror, but waited — cream colored low heeled shoes, pearls that I had borrowed, and then, finally, my wig — soft auburn color with highlights. Then to the full length mirror — the touching up of the hair; straightening of the dress as it fell over my hips; and then the hat. I had chosen a small pillbox with a veil. There is something about that hat which, to this day, still makes me feel womanly, delicate and almost fragile. I do love it.

Jenny arrived soon after I finished dressing and looked me over. Her approval was most welcome and reassuring. Into the car and off.

My first surprise was at the front door of the home where the tea was to take place. Answering the door was one of the girls dressed in a late 1800s maid's uniform — high necked, floor length black dress with a white starched apron tied around the waist and fastened at the bust with a gold pin. The outfit was completed with the traditional white cap trimmed with black ribbon. The

maid admitted Jenny and Me with the comment that, "Madame was receiving in the day parlor." We were shown in and I was again surprised — this time my our hostess.

She also was in a late 1880's dress — copper colored, floor length in satin, with a scoop neck and "mutton" sleeves. It was gathered at the waist and it was evident that she was wearing a proper bustle underneath. Her brown hair was piled high on her head in large curls with a small tendril down the left side. Seated in the bay window, she presented a very lovely and gracious image.

Jenny and I seated ourselves at the low table with the other three guests and said our hellos. Jenny introduced me to the one girl that I did not know, and we both got into the conversation. It was ever so interesting, and very feminine talk — where we bought our dresses, what type of foundations we favored, the shops that would accommodate us, and what sort of selection they had, etc.

While we were talking, the "maid" came in with a large tray with the tea things on it. In front of each of us was placed a small plate, cup and saucer and a napkin. Two larger plates with sandwiches were put on the table, and a beautiful Georgian tea service was placed in front of our hostess. She then poured our tea and invited us to the sandwiches. The big question in my mind then was whether the gloves should be taken off. A quick check around showed me that the other girls had taken theirs off, so that question was answered. I took a bit of teasing from the other guests since they were taking their tea British style, with milk, and I was doing mine American fashion — black with sugar. The sandwiches were interesting — all the crusts had been cut off and they were cut in a triangular shape. There were three kinds — ham, cucumber and watercress.

The maid had changed into a nice dress and joined us at the table. The whole feeling was fantastic — gracious surroundings,

lovely women at ease, light talk, and the tea itself. I was fascinated with the gown that our hostess wore — I asked her about it, and she explained where she had had it made, the number of fittings she had, etc. She laughed when I quired her about the bustle. She said that while the original ones were rather awkward and uncomfortable, she had fashioned hers to the proper shape from stiff foam rubber, covered it with nylon and then mad made two straps with velcro pieces to fasten it around her waist. She assured me that it was very comfortable. I loved how it made her gown look when she walked across the room.

The girls had many questions to ask me about Tri-Sig, the TV scene in America, how liberal were people towards TVs, what laws were there against crossdressing, etc. I explained to them that the laws and the liberalness varied considerably depending upon location. We then started talking about places to go and things to do in London. I could not offer very much to the conversation since I hadn't been out that much. It was soon decided that we should all go out for dinner and a show. It seems that they knew of a small supper club that featured female impersonators and, while it was rather expensive, they did welcome TVs. I decided not to go and explained as diplomatically as I could that I didn't think it would be wise for me to go strolling in the streets of London with a large group of TVs.

It was quickly explained to me that the club had a small parking lot and that we could walk directly into the club. With these assurances I decided to go. After all, the day had been so super so far, why let it end too soon? Our hostess served us a glass of sherry (I wouldn't have dared ask for a scotch and water) and suggested that we all relax for an hour or so, then freshen our makeup and go. With that we scattered all over the house, the shoes came off and the feet were put up for a bit of rest — both phones were busy with arrangements, excuses, etc.

I quite enjoyed the fuss that the manager made when the seven of us arrived — taking our wraps, giving each of us a kiss on the cheek, spreading compliments and insisting that he would be

the one to escort us to our table. It was very pleasant and made me feel ever so feminine, being treated so. We were enjoying our cocktails when the manager appeared with a flower for each of us. Amidst much laughter and giggles he announced that he would decide where each of us was to wear her flower — on the bosom, or in the hair. I wondered about all the attention and was told that our hostess and two of the other girls came here frequently.

The dinner was good, but I was somewhat disconcerted by a group of four men at a nearby table who kept staring at the group. Jenny said that while the major portion of the people were regular couples, or TVs, there was a sizable group of gays present. She again came to my rescue when, after dinner she quietly said, "I'm going to the ladies, do you want to come?" The question in my mind had been, "Which one do I use?"

The floor show was fun — all the girls were very good, and it was obvious that they were professional entertainers. The last act was a show-stopper though. The girl (she had to have been on hormones) did a strip. Very sensuous, sexual act without being offensive — she ended up with just the pasties on her breasts, and a g-string.

After the show, the dance music started. And, quite frankly, so did the activity at our table. Men came to the table to talk with the three girls who were regulars at the club, to be introduced around, and to flirt with the group. One of the girls whispered to me, "If it's what you want, then it's what you make it — if you fancy him then go with him." Soon, what with more chairs being drawn up, we had a rather good group. A man was on either side of me, my cigarettes were being lit, drinks were being ordered, and I was being "chatted up." When I was asked to dance, there was no hesitation on my part, I accepted. I will admit that it was a very pleasant sensation when I felt his arm slip around my waist and he pulled me close to him. We talked while dancing, and I relaxed and totally enjoyed myself. He was very nice in that even after he realized that he would not be leaving with me, he still asked me to dance.

Back at the table I became interested in watching two of the girls who were making it rather clear that they were completely enjoying the male attention. But they were also displaying a behavior pattern that would be quite acceptable in two young women — not prim, not boisterous, but definitely ladylike. Each of the two soon left on the arm of their date for the evening.

