

SC1570
H1277
T73

TRANSVESTIA

Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.
Because being a woman — is everything.



DONNA

VOL. XVII For The Heterosexual Crossdresser NO. 104

PUBLICATION POLICY

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

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

PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA

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

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding — Self Acceptance — Peace Of Mind

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

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

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

TRANSVESTIA

VOL. XVIII

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 104

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Carol Beecroft

Box 194

Tulare, California 93275

EDITORS CHOICE <i>by Carol Beecroft</i>	2
ALICE THE NIGHTCLUB HOSTESS <i>by Alice</i>	3
THE PERFECT ENDING <i>by Joanie</i>	5
COVER GIRL - DONNA	6
HOW ONE MAN DEALS WITH TVISM	13
IN MEMORIAM <i>by Virginia Prince</i>	15
TO FOOL THE EYE <i>Fiction</i>	16
A GUIDE TO CORRECT MAKEUP	19
CAUGHT <i>by Lil</i>	23
Relaxation in "DRESSING" <i>by Virginia Prince</i>	24
THE LIFE SHE DESERVED <i>by Dee Raymond</i>	27
YOUR LETTERS	38
BOOK REVIEW <i>by Sharon Ann</i>	43

FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

Copyright © 1981 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.

Editors Choice

Well, here it is — the All NEW TRANSVESTIA! I have completely redesigned the magazine from cover to cover. Naturally, this has taken me a lot of time but I believe that the readers of TRANSVESTIA will enjoy the magazine much more. This issue is much more professional-looking, with typographically-correct lettering for the headlines and sub-headlines. You will notice a very positive improvement in the art work. All in all, I believe that our magazine will see a growth in readers due to the improvements that I have made.

I am taking a 15 week course in Magazine Production at an art institute in Los Angeles. I leave Tulare about 4:30 in the afternoon and get to LA in time for an 8:00 class there. About 10:15, I turn around and reverse my tracks — about 350 miles all together. I get home close to 2:00 and drag myself to bed. It's rather a grind but I am learning so much and because of that fact, I don't mind the trip each Monday evening. I believe that you will note the various improvements which I have made and will make in the future.

An interesting aside — I work on Transvestia during the week (when I'm not doing my regular work with The Society For The Second Self). Included in this work, is the typography which I do on my IBM compos-

**Carol
Beecroft**



ing machine, the art work and paste-up work on boards. Then, each Monday evening, I take the finished material to class and the class critiques what I have done. Several times I have gone down to LA, feelin' very proud of my work, only to have the teacher and class tear it to pieces. But rather than take such suggestions negatively, I have looked at it as a way to help me improve the magazine. So, I take my work back to Tulare and tear it down and redo what needs done. Sometimes, it might be the selection of the type-face or how I arranged my lettering. At times I have had to do a lot of the typography over. But I have certainly learned from all this and the magazine will show this accomplishment. Needless to say, I have spent many, many hours on this particular issue as a result of the doing and re-doing the various pages. But, don't YOU think it's an improvement over what has come before. I hope so because if you don't, I'm gonna cry!

Anyway, I thoroughly enjoy what I have been doing

and I also get a lot of motivation from doing a professional job. I, personally, just can't put out any old magazine — I've got to put out something which will reflect how I feel about what I am doing. This is the case not only with Transvestia. but also with the Femme Mirror, the magazine I put out for The Society For The Second Self. That magazine, too, will be changing to make it better, although the last issue did show some of the things that I have learned in my earlier classes. My teacher, who is an art director and free lance artist says that I need to "loosen up" in my work. I hope that future issues of Transvestia will show that. So, I hope that you enjoy this issue of TRANSVESTIA — it is the first in a line of professional issues of our magazine for cross-dressers.



ALICE

THE NIGHTCLUB

HOSTESS

It May Have Been Work For Others
But For Alice, It Was Heaven

By Alice



t's really hard to pick out my MOST interesting experience as a Tv because so many of my experiences have been truly interesting. But there is one event that does stand out in my mind.

As related some years ago in a previous issue of this magazine, I told of how I had a friend, a lady friend — Helen. This kindly lady helped me so very much. We were just friends — nothing romantic between us — and I would often stay at her home on my vacations and live the life of a girl for about 10 days out of a two-week vacation.

Helen did have a boy friend but he did not know of my crossdressing. This boy friend owned a small night club just outside of town. Whereas the night clubs in the city had to close at one in the morning, the night clubs in the county would just come into their own after that time. There were two hostesses at this particular night

club — Helen and Mildred — with Mildred also acting as hat-check girl.

As my place of employment was quite some distance, the only time I visited Helen was when I was on vacation. During this time I usually spent several evenings at this club, always dressed as Alice. I was treated as Alice by everyone there.

On the first day of a particular vacation period, Mildred had to leave town suddenly due to the illness of her mother. My friend, Helen, asked if I thought I'd be interested in filling in for Mildred during her absence. Just the thought of it thrilled me to my toes. Gosh! Just think, ME, a night club hostess! This will allow me to wear beautiful clothes every night! I accepted — fast! Helen was thrilled, too and she promised to help me in any way possible.

There were two large military installations nearby and the city where Helen lived was just a small city of about 7,000 people — so the military out-

numbered the civilians and there were more men around than women. This also meant that most of our customers were men and the opportunity to talk to a girl meant a lot to those servicemen.

My job was to wait on tables, take orders for drinks and food and I was also to keep an eye on the hat-check stand.

My hours were to be from ten in the evening until four in the morning, with Monday night off. My first night was to be a Wednesday evening which normally was a slow time. So, I slept several hours Wednesday afternoon in my room, attired in my usual pink nightie, with lots of lace. I arose about six and took a relaxing bath, then donned a pretty house coat, shaved, put on my face and then a cute page-boy wig. Then, Helen and I ate a leisurely meal, did the dishes and then it was time to dress for the evening. A person named Ed was to pick us up at quarter to ten.

Helen had to tell Ed about

my crossdressing and he didn't appear to mind. He even admitted that I looked like a "regular" girl! So for my first night I decided to wear my leopard skin outfit, which was quite an attraction. My nerves were on edge since the time was approaching when I was actually going to be a hostess for a WHOLE evening! I went into the kitchen and mixed myself a drink — and then still another. I was nervous but I finally settled down and put on my pretty blouse and skirt, both in leopard. The blouse showed a tinny bit of cleavage, which always made me feel so much like a real girl. It's the "ultimate" in femininity to show a bit of cleavage. I rechecked my makeup and hair but again arrived in the kitchen for some more help from "the bottle." Helen had finished dressing and looked like a dream — and I told her so. Her answer was that I, too, looked like a dream. She checked me over and said that I looked just like any other girl. Finally I put on my coat and gloves (girls wore gloves in those times), and it was almost time for Ed to arrive.

He soon arrived and since it was his second time to see me dressed, he rewarded me with a whistle — which helped a lot. Then it was off to the Club for my first night as a hostess!!

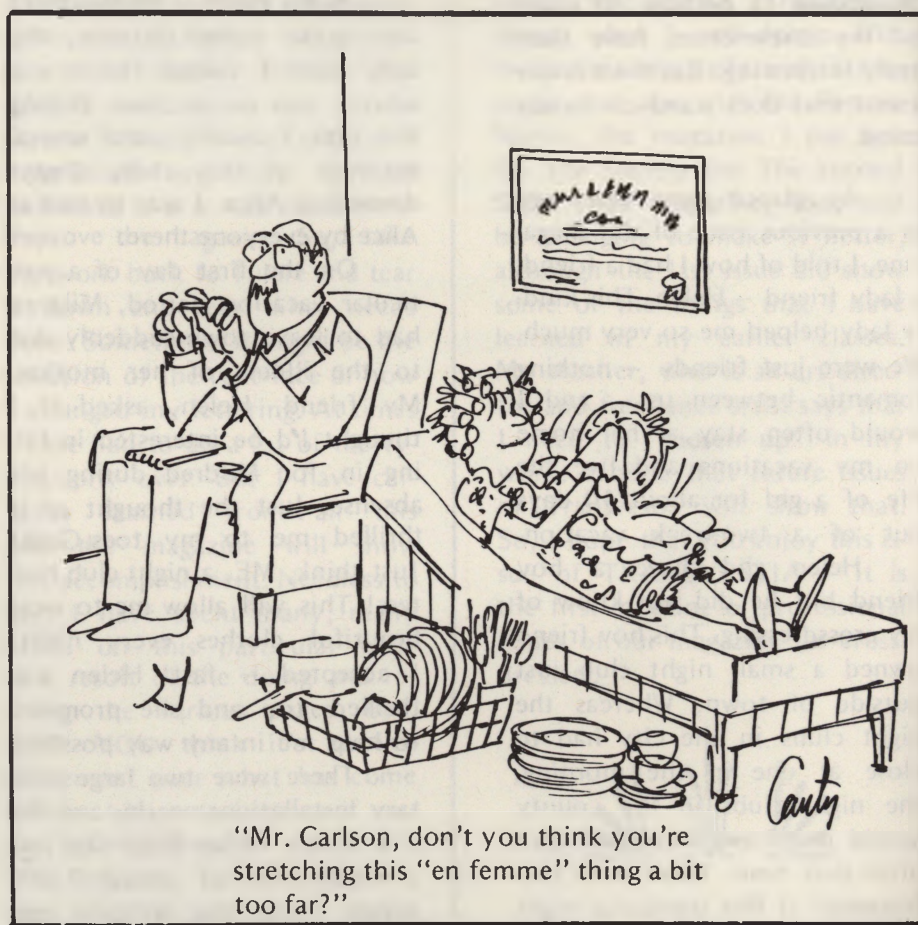
Arriving at the night club, Helen gave me some pointers on what to do and said that I could take care of the tables for awhile or stay at the hat check stand until business picked up. I decided on the latter. I could feel lots of eyes on me as I walked to the hat check stand and removed my own coat and hung it up. There was little activity at this time and soon I decided that it might be nice to check my hair and makeup. So, I walked to the powder and as my high heels clicked on

the hard floor, I felt most conspicuous. But the sound was most thrilling to me. Upon my entrance in the powder room, I checked myself in the long mirror and, finding that all was well, I returned to my station, enjoying, once again, the sound of my heels on the hard floor. Soon I was busily occupied with checking in hats and coats and occasionally engaging in a bit of conversation with the newly arriving patrons. No one appeared to notice that I was anything but a girl! Business continued to increase and between helping people with their coats and hats and fending off some of the younger fellows, things got very hectic. Some of the fellows were quite outspoken and I had to tell them "none of that." Most of the men were nice and really didn't pay that much attention to me.

At midnight, our floor show

started, accompanied by a nice although small, band. Now we had quite a crowd and there was no time to talk to anyone. After the first floor show, a number of people left and I was rewarded with a good amount of tips as people claimed their hats and coats.

Seeing me alone for a few minutes, Helen came over and suggested that we go powder our noses while there was still time. Each of us grabbed a soft drink on the way there. The powder room has such soft chairs and so many mirrors!! Girls do have such nice pampering at times. There were a few other ladies there who were checking themselves in the mirror, but we sat down, lit cigarettes and leisurely sipped our drinks. Helen said that I was the topic of conversation among a few people and they wanted to know where I came from.

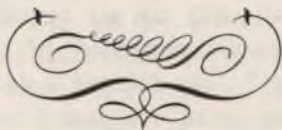


About ten minutes later we decided it was time to get back to work, although I never considered my activities anything but a lot of fun! It was just wonderful, though, to be treated as a girl! Business was rather slow for the remainder of the evening and I spent that time talking to a few patrons and Helen. Although I was not interested in the attentions of the men guests, it did make me feel happy to be a girl for the evening.

We finally finished our work and the night club was closed. Ed suggested that we stop somewhere to eat before going home, and this we did. I couldn't help but be so very happy since I continued to be treated as a girl by the people in the restaurant. What fun!!

Then, it was off for home and into my pretty nighty -- and to bed. I really was very tired. I must have dreamed wonderful dreams of myself being a girl.

Every night from then on I wore a different dress and then rotated the whole thing each five days. All the evenings were pretty much the same with the exception of Friday and Saturday evenings. Those evenings were extra busy and I had little time to do anything but work at the hat check stand. But I loved it all! All too soon, my experience as a hat check girl was over. Mildred, the other girl who had been away, had returned and took over from me. But it was great while it lasted! I soon returned to my hometown and to my "regular" job, but memories of those wonderful evenings spent as a hat check girl will always stay with me.



THE PERFECT ENDING!!

I love to wear my lady's clothes,
And walk around in nylon hose.

I love her lacey bra, but sad,
For the cups I must pad.

I love her panties, silky smooth,
They softly hug me when I move.

I love to wear her satin slip,
The silky feeling makes me flip!

I love her girdle, snug and tight.
Wish for black but will wear white.

I love her pumps of patent black,
Her golden gown upon my back.

I love to wear her satin blouse,
While I go strolling about the house.

I love to wear her pretty skirt,
So much nicer than a shirt.

I love her wig upon my head,
While I paint my lips with red.

I love to wear her nightgown red,
While I rest upon my bed.

I love to wear my lady's clothes.
I am happy, 'cause she knows!!!

JOANIE (CA-31-G)

COVER GIRL



DONNA
(IL - 11 - S)



My life began on July first, 1938, in the city of Chicago. I was the first born child of two lovely parents who had just made it through the Depression by a lot of hard work. Within a few months after my birth, my father found a better job in his hometown, a southern suburb of Chicago, and we moved in temporarily with his parents until he could find a house for the three of us to live in. At least they thought it was temporary — until the war came along and we were stuck for the duration.

During the first five years of my life I was often sick. Nothing serious — just a constant series of colds or flu. But it did mean that I was kept inside of the house most of the time, and told to play quietly. For this reason, as well as a lack of children my own age in the neighborhood, I was not able to form the usual relationships with children and was associating primarily with adults. Everyone was always happy that I was “good,” and “Quiet.” The only experience that made any impression on me during this period was that one Christmas I received a General Mac Arthur doll (this was war time) and I overheard a comment that “Isn’t he a little old for dolls?” As I recall, this doll did not have any special significance to me nor did I play with it very much, but perhaps it was an indication of things to come. There were a fair number of kids in my age bracket, in this neighborhood, I still was unable to play with them in the usual manner. When I eventually was allowed to go outside. I was always reminded to “take it easy.” This did put a damper on the usual rough-and-tumble play and I was very careful to avoid getting into fights —

managing to talk my way out of most difficulties. Under such handicaps I did manage to make a few friends, both boys and girls. In my early years at school, I was always more at ease with girls than with boys. I suppose that this was because they played quieter than the boys. Although I did not seek out their companionship exclusively, I did enjoy the company of my girlfriends better than the boys that I knew.

When I was five my health became of such concern that I was finally taken to the hospital. The decision was made that my tonsils had to come out. Normally this is not a serious procedure, but following the operation, complications set in and I almost died. After an extended stay in the hospital I was sent home, to begin a long period of recovery. During this time, fearful of my future, my parents conceived another child - a girl. Since another addition to the family put a strain on our housing accommodations, we eventually moved out of my grandfather's home into our own apartment in 1945.

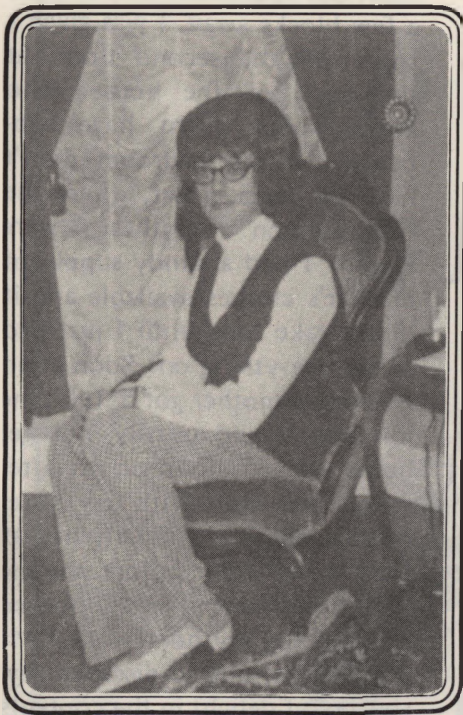
At that same time, I entered the local grade school. Since my health was still a concern, my parents insisted that I come directly home after school and play inside, quietly.

Between the ages of six and eleven I continued to be sick quite often, and missed a lot of school. On the days I was home there was always the question of "what to do." I liked playing Superman, Batman and so forth and my mother cooperated by giving me a big towel for a cape and also gave me the use of her jewelry box to find decorations for my costume. I would often spend hours in her bedroom in front of her mirror, trying on various types of

jewelry to see how it would look with whatever character I was ing to be at the moment. On occasion my mother would suggest that I "dress-up," and gave me an old dress and a pair of high heel shoes and assisted me in putting on any jewelry that I wanted. I am quite sure that my mother did not realize what she was doing, and had no motive other than giving me something to do to pass the time. Originally, wearing her dress did not affect me any more than putting on a Superman costume, but eventually I began to like it and looked forward to those times when she would suggest that I "dress up." Since my bedroom contained the soiled clothes basket, I started putting on a dress for a few moments when I was supposed to be getting ready for bed. I didn't know why that I wanted to dress that way but I did know that, for some reason, I liked it.

When I was 13, we moved from our apartment into a house a few blocks away. I was given a room on the second floor, at the back of the house. Who knows what might have happened if my bedroom didn't have the large closet, where the out-of-season clothes were stored? I had a handy supply of mother's clothes available and it didn't take long until I just had to try everything on. Soon after we moved mother got a full time job and would usually not get home for an hour or so after school let out. With my sister outside playing, I usually had at least a half hour before anyone would be home (I was supposed to be doing my homework!). It didn't take long to discover new sources of delight in the contents of my mother's dresser and I was soon dressing completely from top to bottom - always being careful to put everything back





exactly where I found it. I didn't know what to do the day I pulled a hook out of a bra I was wearing (I was getting taller than my mother at the time), and just put it back in the drawer. I wonder what she thought when she found it? But nothing was ever said about it. I did not dress every day, sometimes going weeks in-between, but I found myself thinking about it more and more.

As I got older I would dress whenever possible and was always looking for times that I could be alone. I didn't know why I wanted to crossdress but I always felt relaxed when I did dress. In my first year in high school, I came across a very short article which defined the term "transvestite." I recall that when I read it I thought, "Why that's me!" Up to that time I suppose that I thought that I was unique but that little article opened my eyes to the fact that I wasn't alone, that there were some others, somewhere, like me.

