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TRANSVESTIA

VOL. XVII

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 102



OUR COVER GIRL

Cindy

Publication Policy

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

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

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION


to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



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Editor: Carol Beecroft

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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



Your Editor Sez:

Please forgive the lateness of this issue but there have been some changes in the production of TRANSVESTIA necessitating the long delay! On top of my work with Tri-Sigma Sorority (which has multiplied several times over), and, of course all the work with CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, I have my regular business to attend to.

Normally in the production of this magazine, the typography and paste-up work have been done professionally before sending the material to the printer and the bindery. However, I decided that I needed to have more control over the various details of publishing the magazine and thus I have purchased an IBM electronic Composing machine which does the typography right here in my Tri-Sigma and Chevalier office. Naturally, machines like this are not cheap and, in fact, the machine that I am now using costs almost \$9,000.00. But I can do the work here in the office and even set up the individual pages on sheets of thin cardboard in preparation for the printer. The last issue of TRANSVESTIA was done by a professional typographer (at \$8.00 a single side) but I did do the paste-up work for that issue. I also did all the lettering at the top of each article or story. However, in this issue the typography, paste-up, and lettering have been all done by me and I believe that this is the best way to go in the future. The composing machine is somewhat complicated to use, especially in doing certain typographical details. I still have not mastered the machine although I took an instruction class all day last Wednesday in Fresno. I should have gone for three days but I

just couldn't get away that long. As I mentioned above, I am the leader of Tri-Sigma Sorority which means that I have all the daily paper work of that organization. I also have had to take on publication of the FEMME MIRROR again since Karen has had personal problems enter her life and prevent her from continuing with the good job that she had done in the past. I am also putting together the New Directory for Tri-Sigma - this will include pictures of the sisters along with a profile of each person. It's been quite a job getting this directory ready for the printer because of the many, many details involved with such a large project. And, of course, there is the day-to-day work with Chevalier Publications. We have added, too, a number of books to our inventory (the paper work involved in setting up accounts with a number of New York publishers has been quite extensive) and, in general, we have improved the situation at Chevalier. We also plan on adding new books published by US including several books of short stories. And finally there is TRANSVESTIA to be put out. And don't forget that I have my REGULAR Property Management business to care for and you can SEE that I never have a dull moment. Lucky for me that I have a VERY understanding wife in Norma. I usually end up working WHOLE weekends in this office as well as most evenings. She's a gem!

We have received number of compliments on the new format of TRANSVESTIA and I hope that YOU like it, too. The Cover Girl portion seems to have gone over especially well and the improvement in the titles of articles and stories have also been well accepted by our readers. I also am using a different style of TYPE which is more pleasing to the eye and easier to read. I am trying to put more shorter stories and articles into the magazine since many people have complained that they did not like all the long stories, etc. In general, we feel that TRANSVESTIA is an improvement of what was published before. You can be sure that there will be changes in the future whenever we feel that such changes will improve the magazine. Right now we are considering a new size for TRANSVESTIA - something on the order of the size of TIME or NEWSWEEK. Any comments? Don't be afraid to express your opinion because that is the only way that we can plan for the future.

HAPPY READING! We really are trying hard to please all of you - and that's NOT easy!



Our Cover Girl

It's really hard to figure out where to begin. I am still caught up in the incredible emotions released during the Tri-Sigma convention, in New Orleans. To think that on the very first night of the convention Carol made a point of asking me to appear in TRANSVESTIA! It's almost too much to believe. A month before the convention I had never ventured out before during the day. It only proves that the greatest enemies we fight are the mental bands we tie ourselves up in.

My story really begins in Detroit, in early 1947. It was there that I was born - the first of three children. I was followed shortly by a sister and twelve years later by another sister. My parents were typical parents. My father is a chemist and my mother is a housewife. They were loving and thoughtful, always trying to do what was right for their children. The consensus of their children is that they receive an "A" for effort but low marks for results.

I remember two early experiences that I'm sure had some impact on my development. The first was when, on a lark, my mother polished my toenails while she was doing her own. I loved it! It made me feel "special". The second experience was an argument with my mother over neatness. She threatened "If you don't tuck those shirttails in, I'll put lace on them - then you'll keep them in." My shirttails stayed out because, in retrospect, I think perhaps I hoped she really would put lace on them.



Cindy CA-58-P

My earliest memories of dressing are when I was seven or eight years of age. My sister had a "dress-up" set of clothes which included a burgandy satin dress. I fantasized wearing the dress for a long time. Then one day my parents were gone and my sister and I went upstairs and pulled out the dress-up clothes. I remember stripping down to my underwear and pulling the much too large dress over my head. The first few moments of relief and ecstasy were followed by the most powerful guilt feelings I have ever felt. The dress came off almost as fast as it had gone on. Even so, I knew that I would do it again, if only I could find a way to deal with the guilt.