Jenny and I left about an hour later, and she dropped me off at my apartment. As I reached the door, my GG opened it. It was obvious that she had been watching for me and was a bit worried.

However, what she did next showed just how understanding she is. She suggested that I leave my wig and makeup on and get into a nightgown — this I promptly did. Two cups of tea were brought into the bedroom and we both curled up on the bed and chatted about the day's events just like any two girls would.

I will close by saying that before we slept, she gave me cause to realize that I had no reason to envy in the least the two girls that had left the club with their dates.



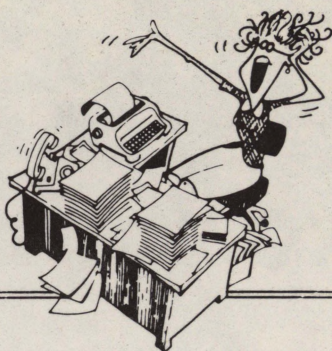
"Of course you can use your
femme name on your checks."



Alpha Girls Tri-Sigma



The Editor's Mailbag



Dear Carol:

As you know I am in the Army, and stationed in Germany. As is the usual procedure for the Army, it is now my time to be transferred, and I was assigned to Fort Ord, California. That is just a bit outside of Salinas and Monterey. Both my wife and two girls are looking forward to the trip and the change in climate from the "grey days" in Germany. (It's not bright and sunny like in the travel pictures.

We plan to stop in Los Angeles for a day and, if possible, both my wife and "Linda" would like to meet you, Virginia, and any of the other girls in the area.

As I said earlier, we have two girls, one 9, and the other 12. Juli, the older one knows about Linda and, although a bit apprehensive at first, then full of questions, seems quite at ease when Linda comes over for the evening. The younger one doesn't know about Linda, because I either stay in the bedroom when she is in the house and sit in the living room after she goes to bed, or dress when she spends the night with one of her friends.

My wife enjoys me wearing my finery every now and then, and is very critical of Linda's appearance and manners. She also

advises me on the proper methods for make-up and hair styles. From being in the Army for so long my choices of colors and materials that went together was, at best, poor. My wife has helped there too. Some times she even surprises me by setting out an outfit for me to wear when she wants Linda to "come over" for the evening. Quite often when she goes shopping at the P.X. she will get a little something for Linda. For Father's Day, my wife and daughter surprised me with the outfit that I am wearing in the picture, and then arranged for the youngest to spend the weekend with friends so that Linda could have the entire weekend with them.

Enough for now, I have to do some work here at the office. I'll write again soon.

Linda (M-7-H)

Dear Carol:

I would like some information regarding your organization, the publications that are available from you regarding cross-dressing, and groups of straight TVs.

Being a latent TV, having fully dressed last in 1976, I have been able to keep the urges suppressed, and the fact hidden from all but a select few.

I have been able to do this as I have no clothes of my own, and when I did dress I wore my wife's clothes. I was able to do this since she and my two kids had gone on an extended vacation to the East Coast.

It has only been recently that I have begun to admit the fact to myself, and make contacts with TV groups, learning about them through various sources. The more I learn about the phenomena of crossdressing, the more I realize that I am not some sort

of a freak, and almost any one can be a TV.

With these thoughts in mind, I would appreciate any information you can supply, so please send it to the above address, under the name that I chose to be known by as a TV.

Yours sincerely,

Marie (CA)

Dear Carol:

Thank you so much for your reply to my letter. Needless to say, I was, and still am, excited about the information which you sent, and the doors that it might open for me.

I'll give you just a brief history, as I suspect my story is one you have heard many times:

I have had the urge to dress as a female since almost as far back as I can remember. First my mother's nylons and high heels, and in a short time, skirts, dresses, etc. My most popular fantasy was that on one Halloween I would dress as a girl. Alas, this never occurred, as I was too nervous to ever go through with it. My father would never have understood, as he is very masculine and dominant. In fact, this seems to be the only factor that I can pinpoint as to the possible reason for my condition. I never went through "petticoat punishment," etc. I was normal (and am still) in all other respects. My sexual drive, apart from wanting to be in skirts, is completely heterosexual. This is what really excites me about your organization. Up until now, my only correspondence has been with a few organizations on the east coast who seem to imply homosexuality, bondage, and the whole gamut, when then talk about transvestism.

I am happily married and have a daughter (from my wife's

first marriage). We are both artists; I am a concert musician. We both work together, and thusly are together a great deal. Unfortunately, my wife, who has gradually found out about me, does not approve. Perhaps had I been candid with her from the beginning, the situation might be different. A bad thing happened one day, however. Up until that day, she had no idea the extent of my womanly desires. While cleaning out some drawers, she discovered a number of photographs I had taken of myself in various skirts and dresses. At the time the photos were taken, she was out of town for a month, so I had completely shaved my body, as I have always done when given the opportunity, and had let my hair grow quite long. Some of the pictures had me setting there with full make-up and my hair up in curlers. Others featured me in night gowns, evening dresses, skirts and blouses, etc. Naturally, this was a tremendous shock for her, and her first question was who took the photos? and was I involved with another man, etc. I was so upset that I almost "ran away." I was finally able to convince her that there was no one else involved, and that I was not gay, that transvestism in most cases involves heterosexual males, etc. We both agreed that I would make an appointment to talk with a psychiatrist . . . which I have still not done, for I realize fully now that there is no way to "cure" this thing . . . I will have it for life.

Nevertheless, I have made the conscious choice of not burdening my wife any further with what must be a very distressing thing for her. In addition, I do not want to have my daughter become aware of this, at least not until she is much older.