In my second year of high

school, I got an after-school job as an office boy in a small manufacturing plant — which gave me a moderate amount of spending money. Since I now had outgrown my mother's clothes, I decided that I needed some girl's clothes of my own, and ordered a skirt, blouse, slip, etc., from the local catalog store, telling them that I would be in to pick up the order in a few days. Stupid me!!! I didn't know any better and gave the store my right name. When the order came in they sent a post card to my home, and when I got off work that day, my mother asked what I had ordered from the store. I told her that I had ordered nothing, and that there must have been a mistake. So she said that she would go down the next day and check into the matter. The following day my mother met me at the door with the humorous comment, "I see that you ordered something for your girlfriend." At the time I believed she thought that I really had a girl friend, but NOW I wonder how much she REALLY knew, or guessed. At any rate, nothing further was said and that particular incident was closed.

As a reaction to getting caught (almost), I did not dress for a few months. But eventually my feelings overcame my caution and I decided that I just had to get my own pretty things. This time I decided to bypass the catalog store and "go direct." Having my own car by this time, I went to a nearby town and purchased the things I wanted "for my mother." For a few months everything was fine. I would go upstairs to do my homework and be left alone for several hours. During that time I would get my clothes out of my desk (a locked drawer), and be "myself." for 20 or 30 minutes. But I al-

ways had to be alert for someone coming up the stairs. as my bedroom door didn't have a lock. On night, while getting out of my skirt and blouse, my mother came to the door. Standing in my slip, panties and bra in the middle of the room, I made a mad dash for the closet and my bathrobe — getting into it just as she came through the door. No doubt many of our readers have had similar "emergencies." I told her that I was just getting ready for a bath. This explanation might have worked, except that I had forgotten to close the desk drawer. And there, wide open for inspection, was my skirt and blouse!! Mother took it all in with a glance. Again, I don't know how much she knew, or had guessed, or had understood in a split second, but she said very little. She told me, briefly, and quietly, without any kind of scene, that she thought that I should get rid of "these things." And the next day I did get rid of them — in the furnace — my first purge. Mother never said anything further on the subject, but I pointedly left my desk drawer open so that she could see that everything was gone. To this day, I don't know what she thought, or what she knew, as I have never discussed the subject with her. Nor do I know if father knew anything — at least at the time. But I know that I was treated no differently by either of them, and the subject was never brought up, for which I am thankful.

In consideration of my mother's attitude I gave up dressing for awhile though I lived in daily frustration and wanted to continue my dressing. During that time I graduated from high school and began college. I also began dating a girl I had grown up with. We were both "loners," neither of us having dated before, and for that

one copy, refused to read any more.

The year of serving as an instructor came to an end, and I was sent to Europe, without my wife. I told her that I would send for her as soon as I was able. For about five months we corresponded regularly, but I soon received the impression that she was not planning to join me. It finally boiled down to this: either stop dressing or else! So I wrote back and told her that I had stopped dressing, and to join me. I hadn't lied since what could I do in a barracks full of men? So she soon arrived in Europe and we got an apt and I actually did not dress for a year — out of fear that she would leave me. But it finally got to the point where I couldn't hold myself back any longer, and started helping myself to her closet whenever she was out of the apartment. I hated myself for dressing behind her back, but there seemed to be no other way. I was very careful, and did not allow her to catch me. Since it was impossible for my wife to have children of her own, in 1965 we adopted a two year old German boy. We both wanted children and felt that this was the best solution. We were both very happy to have an addition to the family.

In 1967 I received my discharge after six years of service, and we returned to my hometown where we purchased a home. Everything was normal for about nine months. 'Normal' meaning that I still dressed in secret, to prevent my wife from knowing, but in the process, I was making a nervous wreck of myself. It finally reached the point where I could not continue that way, and knew I had to do something to resolve the situation one way or the other. So one night, while my wife was out, I put on my best dress,

makeup and wig and waited for her to come home. When she did, she took one look at me and said, "I'll be back in an hour, after you've changed back into your proper clothes — and then we'll have a talk." So we had a talk, which lasted most of the night, and accomplished absolutely nothing!! Upon my return home from work the next evening, I found that she was gone, and taken my son with her!!

The next two days were a nightmare, not knowing where she had gone or what was going to happen. In desperation, I telephoned a very close friend of my wife, an older woman she had known for many years and who I had also come to know quite well. She admitted that my wife had telephoned her, and invited me to come over for a talk. I soon discovered that my wife had not told her the real reason she had left me, and had made up a story about how we "just couldn't get along." Working on the theory that I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, I decided to "tell all" and ask for my friend's help. I can't say that she understood any better than did my wife, but at least she listened, as I poured out my story of years of frustration and unhappiness. She finally told me, that, in her opinion, that it would be best if I consulted a Psychiatrist who might be able to give me some help. My deep-down feeling was that this would not do any good, but I was ready to do anything which might bring my wife back to me. I still loved her, and thought that if I showed that I was trying to do something about my "problem," she might return.

So I found a Psychiatrist. Almost a stick-a-pin-in-a-phone-book selection, but not quite. I felt that I just would not be able to talk to a man, so I made sure that I selected a female doctor.



The first session was, of course, the hardest, but it felt good to be able to talk freely to someone who I knew would be able to listen with a professional detachment in an uncritical manner. As soon as I was engaged in regular sessions with the Psychiatrist, my wife agreed to return home on a temporary basis — until she could determine whether I could be "cured" or not. Since my parents knew that she had left me, but not the reason, I asked her to go and talk to my mother and explain the problem that we were having. I felt that it was time that my parents knew, but I had too much shame and guilt in my heart to be able to tell them myself. When I next saw my mother, she told me that my wife had explained everything to her, and she, in turn, had told my father. Mother told me that she and Dad would pay for the visits to the Psychiatrist, and she hoped that he would help me. Never from that day to this has the reason for going to the doctor been mentioned, and as far as I can tell, neither of my parents have treated me any differ-

reason, we seemed to be attracted to each other. Not doing as well as expected in my studies, I left after the second year and got a full-time job. A month after I became 21, we were married. She had no idea of my interest in crossdressing and I had no intention of telling her. But now that I was no longer in my parent's home and my mother was not keeping an eye on me, destiny ran its course. My wife and I were about the same size, and I was soon regularly dressing again and enjoying every minute of it. But it was still a secret life, and I had a great fear of discovery. I loved my wife, but believed that she would not be able to understand. I thought many times of telling her, but never got the nerve for fear of losing her if she couldn't accept the "other me."

Who knows what might have happened if I hadn't received my "greetings" from Uncle Sam. To obtain some choice of training, I enlisted for three years — in the army. Following basic training I was sent for

a year of advanced training, then for a year in Viet Nam. During these years I was not able to dress, and thought, for awhile, that this would be my "cure." But it wasn't. Although I could not dress, it was always in my mind and I began to see that some adjustment would have to be made when I returned to my wife after my overseas tour of duty. On returning to the states, I was granted leave before having to report to my next duty station. I used this time to persuade my wife to give up her job and go with me to my next assignment.

I decided that this was the time that I would "tell all." I couldn't go on with the emotional strain of keeping my feelings a secret and still leave a normal life with my wife. Since I was afraid that my wife would not understand, or would make a terrible scene, I took the coward's way out and decided not to tell her until we had left home and were on our way to my new assignment. That way, at least, she would not be able to run home to her mother. All day long, in the car, I tried to bring the subject up, but never could quite make it. All I did was hint, which did nothing more than make my wife more and more curious. I finally told her that I would talk to her in a motel. The time came when I could put it off no longer, so I finally came right out with it and said, "I like women's clothes." I didn't know what to say when she calmly replied, "So what, most men do." And then the light dawned, and I repeated, "But I MEAN that I like to WEAR women's clothes." It took quite awhile, long into the night, to try and explain to her about a subject even I really didn't understand. All things considered, she took it quite well, much better than I

expected. After hours of talk, she finally said, "Well, let's see what you look like," and handed me one of her nightgowns!! For the rest of the night I was in heaven.

During the next few days, while finding an apartment and getting settled in at my new duty station, my wife and I had many long talks. She really couldn't understand why I felt the way I did, but didn't see much harm in my dressing — at least at that time. She said that I could wear anything of hers that I wanted and from time to time bought me a few things of my own. Since I was an instructor at an Army School, I kept regular office hours, and became accustomed to coming home around 5:00 in the evening, changing clothes and pitching in with the housework. I think that was the biggest reason my wife went along with me — she hated doing housework. This was the best year of my life. I was able to do what I wanted to do and not have to feel guilty about it. But my wife still did not understand — just accepted what she couldn't figure out how to change. She allowed me to dress, but was always trying to talk me out of it. I also got a new name. My wife said, "If there is going to be another girl in this house, I'm not going to call her by a boy's name." So we settled on "Donna," and my "second self" started to become a person in her own right. During that year (1962) I discovered Transvestia in a bookstore, and in a short time I gained some insight into myself, through the experiences of others who had similar problems and who had to make similar adjustments. I tried to interest my wife into reading Transvestia, thinking it would help her to understand a little more about me, but she wasn't interested and after looking at





ently than they did before they were told of my "problem."

So began almost a year of weekly visits to the doctor. Soon after I started them I was sent to a research hospital for an entire day of psychological testing, to determine whether or not I was homosexual. The tests, as I knew in advance, came back negative, and the Psychiatrist told me she had to be "sure" on that point before she could try and help me discover what the real problem was between me and my wife. Then and there, I got the feeling that while the doctor was most competent in most areas, she did not understand my particular situation. And I think that I was right! She kept trying to find some

basic problem in my relationship with my wife, other than my dressing — and it just wasn't there. The trouble itself was the dressing, and all the problems in our marriage stemmed from that. But at least my weekly visits allowed me the opportunity to talk freely, and in so doing, I did gain a new perspective of myself. The visits did me some good, and I don't regret the time spent, although I do not think that the end result was what the doctor was looking for. Eventually, she felt that I had made a satisfactory adjustment to my marriage problems, had overcome my need to crossdress and did not require further sessions. It was true that I understood myself better as well as my relationship to my wife, but the basic need to dress was still there and

no amount of talking could change that.

My wife accepted me as cured and our marriage resumed as normally as possible, considering the circumstances. I certainly did not suggest in any way to her that I was not cured, as I wanted our marriage to work. But the damage had been done and from 1968 to 1972 everything seemed to go downhill. Nothing I did ever seemed to satisfy her, and she was constantly complaining that I was not paying enough attention to her. Although I honestly tried to please her, something had gone out of the marriage and it appeared that it was only a matter of time before it broke up. As it turned out, it took almost four years to reach that point. She got a part-time job, then a second part-time job, then a third, until she was almost working around the clock on a split-shift basis. When I complained that she was hardly ever at home, she said, "You don't care anyway — what does it matter if I'm home or not?" And then she started bar-hopping, not caring what I or anyone else thought. The last day of September, 1972, she came home and packed, and said that she was leaving for good.

And what was I doing in the four years between the Doctor visits and the day she left? At the beginning, I made a resolve to do my best to save our marriage, by stopping my dressing and trying to be the best husband possible. It seemed to work for about a year, and then I just couldn't stand it any longer and started dressing in secret again. I am sure that my wife did not suspect, because I would have heard about it from her — immediately — if she had discovered anything. So that could not have been the direct cause of her leaving, although it was the original cause of all of our problems.

Soon after my wife left, I had to ask myself, "Where do I go from here?" I had a home, a son (she left him, too), and a future of my own to consider. For years, I had been fighting myself, trying to adjust to what everyone told me was "normal," and had done a terrible job of it. But why couldn't I live my own life, now.? I have never been unhappy over the way that I felt, only unhappy over the pain I seemed to cause others because I did not fit into their pattern. The times I stopped my dressing were not by my choice, but rather, were forced upon me by circumstances.

So, I sat down and had a long time with myself. "Donna" wanted to come out of the closet and live a life of her own, too. I knew that there would be problems but hoped that they could be worked out. Not knowing quite how to get started, I had a flash of inspiration! Why not see if my old friend, Transvestia, was still around? So I made a tour of the Chicago "magazine" shops, and managed to find a few copies. It seemed as though this magazine was a personal letter written to me. Everything that had happened to me — all the hopes, the fears, the questions, the problems — they were all there. Additional copies of *Tvia*, ordered from Chevalier, only served to reinforce my conviction that at long last I really had finally come "home." And, as an added bonus, I discovered a special organization, "just for me," where I could be understood and accepted as a person in my own right.

I immediately wrote Virginia about joining the sorority, and in a short time, received word that I had been accepted. However, due to a change of officers in the local chapter, CHI, Virginia had lost touch and was unable to put me in contact with

the group. What a disappointment! Through the fall and winter I kept bugging Virginia about a contact with the chapter, but she was still unable to help me. Then, in the spring of 1973, I learned that Virginia would be coming to Chicago for some interview shows, on the way to a seminar at Indiana University. If nothing else, I was determined to meet her in person, and arranged to meet her plane at the airport. What a step! The first transvestite I had ever met, and it had to be the national leader of the organization! But, Virginia was most gracious and had a surprise for me. She had managed to contact CHI chapter; there was a meeting that very evening, and we were both invited. What a (pleasant) shock this was for me, for in the space of three short hours I had not only met my fist *Tv*, but about 30 more!! And, what a grand bunch of girls they were, making

me feel most welcome, and inviting me to join the chapter. I accepted, without a second thought.

The years since associating with CHI chapter have been most rewarding. Shortly after joining the chapter I was elected the Secretary/Treasurer (I was the only one who regularly remembered to bring a pencil!). In appreciation of the debt I owed Virginia and my many friends in CHI chapter, I resolved to do the very best job that I could for both the Chapter and the organization at large. Our local group has had its ups-and-downs both with membership and personalities, but we survived and grew into a stable group whose presence has been made known in the Chicago area. In 1976 I was appointed by Carol Beecroft as a Coordinator For The Society For Second Self. In '78 my responsibilities were further increased by being appointed Division Leader for the northeastern United States and the eastern provinces of Canada. I have been fortunate to have been able to attend DREAM on the Oregon coast in 1976 and 1978 and the first Society convention in 1979, both which helped me to develop into a complete woman.

Who knows what the future will bring? I closed a chapter in my life and opened a new one with my decision to be myself! My "brother" and I will write the next chapters together, for better or for worse, instead of fighting each other. And, working together for the first time, instead of each of us trying to stand alone, we think we will succeed!



The End

How One Man Deals With Tvism

Los Angeles Newspaper Gives Accurate And Favorable Report On How A Crossdresser And His Wife Handle The Situation With Ease



Tim and Carol both wear a size 12 dress.

Tim is a transvestite — a heterosexual man who every so often enjoys dressing as a woman. And Carol is his understanding wife.

"I fell in love with the person underneath the one or two ounces of powder and lipstick," says Carol, Tim's wife of four years.

But because of a history of broken relationships that resulted from Tim's transvestism, he constantly feared his desire to crossdress would disturb his wife.

"On our wedding night I told Carol I wanted to shave my legs," remembers Tim.

"That was a test," Carol says. "But it wasn't the first or the last."

Carol and Tim are pseudonyms, as is Lisa, the feminine name Tim uses when he is dressed as a woman.

While the couple is completely comfortable living with and talking about Tim's transvestism, they insist on remaining anonymous. Both are fearful

of repercussions at their work places.

In an interview at the Studio City offices of psychotherapist Louis Leveen, Tim and Carol are seated side-by-side on the sofa. At first glance, Tim looks very much like a woman. The first indication that he is a man is his voice. His handshake is limp.

Tim, dressed as Lisa, with long, red fingernails and makeup, is a startlingly feminine image. Dressed in a tailored skirt and jacket, gold jewelry and high heels, he wears his near shoulder-length hair feathered away from his face. With his legs crossed he sits anxiously wondering if his clothing has fooled the visitor.

"Lisa is much more sensitive and receptive than Tim," says Carol of her husband's two sides. "She is more understanding."

"Everything that is written about transvestism focuses on the person's bizarre appearance rather than on his lifestyle or personality. But there was a time when it caused me a

great deal of pain."

Tim felt an urge to wear his mother's clothes when he was five years old. He began to accumulate items of women's clothing which he kept in a secret "Cubbyhole." There were skirts and blouses which he would wear from time to time.

From seven to ten Tim lost interest in dressing as a woman, but at eleven his fascination was revived and he again began to accumulate "woman's things." He kept them in the same place where he hid his BB gun.

On day Tim's father finally caught him.

"When my father asked me what I was doing," recalls Tim, "I said, 'If you have to know the truth, Dad, I am practicing to be a tailor.'"

Tim and Carol burst into laughter. They are "each other's best friends" and have learned to find humor in situations that might otherwise create tension.

Home is a sumptuous hide-away in the Encino hills only minutes from busy Ventura Blvd. Tim is an advertising

executive and his wife runs a modeling school. The couple's combined income is well over \$100,000.

"After my father caught me I became more discreet," says Tim. "Because the BB gun was hidden with the dresses my father found, I don't think he ever suspected that I was anything other than "normal."

But as he grew older Tim began to have self-doubts.

"I tried to do everything to take my mind off myself and my desire to dress," he says. "Even in high school I held three jobs. I competed in athletics. I left myself as little spare time as possible so that I wouldn't feel the urge and experience the guilt that came with it."

At nineteen, Tim began living with a woman who knew nothing of his crossdressing. It was about that time he read first the magazine article "177 Men In Dresses," and became acquainted with the term transvestism."

"I realized that I was not a freak; that men had dressed in female attire as long as there had been theater and back as far as the first religious ritual. I became courageous and told my girlfriend," says Tim.

"She packed her bags and never came back."

Destroyed by the rejection, he decided to seek psychological counseling. The counselors he spoke to were unable to offer any help. In fact, a psychologist told Tim's girlfriend that crossdressers were degenerates whose "sickness" becomes an obsession.

His next relationship with a woman lasted three years before she, too, decided to "pack her bags and run off with a truck driver."

It would have been easy for Tim to have given up.

"I amazes me how ignorant people are about transvestism," says Carol, seated closer to her husband now. "Women leave their boyfriends and marriages of many years break up. People — including many of the transvestites themselves — don't seem to know what it's all about."

And it's no wonder. Many members of the counseling and psychiatric community are also in the dark about transvestism, according to Leveen.

Transvestism is referred to as a "paraphilia" — a fetish — by the American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic Statistical Manual, a compendium of standard nomenclature compiled by the APA and the World Health Organization.

In Leveen's opinion, the public's ignorance about crossdressing is shared by the counseling and psychiatric community. He has been in practice for 22 years before he counseled another male transvestite last December.

In spite of the APA's

official posture that crossdressing is not a pathology, says Leveen, "the real opinion of most psychiatrists and counselors is that transvestites are sick."

So much of what is treated as pathological depends upon the therapist's own standards," he says.

"I had always thought that transvestites were the same as drag queens that you see along Hollywood Blvd.," says Leveen. "It was startling to me to learn that they were heterosexual most of whom were married with children."

While teaching a human sexuality course at Cal State University, Los Angeles, Leveen was introduced to a transvestite. Later at a meeting of CHIC, Crossdressers Heterosexual Inter-social Club, he met Tim and Carol.