My later trips to the dress-up bag were usually secret and brief. I tried other outfits but always settled on the satin dress. The sounds it made and the feeling of the satin on my body are indescribable. To this day, when I hear the rustle of a skirt, I have a mental flash of that satin dress.

Dressing during my adolescence usually consisted of brief periods of traipsing around the upstairs in mother's slippers (much too large) or my sister's dresses (much too small). I'm glad that no one took pictures of me then! During this time I still carried the guilt around me like a large ball and chain. I was convinced that I was the only one who wanted to wear women's clothing. I was one in a billion. I thought endlessly about my problem. (Sound familiar?) After a period of time I learned that there were men who had changed their sex, and also that there were gay men who dressed as women. But I didn't feel that I belonged to either group. So although I had learned that there are others who cross-dressed, I felt even more alone; Perhaps I was one in two billion. The sense of isolation and guilt was almost too much to bear.

When I was eighteen, I entered a large university which has a good medical library. I hoped that here I would be able to find out what I was and why I was that way. I remember reading an old Havelock Ellis text which mentioned "Eonism" as separate and distinct from homosexual behavior. The sense of relief in finding out that I was not really alone was overwhelming. I know now "what" I was. It wasn't long before I connected Eonism, an early term, to transvestism. I visited the medical, graduate, and undergraduate libraries, hoping to learn more.



Cindy CA-58-P

The few books that were available were often missing, indicating other researchers were at work; when I did find a book, it didn't seem to make sense, or its description didn't seem to fit my situation. I became more and more depressed as my search turned into an endless series of disappointments.

My dressing in college was a continuation of adolescence, as I continued to live with my parents. I finally made a few purchases for myself. Actually, I made the SAME purchases several times - I would buy clothes, wear them, throw them out with a vow never to dress again, and then buy the same clothes all over again. This expensive exercise went on during most of my college years.

My personal life was a mess. My high school sweetheart and I were to be married after I graduated from college. She, of course, was ignorant of my dressing. However, before we were married I decided to do the "honorable" thing and tell her. That almost ended the marriage plans. She was shocked but she eventually grew to believe that I probably had a curable disease. In all fairness, I must say that I shared her belief.

After I told her, I sought out psychological help. I spent two years, two sessions a week, undergoing strict Freudian analysis with a therapist at the university. At the time I believed that the purpose of the therapy was to eradicate my dressing through understanding the root causes. What was really going on, however, was that I was building a foundation for self-understanding. I feel that the analysis was very important in that it better equipped me to accept myself as a total person.

My sweetheart and I were married, as planned, after my graduation. I continued therapy for another year, after which I was convinced that I had been "cured". I put dressing out of my mind, sometimes by sheer force of intellect, for over three years. When the need to cross finally overtook my ability to suppress it, I resorted to "trying on" my wife's clothes without her knowledge. This was both absurd (she was half my size) and unsatisfying. However, since I was "cured" and couldn't admit the need to dress, I kept up this game for another three years.

Then for a variety of reasons, at least some of them related to dressing, I decided to leave my wife. I never really gave her a



Cindy CA-58-P

chance to accept the fact that I wasn't cured. I'm not sure that I could have accepted her accepting me.

I met my present wife through my work. I told her about my dressing even before we became involved. Her initial reaction is fairly typical of her viewpoint - she said that if it made me happy, then it was OK with her. All through Cindy's emergence, my wife has helped make Cindy the girl she is today. My wife sewed Cindy's first dress; she helped me select the proper cosmetics and has consistently provided helpful directions as I progressed.

It was less than two years ago that I went out for my first public venture. I made a quick trip to the mailbox at about 11 p.m. I was convinced everyone would spot me, even in the black of night. After that adventure I slowly mustered the courage for other trips to the post office and to closed shopping centers. I took many walks on dark streets at night.

I had one experience which still makes me shiver when I think about it. One Sunday afternoon I was dressed and alone in the house. The doorbell rang, and I panicked. Without my wife there for protection, what could I do? I did the only intelligent thing - I hid. The ringing persisted. Faster than a speeding bullet, I started to undress. Now the ringing was at the back doorbell. I managed to change clothes, wash my face, and clean my nails just in time to catch a prowler who had climbed up on the front deck and was entering the sliding glass door. Luckily, he was even more frightened than I was and left quickly. It was many months before I could dress again without my wife at home.