I do remain troubled however, for it seems that as the years go by (I am 41) my desire to be feminine intensifies. I do think about it constantly, and only at moments such as now, when I can steal away and put on a dress, do I feel relaxed. The thought though, of "altering" my sex physically disturbs me. Oddly enough, when I am a man, I enjoy it, and I enjoy making love to my wife.

Over the years, I have let loneliness get the better part of me, so I go out. For some reason I seem to be able to pass, if I do everything just right. Judging by your photo, I am not blessed with your good fortune, as I am just under 5'10", but am of stocky build. I weight almost 185 lbs. I have been blessed with nice legs, however, and a face which can be made to look quite womanly. My shoulders are broad, so I have to take steps not to accentuate this. At any rate, I have gone on shopping trips, sat in a bar, rode a bus, etc. (I get so thrilled when I do go out). Once while on a concert engagement in Rochester, Minnesota, I stayed at a hotel there, and masqueraded as a nurse, with a white dress and shoes, nylons, etc. I passed easily for some reason, and perhaps I have been "spotted," for all I know. Nevertheless, no one has ever made anything out of it. I do believe that when you feel as genuinely feminine as I do, when I am in a dress, that things such as mannerisms, walking, etc. come naturally — and why not, I have been doing this for over 30 years. In fact, I never can remember "learning" how to walk like a girl. It is odd, but the moment I slip into a dress, I can do nothing but act feminine. Occasionally I will even force myself to walk like I do normally, when I am a man. There is no way I can do it! As I say, if you are truly feminine, it will all fall into place naturally . . . no acting is necessary.

Before I end my story, I must relate one incident which happened to me last winter. My wife was out of town for almost three months, with a touring company. Although I love her deeply, I had a difficult time supressing the excitement that I felt at the prospect of such a long period of time to be feminine. I drove her to the airport, and couldn't get home fast enough to shave, perfume, try on new dresses I secretly purchased but had not worn yet, etc. It was at this point that I felt the irrepressible desire to get out and meet other transvestites in the area, go to a party or two — just talk to someone . . . Unfortunately I have not been successful in locating others here in the twin citeis area (oh, I do pray that you might open these doors for me!) I did finally succeed in contacting a TV through an ad in a rather questionable

periodical. I went to her home (his) and had a most pleasant time. We just sat around talking. Nevertheless, I couldn't wait to go back the following week . . . all these years, and finally, someone to talk to!

I returned to my new friend's home the following Saturday evening. I wore a blue dress, black heels and felt fully feminine. Unfortunately, my excitement at being in skirts with others sympathetic, led me to drink more than I should have. After becoming what I'm sure was a bore, and a burden, to my host, I drove home. It was about 1:30 in the morning, and alas — what we all fear most — I was stopped by the highway patrol! I was terrified! First I thought I would play the part of the repenting lady driver, but I knew that wouldn't work — the minute he looked at my license. I produced the license, along with a letter I made up, on University of Minnesota Hospital stationery, with a forced, make-believe doctor's signature. The letter stated that I was undergoing treatment to have my sex changed. This was all a fabrication, but it seemed to work — at any rate, he seemed sympathetic. Nevertheless, I had to go "downtown" and take breathalyzer tests, walk on a straight line, etc. While I was going through all of this, I retained my femininity, and a strange, exciting sensation came over me — I was actually enjoying my ordeal! My heart almost burst with excitement when I overheard the jailers discussing whether I should be with the men or women prisoners! Finally they took my panty hose and my purse away, and put me in my own cell. Fortunately, they let me go home after a few hours, on my own recognizance. And luckily for me, after spending much money on fines, etc., the only persons to find out about my "secret," were my lawyer and the judge.

My wife came home from her tour a month later, convinced I had nothing more than a driving while intoxicated charge. I grew quite angry with myself after the incident, and swore off dresses, etc. I let my legs grow back their hair, etc.

But, alas, to no avail — here I am, my wife gone on another

tour for a few weeks, and I have completely shaved my body, painted my toe nails, and am sitting here in a new red negligee, planning my first adventure out, as a woman again! I find myself pretty well resigned to this fate, and am more relaxed with it. I know it will never "go away" — so I might as well have the best of both worlds.

Yes! I very much want to become a Tri-Sig girl. I am enclosing \$20 for one year, and I will anxiously await word from you. Please if you can, put me in contact with any other Tri-Sig girls in my area. I am desperate for friendship.

Love,

Michelle (MN)

Dear Carol:

I am a femmephile and have been for many years. Like many, I started as a TV, wearing my mother's panties, then my wife's. These sessions grew to include my wife's lingerie. Then confronted by her the first time, I admitted to wearing her clothes and enjoying it. Once I asked her to help dress me up completely. She reluctantly agreed.

That one time "dressing up," could be called Alice's debut. My second self started to emerge. I started to change from a TV to an FP, that is, I started dressing to let Alice out.

My wife did not approve for the standard reasons. So I dress only when alone. She complained about her clothes being stretched, so some of her old clothes did not make it to the Goodwill box. These clothes were small for her much less fit me. Therefore I started buying clothes and make-up for "my wife."

Since reading Virginia's books, and following her advice on changing the wife's classification, my wife has gone from a D+ to

a C- in a couple of months. To her, I only wear panties (she does not know of my wardrobe). Since we wear the same size, I bought her some extra pairs. Now we both wear them daily. I no longer hide the fact or change before going to bed.

Unfortunately, before learning of Tri-Sig, my knowledge depended on "TV" literature. This always made me feel strange and guilty. But reading Virginia's books has made a new woman out of me.

I know that I am going through the puberty stage learning how to be a better FP. But with the help of my sisters, I am sure that I can mature.

Thanks Virginia and Tri-Sig for opening the closet door of my mind. I look forward to meeting my new sisters whether through letters or in person.