Members of Chic are heterosexual men. Very few have told their wives about their transvestism and in even fewer cases do their children know.

But Tim and Carol, Leveen



discovered, are an unusual case.

When Tim first met Carol he was "dressed" and called himself Lisa. Carol was the director of a modeling school which had been asked by Chic to offer seminars on fashion and beauty for transvestite members. Tim was one of these men.

"I don't know how to explain it except that I fell in love with the person," says Carol. "I've never had any doubts about the fact that I am a heterosexual woman."

Because there was never any secrecy about her husband's transvestism, Carol says that she is "perfectly comfortable" with their lifestyle; The couple have two sets of friends — those who know about Tim and those who don't. Very few of their family members are aware of Tim's transvestism.

Tim spends one or two evenings a week dressed as a woman. On occasion he and his wife go to a nightclub together.

Sometimes he prefers to step out alone.

"There are cases where a crossdresser meets a nurturing woman with whom he can feel comfortable," says Dr. Thomas Brod, a psychiatrist with a general practice in Westwood and a former member of the now-defunct Gender Identity Center at UCLA.

But more often, says Brod, the wife becomes jealous of the time a man spends dressed. And sometimes women begin to compete for attention.

On the average, Brod counsels two or three transvestites a week. When he counsels married transvestites he prefers to see both Husband and wife.

"I don't think that there is a case that I have dealt with where a husband's desire to crossdress doesn't threaten his wife in some way," he says. "It comes as a shock and often shatters a relationship."

Although the literal mean-

ing of transvestism is "crossdressing," Brod doesn't use the term. The word transvestism tends to get confused with transsexualism and homosexuality, he says, and the result is often misleading.

Crossdressers who are not exhibitionist homosexuals but heterosexuals including two sorts: those who wear women's clothing for emotional comfort and those who dress as women in order to achieve sexual potency. In both cases, says Brod, it is an individual solution to a psychological problem.

Why is crossdressing only a male phenomenon?

"In our society women are much freer than men in what they are allowed to wear," says Brod. "A woman can wear ties or a suit and not draw attention. It is my belief that part of the reason crossdressing manifests itself more in men is simply because we notice it more."

In Memoriam

By Virginia Prince

Many of the long time readers of Transvestia will remember Mary, a crossdressing friend of mine who worked for me in Chevalier — around 1969 - 72. She looked after things for me when I was gone on my long trips. She was a very special friend. Unfortunately, she passed away on April 8th. She had been on a trip to San Francisco and had flown back to LA with friends. She went to the parking lot and got her car and as she drove up to the gate to pay the parking fee, she collapsed. Whether she died in the ambulance or after she reached the hospital is not known to me.

But she has had a heart attack in the past and although she had given up her smoking, she had recently started smoking. Perhaps this is the cause of her death.

Mary was a very conscious and dedicated worker in the crossdressing field. She certainly was a good friend to all crossdressers. She was an electrologist and had her own business. She will be missed by the many friends that she had throughout the years.

Mary filled a very unique niche in my experience. She handled the mailing aspects of Chevalier in 1969 while I was

on a long 60 day trip to Europe. In the months before that, however, (and after she started working for me to help pay her way through electrolysis school), she was on the surgery kick as so many others were and still are. I used to argue with her at length and it always ended with her saying, "Virginia, you don't understand — it wouldn't be real" — when I told her she could live as a woman without having to undergo surgery. She just would not buy my arguments against it. While I was away and when she had to write a

Continued on Page 36

TO FOOL THE EYE

Being The Wartime Experiences Of Lieutenant Comar And The Story Of His Sacrifice For His Country

As I lay in the hastily erected hospital bed in the little French village of Lance de Feu, the bombardment shook the earth, and every shellburst found an echo in my aching head. My throat was parched, and my tongue felt like a bit of old salt beef. I struggled up from my pillow.

"Nurse!" I called. "Water!"

A chill of horror trickled down my spine. Was that piping, girlish treble MY voice? Or was it that sickness had made it weak? Summoning my ebbing strength, I called again:

"Nurse! I want a drink!"

Icy spiders of horror crawled slowly up my back. My voice was girlish — thin, tinkling, and brittle, like the sweet sound of glass bells; and formerly it had been base!

The nurse came with a glass of water. I gulped it down.

"My voice!" I gasped. "What has happened to it?"

She flushed.

"I'll fetch the doctor, Lieutenant." And, tearing her apron out of my frenzied grip, she rustled crisply down the room.

When she had gone, I tried to think. I had "gone over the top," and had dropped in a shell-hole. A big "Coal Box" shell had exploded; then needles of

Gingerly, I moved my legs. Yes, both there, thank God! The same with my arms; and a wiggle in my bed told me that my spine was still in working order. I was trying to croak a verse of "Tiperary" when the Doctor came in with two assistants at his side.

He stopped at my bedside and I plunged straight into a list of questions? What was the matter with me? Where had I been injured? What ailed my voice?

"Lieutenant Comar, you have always been a brave man, so I will not hide the truth. You were almost blown up by the shellburst but the deep shell-hole you dropped into saved you from the worst effects; but shrapnel had been driven deeply all over the body. We had to operate very dangerously to get it out. One of the bits of shells cut your throat right to the vocal cords and the cords were almost severed, but we luckily patched them



up; and though we have given you a voice, unless a miracle occurs you will always speak in a soprano voice!

Out of the doctor's diplomatic jargon a cold chill over my body telegraphed that I had paid a bitter price for defending my country. In fact, I had paid with my manhood, and I was doomed to go through life with a voice like that of a girl — with a voice that would, in time, make me the laughing stock of my fellow-men and lay me open to many insults.

For a time I raved and stormed, until oblivion claimed my weakened frame and I sank into a long, exhausted sleep. From that I awoke, hours later, and faced my appalling future. No doubt I should be invalided out of the army (horrible to contemplate, for the Army was my career); but what would I do then? I always had a talent for acting but who wanted an actor with a girl's voice?

For hours I lay tortured in mind and body. Then the nurse came up to say that my pal, Captain Greenhouse, wanted a few words. He gripped my hand.

"Bob," he began, "words are damned inadequate things — but at least this means Blighty for you."

"And the regiment?" I asked.

"Are being hard pressed in Lance de Feu," he replied. "We now fear that we shall have to retreat. It's a dam shame, because this is an important strategic position; but Jerry is pressing us hard."

"I see," I said, and after a few more words about the general position, he continued:

"If only we had a clever spy to live here in Lance de Feu, after we leave, it might make all the difference to the issue. We hear that Jerry is bringing up a new type of gun and shells."

A wild hope tore through my brain.

"Greenhouse," I gasped, "leave me as a spy. I lived for years in Lance de Feu when it was a peaceful village, before the war. I can speak the local jargon like a native; and this awful voice of mine will enable me to pose as a woman."

Greenhouse looked at me, startled. Then his eyes began to brighten. He slapped his thigh.

"I'll go off and see the brass hats about it now," he said. "I believe that you've got it!"

To cut a long story short, after a bit of pooh-poohing, and in the absence of our usual brilliant spies, it was decided that I should be left in Lance de Feu after the retreat.

I thrilled. Even if I was a crippled useless croak, I could still do something for the Old Country. I tried to sing in my voice; and to my delight, I sang "The Last Rose of Summer" in a girl's soprano.

As soon as I could get about, we went about our plans in a quiet, methodical manner. My blonde hair, slight beard and blue eyes made it possible that I should be able to pose as the niece of an old acquaintance of mine, Coq de'Or Inn, and he could be implicitly relied on to keep a still tongue.

Then the actual transformation. I was rather embarrassed and for that reason would suffer none but Madame and Captain Greenhouse to effect my transformation. This was done gradually. My army uniform and boots gave place to a pair of silk stockings and high heeled shoes. My body was clad in saucy French undies, much be-ribboned, and my too ample waist was compressed into tight corsets. My illness had made me

thin so it was with a sort of pleasure that I observed how well my skirt looked on me. And, as I had said, I had acting ability and pretty soon I actually began to enjoy my role.

My hair — long, through continued sickness — was puffed and twined into curls and rolls, and my beard was closely shaved. After an application of make-up, and when I had donned the rose-trimmed picture hat, kid gloves and muslin gown, I looked the part of Madame Lesauge's dancer nice to perfection! So much for that, the rest of the regiment knowing nothing of the plot (in case of leakages), when I tottered out on the arm of Captain Greenhouse, were more than intrigued, and arms came up with a salute and saucy eyes twinkled an invitation at me.!

I went before the colonel. When he saw me he gasped.

"Why, man, it's perfect! Now listen. This is what you have to find out. The new German guns"

(I will cut the Colonel's instructions to me short, as for military reasons I do not feel free to reveal them even now.)

The next day the British vacated Lance de Feu, and before night the victorious Germans poured over it in a grey swarm. As luck would have it, the Coq d'Or was requisitioned to billet German captains, and already I could see by the gleam in their eyes they intended to have some fun with saucy "Mademoiselle Pauline" (that's me).

But Mademoiselle Pauline proved herself to be adept at the gentle art of light flirtation. "She" drank with the victors and even sat on the knee of one, but still "her" face wore a tender smile, and "her" blue eyes smiled an invitation.

At the end of a week I had six German captains "in love" with me! This, more than any-

thing else, prevented my disguise from being penetrated. Each man would not leave me to the tender mercies of the other, lest a march should be stolen; and no young girl was ever more closely chaperoned or carefully guarded than blonde "Mademoiselle Pauline" (who all the time was keeping her eyes and ears open for information and dispatching it regularly).

Then came the time when the new guns, carefully camouflaged, were moved into position on Hill 57, and I knew that I had to act quickly. Already I knew that one Captain Von Hacken was in charge of the gunners, and he was a square type of red-headed German, with a fiery nature to go with his fiery head. His chief enemy (and rival) was one Captain Ellsohn, and I made a little plot.

Watching for Von Hacken to bear down on the inn, I swung myself into Captain Ellsohn's arms with an inviting smile. Quick as light, he attempted to kiss me just as Von Hacken, with a roar, burst into the room. The next minute German etiquette and discipline went to the wind as two men fought for the love of a "woman." When at last Von Hacken was victorious, he snapped at me:

"Now, Mademoiselle, we shall at once be married."

"But your military duties?" I gasped.

He made his first mistake, in the excitement of his "victory."

"Oh, they are all right. The guns are in position" and he proceeded to discuss the new guns and their range and even the radius of their shellburst. "They will be safe for days."

On his arm I stepped out of the inn, and we sought out a priest. But I wasn't apprehensive. The local Priest was in on the plot and as soon as he saw us

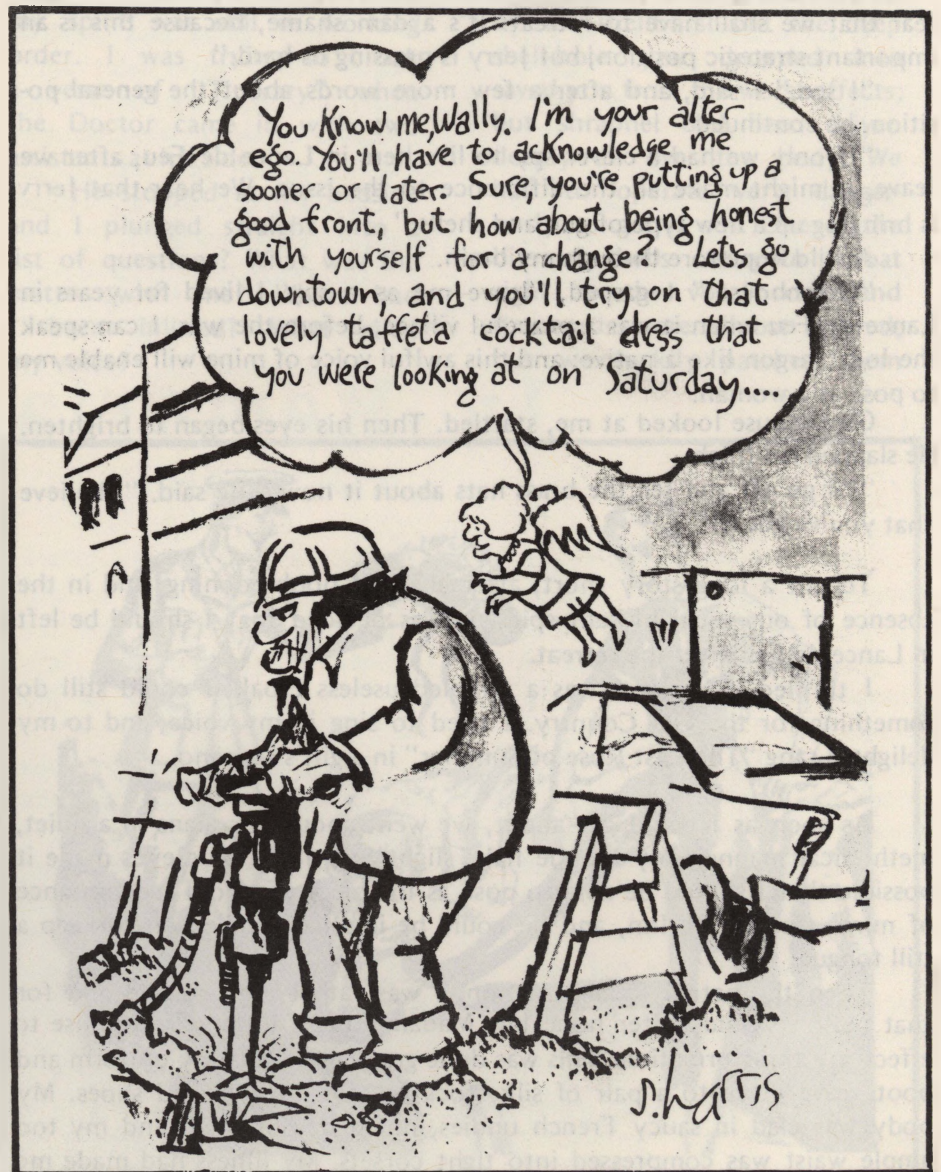
approaching, by a pre-arranged signal he vanished and the ceremony was held up until his return, as there was no other priest available; and Mademoiselle Pauline, being a virtuous "girl," wanted the blessing of the church on her marriage.

I got the information over to the British lines and while Von Hacken and I waited for the Priest to come back, celebrated our "engagement," the British offensive began. Thanks to my information, Hill 57 fell, and soon the Coq d'Or resounded to the tramping of British boots and I

was back in trousers again, the hero of the hour!

I shall never forget the captured Von Hacken's and Ellsohn's faces when they saw my transformation! At first, incredulity, then, black rage swept over their faces, while I laughed delightedly at their crestfallen faces.

So ended my sacrifice for my country, and the time when I had to sacrifice my manhood to serve it. Now, I am a well-known female impersonator and it is my ambition to some day play in Berlin — in the hope of seeing my erstwhile "suitors" again.



**An Experienced
COSMOTOLOGIST
Tells Our Readers
About Skin Care
And Makeup**

Before discussing the makeup itself, we should consider the canvas on which it is to be applied: the face, and fully, the healthy face. We must remember that the skin of the face as well as of the entire body is a very special living organ. It requires the greatest care to keep it in good working condition. It has to be protected from hot and cold, both of which can dry it terribly. Every inch of skin — on our legs, our arms, everywhere — needs conditioning with a good lubricant.

Everyone is born with beautiful skin. We always hear about the perfect skin, a baby's skin, and constantly strive to make our skin baby-soft once again. Ideal skin was a velvety surface, even tone, close, refined pores, a firm texture. As we grow up the pores enlarge, they clog. We develop blackheads, pimples and blemishes. Too much exposure to the elements and a lack of care damage the skin. We must start defending it.

Makeup itself, if not properly removed, can clog pores and mar the complexion. Even the finest foundation is meant only to beautify during the day or evening. Complete makeup removal is essential. You must cleanse your face at night, as even beautiful makeup can hurt your skin.

Cleansing your skin at night will help nurture it while you sleep. Cleansing it in the morning will give you a more beautiful



PART 1

**A GUIDE
TO CORRECT
MAKEUP**

look; clean skin reacts best to makeup.

Cleansing does involve more than soap and water. And cleansing the skin is not enough. Cleansing products contain ingredients that are not designed to stay on your skin. They are put on, they serve their very good purpose, and they should leave. Actually, the cleanser must be removed, and the ideal medium for the job is a skin lotion. Just as you would need water to remove soap (though you don't need or want either), you need a lotion to rinse off those last remaining traces of cleanser, and occasionally makeup. The lotion, or toner, is a clear liquid with which you saturate a cotton ball to apply to your face. It also refines the pores and perks up your skin wonderfully. There are lotions for all kinds of skin, such as, for example, astringents for oily complexions.

Just as you wouldn't

cleanse without toning, you should not cleanse and tone without nourishing your skin. You understand the importance of feeding your plants and flowers with water and polishing your wood furniture with oils; it is just as important to lubricate your skin, so that its beauty will be longer-lasting. Wrinkles and lines will appear eventually, but lubrication can postpone their appearance.

If you are cleansing and toning before a makeup, you will lubricate with a moisturizer. If you are cleansing and toning before retiring, you will use a more nourishing lubricant that will feed the skin as you sleep. Remember that a moisturizer can't reach the pores through makeup; it must be put on before. A night cream or lubricant may feel soft over a dirty face, but it won't be performing fully. The three steps are very closely linked: cleanse, tone, nourish. And this same

system benefits each skin type.

There are really only three skin types: oily, dry and combination. The way to classify your skin is to determine the quality of the greater portion of your skin. If your skin is very shiny, if you can feel the oil when you touch your face, yours is oily. If your skin chaps easily in cold weather and tends to be flaky, it is dry.

I do not consider "normal" to be a real skin type. Few women have a perfect, flawless complexion — everyone has trouble spots. A shiny nose and forehead with dry cheeks, for instance, is a combination complexion. For some women the type may not be as easy to define. Your skin may feel all right, but examine it closely. It may be a little drier around the eyes than you may wish or a little oilier in the center of your face. This is a combination skin. Many of us have this type.

Although oily skin is generally associated with younger women, and dry with older women, at times mature skin may have a few oily areas. Oily skin is constantly shiny, it perspires easily, has open pores and a tendency to form blackheads and blemishes. In youth it is very acne-prone.

Oily skin does not hold makeup very well or for a long time. After makeup has been applied the color seems to disappear; it sinks into the skin and frequently changes color. Foundation may turn orange, a powder yellow. Oily skin needs frequent attention, but it is certainly not cause for despair. You can correct oily skin with a little time and effort and quickly see noticeable signs of improvement.

The most effective cleanser for oily skin is a water soluble milky liquid or a light, vanish-

ing cold cream. I prefer the milky cleanser because it rinses off so ideally with water. Beauty grains or scrub creams are an excellent once-a-week treatment for young oily skin.

Daily, thorough cleansing of an oily face is a guarantee of improvement because it gradually discourages oil production beneath the surface of the skin. Washing your face every hour with soap and water is not the answer, because your skin will fight back against the sudden shock by secreting more oil. This is a mistake many young people make, and it is a mistake because there aren't enough ingredients in soap alone to dermatologically correct the problem.

A soap that I DO recommend is a medicated bar, to be used twice daily, after the cleanser, to help pores reach a balance in oil secretion. Modern multi-purpose soaps perform miraculously because they are so much improved from the old concept of a detergent-action soap. They start the fight, with a milky cleanser, against oil.

A skin freshener and toner should be used after you have rinsed off every trace of the cleansing agents, when your face is really clean. The proper one for oily skin is an astringent or a medicated lotion that tightens the pores and skin. The astringent is a key product for your skin type because it gets beneath the surface of the skin to cleanse pores thoroughly. It penetrates deeply to the oil glands to help correct the oil secretion while it tones and freshens at the skin's surface. By stroking your face with a cotton ball that has been saturated with the liquid, you wipe away deep-down dirt and oil and leave your skin as clean as it can be.

The ingredients in these ducts, while getting rid of dirt

and excess oil, do take away too much of the oils that are essential. Along with the oil the skin loses some of its moisture, which must be replaced. The ideal lubricant here is a lightweight, whipped moisturizing lotion or cream, which should be used very sparingly before makeup and a touch more generously at night. It will replace the moisture lost through cleansing and will restore the skin to its proper pH balance — the equal acid and alkali concentration of the skin — without adding any oil.

At times even an oily skin may need extra lubrication for certain areas. If you are in your thirties, an eye cream is in order, no matter how oily your skin is. You should make sure that this delicate area gets the proper amount of pampering. There are no oil glands under the skin of the eye area, and it therefore needs all the help we can give it. A throat cream is advisable if the skin of your throat is dry. The cream will prevent early aging and that crepe-y Somerset Maugham skin.

Masks are wonderful ideas they also help correct the skin's secretion of oil, making skin look and feel better. A beauty mask is an immediate conditioning of the skin; it's like spending a day at a spa. The best ones contain special tightening as well as absorbing clays and an astringent — all the elements needed to make your skin cooler and fresher. There are several different types of masks for oily skin, all of which work well: the peel-off mask; the cream mask; the powdered mask you mix yourself. I prefer the cream mask with its medicated base and pleasant fragrance. These are used like packs and are left on for five or ten minutes and then rinsed off. Astringent masks go deeply into the pores, tightening

and refining them, and are left on for ten to thirty minutes. When using masks, always avoid the eye area which has no reserves and should be treated to an eye cream while the mask dries.

When shopping for both the proper skin-care and makeup products for your skin type, look at the labels, which should specify that the product is for oily skin, problem skin or normal to oily skin. Because manufacturers make sure that packaging labels and instructions are clear, you can trust them and follow the label and instruction sheet enclosed in all packages. That is the best way to get maximum performance from the items that you buy.

When you buy your makeup for oily skin, there are three labels you should look for. Those marked water-based, oil-free, or minimum - oil content are all right for you.

DRY Skin looks transparent and flaky in certain areas around the nose, on the bridge of the nose between the brows, and around the lips. It may crack easily in the winter months and get burned quickly if exposed to the sun or wind. Because it is so thin and transparent, underlying veins are often noticeable.

Dry skin forms extra easily around the already oil-poor eye area. Such skin needs a lot of lubrication and has to be cared for like a baby. "Lubrication" is the key word. Even a cleansing cream can be beneficial if you use one that is especially formulated for dry skin. Using soap on dry skin is the ultimate sin (unless you are using one of those terrific superfatted see-through lubricating soaps); regular soap will chap skin faster than harsh weather will.

The products you buy should be labeled as good for normal-to-dry skin, dry skin or sensitive skin. Your cleansing cream should be a melting type, of a petroleum jelly consistency. As it touches the skin, it melts every bit of grime and makeup, which can then be tissueed away. Dirt leaves the pores and comes to the surface, to be removed with the cream. A soft, clean facecloth or cotton pads can be used instead of tissues, if you prefer.

The second step in the part skin care technique for dry skin is toning. Toning lotion must be alcohol free; to be preferred are those with herbal extracts, rose water, orange blossom water and perhaps witch hazel, too — always non-alcoholic. Although toners may look alike — and are applied with cotton balls — never mistake an astringent — clear and innocuous at it may appear — for a toner. There is quite a difference

between a dry-skin toner and an astringent, and that difference will determine whether or not you'll get the results you want.

Lubrication follows toning. In the morning, lubrication takes the form of a moisturizer applied perhaps with a sponge. It should always be of a consistent formulation — not just a light, then, filmy type. It should be labeled a moisturizing complex for dry skin, containing more than one lubricant, to assure total penetration and complete daytime protection. Never apply makeup to the skin directly. Dry skin will flake without moisturizer as a base, and you may end up with blotchy patches, as the foundation or rouge may "take" more to these flaky areas around the nose, forehead and mouth. Moisturizer equalizes the skin's texture and assures a very smooth application of makeup and a longer-lasting one, too.

For nighttime you have or more creams to use in rota-

Freud's First Slip



tion. Rotating is vital because dry skin gets used to a cream very easily and stops its performing action. The skin builds up a resistance just as the body does when given the same kind of medicine over a period of so the skin needs variety. This involves a slightly greater investment at the beginning, but it does pay in the long run since you are not using more cream. Rather, you are using each cream at a slower rate. (During hot summer months, store the creams in the refrigerator to preserve them.)

Rotate your creams constantly, and if possible, don't use any one more than two or three times a week. Ideally, you should have a lubricant with hormones, another with protein, another with vitamins. Your skin will be very grateful for this varied diet and you will notice results.

The creams should be applied with your fingertips in the smallest amounts; even though your skin is dry, it cannot absorb large quantities of cream at once!! If you go to sleep with too much on, the excess will be absorbed into your pillowcase. A dab will vanish into your skin and only you will notice it's there. Remember that a regular routine of a little is more beneficial than bursts of too much

Being gentle at all times is very important for dry skin because it can be stretched and damaged so easily. Learn to give yourself a lubricating, moisturizing mini-facial at home, using little movement of your fingertips. Pat around your eyes, stroke lightly on your cheeks and forehead and nose, pat the neck upward. All these movements stimulate your circulation, which in turn helps the skin absorb the cream faster. You have to work the cream into the skin; it won't penetrate by itself.

Dry skin also needs the help of eye cream, throat cream and beauty masks. Eye cream is needed because of the absence of oil glands in that area. Throat cream is needed to tighten that area and delay wrinkling and sagging. Though both should be used at night, a light film of eye-cream can be used during the day under makeup.

A deep-penetrating performing cream, which is applied only once or twice a month, produces excellent results.

Dry skin beauty masks act as mini-facials that firm the skin. Rather than using such a mask once or twice a week, I suggest using it every day for one solid week out of every month. The results are phenomenal. All masks are good. The best are

those based with seaweed; those based with hormones; those based with fruits and essential oils. While creams take time to show results, masks work immediately. I love them.

A double-action mask treatment that is great for the skin consists of an invisible film of nourishing cream PLUS the mask applied over it. As the mask solidifies, the cream is virtually pushed into the skin, penetrating faster than it would as a regular application. And you get double the benefit.

Concerning makeup for dry skin, the ideal foundation is a creamy liquid or creamy compact, particularly those packaged with their own sponges. If your skin is very dry, use a foundation with an oil separation, shaking the bottle thoroughly to mix the color sediment with the added oil.

Although many people say that face powder is drying, I do not! Modern powders are very thin and not at all harmful to delicate skin. A light veil of powder on the nose — even the driest one — will give the makeup a finished look.

Combination skin — This skin type is the most prevalent. It is most often characterized by dry skin around the eyes or a very rich oily center of the face or both. This skin needs a little more attention and care, but the results will be terrific.!

The skin care for combination skin is a sum of the best of both the oily method and/or the dry method of cleansing, to suit your own special needs.

A careful overall cleansing with a mild, water soluble cleansing cream, a mild cleansing milk or a vanishing cold cream is the first step. A skin toner recommended for normal skin — one that is neither high in alcohol nor completely alcohol



free — is the delicate skin lotion you should use.

Now specific problem areas need special pampering. For oily areas take a few seconds to thoroughly scrub with an astringent; usually the nose or the entire "T" area is oil-prone. I always advise generous amounts of daytime moisturizer on drier areas — often the cheeks — and only the lightest touch on overly oily areas.

Night lubrication with eye and throat creams is in order, but for those special dry places only.

Beauty masks are particularly beneficial. A slightly drying mask for normal-to-oily skin, with a light veil of lubricating cream used under it on dry areas,

is one possibility. A more nourishing mask for dry-to-normal skin can be used, but avoid oily areas when you apply it. For the best results, alternate between the two. If your dry areas are most prevalent, use only the mask for dry skin. If skin is mostly oily, use the mask for oily skin. Remember that the most prevalent condition requires the most attention and that all areas require some.

Regarding makeup for this type of skin, don't forget your moisturizer. Sponge application is wonderful here because you can reapply quickly on areas that need extra lubrication and you can wipe moisturizer off those spots that need less. A sponge does a neat, effective job

where fingers and tissues become too clumsy. A sponge is never wasteful and is perfect for all skins.

Foundation should be normal-to-oily skin as this will last the longest. By using extra moisturizer on drier areas, you will balance the effect of the foundation. A light use of powder on extra oily areas will increase the staying power of your foundation.

(To be continued in Transvestia No. 105, where you will read about the most basic cosmetic item that you require - the foundation. Also to be covered will be the use of rouge and face powder.)

CAUGHT!

By Lil

It's a fair guess that nearly all of us have been uncomfortably discovered in a state of half-dress, or dress when the discovering party was not one we wanted to be discovered by at that particular moment. It makes for panic! Doesn't taste good. So listen to my doubly-hideous tale.

I had been "good-friending" with a remarkable woman, nat'l born variety. She was a lusty, great-humored and magnificently busty — on the way up in a club — working as a comedienne. She was powerful, warm and had a lovely soprano voice to add to her highly projectable sense of humor. I wrote some material for her, coached her in movement and timing and how to kid the whole sex business while

being remarkably seductive in doing it.

Get this: My femininity is, generally, a VERY private affair between myself and me but such was our work and play together that in coaching her how to handle her skirts, her torso, her hair — with suggestion without grossness, with humor, that I found myself very quickly at her apartment in New York in much more comfortable skirts and whatall — and my whatalls were much more suitable to our cooperative work. We just gravitated.

She was lightly surprised, QUITE pleased that I was a girl, TOO. It stayed that way. Comfortable! The closest we ever got to erotics was the goodnight cheek-kiss. For some reason the

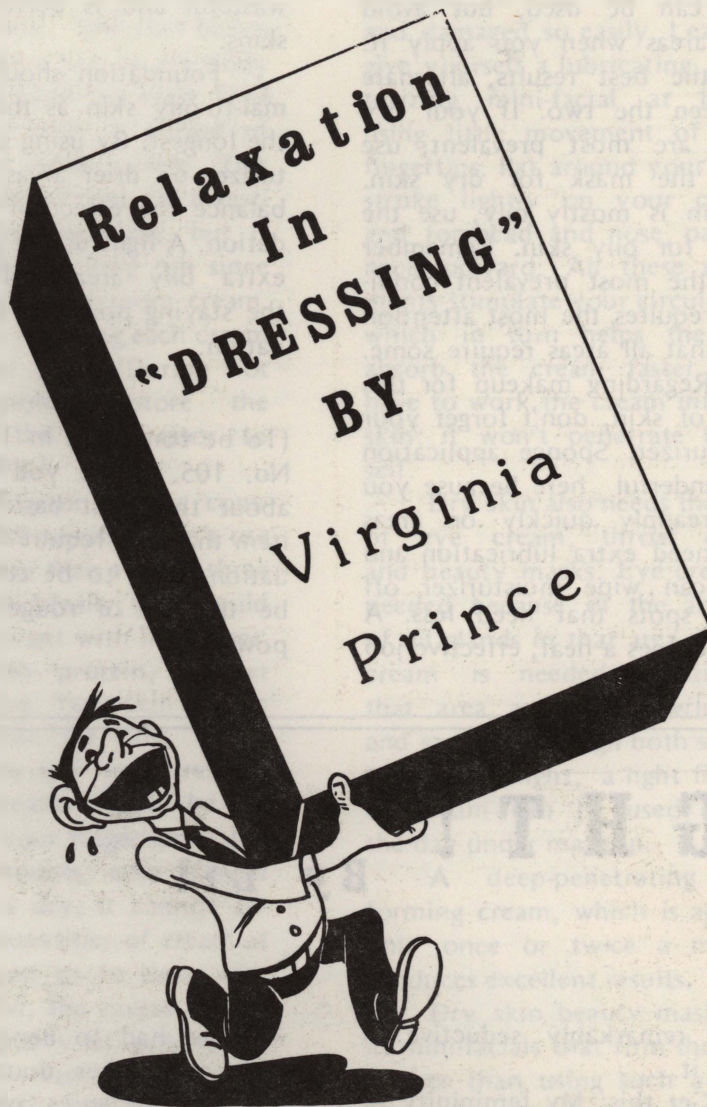
way we had to bend for this with our rather doubly FORMIDABLE figures obstructing, left us hysterical. Always exit laughing!

It was very comradely — exchanging of clothes — my delight in seeing her before an audience in something of mine — her pleasure in seeing on me something of hers that she thought I'd like. It really was a totally relaxed and happy friendship. It's really awfully nice to know a guest is coming and you can open the door and welcome her without a second thought.

So much for my good friend, for the moment.

I'd spent an idiot afternoon one day, refreshing my closet

Continued on Page 42



I got an idea the other day that I would like to share with you. You have all probably expressed the feeling yourself or read it in letters or histories of other Tv's or even found it in professional reports of Doctors who have dealt with cases of crossdressing — that the act of dressing in feminine clothing is very relaxing. I used to say that as well as write about it in my books and articles and I did so, thinking that I knew something of the reason

why. I remember writing somewhere that the tired business man can relax by playing golf, going bowling, watching television or some-such, and that it was relaxing because, for the moment, he wouldn't be concerned with the problems that he usually faced during the day. But then I said that, "there is no relaxation like becoming a different person" and left it there, as though that were the answer. In those days I thought that it was an adequate answer and sufficiently detailed. But of recent days I have begun to

probe more deeply and there is something more to be said.

We can all agree, I am sure, that dressing as a girl or woman is relaxing. We can take that as a given. Next then, what is relaxation? To begin with, we have to say that "relaxation" is a change from some other condition that existed — Webster gives several terms in its definition — "To make less tense, or severe, rigid or strict, to lessen the stringency or harshness of, to mollify or release from restraint."

Now all of these words fit the case and they all imply a pre-relaxed condition of exactly the opposite — tight, tense, strict, rigid, harsh, etc. So the person who does something to relax is attempting to escape from a severe, rigid and tense situation.

So look at men today, whether executives or blue collar workers. They are hemmed in by requirements, rules, expectancies and ambitions, and the tenseness that comes from the fear of becoming unemployed or not making enough to stay even with inflation, payments due, etc. On top of which they live in a very left-hemispheric world in which logic, reason, analytic reasoning and cause-and-effect principles rule supreme. Naturally there is tension and, naturally, one can't go on indefinitely coping with it. One way out, of course, is to get a heart attack and relax permanently; another is to develop ulcers and thereby divert ones attention from the boss and the job to the fire in ones stomach. When we go bowling, golfing and the like, we say that we are relaxing because at the moment we are not dealing with the problems of the job, the office,

profits, promotions, sales, hiring and all that "jazz." BUT such things are still in the back of the mind — they are just out of attention at the moment

In my earlier statement I mentioned that there was no relaxation like becoming another person, i.e. ones femmeself. But, recently I have begun to be aware that this is not strictly a true statement. Oh, it is true that Jane is different from John, but not really a different person except in appearance and to some extent, in behaviour. But what is really happening?

Many of you have experienced meditation, many of you jog, some practice yoga, and some have experimented with bio-feedback, drugs and with various types of psychotherapy. What do all of these techniques have in common? They all serve, in one way or another, to turn off the thinking, left-hemisphere (of the brain) and allow the individual to get into his or her right hemisphere. This part of the brain doesn't analyse — it synthesizes. That is, it doesn't examine things sequentially (one after the other) but sees everything all at once (simultaneously). It doesn't deal with ones total situation at the time but deals with patterns, not events and visually, not verbally. It, this right side of the brain, is the source of hunches, intuitions, sudden revelations of things we couldn't recall before, and provides solutions all-of-a-sudden to problems that we have been trying to analyse and figure out with our LEFT hemisphere but unsuccessfully.

Well, it seems from modern experiments that women are much less "lateralized" than men -- that means that they are not so efficiently divided between right and left hemisphere functioning. That being the case, they are to themselves and re-

present to men a life form that is not as subject to the stress, strain and tension that men are under. That doesn't say that they can't be — in fact, as more and more women get into responsible positions, they more and more take on the problems of men, the bad habits of men — smoking and drinking and getting up tight over things. Consequently, the incidence of heart disease, gastric ulcers — previously mostly men's problems — in women is increasing. But to most men, women lead a more relaxed life than they see themselves as living. Thus, if such men could become women, they would be free from many of the tensions that they experience daily as men. Freedom from, or lessening of tensions, is precisely what Web-

ster defines relaxation as being. Thus, getting into ones femmeself is not becoming another person — it is getting into the other half of ones own self — namely into the right brain hemisphere. Although one still speaks and thinks (both left hemispheric processes), when in the femme role, the intensity and importance are much less and more on the order of how a woman would handle the same problem.

What this means, then, is that Crossdressers discovered long ago another way of getting out of their left-hemispheric mode and into the right hemispheric mode. So crossdressing can take its place right alongside yoga, meditation and the rest, as a passageway to a different part of himself.



It isn't so much as I used to say that every man has a girl within him — which is still true, but not quite the same way. What he really has within him is the other side of his computer that works differently than the side he uses every day and cannot only free himself to a considerable degree from the tyranny of the everyday world, and his usual reactions to it, but additionally, can provide new ways of looking at things, enjoying experiences and living ones humanness more fully. If we could all come to realize this and more intentionally practice being in the right-mode, we could increase our enjoyment of life considerably. We would then, indeed, have the best of both worlds. That is, we could be in the left-mode OR the right-mode, as we wished, and do so consciously and with awareness of the world around us.