Alice

Dear Carol:

It seems to me that there are many different experiences we have had as a result of our desire to wear women's clothes. One statement that finds acceptance is that we wear women's clothes to be feminine — to express ourselves or our "femininity."

But just what is femininity? To some women femininity in one way or another is linked to its male counterpart, masculinity. For instance bigness versus littleness, or difference in size or strength. An awareness of a man's simple physical strength seems to enhance many women's feelings of femininity.

Some women don't seem to need a man's strength as much as they do his attention in order to be reminded of their femininity. Some women like to have men look at them as they

walk by. On the other hand, some women feel most feminine when they are with other women.

Sometimes women associate femininity with certain places. For example, being in a beauty parlor and having their hair done. Or being in a lingerie department and being surrounded by all that lace and silk.

Clothes may not make the woman, but they certainly can make her feel very much one, especially "private" clothes. Some women like lacy underwear because it's such a female thing — after all they just don't put ruffles on boxer shorts. Other women like high heels, because they are for women only — they like the pitch the heels give their body, which makes them more aware of their body.

For a great many women, experiencing their most intense feelings of femininity depends not so much on external surroundings or feminine gear as it does on the performance of activities traditionally associated with the female role, such as nurturing, healing, sympathizing and helping.

Strength, vulnerability, sexuality, motherhood, selflessness, generosity — a woman may feel her femininity in alliance with any or all of these qualities. And for the vast majority of women it is a wonderful way to feel.

Is it any wonder then, that we, as TVs, also have different feelings that we associate with our being "feminine?" When we start to express our "second self", we express what to ourselves is feminine or femininity. So we find that femininity is many different things to each of us.

The title of this article is "Me and It". The "it" is our femininity, our concept of what femininity is.

I think all of us can recall to some extent our first experience

with "it". For some of us it was a desire to wear women's clothes. Others of us may have been forced to wear girl's clothes (a boy dressed as a girl because the parents wanted a girl).

To me, when I first started dressing, I didn't know why I wanted to wear women's clothes. All I knew was that I enjoyed the clothes. I hope that all of us are recalling our first experience with wearing girl's clothes.

My first experience took place some time before Junior High School. One night I decided I wanted to wear a dress. So when everybody was sleeping, I snuck to a closet and found a dress I knew was in a box in the closet. I then quietly snuck back to my bed, and under the blankets put on the dress.

It was a very peaceful experience. Except, that I fell asleep in the dress, and in the morning my mother found me wearing the dress! Needless to say I was embarrassed and humiliated by the experience of being found in the dress. My mother wanted to know why I had put the dress on. Of course I didn't know why.

Many of us have faced some difficult times with our dressing — or with "me" and "it". I know of one TV whose mother said to him that he was crazy because he wanted to wear girl's clothes. I can imagine the torment that was felt by the TV. I can hear the person's thoughts: "Mom, I'm not crazy!" "You aren't crazy? Then why do you want to wear girl's clothes? Only a crazy person would want to wear girl's clothes!"

My personal experience with my mother was a little different. I couldn't explain why I wanted to dress — or why I wanted to do something not normal. I was raised as a Jehovah's Witness and it was definitely wrong for me to dress. So if I loved God and was going to do His will, I should stop dressing. My mother also would say that if I loved her I should stop dressing. So if I didn't stop dressing, I really didn't love God or my mother!

Many of us have faced similar experiences with our wearing

women's clothes. We have felt embarrassment, humiliation, shame, and feelings of guilt. And most of all we felt very alone — no one else was like us! Those feelings and experiences can be described as “cold pricklies.” Have you ever been chilled and had goose bumps on your body? That sensation is very similar to “cold pricklies.”

When one experiences these feelings, often it is hard to accept themselves. To illustrate: Our behavior is often controlled by the approval or disapproval we discern from others. And it is probably true that we receive approval from others or are seen as “good,” to the extent we have a “typical masculine way.” All of us have been faced with experiences where our behavior does not fit the typical masculine way. Thus we have found it hard to accept our “feminine” behavior or ourselves because of the strong disapproval we have discerned and experienced from others.

When do we come to the point of accepting ourselves? For many of us this is when we find out there are others who also have the desire to wear women's clothes. For many the experience of finding out that they aren't alone is a joyful and euphoric experience. I like to think of the experience of finding out one is not alone was a “warm fuzzy.” Something that makes one feel secure, warm, cozy, loved and understood. After all those years of being alone and feeling guilty — isn't it wonderful to know there are others?

To me this experience of finding out I wasn't the only one; marked the day when I accepted myself. I accepted the femininity in me. I have taken this “warm fuzzy” feeling and covered over the many experiences that were “cold pricklies.” No longer is there reason for me to feel I can't love. I don't have to feel guilty anymore. In other words, it's all right to be feminine!

In all honesty I feel sadness for those who told me it wasn't right to dress. Actually those who didn't understand me were afraid themselves. They were afraid of their own masculinity or

femininity in themselves. Think of the trouble we have had accepting our own femininity. So I feel compassion for those who have not understood my desire to dress, for they also are afraid to accept their own masculinity or femininity.

So the day I found out there were others and actually made contacts with others marked the day I started accepting myself. It marked the time when there was no longer "Me" and "It" — but just me, a person, who has accepted the masculinity and femininity in myself. A person who requires both masculinity and femininity to exist.

I hope all of us have taken the step of accepting ourselves!

Profound peace,

Shirley (OR-7-B)



Debbie ID-2-L

VOICE TRAIN ING !!

A person whose manner of speaking has been set for some time past and who wishes to speak in a different way needs to develop greater flexibility of the vocal organs and the lungs, both in order to loosen the set way of speaking and to acquire the new way. Thus, exercises are necessary as a first step and should be continued until the new method of speaking has been perfected. The flexibility obtained in this way should also enable the speaker to alternate easily between the new and old ways of speaking.

The recommended exercises are of two kinds: physical and vocal. The following physical exercises will improve flexibility of the thorax and improve deportment generally. They should be performed morning and evening each day for about 10 minutes.

1. Place hands on the lower ribs at each side with the fingers forward. Keeping the rest of the body rigid, force the rib cage alternately to the right and the left to loosen it.

2. Stretch up from the waist several times, contracting the waist muscles. Follow this by stretching sideways from the waist, sliding arms down legs.

3. Keeping the rest of the body rigid, bend the pelvis forwards, backwards and sideways. Repeat several times.

4. Standing loosely, flex the shoulders back several times.

5. Standing with the feet slightly apart, raise the heels alternately, bending the knees, in imitation of walking.

6. With each arm alternately, snatch at the air above the head. Then with arms alone, mime the action of hauling on a rope.

7. Stand with hands on hips and roll the head around, first one way, then the other.

8. Repeat 1 and 2.

The following vocal exercises should also be done twice a day.

1. Drop jaw loosely.

2; Turn upper lip up a number of times.

3. With mouth open, point tongue up and down and then sideways. Then in a circular motion, first one way, then the other.

4. Using the muscles of the throat only, make the sound —ng; using the soft palate (at the back of the mouth), say a (as in part); using the back of the nose, say a. Repeat several times to gain muscular control over these three resonators.

Exercises 1, 2 and 3, as well as 4, should be vocalized, using the middle note of existing speech. Preferably exercise 4 should be done with a mouth prop held between the front teeth to ensure that the sounds are made solely by the respective muscles being contracted, unaided by teeth and lips. (In England, an Aikin bone mouth prop can be obtained from John Bell & Croyden — Wigmore Street, London W1 — for about two shillings or about 24 cents.

At a later stage, an exercise to practice the resonator scale should be added. Using the mouth prop, say the following words on the middle note in the order shown — HARD, HAY, HEED, HAY, HARD, HAWK, HOOT, HAWK, HARD — breathing steadily with each sound.

The foregoing exercises have been designed to give the flexibility and muscular control which are necessary in order to develop the new way of speaking. The practice of this new way of speaking requires attention to the following elements:

Pitch — This may be satisfactory and require no change. If it needs to be raised, the following technique will help. Start at the middle note of existing speech. Carry the voice up to the highest note obtainable *without* falsetto. This will establish the new range of pitch and the new middle note will be half way up it. Repetition of the vocal exercises at the new middle note will train the vocal organs to produce the new range naturally and easily.

Resonance — In voice production, there are three main resonators: pharynx (or neck), which is the first through which the breath passes; the mouth, through which most of the breath passes out; and the nose, through which a small proportion of the breath passes out. The essential quality of a resonator is that it is a hollow space. Each hollow space has its resonant pitch, which depends on the shape and size of the resonator and the size and number of its openings. The smaller the resonator, the higher the pitch. The smaller the opening, the lower the pitch. The sequence of the resonator scale, rising through an octave and a half, is as follows: HOOT, HOOK, HOE, HAWK, HOCK, HARD, HUT, HEARD, HAD, HEAD, HAY, HID, HEED. As far as HARD the resonant pitches of the neck and mouth are separate but identical. After HARD the resonant pitch of the mouth continues to rise, but the resonant pitch of the neck has a descending scale. Thus vocal pitch can be *lightened* by reducing neck resonance, a practice (commonly known as throwing the voice) which may be

helpful in the early stages of using the new way of speaking. But without sufficient neck resonance, the tone of the voice is thin and lacks body and the aim should be to graduate away from this device. (Complete elimination of neck resonance results in a falsetto-type tone, which is to be avoided, as it has an artificial sound.) Use of the nasal resonator also helps to lighten the voice, but is a minor element only. (It may still be valuable to American TVs, since common speech has more nasal tones than British speech.) The lips play an important part in lightening the voice, since through this opening most of the breath passes. The more open the lips can be in making a sound, the lighter will be the tone.

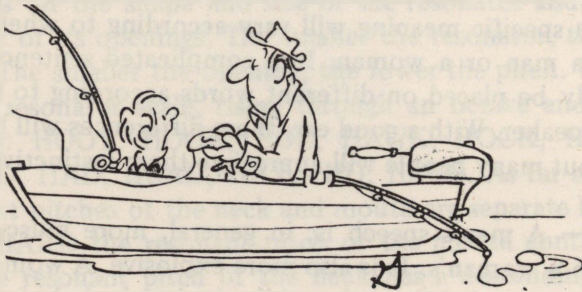
Intonation — This is an all-important element in changing the voice, but needs graphic explanation which can hardly be given in a written article. It must be studied by listening to the type of speaker one wishes to imitate. In general, a man's speech tends to vary less in pitch than a woman's. Moreover, where a man employs *tonic stress* to obtain emphasis, a woman uses *kinetic stress*. Tonic stress is increased volume either without change of pitch or with an abrupt change of pitch. Kinetic stress is a rise of pitch followed by a downward sliding of pitch and not necessarily accompanied by any change of volume. When a child is being addressed, and in certain other circumstances, the kinetic stress may be inverted (down, then sliding up). For example, in the sentence "where are you going?", the stress can be either on *where* or on *going*. Apart from the stress words, the notation of any sentence with a specific meaning will vary according to whether it is spoken by a man or a woman. In a complicated sentence, stress will probably be placed on different words according to the gender of the speaker. With a good ear, these differences will be easily identified, but many people will appreciate them instinctively.

Tone — A man's speech is, in general, more muscular and incisive than a woman's. It is also more explosive. A woman tends to enunciate more lightly and rapidly (twittering), but to linger more on final sounds, releasing final consonants more gently.