In meditation, yoga, and lots of other ways of accomplishing the switchover, the individual either has his eyes shut and/or assume some particular body position and breathing regimen — or must do a certain thing to the exclusion of others. A jogger must run to get the benefits of jogging and while running, he can't be sitting at the park, admiring the flowers (or shopping for pretty things)'. Dressing in feminine attire not only means dressing more like those with greater access to their right-mode (females), but more importantly is the negative side — the stopping of the dressing and appearing as (and acting in the manner expected) of those largely in the left-mode in a left-oriented society (men). Thus, the combination of going into one and getting out of the other is where the relaxation comes from and the pleasure

of that easing of tensions is to be found.

But the special benefits of this method of going into the right-mode and the enjoying of the resulting lessening of tension, is that you are still alive, functional and moving around. Incidentally, realization of what is going on should provide the final coupe-de-grace for your guilt feelings because regardless of what it may look like to others and regardless of what they feel or say about it, YOU should know that all you are really doing is using a new and for most people (except for people like us) an unknown secret passage through the wall that separates the left from the right mode in most people. Since you are only going from you to YOU, why should you feel guilty and ashamed. Why shouldn't you feel not only self-accepting (a minimum feeling) but actually PROUD and ELATED and EXCITED (mentally, not sexually) that you have discovered this passage and have perfected it so that you can pass through it at will.

Realizing that this passage a two-way street is what the essence of androgeny (or gynandry, as I prefer) is all about. You can't be in and out of meditation at the same time; you can't very well practice the lotus position of yoga and walk the streets at the same time. You don't have any bad trips or hangovers as you might with drugs and you are not exhausted as you might be after a long jogging run. You can still use the left hemisphere's logic and the training learned by John when you are Jane. And you will still have the physical strength or agility "he" developed when he is now "she."

I remember how amazed

some of the people on my China trip were when I didn't want to walk way around a long three-foot high railing to get to the bus on the other side — I merely vaulted the fence and went to the bus. "But women don't DO that sort of thing", I could almost hear them saying. But I had the motivation as Virginia and I had the strength as Charles — so I did it!! What I'm trying to say is that this is not an either/or kind of thing. You don't have to be either all feminine or all masculine. You can be YOU and occupy any space you feel like between those extremes and change that location moment by moment, if circumstances warrant.

Those last lines I realize are hard to apply to the Cross-dresser who only gets an opportunity to dress occasionally. When he does get to dress, — he wants to go as far to the right as he can and that means as far away from the left as he can get — and that is understandable. But those with greater opportunity can begin to establish more intermediate positions. Finally, since all of this comes out of my own experience and my own thinking, when one gets to the transgenderist position, which is where I am now, I can set up housekeeping right in the middle, if I want, and look and act womanly until a "fence" gets in my way — and then vault over it and go on my way without any feelings of inappropriateness, or "what will people think," or, "that wasn't very feminine" type of thinking. I'm just very satisfied to be ME, a position that incorporates all of me, both left, right and middle. I am interested in your comments: write Virginia Prince, Box 36091, Los Angeles, Ca 90036.

Author DEE RAYMOND'S New Story

THE LIFE SHE DESERVED

An Army Commander's Son Poses As A Girl Singer In An
Effort To Ferret Out A Spy Hidden Deep With Allied Headquarters!

Colonel Richard Alexander Simons sat at one of the very best tables of the rather small night club, the best spot where the blonde singer had to see him. She gave no notice of it, however, and began at once to sing a love song in excellent French that most of soldier audience would not have understood at all. But they cheered her, anyway, for they weren't used to a girl so glamorous and attractive. Her blonde hair lay in thick bangs across her forehead while a dark ribbon held most of her shining hair back behind her ears so that her pedant earrings could be seen. Her hair touched her bare back covering the thin, silver straps that held up her black evening dress. A thin veil covered her upper chest up to the neck, but her figure showed that she was very feminine -- ample bosom, narrow waist and where the skirts of the dress were raised from the floor, shapely ankles and calves balanced on the dark high heels.

She switched easily to German, and then to English,

singing in a husky voice, her rendition of 'Lilil Marlene,' a take-off of another Marlene. She moved gracefully about the small stage, singing to different men in the audience, and it was only when she came close to Simons that he saw how much makeup she wore -- so thick and dark about her false eyelashes.

Her act over and the three-piece 'orchestra' playing soft waltz music, so that the soldiers could grapple with their dates on the small dance floor, she joined Simons at his table. He'd half expected that she wouldn't. She accepted his offer of a bourbon and then of an American cigarette. The waiter withdrew as Simons leaned forward to offer her a light. She took a deep pull, her painted face taking on an ecstatic expression as the smoke coursed out over her dark-red lips. She tapped away ash from the cigarette with a finger topped with a long, pointed, blood-red fingernail. "Ah," she said, smiling at Simons. "That's good." Her English speaking voice was low and husky.

Simons took a quick gulp of whisky. "You're still using the same name," he said, looking

hard at her but seeing nothing but femininity.

"I like the name Denise," she said, giving him an uncertain smile.

"Why didn't you check in with us?" It was one of Simon's main reasons for contacting her now in this second-rate 'club' on Cologne, while the Russians battered away at Berlin. "What the heck are you doing in a place like this?"

The woman sipped on the bourbon, leaving a red smudge on the glass's rim. "Where else should I be?" she asked, an edge of bitterness creeping into her voice. "You played a rotten trick on me. Where did you think it would end?"

Simons felt very uncomfortable. She was so self-assured. This blonde woman, so lovely as she looked at him levelly, not a gesture out of place to reveal that 'she' was really the son of General Gerlitz, now an army Commander. "I had to," said Simons, not wishing to look at 'her' any closer. "I'd have lost that whole network if I hadn't."

"So you made me become a woman," she hardly raised her voice, but Simons could feel her anger.

He stole a look at her again. The veil covered her upper chest and came down her arms to her wrists. He could see the surprisingly feminine cleavage of her bust this close to her. "It didn't turn out so badly for you, did it?" the young Colonel asked.

She raised a thin pencilled eyebrow and smiled again, showing her straight, white teeth. "The countess and I got along very well," she murmured, her black-painted eyes on Simon's perspiring face.

Jesus Christ, thought Si -- so that was how it was. He tried desperately to keep his face straight, to show none of the scorn or disgust he felt at the

man-turned -woman. He didn't deny that he had a part in this, having sent 'Denise' into France to replace a dead female agent when he could get no other. He was sickened, however, by the revelation of the relationship between Denise and the Countess Von Esselberg, also General Von Riffel's wife, whom he'd only guessed to be Denise's prime contact for her spying activities.

"Why did you leave her?" Simons asked one of many questions that had arisen since the flow of information from Denise had ended eight months before.

Denise looked back stonily at the Colonel. He'd hardly changed from the young captain who had recruited Kenneth Gerlitz from the company talent show and had hastened him into Occupied France. When Ken Gerlitz had discovered only women's clothes in his suitcase, he had known that he had been deceived. For awhile, his life had been torture as he'd tried to convince everyone that he was a woman. The contact that he had made, the aristocratic wife of a German General, had discovered his secret but she had only been amused by him. Then she had seduced him and, finally, had hastened the process of feminizing him. For three years, they had lived a fantasy existence in Berlin. He had been 'Denise,' the Countess' French Maid. His hair had grown and he'd only been out of fishnet stockings, short frilly skirts and frilly panties, it seemed, when he slipped on his nightdress - more ruffles of course - and joined his 'mistress' in bed.

The assassination plot involving Hitler had changed all that. While not arrested, the Countess' assignments had become very restricted. Food had had been rather scarce and favors few. It

was when Denise had heard her mistress offering the 'special' services of her French maid to a visiting Colonel, an offer eagerly accepted, that a shocked Denise had realized that 'she' had to get out of Berlin. Now, she looked at the handsome, young American officer, looking and sounding like the man Ken Gerlitz had wanted to be.

"Food was scarce," said Denise, feeling the tight dress hugging too closely at her stockinged thighs. "We decided to split so that we could make it better on our own. I got this job from one of Eva's friends and Toti kept me on when the Americans got here. I eat," she added bleakly, setting the half-empty glass in front of her.

"Your father has ordered a full-scale search for you." Simons straightened his collar, his hand

“SHE HAD SEDUCED HIM
AND FINALLY HAD
HASTENED THE PROCESS
OF FEMINIZING HIM”

running over the newly attached Colonel's insignia. "You didn't contact the agency after the Americans got here."

The girl turned to him, flicking her hair back over her shoulders. "Would you have come to you if you'd been me?" she asked, crossing her legs despite the tightness of her dress. She could feel the tight pull of the garters on her stockings. How could she explain to the American officer that she, Denise Colbert, also known as Kenneth Jackson Gerlitz, actually liked dressing in women's clothes.

Simons looked away. "There is back pay," he said. "And you've got medals coming."

The girl laughed. It was a husky, pleasant, feminine laugh.

"Will my father pin them on my chest?" she asked bitterly. "Shall I wear a little black dress with pearls or shall I put on the best gown I have in my wardrobe?"

Simons had the grace to flush again. "He'll find you," he said quietly. "Sooner or later."

"It'll be your head, too, if he does!" The black-lined eyes flashed. She took a sip of the bourbon and shuddered. "What did you come here for anyway? I don't hear you gloating over mycondition."

The colonel eyed her 'condition.' Undoubtedly she would do the job he had in mind very well. She had all the parts for it - or she seemed to. Al Berger, who had found her in this place would have to wait his turn to get at her.

"I have a problem," he admitted slowly. "I need someone I can trust. Someone who can pass for a glamorous, not-too-scrupulous woman."

"Why not a real woman," she smiled and nervously licked at her bright red lipstick. "There are plenty of those about. You don't have to.....to humiliate me any more."

"I don't know any woman," said Richard Simons as carefully as he could, "who are as qualified as you to do this job. Besides, you're sticking with Von Esselberg for three years..... Well, it proves your loyalty to me."

She shifted, again, rustling her stockings. With the heady perfume and the sound of silk on silk, Richard Simons found it hard to think of 'her' as Kenneth Gerlitz, the name he'd held in his head for years. This was a new person to him, a creature called Denise Colbert - a woman he'd helped to create from man. He felt suddenly afraid that he'd made a terrible mistake in coming to this downtrodden bar.

"All I want to do," she said huskily, "is to get home and end this living nightmare." Kenneth felt his chest tighten, pushing out at Eva's black-lace bra, which he could now tape himself to fill. He'd spoken a fiction and he knew it. How could he ever hope for a normal existence again — particularly when he liked to be sitting here in his women's clothes, tight dress and with his hair long. He felt good being a woman.

"I can give you that I'm sure," Simons was saying, without batting an eyelid, "if you'll do this job for me."

The new civilian file clerk, placed under Master Sergeant Eugene Chaplin's watchful eye, behaved as little as a file clerk as any girl he'd seen. The Colonel had brought her in, announced her as a French refugee who would be temporarily assigned to Gene's office. Even the demure way she cast her eyes down couldn't take away her attractiveness. She had blonde, wavy hair that must cost a fortune to maintain if it wasn't natural, especially the flaxen color. She had very soft skin and wore too much makeup, too much blue on her lashes and eyelids for an office. Her sexy figure in the tight, black skirt and white, ruffled blouse was bound to cause comment and trouble to the Sergeant's experienced eye. And her soft hands, with the beautiful polished nails showed that she'd done very little hard work in her life.

"Denise," Master Sergeant Chaplin snapped at her as she began to file away sets of requisition forms only just received from Stores. He was glad to see her jump nervously.

"Yes, Master Sergeant, sir." Her voice was very sexy, rather

low and controlled. She kept her eyes downcast, her hands beside her back like a G.I. on parade.

"I do not like young women like you in this office," Gene Chaplin spoke precisely. "If the Colonel hadn't brought you in here," he spat out a spray of brown tobacco juice into the spittoon beside his desk, "I'd have you out of here right now."

The blonde flushed and shifted nervously on her black high heels. All over, thought Chaplin sourly, she was a caricature of what an office girl should really be. She was clearly the Colonel's "piece," and he didn't intend to treat her in any way different from the way he

treated any whore.

"Now, you hear this," he rasped on. "You just keep out of my way when you're working here. And if I find you talking up any of my guys — I'm gonna have you shipped all the way to Berlin where you can shake your tail for Ivan and his friends." He sneered. "You would like that, wouldn't you?"

Denise bit her lower lip. The darker shade she'd worn for the office tasted differently than her usual scarlet lipstick. She knew that Chaplin could not know of the death, probably a rape-murder, of the Countess Eva Von Esselberg, by a squad of Russian 'victors' in Berlin. Denise had to blink back tears that



would make her mascara run for sure. There was a hole in her heart now that she knew that Eva would never be there to hold Denise in her arms again.

Gene Chaplin was shocked by the brightness of the girl's eyes. He quickly sent her back to her job so that she wouldn't cry in front of him. He despised weepy women and tears. He'd really have to keep this one at arms' distance from himself.

In the course of the morning, the word about the blonde in Filing spread throughout the building, particularly after Lieutenant George 'Gabby' Perez's three visits to Records that morning.

"Hey, sit over here!" Gabby jumped up to greet an uncertain Denise and lead her to his table in the crowded lunch room. The other two girls at the table, Americans and in uniform, eyed the file clerk suspiciously.

"Edna, Jody this is Denise, Chaplin's new helper in Records." Gabby broadcast the news across the room and several people looked up to give Denise a first, and then a second, look.

The other two girls regarded Denise with varied looks. Edna's smile of welcome might have been genuine but there was no doubt in the look of malice thrown at Denise by Jody Atwater.

"She thinks she owns me," had been Richard Simon's description of Jody to Denise and the look spoke of that relationship and turned the thin, attractive face into that of a shrew.

"Hi, Denise." There was even a brightness in Edna's greeting. Her light blonde hair was wavy and cut short, as she made no effort to be more than she was. She was a chubby girl, in her thirties, and,



again, in the Colonel's words, "too dumb to be in anything phony all by herself."

Denise sat down in the chair a grinning Gabby held for her. She smoothed the tight skirt against the back of her soft slip and nylons. She liked the soft pressure of the garters on her thighs. Somehow, she felt more feminine. "Hello," she said in a soft, throat voice. "I'm Denise Colbert, a new file clerk here."

"We know!" If acid could have dripped from Jody's words, it would have.

Denise was saved from further reply by the arrival of an older man, a German, in a dark suit. He had fair, slicked hair and there was something militaristic in his manner. "Mademoiselle Colbert," he said very formally a touch of accent in his English. "We have met before at the Von Riffels. I am Heinrich Langer."

Denise could not remember the man from one of Eva's 'soirees' where he must have seen her in the tiny black dress, ruffled short petticoats and fish-

net stockings. She did remember him from Simons's briefings, however. "We all have to have 'good' Germans, safe ones, in our offices," Simons had said. "It's more than P.R., too. It's a reconstruction and a rebuilding of the anti-Communist alliance. Langer was a major for a long time, assigned to push pencils in Berlin. He's bitter enough to be the one to work for both sides in the future. I've wanted him out but the State Department likes his family a lot. He'd be my choice for our leak."

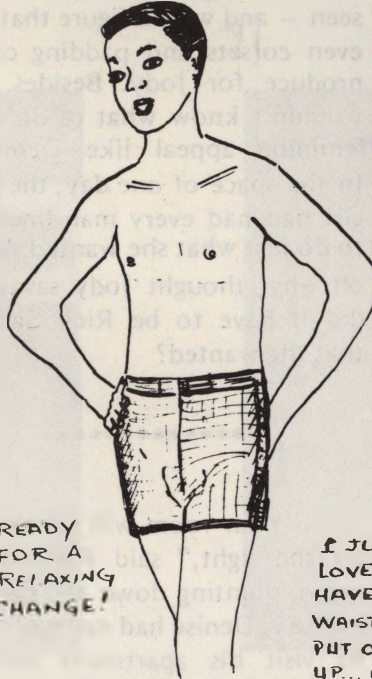
"Mademoiselle," Langer's formal kiss on Denise's hand amused the neighboring tables of Americans. "If I can be any assistance to you in carrying out your duties here, please call on me."

"Why, Herr Langer," Denise gave him a pretty smile that even made Langer unfreeze a little. "How kind of you. I'll certainly call on you if I need you."

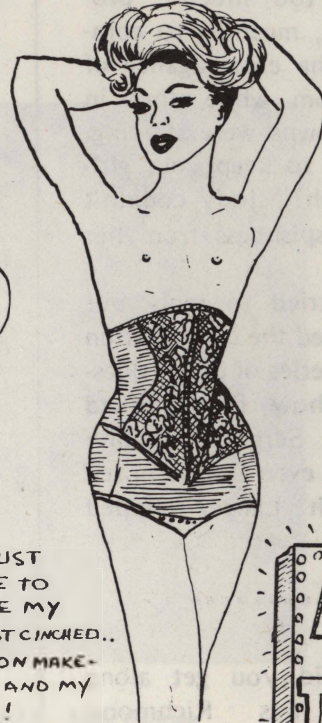
Denise hardly noticed Jody's disgusted manner because of Gabby's hustling to procure a



HOME FROM WORK! TIRED OF THE JOB!



READY FOR A RELAXING CHANGE!



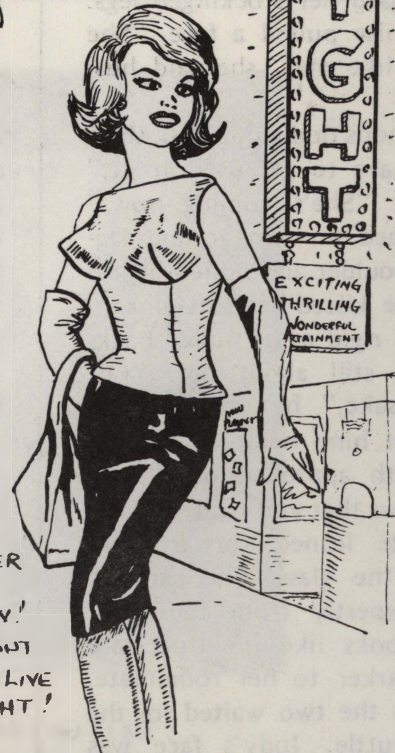
I JUST LOVE TO HAVE MY WAIST CINCHED... PUT ON MAKE-UP... AND MY WIG!



LOOK THE LATEST STRETCH STRAPS! AND THESE NYLONS ARE THE SMOOTHEST!



A BLACK SILK SLIP IS ABSOLUTELY BEWITCHING! AND I MUST TOUCH UP MY MAKE UP!



NOW... FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN. DINNER SHOPPING, AND A SHOW! FORGET ABOUT TOMORROW. LIVE FOR TONIGHT!

A TV NIGHT
EXCITING THRILLING WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT

lunch for her that had just about everything stacked on one plate.

"That's too much!" protested Denise, meaning to comment upon the extravagance of the dining room while others in the nearby towns were starving. "Got to diet to keep your girlish figure, heh?" Jody couldn't keep the waspishness from her voice.

Denise tried to reply but Gabby switched the conversation quickly to a series of direct questions upon how Denise liked working with Sergeant Chaplin — so that not even Denise noted how Heinrich Langer slipped away.

"How did you get along with Jody?" was Richmond Simon's first question when the blonde girl came swinging down the path to climb decorously into his car. He noted his chauffeur's admiring look as the leather-coated Denise leaned back and crossed her stockinged legs.

Denise pulled a face. "She doesn't like me," she said huskily.

Simons nodded. "Well, she's gonna have to get used to it," he said. "She's coming now." He slipped an arm around Denise's shoulder and pulled her to him. He kissed her soft mouth. She was rigid as he pulled back, his arm still about her. "For Jody's sake," he said, as she stared at him, her painted eyes wide with apprehension. "Now she knows that you really are my girl." He leaned forward and tapped the glass. The car slid away expertly from the curb.

"Looks like it's true, said Edna Parker to her roommate, Jody, as the two waited for the staff shuttle. Jody's face was livid with anger. She looked away down the street, unwilling to let Edna see the depth of her

anger. She knew what Rick would see in Denise. She was as beautiful a girl as Jody had ever seen — and with a figure that not even corsets and padding could produce for Jody. Besides, she wouldn't know what to do with feminine appeal like Denise's. In the space of one day, the new girl had had every man lined up to do just what she wanted. Why, oh why, thought Jody savagely, did it have to be Rick Simons that she wanted?

"Your room will be the one on the right," said Richard Simons, pointing down the narrow hallway. Denise had not had time to visit his apartment before. "Of course, you won't say that to my guests tonight and I will arrange to have a nightdress of yours under my pillow, in case anyone goes snooping. I'll want you to pack some of your other stuff, lingerie and the like, in the empty drawers in my room, too."

"Yes sir," Denise's reply was quiet and without inflection.

"We must keep up appearances," Simon's voice was hard and determined. "You'll be approached just as soon as the right people think you're both my mistress and for sale."

Dinner had been left for the Colonel and his 'friend' by the very efficient housekeeper who had disappeared at their arrival. She had disapproved of every item of luggage as it had arrived, and as she had unpacked it, earlier that morning. Simons was glad to see that disapproval had not marred Frau Schnabelwauer's usual efficiency around the place.

Denise had changed to a filmy negligee for dinner to cover her silk lingerie. After a quick bath, her wet hair was

turbanned in a towel as the two sat down to eat. Even now Denise still bore little resemblance to the Kenneth Gerlitz who had been parachuted into France as Jacques Colbert's niece. She now had very thin, pencilled eyebrows. Her cheeks were hollowed — Eva had insisted upon the removal of Denise's back molars. Despite the removal of eyeliner and eyeshadow, Denise's eyelashes seemed thicker and darker than those of the boy she had replaced. She also ate quite daintily and femininely, Simons thought. He began to wonder how difficult it would be to resurrect Ken Gerlitz, as his father was pressuring him to do, once the affair was over. Denise looked at home in her light purple, frilly negligee, the towel about her platinum hair, gold earrings in her pierced ears.

Simons began to recite his guest list to Denise along with their possible foibles. "Look out for General Martin," he said with emphasis. "He really likes to maul all his officer's wives. He must figure that their husbands can't object."

"Will I class as a wife tonight?" Denise asked.

Simons gave her a sharp look. "No," he said. "It'll be tougher for you with Martin. He'll have you pegged as something to be bought and sold." He hesitated, reluctant to use such a word to an attractive girl like Denise.

"He'll figure I'm for hire," Denise's fingers made a little nervous gesture belying her tone.

"Right," said Simons. "I figure he'll be all over you and every joke's gonna be unprintable."

"And you wanted me for this job!" Denise was annoyed with him.

"I need someone I can trust implicitly," said Simons simply.



MAXINE - TX-206-Mc



RITA - New Guinea



CHRISTINE - GA-200-B



JOAN - NU-11-Mc

He had finished Frau Schabelwauer's excellent chicken salad. He pushed his plate away and glanced at the girl opposite. "The English couple will ignore our relationship and just treat you as a person. Colonel Edmondson will patronize you, while Cornell won't appear to know what to do. See if you can put him at his ease."

Major Chris Cornell was the first to arrive at Simon's "housewarming party" that night. The Wave officer with him, Jill, wore a long, black gown like Denise but there all comparison ended and Jill knew it. She smiled ruefully at the blonde who opened the door and admitted them.

"I'm Denise," said the blonde in response to Simon's chief aide's stammered introductions. Denise had taken a long time to prepare herself for the evening. The long, black dress had just a little veil to conceal her full cleavage. The thinnest of straps passed over the outside of her shoulders and crossed in back to remeet the dress below her shoulder blades. The dress then hugged her figure tightly until it flared below her thighs. Denise's hair parted down the center, falling in waves onto her shoulders but not in a mass enough to conceal her long, black stone pedant earrings. Her neckless had a similar stone.

She had debated and then gone ahead and put on her false eyelashes. Of course, it meant extra eye shadow, but then Denise liked to show off her eyes and her thin, femininely curved eyebrows. Her lipstick was blood-red, like her re-varnished nails.

Jill nearly crushed Denise's

soft hand in her rough one. She was a large girl with a frizzy mop of tight pincurls on top of a long, horsey face. "Chris has told me all about you," she said. "It was your first day at the Group headquarters today, wasn't it?"

Chris Cornell redenned as the blonde switched her gaze back to him. There was much he'd said to Jill that he didn't want repeated.

Cornell was saved from a lengthy reply by the arrival of Rick Simons, in dress uniform like his principal aide. He flung an arm around Denise's narrow waist, hugging her to him, while she gave him a nervous smile. "Hi, Chris," Simons broke in. "Glad to see you could make it. Good to see you, too, Jill. Come on in and let's have a drink."

General Joe Martin arrived late with his date, a blonde, buxom, German girl who spoke little English and who gave Denise several sly looks as if to indicate an associative relationship between the two blondes. Just as Richard Simons had indicated, the General made a dead set for Denise, standing with his arms about her shoulders as the two danced to ancient waltz records which Simons had borrowed from Brigadier Leighton Greeves, the English "opposite" to Simons.

Brigadier Greeves, dark mustached and very correct, ignored the situation of Denise and Richard Simons after a few moments of casual inspection with his frumpy, little wife. But both were downright rude to General Martin's 'date.' Perhaps it was simply that Denise was able to talk fairly intelligently about Victor Sylvester. Greeves' wife was the only person to speak to Denise about anything resembling politics. She spoke about the June plot and was interested

that Denise knew so many of the plotters. She was also intrigued by Denise's cryptic remark that she had once worked for a Foreign Office person. She wanted to know more, but her husband had cut her off, rebuking her not too kindly for prying.

Sandy Edmondson was older than Richard Simons, although both were of equivalent rank. He was accompanied by an older woman, whom he introduced as his secretary, and who regarded Denise like a hawk all night. Sandy, his hair now turned to Grey, danced at the perfect regulation distance from Denise and she was able to hear the arrogance in him in every word he spoke. He was clearly bitter, too, in the sly remarks he made to Simons. With the war about over, there would be few easy promotions; yet, here he was, the older man, trapped at the same rank as the much younger Richard Simons.

The other officers, aides to the General, also with German or American servicewoman dates, were ignored by Denise due to the instructions of Richard Simons. As yet, she didn't know why.

"Come on, girl!" Martin's voice boomed as he threw a heavy hand about Denise's bare shoulders. "Dance this one with me!" He was bleary-eyed and Denise could see the anxious looks on the faces of his aides.

They danced for a few moments and then Richard Simons cut in quickly. "Excuse me, Joe, but Denise is saving this one for me." He took Denise's hand and pulled her from the General's grip.

They both enjoyed the next several dances.

With the company gone at last by two in the morning, Richard, with Denise, turned



MITZI - IL-8-C



BETTY ANN - IL-17-A



SYLVIA - Canada



MICHELLE - Florida

from the closed door and smiled. He gave a great sigh. "Thank goodness that's over," he as they both prepare for bed.

"Hello," he said, suddenly alert, staring at his door. "Someone's been in there." They entered the room and began a systematic check of both his bed and the room. "The bedroom has been bugged," he whispered to her, "By one of our guests this evening. They began to talk loudly about things in order to fool anyone who might be listening. Richard had said that they would put out 'some words' to the listener, make a few groans and then retire to their respective bedrooms. This they did and finally Denise strode to her own room, thinking that she would never sleep, but she did — and very quickly.

Richard Simons was already awake, clean-shaven and striding about Denise's room, adjusting his uniform tie. He smiled in friendly fashion at Denise. "Hi, sleepy head." Even his voice was cheerful. "Got to be on our way." He left quickly as the sound of whistling came from the open door.

Soon there came a call from downstairs — "Breakfast's ready!" Simons was calling from the kitchen. Denise finally had to pull herself together and get out of bed. Her reflection showed a tousie-haired blonde girl, a pale face with darkly fringed eyes, a soft, feminine face; she had beautiful, shapely legs but her figure was odd. She was very flat-chested. Defiantly, Denise took up her fluffiest, most ruffled negligee and her powder-blue heels and headed down the stairs to the kitchen.

But Richard Simons made no comment upon her appearance, nor upon her later dress-

ing in a girlish white dress with noisy, ruffled petticoats. He just patted her on the shoulder and then hurried her down to the car where the gleam in the Chauffeur's eye was enough encouragement for Denise.

She sat next to Richard on the drive to the agency. "You've met everyone connected to the Richler File loss," Simons was saying as she recrossed her stocking legs and adjusted her skirt again for the sixth time. "One of them leaked the file to the Communists, and I don't have a clue who is the guilty party."

She stretched and yawned, showing off her newly painted fingernails as well as the open-toed dark high heels and her seamed stockings. "I'll have a check made of that bug in my bedroom as soon as I check in this morning. Just keep your eyes open, Denise, especially for the file marked Werchstatter. If there's interest in that file, follow it up as best as you can."

Denise yawned again. They were at the old house that served as headquarters for several units of personnel and intelligence. "Yes, sir," she said, lowering her voice so that she sounded like Ken Gerlitz the first time Richard Simons had seen him. Startled, he stared at her and then held the door for the blonde, who tossed her hair back to show her small, gold earrings. A stonefaced Jody Atwater held the elevator doors for Gabby and Denise and Lieutenant Perez, who had also just arrived. Even Denise's bright smile didn't soften Jody's face nor the glitter of malice in her dark eyes.

(To be continued

in Tvia 105)

IN MEMORIAM . . .

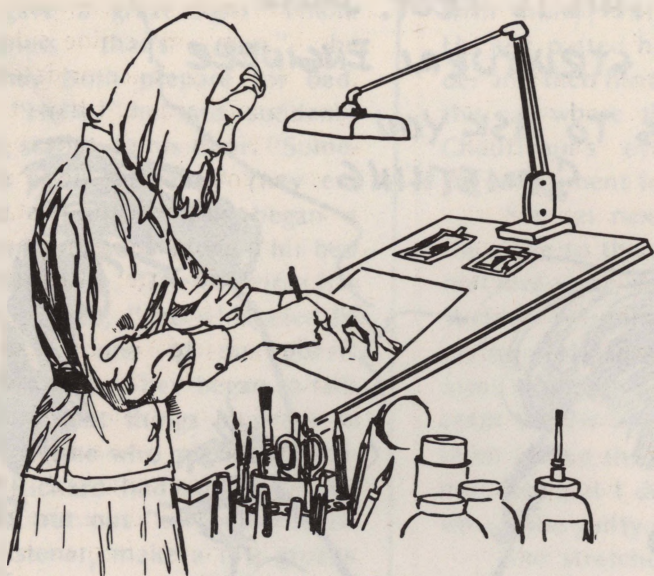
number of "counseling" letters to readers, as I always did, she tried to tell the writers what she thought I would say. She reached back into her head for the arguments that I had given her concerning herself and passed them on to those who wrote. Unknowingly, she convinced herself in the process and by the time I returned she would not have had the surgery if it were given to her — free. So while I couldn't influence her directly, my words remained in her head and when the time came to use them for the benefit of others, they really got into her own consciousness on the way to her fingers and the typewriter.

As a result of this, when she finished electrolysis school, she went to work for the lady that had done my face. Later that lady retired and Mary bought the business. She had a very happy and successful business for the next 15 years. Her personal life was also most happy. She was accepted everywhere as a woman, elected to offices in various organizations and, in other ways, proved what I had told her years before — that surgery doesn't make a woman of you — it just gives you an excuse to learn how to be one. However, it can be done without the need for surgery if you just decide to go ahead and live as a woman. Mary did it and changed to full time living about 6 months before I did. I was always very proud of her accomplishment and the fact that she was one of those that I had been able to influence away from surgery. I am sad that she is gone but I am also happy that she lived successfully the last 15 years of her life the way she wanted it.

GEORGE, THIS IS PROF. SMITH,
HE'S A STRUCTURAL ENGINEER
HE WANTS TO ASK YOU
SOMETHING



Sylvia
(Fcg-1-K)



YOUR LETTERS

The following letters are just a few of the many letters that your busy Editor receives in her office each week.

Dear Carol: I want to thank you for the back issues of Transvestia. I enjoyed each issue. My main reason for writing is to give my sisters an opportunity to hear about a most unusual experience that I recently had in my town. It happened when I went down to my grandparent's home to pick up some things I needed. They were stored in the attic so I casually made my way to that part of the house after spending a few moments in idle conversation with my relatives. While rummaging around in the attic, I came across an old trunk which had belonged to my grandmother and which contained some of her best clothing belonging to a number of generations before me. In the trunk, I came across her old picture album as well as her fancy Sunday hat. I just couldn't resist trying it on. It felt so nice and I looked for a mirror to see how it looked on me. Would you believe that outside of some of my male facial characteristics, that I looked **JUST LIKE HER!** I couldn't help but fantasize what it was like to be a girl in the 1800's. I opened the picture album and observed the beautiful clothing — the beautiful, soft

capas, gorgeous hats with feathers, fancy ground-length skirts and fancy blouses. Many of the clothes contained yards of lace. The clothing was a work of beauty. I also saw a beautiful satin coat. And, of course, there were the usual corsets (they made me forget about my "restricting" present-day girdle) and high-buttoned shoes. Oh, how I wish that I could go back to those days for a day and dress up in that beautiful clothing and be one of the girls at the Chicago World Fair in the 1890's. Oh, how I wish! I can't dress like grandmother did, but to look at it another way, maybe in the next fifty to hundred years some young crossdresser might find my photo album and envy how we girls could dress in our day. Keep up the good work. Christiana (OH-24-P)

Dear Carol: I have been an avid subscriber and reader of Transvestia as well as your other publications, for about twelve years. I have been married for over thirteen years to my wife who knows of my crossdressing. She has seen many of my lovely things but has never seen me dressed. She does not want to see

me dressed "en femme" because she is afraid that it might destroy her image that she has of me. However she does know that I dress every opportunity I can get and is most thoughtful about it. She will leave the house for several hours so that I will have the time to dress in my pretty things and relax. We are now to the point where she has said that she would like to talk to another female with a Tv husband so that she can learn how to cope with both sides of my personality — one very masculine and the other somewhat feminine. I do love to dress completely with a wig and makeup, just as I am right now. I am wearing a three-piece gray and rust knit suit, black high-heeled sandals, a pretty silver neckless, bracelet, earrings and all the appropriate underthings that make me feel like a girl. I live for my crossdressing opportunities and savor each delightful minute. I wear size 20 tall and a size 12 B shoes. I am 6'4" tall and weigh 215 pounds and feel that I would have great difficulty passing in public. I have three wigs, full makeup kit, a number of jewelry items and more dresses than my wife realizes

(some are well hidden). I think that now is the time for me to receive the packet of information about the Society For The Second Self. I hope that it can bring more understanding for my wife as we are both forty years of age and look forward to many years together. Karen (Urbandale, Iowa)

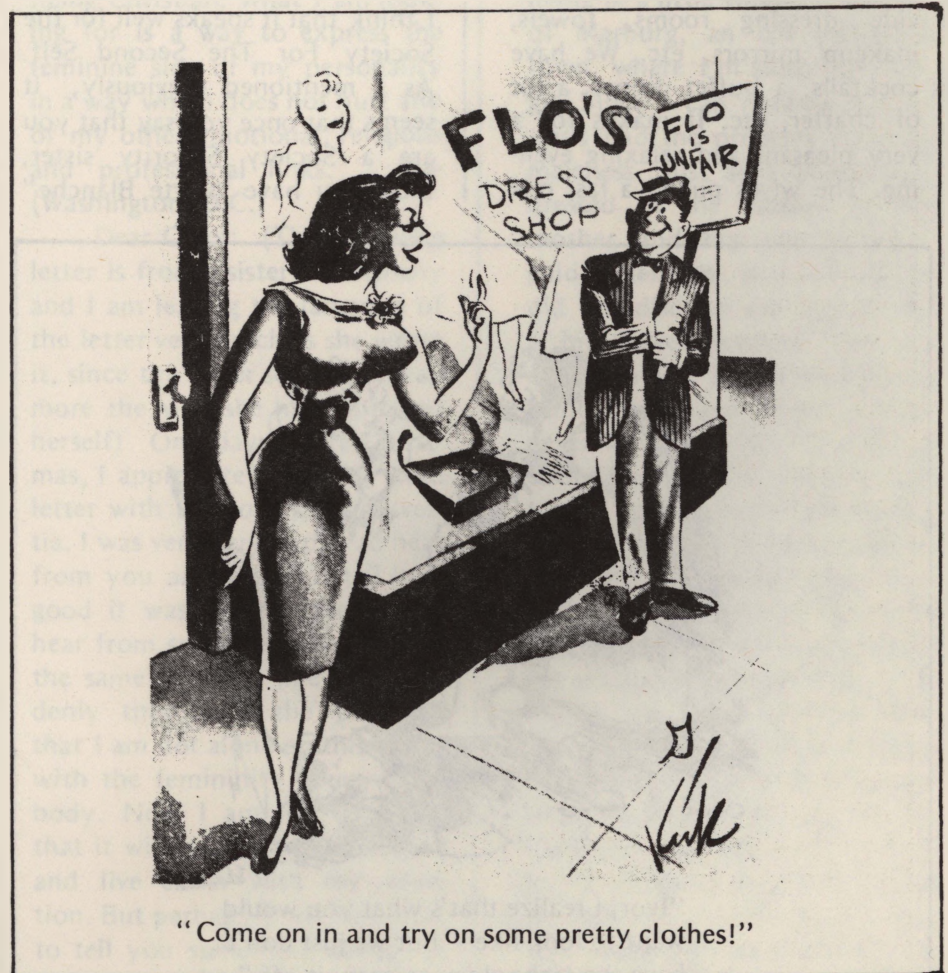
Dear Carol: It was absolutely sheer delight to receive Transvestia. I am very happy with the good taste of everything you publish. It was only eight months ago that I told my wife about my crossdressing. She had noticed that I had certain feminine habits but did not know the extent of my femininity. This strong feeling of femininity within me has been dormant for many years — now I want it to blossom and flourish. Unfortunately, my wife is rather indifferent concerning my crossdressing and when I showed her a few of my things, she said they suited me and that it does not bother her. I would love to have a wife who doesn't mind having a crossdresser for a husband and that understands and empathizes just a little bit. Simone (Orlando, Florida)