When occurring in the middle of words, consonants such as "l", "m" and "n" tend to be lingered over and to serve as a platform for a kinetic change of pitch. Consonants such as "d" and "t" are sounded more gently by a woman. In particular, a woman markedly increases the sibilance of "s" with the lips. (This is more important for British than for American TVs.) There are other finer points, but these are the main ones.

Vocabulary — A woman will convey meaning in a less abstract, more visual form than a man, and will use vaguer words for inessential links. Differences in outlook and gender role underlie considerable differences in vocabulary, which must be studied (unless appreciated instinctively) if the right impression is to be created.

The foregoing points can only be mastered by careful and systematic practice. It is best not to try to work on all of them to begin with. Select one aspect, say intonation, and practice it by reading or conversing into a tape recorder. By far the best way of checking results is in the playback of the tape. Don't worry if, at first, the recording gives you a low pitch. The limited frequencies of the machine will favour the lower resonances in a voice. Pitch is a less important factor than intonation, tone and vocabulary. As the voice exercises steadily reinforce the chosen pitch and improve control of resonance, it will be found that even the tape recorder and the telephone cannot "get you down."



"I don't think that this is more fun than dressing up."

My Week As --

"A Girl"!

Sally Ann Lane

Jim Eaton had just become age 21 and as Fall approached, his dejection, personal confusion, and guilt increased, and the thought of his senior year at college was equally dim as he hated the dormitory life where the other young men spent most of their time competing for their macho image. There were a segregated few who were gay, and some of the gays paraded around campus in dresses, long hair, and pretending to be caricatures of women. Jim Eaton found them revolting though he accepted their right to live their lifestyle. Jim Eaton further cloaked himself in isolation from all others, even avoiding Kathy Miller, his steady girl for the last three years, as his personal problems were so intense that he was afraid he might in despair blurt them out and deeply offend Kathy Miller, who would not understand, anyway, he was sure. In the previous semester at college, Jim Eaton's light weight, his long hair, and his quiet manner had made him the target of cruel jokes and insult. Other boys had long hair, yet they kept theirs wild while Jim Eaton prided himself on his clean locks, brushed nicely, such that his crowning glory was truly pretty. On a Saturday night at the college favorite beer parlor, Jim Eaton had enough of the taunts and flew at the largest tormentor, knocking him down on his back on the floor, which was a surprise for the six-foot tormentor as he had never been in that position. Jim Eaton took advantage and pounded the helpless boy who had to be taken to the emergency room for treatment. Kathy Miller approved this, but the others did not, and Jim Eaton was called before the college dean and put on probation for starting a fight, personal injury, and Jim Eaton's reasons were not accepted. Jim Eaton and Kathy Miller stayed close the rest of the semester as Jim Eaton was formally ostracized by the other boys in his class.

Fall's faint scent of burning leaves, crisp mornings with heavy dew almost icing, and the excitement of new concerts, plays, and other events starting up after summer's sleep failed to excite Jim Eaton as they had before when the orchestra of another college year rehearses the music of a community come back together to learn and socialize, love, and fall out of love, and to play the macho game to interest the pretty girls. Jim Eaton could not live in a dormitory and the dean agreed that he could stay in the one-bedroom apartment over a garage near college that he had rented for the summer. With five days before registration, Jim Eaton drove over to another town over 60 miles away and made some purchases. Now, gentle girls who are my readers, you know full well what Jim Eaton bought with the help of a nice sales girl who made sure everything would fit. Yes, my dears, everything from panties to earrings and lipstick, not to forget bra, slip, dress, heels and you girls know the rest as many of you have done this very thing many times before, destroying all, then starting again. Your authoress has, herself, experienced this purchasing of a total outfit, the euphoria of adorning herself, and the despair and self hatred that led to destruction of her adored clothes and accessories. Oh, dear, never more, my dears, as I have my darling Society For The Second Self as my salvation. But, back to poor Jim Eaton, just starting out on his road to self anguish.

Jim Eaton arrived back at his apartment and took his packages upstairs like a thief in the night, closed the door, bolted it, and then forced the back of a wooden chair under the door knob to prevent entry. He closed all the blinds, turned on the air conditioner, and began to take out his purchases. It was difficult to remove the price tags, the labels, and the stapled items, but Jim Eaton prevailed. Next the scented bath crystals as Jim Eaton undressed from male attire and took a perfumed bath. After drying, he patted on a scented powder and then took his bra and studied how to put it on. Impossible to snap it in back, he realized, so with determination he figured how we girls put on our bras, then began filling them with sets of foam rubber false cups. He managed to stuff three sets in each cup, then they were snug against his own nipples. Next, he put on panties and a garter belt, and sat down to put on the nylons. He had paid close attention to women doing this any time he could and found it was easy enough. Then, feeling suddenly elevated in a way he had never experienced, he put on his lacy nylon slip and learned how to adjust the straps. How much he needed a GG girl to help, but he did not know about such great people. Then came the dress and to Jim Eaton it was most

difficult to put on as his fingers were now trembling and his whole body was tense with inner emotions and flows of feelings that somehow were coming from deep inside of him, surfacing, and seeping into his mind and very consciousness such that he became confused about even the reality of his immediate surroundings. He sat down on his bed to clear his mind and to see his hands trembling in excitement from the clothes he had just put on. Slowly he stood up again and finished dressing himself in his pretty light pink shirtwaist dress with full skirt, long sleeves that billowed, and an open neck at his throat. Then, he stepped into the open-toed white heels and walked about the room, finding he was quite good in heels to his surprise. The reflection of himself in the full-length mirror was euphoric as he sighed deeply and turned this way and that way to admire himself.