Dear Carol: I was really surprised on how fast you answered my letter. It was really sweet of you to send me those few lines of encouragement. It shows your very understanding nature and that you really do care! I finally got a letter from my girlfriend. She doesn't want to get married but still wants to be my friend. She advised me not to be so hard on myself, which is my main problem. I don't think that I could tell my parents. When I was thirteen years old, my mother found me, all dressed up in my bedroom. I thought that I had locked the door. She was very upset, as you can imagine, and started crying and

after telling me to "get out of those clothes," she hardly talked to me for several days. I have located a skin-care center that does electrolysis. I had my first appointment last week and the electrologist, Jane, said that it would take awhile to remove my beard — but it could be done. I told her that I was a crossdresser, which is the first time I ever revealed this part of myself to an outsider. She, happily, did not mind a bit and her girlfriend, Joanne, (who also works there) is going to let me dress as Lisa and give me a facial and apply my makeup. They invited me to come back anytime. I plan to stop there before going to my sorority chapter meetings so that I can get "beautified." Carol, you are very kind to help me to feel a lot better. I love being a girl as well as a fellow. I just

hope that I eventually can meet a girl that likes my feminine self as well as my masculine side. I never went to a dance or dated in high school because I have been so shy. I just can't take being alone anymore. I hope that I can find a girl who understands what I am going through. Thanks for your kind letter Lisa (MD-206-M)

Dear Carol: I have just returned from a trip to Europe the highlight of which was finding a copy of Transvestia No. 102 which someone had either lost or left behind on the train from Zurich to Berne. I was thrilled to discover that such a magazine exists, and to read about the Society for The Second Self. I have dressed for many years and although I realized that what I was doing was "unique," I had no idea



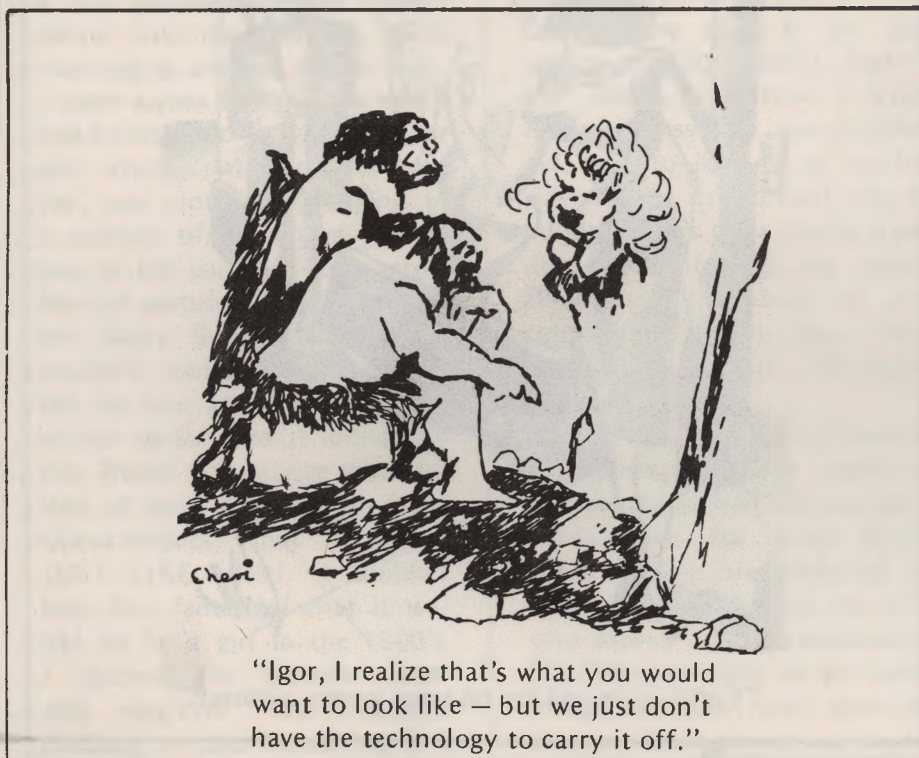
that there was such an organization like yours. K.R. (Hong Kong)

Dear Carol: Enclosed are three letters which I ask that you forward to my sisters in our Sorority. One of the letters is for a sister in Virginia. I have extended an invitation to her to come to my home for a weekend and attend a Sorority meeting. She will stay at my place Saturday evening, if she accepts. My wife has said that it is fine with her - I think that she is looking forward to showing off another crossdresser at the meeting. It is interesting in that it almost seems that the five wives that attend the chapter meeting have a subtle form of competition going on - to see who can have the best looking Tv spouse. All five couples entertain frequently on a crossdressing basis - invite the crowd over, provide dressing rooms, towels, makeup mirrors, etc. We have cocktails, a buffet dinner, a lot of chatter, etc. It makes for a very pleasant and relaxing evening. The wives pulled a fast one

at the last gathering, though. Our hostess set two tables and indicated that one was not to sit at the same table as her spouse. The wives were first to the serving table and decided, instead, that we'll all sit together - that is to say, that the wives would be at one table and the Tv husbands at the other. And that is how it ended up. It was interesting in that at our table, without the wives, the conversation ranged from the Redskins football team to cross-your-heart bras. I would have loved to have taped the conversation. The seating arrangements did not detract from the meal and didn't really make any difference in the end since we all ended up at the same table for after-dinner drinks. I must say that the "Society" girls that I have met, and their spouses, have been absolutely super - very pleasureable people. I think that it speaks well for the Society For The Second Self. As I mentioned previously, it seems that once you say that you are a Society Sorority sister, then you have "Carte Blanche"

into any other organization. One of my sisters (and this is an example of them) came across in fine fashion last Sunday. My wife is in upstate New York at the present time. I had spent a good deal of that Sunday, fully dressed with make-up and took some pictures of myself, cleaned up the house, etc. By seven that evening I was finished and quite bored so I called up one of my sisters and asked if she would mind if I came over "dressed" for a drink. In turn she suggested dinner and drinks. She, her wife and I had a delightful evening and I drove home at about two in the morning slightly sloshed (I still don't know where I put the black belt that I had on that evening). But in any event, I had a super time. This is the kind of sister that it has been my good fortune to meet. Thanks for simply doing what you are doing for the "cause." Susan (VA-5-R)

Dear Carol: After being what I suppose can only describe as a non-practicing crossdresser through sixteen years of a very happy marriage, circumstances seem to have led me to giving the desire some expression. My wife is understanding and supportive, but wants to have as little contact as possible with "Sue." Sue was created for a costume party we both attended a year ago. After having read Virginia Prince's *The Transvestite And His Wife*, I now understand that I gave my wife too much of a shock. Since I had never crossdressed, even in private, nor discussed my desire to do so with my wife, she was very much confused and upset by that occasion. When I said that I planned to go to the party as a woman, she assumed that it would be a campy-comic performance. I guess that is what I may have intended as well. Sue was born, a cultured, well-dressed, well educated wo-



man in her late thirties. Those at the party who did not know me, immediately took Sue at face value and treated her as a guest who had come without a costume. I was amazed at the way I found that I could fit into Sue's personality in every detail without rehearsal. My wife knowing me very well, realized immediately that THIS was much more than a successful "performance." So I told her about the unfulfilled desires of the past years. She was totally astonished but her attitude now is very understanding. Still, she wants to avoid contact with Sue. All of this is somewhat irrelevant to the purpose of this letter, but in the light of Virginia's book, I thought that you might be interested in one perfectly normal wife's reaction. Since the costume party a year ago, Sue and I had three exhilarating evenings with a friend — a girl who could accept Sue as a girlfriend because her associations with me as a man were much more superficial. On those evenings, Betty and I have gone out to restaurants in my area and I have discovered that Sue — despite a height of 6'2" — has been entirely accepted as a tall, attractive girl. Only once did I have any sense that I was being "read." In all this time, despite some efforts, I have been unable to contact any other men who feel like me. I found a mainly mixed organization of Tvs but I found them unsatisfactory. I located Virginia's book and soon learned more about me. Since I fit very closely with the normal member of The Society For The Second Self, I hope that Washington, D.C. has a local chapter which I could join. I have no doubt that the 'Society' is for me. I am firmly heterosexual, happily married with two children, college educated, a pro-



fessional and a committed, practicing Christian. What I am looking for is a way to express the feminine side of my personality in a way which does not hurt any of my other emotional, religious and professional links. Sue (Washington, D.C.)

Dear Carol: (The following letter is from a sister in Germany and I am leaving the language of the letter very much as she wrote it, since the letter seems to mean more the way she has expressed herself) One day before Christmas, I appreciate your very kind letter with the copy of Transvestia. I was very very happy to hear from you and I cannot tell how good it was for my feelings to hear from some people who have the same problem like me. Suddenly there was the thinking, that I am not alone on this world with the femininity in my male body. Now I am full of hope, that it will be able to understand and live easier with my situation. But perhaps it will be better to tell you something about me and my situation. I'm still very

young, now I am 24 years old, living in a little village in the near of Marburg, an old university town, where I'm studying biology. Since I can remember, I always had the problem with my maleness. Just as a little boy I dressed in the clothes of my mother and my sisters. But I paid attention that somebody did not discover me and all was a big secret for me. But the desire to live like a woman became greater and greater and did never leave me. But I could not understand myself (and cannot totally today) and a long time I hate my strange behavior and always when I dressed I had a very bad conscious later. A very long time in my life I thought about my sexuality, because I thought, maybe you are gay or perverse and so on. But I never had a sexual feeling for men. But I want to know what it is with me. So I decided to speak with my girlfriend about my problems. It was terrible for me, because I was very afraid and was ashamed very much. First she was very shocked

and did not understand anything. And there were many evenings, when we talked together and I tried to explain. I often noticed that I do not know everything from me and I must learn a lot. And sometimes my girlfriend could not understand me although she had the desire to understand. For me it is important to know other people, who have the same problems like me and will talk about this together. Now I am searching since a year, did write to many different people, who seems to know more about my dressing, but until today you are the only person which did answer to me. So I think there is no help group and organization like Second Self here in Germany. In my head are running many different ideas to try to build a similar group and fight a little bit for the rights and position of crossdressers in society. But now today I am still alone and all is very confused

and there is a lot of problems for me to solve. There are my parents who would never understand me and I am too young to say much to them, because they know more about life than me. There is the fear to wear woman's clothes because I am very dependent of the public opinion, if they do laugh about me that makes me feeling bad. Maybe I can save enough money that I will make a trip to USA to look and to speak with people. But this is all in the future. I was very happy to read the book you sent me. I don't know if you know other sisters in Germany but perhaps it will be possible to contact someone here in Germany (She has — Editor) My postman was very laughing when he gave me your letter because my address was a little bit wrong and funny. So I am going to close this letter with the hope that all things will be good one day. Sybille (Germany)

CAUGHT . . .

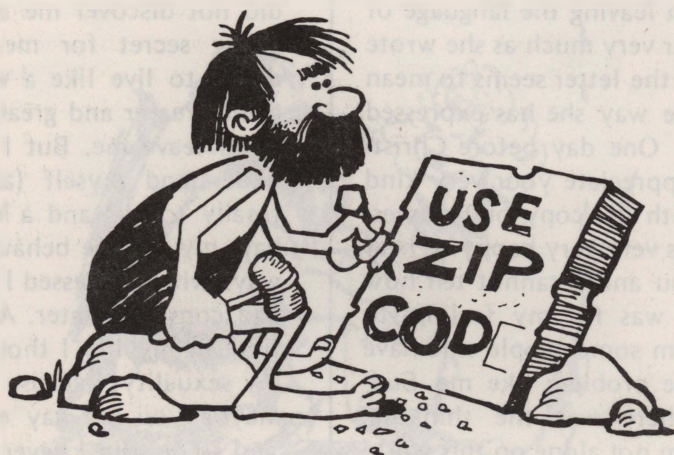
and dressing table. Came home with a great new black pleated skirt that could take a bit of petticoat (my obsession), a orange high neck bulky sweater, some half-heels with the world's tiniest spikes, swingy long link-gold necklace, new makeup to try — all those things.

I started from fresh under the shower — powder-dusted, put on my favorite perky bra, did tricks to get my most favored hairfall, actually wore for the first time, applied and VERY blue-eyed, blinky eyelashes, creamed, did my foundation and, if I say so myself, did an absolute Tintoretto with my lips and cheeks. I Windsonged, my special perfume and at last got into my new sweater and skirt and half-heels. I tried another chain around my loose-sweatered waist and while redundant to my necklace, it still went nicely. I was about to have a brief interim of fatuous self-approval in the mirror when there was a knock on the door, I ignored it.

The knock waited politely, but then knocked again. I ignored it again. It waited politely, but then with the sureness of doom, knocked again — and again — and again!

If it WAS someone I knew, they would recognize me within less than five minutes, and that wouldn't be proper. If it wasn't someone I knew, to the eternal fires with them! I called through the door, but no answer. Soooo.

Desperately, I sniggled off my sweater, folded it away hung up my skirt and slip, drawered my bra, hung my costume jewelry with all the rest on the hook, rolled off my hose, parked my shoes with



.....in all correspondence!!!!!!!

Continued on Page 45

THE PETTY DEMON By Fyodor Sologub. Random House, 1962. Translated from the Russian with a preface and notes by Andrew Field. REVIEWED BY SHARON ANN (NY-202-S)

In my experience, the cross-dressing theme can turn up at the oddest moments in the least expected novels. Still, how surprising to find our favorite subject lurking in the last chapters of an obscure Russian novel. And, how much more surprising that I would pick up this volume from among the hundreds available in a second hand book shop. No, it did not fall open to the "good parts." Rather, it had the looks of a new book, retaining its paper cover, cracking when I opened it. Perhaps it was an unwanted Christmas present. later traded to the store for some easier piece of reading. Surely no cross-dresser would have given it up for it contains a significant cross-dressing subplot, a first-rate transvestite episode and some interesting narrative.

The preface tells us all we need to know about Sologub. The PETTY DEMON was his first successful novel and is regarded now as a classic in Russian literature. Written over a ten year period, it first appeared in a Russian magazine in 1906. Alas, the magazine folded before the last chapters could be published. It then appeared in book form in 1907. However, the story and its author seem to have been ignored by the western world until after the 1960's.

The main plot concerns a school teacher named Peredenov and his steady progression from eccentricity to complete madness. Peredenov is possessed by the Petty Demon and regularly experiences hallucinations, is terribly

paranoid, and becomes the embodiment of the vile, hypocritical, mean and slimy old man. Enter our hero (ine), a young lad named Sasha, perhaps 12 or 13 years old, a pupil of Peredenov's and somewhat feminine in nature. His girlish appearance causes talk in the village that he really is a girl disguised as a schoolboy. As he is boarding in the village and has no family nearby, no one comes to Sasha's defense immediately. Rumors fly in the small village and more than one imagination is excited.

Peredenov regards the youth with paranoid caution (another devil sent to torment him). Peredenov informs the headmaster that a girl, masquerading as a boy, has enrolled in the school. Sasha is called to the headmaster's quarters, asked to disrobe for a medical examination and inspected to verify his sex. The headmaster is satisfied but the rumors persist in the village.

The talk about Sasha eventually reaches the Rutilov family who are upper middle class merchants and overloaded with a gaggle of eligible daughters. Ludmila Rutilov, the youngest daughter (about 17 or 18 years old), is intrigued by the story that Sasha is really a girl in disguise. We gain an insight into Ludmila's

character in this description of her dressing habits:

"She loved to dress up and dressed more revealingly than her sisters. Her arms and legs were more exposed, her skirt was shorter, her shoes were daintier and her stockings were sheerer and flesh colored.....her skirts and petticoats were also quite fancy.

Ludmila contrives to meet Sasha socially and they strike up a friendship.

"And who is your favorite poet? asked Ludmila, sternly. Nadson, of course, answered Sasha.....Mmmmm! said Ludmila, approvingly. I also like Nadson, but only in the and in the evening, my little one, I like to dress myself up. And what do you like to do? Sasha looked at her with his cheerful black eyes, and they suddenly became moist as he said, I like to cuddle. Ludmila put her arm around Sasha and said, What a sweetheart." (P.159)

Satisfied that he is really a boy after all, Ludmila pursues the friendship aggressively. She schemes to meet him alone while all the others are at church. She playfully sprays him with her perfume. They dally and talk and he kisses her hand. Soon, Sasha returns her visit and the two are alone in Ludmila's bedroom. She complains that he



uses pomade to grease his hair and complains in an interesting way.

"You're made up like girl!" (P.188)

Sasha promises never to use it again.

Meeting follows meeting and the two are often together alone. They kiss one another frequently. Ludmila is always the aggressor. During one lengthy visit they wrestle and tumble together on the floor. Tiring of their exertions, Sasha sits demurely on Ludmilla's lap to be cuddled and caressed like a doll.

One night Sasha goes to help Ludmila hang a shelf in her room. She dresses for the occasion in a revealing outfit. She is perfumed and barefoot. She speaks seductively to him.

"You are growing more handsome, Sasha. Sasha reddened and stuck out the end of his tongue curled into a little pipe. He said, 'You must think I'm a girl, the way you talk.'" (P.292)

Ludmila proceeds to partially undress Sasha and revels in his youthful, naked beauty.

"From that time on, Ludmila took Sasha to her room many times and unbuttoned his blouse. At first he was mortified to tears but he soon became accustomed to it and even watched calmly and casually as Ludmila took off his shirt, baring his shoulders, and caressed his back with resounding kisses. At last, he himself would take off his shirt. It was pleasing to Ludmila to hold him half naked on her knees and to embrace and kiss him." Pgs. 296-297

One thing leads to another and soon.....

"Now each time that Sasha came Ludmila locked herself in with him, took off his many clothes and dressed him in different costumes.

Their sweet shame was covered up with laughter and jokes. Sometimes Ludmila tied Sasha up in a corset and put her own dress on him.