What to do now, he thought. Oh, yes, jewelry. Dangling earrings, a necklace of pearls, two bracelets, and a pin for his dress. Light fluid foundation and powder, red lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and eyebrow pencil followed. Then, perfume to complement his scented powder and bath crystals. Our boy was becoming a girl and he loved it. He brushed his hair and took his purse and stood again to admire himself in the mirror, walking back and forth, his fingers playing with the folds of his skirt, feeling his skirt moving about his smooth legs, and enjoying the supreme joy of being dressed as a female person. Oh, it is so marvelous, Jim thought to himself. Why did I wait so long to put on these pretty, wonderful clothes? Nothing he had ever worn before was so comfortable, so pretty, so soft, so dear, and so intimate, and so totally feminine. He was so taken with how pretty his dress adorned his slender body, and he sat down to paint his nails with red nail polish.

So now here he was all dressed up and nowhere to go. Even though Jim Eaton could have passed with ease, even on his first dressing, he was in dread fear of anyone finding out about his love affair with feminine clothes and his own feminine self. Jim still had the softness of a boy without the macho male swagger and ways of boys about to become men. He had the desire to change the boyish appearance, that was also feminine, since many boys in their teens could put on a dress and appear as girls with ease, but as my dear readers know, only we girls can understand Jim Eaton as we have had a similar feminine person in our own experiences.

Suddenly Jim Eaton's private, intimate feminine escapade was shattered as the telephone rang. He hesitated, then picked it up, sat down and crossed his legs as a good girl should, and it was Kathy Miller asking why he had been so distant the last few weeks.

"Jim, I've wanted to talk to you, alone, both of us together, alone," Kathy Miller pleaded.

"I can't now," Jim Eaton said. "How about later?"

He felt better in a dress, his depression was gone, yet he feared Kathy Miller might extract from his very soul his secret of secrets.

"How about your nice, cozy place and fix me one of your wonderful steaks, if I bring them, and some wine," Kathy Miller proposed. "I'll be there are six, and you be ready to talk to me, you recluse, you," she told him.

"O.K., I'll be here," Jim Eaton told her. "I miss you," he added.

Kathy Miller hung up and Jim Eaton stood up and realized he was dressed as a total girl, since talking to Kathy had moved him back in time to where his male self lived. So he pushed back just a bit to let his "girl within" peer out into the real world of Jim Eaton's comfortable apartment. Two hours from now, he noticed by the clock on the wall. He had not purchased a girl's wrist watch, but you bet your sweet lacy panties, my dears, he had bought everything else. Even a nightgown!

Well, what to do, the girl-boy asked him-her self. Swish about and enjoy his first experience that he had longed for over many years. Now, what happens next? Who knows any guy who loves girls who also loves to be like a girl in girl's clothes? The gays play at being women and dress up and talk in high voices and have limp wrists and attract other gays, he supposed. Jim Eaton was most heterosexual, and this inner demand, this basic deep need to be in feminine attire confused the young man no end as his male desire for Kathy Miller and his female desire to be totally feminine were in direct conflict. Or so he supposed.

Golly, I'll have to hurry he thought as he looked at the clock on the wall. He quickly began to undress, but he heard something begin to

rip and slowed down to undo the new ways of female dressing with hooks and buttons in reverse, and he felt a sad tear roll down his face as he stepped out of his nylons and carefully gathered up his treasures and put them in his closet. Then, he quickly took a shower to get rid of the perfume, put on clean men's clothes, but cheated as he put on a clean pair of women's panties, and then noticed he had to take his nail polish off. Good thing that nice sales girl had put a bottle of polish remover and a box of tissues in with his polish. He hardly put these last thing in his closet when there was a light knock on the door and he recognized Kathy Miller's petite hand on the door knocker.

"It is so dark in here," she said as she came in and went over to open the blinds.

"I was taking a nap," Jim Eaton said.

"Oh, she said. "Come here, my sweet, and kiss me," she said.

She walked over to him, her skirt moving about her legs, and Jim noticed the skirt and her heels more so for the first time and let her put her arms about him and then he gave in and kissed this sweet girl and embraced her and they sat down on the couch still kissing until they had to come up for air.

"There are the steaks and wine," Kathy said softly as she pointed in their direction.

"They can wait," Jim said.

"Yes," she agreed.

They went into the soft, tender embrace again and looked into each other's eyes as they kissed and held each other close. So tender is the girl-boy with this girl, so loving, yet so kind and soft and sweet, almost like the girl herself.

"Jim," Kathy said, getting her breath, "what day is today? Friday, right? Want to have some fun?"

"What do you mean?" Jim asked her. She was smiling at him with her eyes and pretty lips and her dark brown long hair fell about her

pretty face and she puckered up her nose and looked up at him and softly ran her fingers down his face and then into his long hair and she looked at him so sweetly as she played with his hair and then she got up and put the steaks in the refrigerator along with the wine and then turned and headed straight for his bedroom.

"Hey, it's a mess in there," Jim Eaton called after her as he got up and ran after her.

"The bed is made," she told him. "Everything is clean. Now, what have we here?" she said.

She sank to her knees to the waste basket and pulled out the tissue with the odor of polish remover and the stain of polish on it and the tissue he had blotted his lipstick with.

"Julia," Kathy Miller said to Jim, smiling, "you can't fool me, my darling."

"What do you mean, Kathy?" Jim asked with his back against the wall.

"Come here, Julia, my sweet," Kathy Miller said. "Come and let Kathy help you dress like a girl. That light pink dress you bought, bring it out, and all the other lovely things, my pet. Come on, now. I'm going to help you dress up again, just like you were when I called you."

"Kathy, Kathy, stop. Please. You don't understand," Jim Eaton pleaded.

"My sweet, you are now Julia, don't you see? Dearest, I love you as a girl. If that makes you happy, my darling, I love you in skirts and perfume and heels. Come on darling, let's dress my sweet Jim up as Julia."

"Kathy, how did you know?" Jim asked her.

"Julia, it was written all over your sweet face every time you saw a pretty dress or skirt, or when I would wear the clothes you like me to wear, and you can't fool a woman who is in love with you, you know," Kathy told him.

"How did you know about my dress?" Jim asked her.

"I was worried about you and followed you. I thought you might be running away."

"I almost did," Jim said. "You saw me buy these things?"

"Yes, Julia," she said. "It was such a relief to me, my darling, for I could not bear to have you leave me," she told him. "Come on, Jim, let me turn you back into Julia. I think I'll like you better that way."

"When did you think of me as Julia?" Jim Eaton asked her.

"You are a perfect Julia," she told him. "Come on honey, do I have to undress you as well?"

The two girls, now that Jim had become Julia, helped each other cook the steaks and the special potatoes and the raw vegetables for a salad and Kathy Miller teased her new girlfriend Julia Eaton about being such a sissy and kissed Julia each time she called *her* a sissy. They talked about girl things, about themselves, and about the new Julia. Suddenly Julia opened the door to her apartment and led Kathy Miller out to the upstairs landing. It was dark now and the smell of burning leaves was in the night air and fresh smell of a chilled evening brought latent perfumes of dying summer to flow up and a few blocks away a band was playing in the park. Fall was now so wonderful, Julia thought as Kathy led her back inside for a kissing session.

To the invisible viewer, the two girls on the couch were totally meshed as their skirts fell on each other's legs and their hair entwined as they found kissing and being close so delightful. Slowly they separated and Kathy Miller sat back and looked at Julia Eaton with tender approval.

"Julia," she asked, "how long have you been wearing skirts?"

"Today was the first time, honest, Kathy," Julia replied.

"Come on now, my sweet, you mean you never put on a dress until today?"

"Yes."

"I believe you, darling Julia," Kathy Miller assured the girl-boy.

"So," she continued, "you will have to stay as a girl for a week to celebrate."

"A week?" Julia exclaimed. "I only have one dress, one slip . . ."

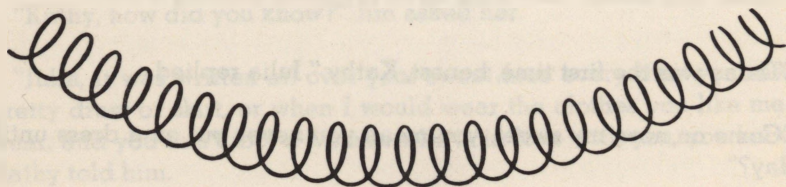
"My dear," Kathy Miller reminded Julia, "we are going to have some fun. First, we go shopping, then we get our hair done at a beauty parlor, and then we come back here and have a fashion show with you as the star. Sunday we loaf around in nightgowns and robes reading the papers until it is time to put on long dresses for our candlelight dinner. Monday we dress up in pretty dresses to shop, to get ready for school and to register for the fall semester. All week we have a special thing for each day, and each day you will enjoy being a girl with me to help you."

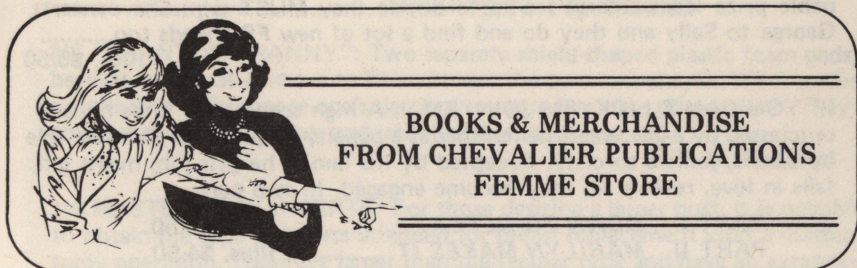
"Kathy," Julia replied as tears of joy ran down her face and her moist eyes were soft and pretty, "I never thought you would understand me. I love you so much for your help."

"Julia," Kathy explained, "it was just three years ago tonight we had our first date and I realized you were feminine then and yet it did not bother me as you were so kind, gentle, and sweet. I never felt the masculine threat from you. I love your true self, which is unique among the male sex. I prefer you as Julia. Now about the week I promised you? Are you game?"

"Yes, Kathy," Julia replied. "A week as a girl. What more could I dream of?"

"Perhaps a year, a lifetime," Kathy replied with a twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.





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

M9 HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary, they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outlinePER PAIR, \$7.00

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

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

PAD, EACH \$3.50

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

Other foreign customers should pay by checks from their bank drawn on a U.S. correspondent bank and in U.S. funds. Allow extra money for postage and a credit slip for the excess will be returned with the order. Foreign postage is higher than the 15% applicable to domestic postage.

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THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

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

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

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

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

FOUNDER AND EDITOR ERMITAS

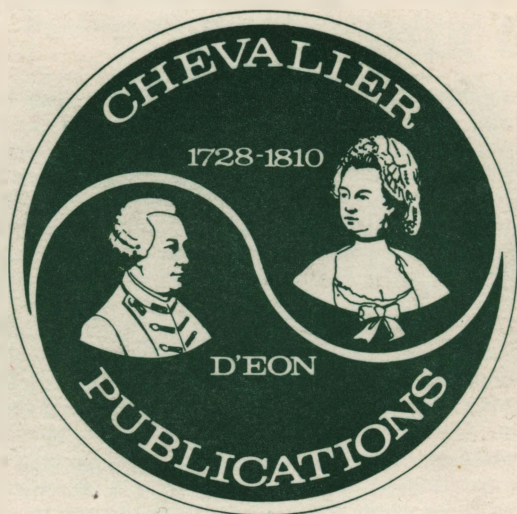
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