In the low cut dress, Sasha's bare arms.....and his curved shoulders seemed very beautiful to Ludmila. His skin was yellowish, but of a rarely seen uniformity and softness. Ludmila's skirt, shoes and stockings, it turns out, all fitted Sasha and they all looked well on him. Completely dressed in women's clothing, Sasha sat down and waved his fan. Dressed in this way, he really was like a young girl, and he attempted to behave as one. Only one thing was incongruous — Sasha's short-cut hair. But Ludmils did not want to put a wig on him or attach some hair to his head because it seemed repulsive to her. She taught Sasha how to curtsy. In the beginning he did it awkwardly and bashfully, but he had grace in spite of his comical boyish behavior. Blushing and laughing, he mastered the courtesy and flirted wildly. Sometimes Ludmila seized his shoulders and kissed them. Sasha, however, did not resist and he laughed as he looked at Ludmila. Sometimes he, himself, put his hands to her lips and said, 'Kiss!' "

But the day of reckoning comes eventually.....

"Sasha left after dinner and had not returned at the appointed time -- seven O'Clock. Kokovkina was worried. God save him from meeting one of his teachers on the street at this forbidden hour. They would punish him, and it would be awkward for her, too. She always had well-behaved boys who did not run about at nights, at her house. So she goes looking for Sasha. Obviously he must be at the Rutilovs. Sad to say, Ludmila had forgotten to bolt the door that day. Kokovkina came in, and what did she see? Sasha was standing before the mirror in a women's dress, waving a fan. Ludmila was laughing and fixing the ribbons on his brightly colored belt. 'Dear God!' exclaimed Kokovkina in terror. 'What is this?

I was worried and went to look for Sasha and here he is dressed in woman's clothing — putting on a comedy. It's shameful for you to be in a women's skirt!' (P.309)

Sasha is lectured, punished, and his visits to Ludmila restricted thereafter to a few minutes duration. He is not left alone with her again. But the perfect excuse comes to Sasha's rescue.

"A rumor was going around town that the actors of the local theater were going to give a masquerade ball in the community hall with prizes for the best man's and the best women's costumes. Exaggerated reports circulated concerning the and it was said that the women would receive a cow, and the man, a bicycle. These rumors excited the townspeople. Everyone wanted to win because the prizes were so substantial. People were hurriedly sewing costumes — no expense was spared. They even hid their costumes from their closest friends so that their ideas would not be stolen. When the printed announcement of the event appeared, huge placards were pasted on fences and sent to prominent citizens. It turned out that the prizes were not a cow and bicycle at all but only a fan for the women and an album for the men. (P.315)

Disappointment reigns concerning the prizes but the Rutilov sisters are undaunted. They will send Sasha to the masquerade dressed as a woman. And Sasha is scarcely disappointed.

"And when the sisters told Sasha about their plan, and when Ludmila said to him, 'We'll dress you up as a Japanese, Sasha jumped up and down and squealed for joy. Let come what would — and especially if no one was to know! Agree — how could he not agree? Why, it would be great fun to fool everybody. They at once decided that Sasha should be dressed as a Geisha. The sisters kept their ideas a very strict secret

— they didn't tell Larisa or their brother. Ludmila made the Geisha costume herself from the design on the label of one of her perfume bottles. It was a long, wide dress of yellow silk on red satin, with a bright pattern — large flowers of a whimsical design — sewn nicely and the girls also made the fan themselves from thin Japanese paper with designs and thin bamboo sticks. They also made an umbrella of fine, rose-colored silk, and it even had a bamboo shaft or handle. They got rose-colored stockings for his feet and wooden sandals under them. And Ludmila, the master of it all, painted the mask for the Geisha. It was a yellow, but sweet, thin face, with a slight, fixed smile, obliquely cut eyes and a small thin mouth. It was only the wig that they had to order from St. Petersburg — it was black with smooth, already arranged hair." (Pgs 316-317)

On the appointed night Sasha secretly slips out of his room and goes to the Rutilov house to be costumed. He is suitable attired and wigged by Ludmila and two of her sisters. Together they set out for the community hall. Upon entering, each guest is given two tickets: one in pink representing the best woman's costume and one in green representing the best man's costume. During the evening it is understood that the tickets will be handed over to the person thought by the ticket-holder to have the best costumes respectively.

"The three sisters and Sasha came late in two cabs — they were late because of him. Their entrance into the hall was noticed. The Geisha especially pleased many people. A mor spread that the Geisha was Kastanova, an actress very popular with the male portion of local society. Therefore, they gave Sasha many tickets. Kastanova was not at the masquerade at all — her small son had fallen dangerously ill the day before. Sasha, intoxicated by his new position, flirted wildly. The more

they thrust their tickets into the little Geisha's hands, the more gaily and provocatively sparkled the eyes of the coquettish Japanese girl. She curtsied, lifted her small fingers, tittered in an intimate tone, waved her fan, tapped now one man and now another on the shoulder with it, and frequently opened her parasol. These guileless acts were sufficient for the majority of those who admired the actress Kastanova. (P. 324)

When the tickets are counted and the results are announced, it is discovered that an actor named Bengalsky had won the prize for the best man's costume. The townspeople are angered by this turn in events and believe the contest to have been fixed. The crowd grows unruly. There are drunks among the assembly. It is announced that the geisha has won the prize for the best women's costume. Sasha comes forward and nervously accepts the prize. He is asked to remove his mask and reveal his true identity. Ludmila and her sisters are not prepared for this turn of events and neither is Sasha. He attempts to leave the hall and is stopped. The crowd begins to tear at his costume. The fan is smashed to the floor. A riot ensues. Just when all seems lost, the actor Bengalsky comes to the Geisha's rescue. Somehow he is able to carry Sasha through the angry crowd and outside to safety. Bengalsky is curious himself concerning the geisha's identity. Fortunately, he is amused when he discovers that the geisha is really a boy — Sasha. Sasha's secret is safe with Bengalsky and he finds his way home, scratched and scraped, and much wiser. Peredenov has witnessed the masquerade and his paranoia is at its zenith. To him, the mysterious little geisha is a devil sent to torture him. Shortly after the masquerade, Peredenov goes

completely mad and murders one of his neighbors. This is the intended climax of the novel but it is anti-climatic considering the build-up to the masquerade party and the paragraphs devoted to Ludmila and Sasha. One wonders if Sologub was not in fact, a cross-dresser, a secret sister, writing for his own fulfillment about a subject that was certainly taboo in the late nineteenth century Russia.

CAUGHT . . .

the others, filed my bra, creamed all my makeup off (while the knocking continued, politely) showered off every last vintage of the accepted pleasantries — interspersed with calls through the door that I'd be just a minute more. At very long last, in a robe, I opened the door, quite respectable, according to contemporary frames of reference.

It was my comedienne friend!!

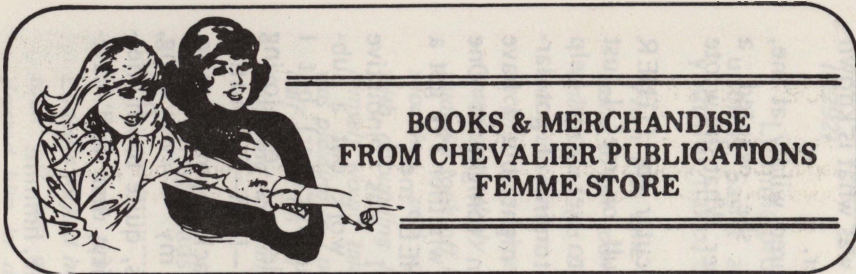
My glare was what is known as baleful at her.

She gestured wildly at me, miming that she wanted a pencil and paper. What she wrote was this:

"You're cuter the OTHER way. Gone dull on me? I just dropped by to get your help on some pantomime. I got laryngitis last night, but I have got to go on tonight at One Fifth Avenue whether I've got a voice or not. HELP me."

Maybe I was vindictive (and we did work out a substitute routine for her) but I took my blessed, ever-loving time, like T-I-M-E, putting my makeup back on, my lingerie, my sweater. my — everything, too numerous, quite too numerous to classify, list and categorize again.

Blame me, hmmm?



**BOOKS & MERCHANDISE
FROM CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
FEMME STORE**

PRICE LIST

CUSTOMERS :

ADD 15% to cover mailing and handling .

CALIF customers must add 6% tax on all items but Transvestia.

TRANVESTIA ... A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.

Per Copy ----- \$7.00

Annual Subscription (this does not include postage) *SAVE* \$6.00/ \$36.00

SALE !!

Old issues of Transvestia – No. 100 and back 20% off when any three are purchased @ \$6.00 each plus postage.

SEPARATE BOOKS

THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE ... A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand \$7.00

HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE ... A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status \$10.00

UNDERSTANDING CROSS DRESSING ... The only book ever published which examines the subject of cross dressing in depth, its possible causes, its problems and its satisfactions. An understandable explanation for both cross dressers and interested outsiders \$8.50

FATED FOR FEMININITY ... Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader, but ended up as school beauty queen, most popular girl, and eventually the bride of another pretty girl ... Illus. \$7.00

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR ... This book was not published by Chevalier, but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school Illus. \$7.50

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA ... Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife..... Illus. \$7.50

THE TURNABOUT PARTY ... A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they **MUST** win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends too.....
Illus. \$7.50

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

PART I DOWN TO DEFEAT Illus. \$6.50

PART II MARILYN MAKES IT Illus. \$6.50

SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE ... Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girls' school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$5.00

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS ... Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie ... and stays that way \$4.00

SPLENDORA (cloth edition-251 pages) ... Timothy Coldridge vanishes from town and returns 15 years later as "Miss Jessica Gatewood", a refined librarian who takes the town by storm. Timothy had been driven into his disguise by (1) a feminizing grandmother who thought that he should have been a "French bed-doll" (2) schoolmates who made fun of him (3) the ladies of the town who agreed he was 'too pretty' to be a boy. 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. The town of Splendor is a most unusual town...one that goes berserk over our refined librarian who, in turn, entertains a house guest so bizarre that her friends decide "we got to get this one up the hill fast before somebody spots her." A first rate tale! \$8.95

IDEAL MARRIAGE ... Dee Raymond: 3 vol.

Part 1: THE WEDDING - Richard hopes that marriage will end his TV problems, but finds that wife likes his crossdressing. His growth as "Janice" is described.

Part 2: LUCY'S PARTY - Continues Janice's activities to the point where the wife begins to regret her feminization of Richard.

Part 3: WEEKEND AT STANDED - Delightful and complex general surprises and eventual healing of wounds and a place for "Janice" in the marriage. \$4.50 each.

TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook with case studies for Psychologists, Psychiatrists and Counsellors. H' Brierly, Consultant Clinical Psychologist - 259 pages \$15.50

This is one of the best books written concerning crossdressing and is especially valuable since it is written by a professional in the field who is very up-to-date with his information. For those who are especially interested in the scientific research concerning transvestism, it is suggested that you get a copy of this book. It is enlightening, easy to read, satisfying, vindicating and sheds much light on what has been done, research-wise, over the years regarding transvestism.

LOOKING TERRIFIC (Cloth edition)

Has all the answers ! You and the language of clothing come together in a very practical sense as, with Emily Cho's guidance, you begin a total process of change, from the inside out. You'll first learn the basics—how to disguise body faults and enhance assets. Then, considering your special needs, you'll plan a wardrobe that will serve you 24 hours a day. Your clothing will express the image you've been looking for. \$5.95

MAN, WOMAN; BOY, GIRL

By: Money & Ehrhardt

How do men become men and women become women? How does a child establish gender identity? By what process is the human being directed towards reproductive maturity as either female or male? The authors have drawn upon the findings of many specialized disciplines. Their multidisciplinary approach to GENDER IDENTITY avoids the old arguments over nature versus nurture. The authors focus on the inter-action of hereditary endowment and environmental influence. Their findings about the dynamics of human development have some startling social implications. The author's work will lead many readers to the conclusion that the difference between man and man, or women and women, can be as great as between man and woman. A new model of gender differentiation emerges from this conclusion. It indicates that the social roles of men and women, rather than being fixed by membership in a sexual caste, should be related to individual biography, achievement and incentives. \$5.95

47

MERCHANDISE

M2 JELLY KIT, FOR INSERTS: Consists of two chemicals—one liquid, the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly-filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided, also suggestions for producing "cleavage." JELLY KIT \$9.00

M4 REGULAR INSERTS ALONE: To be used with the jelly kit. Can be worn with any bra. INSERTS, PER PAIR \$9.00

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

PER PAIR, \$8.00

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

INSERTS, PER PAIR \$9.00

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, \$9.00

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 \$8.00

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 \$4.00

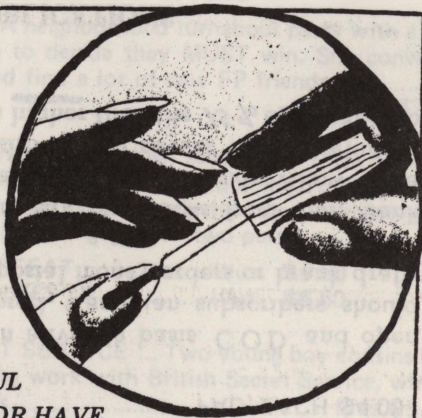
All items are sold on a cash in advance basis. C.O.D. and open account orders can not be honored. Canadian subscribers should make payments in U.S. funds by postal money orders or bank drafts not by personal checks.

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.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 194 / Tulare / California 93275

A GUIDE TO
SELF
MANICURING

*FROM A
Professional*



SAVE MONEY AND
BE PROUD OF YOUR HANDS.
"U" TOO CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
NAILS. DO THEM YOURSELF OR HAVE
A FRIEND HELP.

SEND FOR COMPLETE STEP BY STEP
EASY INSTRUCTIONS.

\$1.99

"U" MANICURE
P. O. BOX 2833
SEPULVEDA, CALIFORNIA 91343

IF YOUR BOYSELF WEARS GLASSES
YOUR GIRLSELF NEEDS THEM TOO.
GIVE HER THE CONSIDERATION A LADY DESERVES
GET HER A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL FEMININE GLASSES



We offer complete optical service
at reasonable prices. Over 300 styles

CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

ASK FOR ELLIOTT AND SAY THAT YOU ARE A
FRIEND OF VIRGINIA

We have private fitting rooms and are understanding
of the needs of TVs. No embarrassment or complications

REGAL OPTICIANS

2026 West 6th Street
Hubbard 3-3950
Los Angeles

Courtesy parking 4 doors east at Union Service Station on 6th Street



Lee's
MARDI GRAS
Boutique

TO ORDER BY MAIL

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE! \$1.00.

FIRST CLASS MAIL \$2.00

COME BY AND SAY HELLO. WE HAVE CLOTHES. LINGERIE, WIGS AND ONE OF THE LARGEST COLLECTIONS OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES ON THE SUBJECT OF TRANSVESTISM IN THE WORLD. TO OUR KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE EVERY BOOK AND MAGAZINE CURRENTLY AVAILABLE ON THE SUBJECT FROM ALL PUBLISHERS INCLUDING *MUTRIX*, *EROS-GOLD STRIPE*, *CHEVALIER*, *EMPATHY*, *NEPTUNE*, AND OF COURSE, *QUEENS PUBLICATIONS*, WHY DEAL WITH OTHERS WHEN YOU CAN GET YOUR BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FROM ONE SOURCE!

(212) 947-7773 (12 noon til 6 pm only, please)

LEE'S MARDI GRAS ENTERPRISES, INC.

(between 41st & 42nd Sts.)

565 TENTH AVENUE (one flight up)

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

HOURS 12pm til 6pm (Monday thru Saturday)

Late Night 12 noon til 8pm Thursday

A Place To Begin!

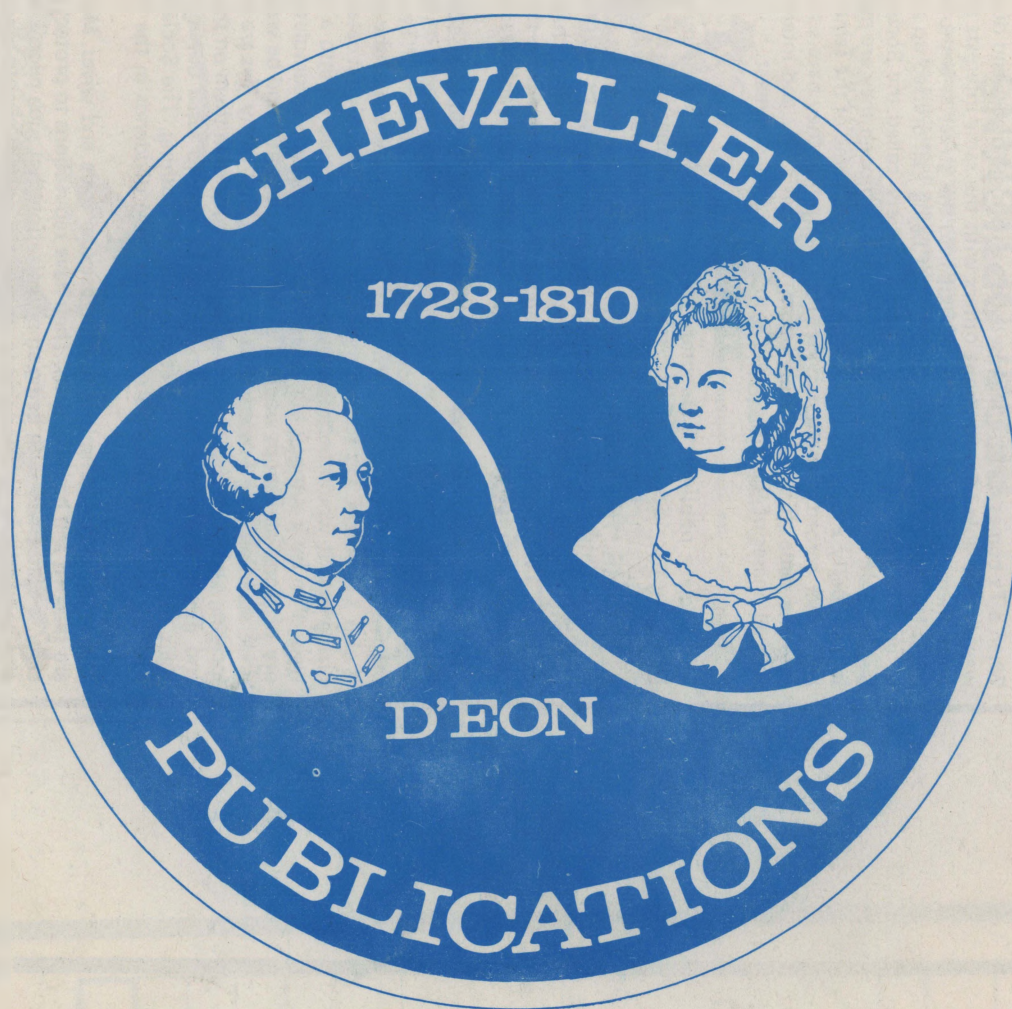
THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

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 woman 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.



1981 CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

BOX 194 TULARE

CALIFORNIA 93275

No Part Of This Magazine May Be Reproduced Without
Written Permission — All Rights Reserved