Another somewhat funnier event occurred while we were trying to sell our house. Periodically I would dress on the weekends, hoping that the realtors would call before attempting to show the house. Inevitably, one Sunday a realtor appeared at the front door without calling first. I ran for the garage and hid in the trunk of my car. What a sight that must have been! At the time I was really frightened, but now we still laugh about it on occasion.

Last February, my wife and I went to a movie together. This was the first time that we had gone out together while



Cindy CA-58-P

I was dressed. We received a few second-glances, but for the most part I passed without incident. I hardly remember anything about the film being so concerned with not being noticed. So far, that was my boldest adventure.

Then I received notification of the TRi-Sigma convention with a copy of the Femme Mirror. I wanted to go, but felt that lacked the courage to do it. My wife encouraged me to go, as did Carol Beecroft, so I followed my heart and decided that it was now or never.

Four weeks before the conventio I made my first daytime outing and drove to the lovely seaside resort of Carmel. Behind huge sunglasses and all the moxie I could muster, I spent an hour wandering the peaceful streets. It was an incredible feeling to finally pass, a dream coming true.

The convention was probably one of the most important events of my life. The support provided by my sisters was the key to my continuing emergence. In three days of continuous experience, I gained two important things: the confidence to venture out without fear, and the ability to accept myself for what and who I was. At long last I have realized the inner peace that I have sought for all these years. I do not know why I am the way I am, nor do I care; all I know is that I AM this way and I accept myself completely.

Since the convention, Cindy has gone on numerous shopping trips which include trying on clothes in the stores. It's really exciting to be treated just like any other lady in the stores. Eating out has also become a regular event; here again, the special treatment is beyond description. Last week a Tv friend and I drove up to Sacramento for a meeting and stayed overnight. Even the people at the motel treated us like ladies.

Just recently I started electrolysis to remove my beard. Although it is early in the process, already the results are quite satisfying. I look forward to the day I can retire my razor.

Well, that is the story of Cindy so far. I appreciate the opportunity to share my story with you. Tri-Sigma and all the sisters out there have played a big part in "The Birth Of Cindy".



State's Best Looker

Hooray for Miss San Francisco!
 Though only in third place.
 And (on the left with her charming friend)
 She won it through beauty and grace.

Hooray, Miss S'F', more luck next year.
 May you win as Miss Universe.
 I mean, that's not bad for the only lad
 To enter. One could do worse.

ARTICLE



DON'T SEPARATE YOURSELF

by Sally

After a few gatherings with Tvs I had one special gripe - the recurring reference to "my brother". Of course, everyone else was referring to their "brother", too. The talk would be, "My brother is an engineer," or, "My brother likes to hunt." "My brother" does this or that! Maybe I'm not in the groove yet, but I still can't separate myself into TWO SEPARATE beings. Bob is in the insurance business but Sally is, too. Bob likes to hunt but Sally does, too. What I'm saying is - BOB/SALLY is always present. One is NEVER absent.

It appears to me that many transvestites try too hard to separate the masculine and the feminine. In doing so they become strained. They appear to be afraid that their "brother" or male-self will show through when they are crossdressed. In pretending that their "brother" isn't there, they seem to end up somewhat ill at ease.

The gals who are able to relax and be completely feminine are to be envied. It is possible that their basic personality is feminine enough so that they just naturally appear to be at ease.

The remainder of us, instead of working so hard to be 100% feminine, should allow our "brother" to show through a little. After all, many of the real girls have the same interests as males and not only like to talk about these interests but also do not mind showing a masculine side when talking about such things.

We feel lucky to be Tvs because we not only are able to experience the best of the masculine life but also the best of the feminine. We are glad that we are both! Why not enjoy being a little bit of both - masculine and feminine - and let both of these sides show through in our daily life. And this includes our life as a Tv.

I realize that this isn't too easy because we have to live in a male world all day. And for the average fellow it would be suicide to stop and gush about the pretty dress that the secretary is wearing. There are some feminine interests many of us would like to express while we are in the male world but we do not dare, do we? Because we are among the enemy - other males.

In the every day world of the male, there ARE times when we CAN express our feminine feelings without being suspect. We can express our feelings about a beautiful picture, a lovely flower or the antics of a small child. We can show feelings that are considered feminine by many through the use of different words than those used by girls. Although we needn't gush over something the way girls do, we can still show a bit of feminine emotion that is at least different from that normally used by most males. Doing all this will release a little bit of the feminine within us and possibly we could learn to appreciate more feminine things.

To conclude, no matter what I am wearing, as SALLY, I like things that are masculine because, after all, I am partly masculine. And as BOB, I like things that are feminine because, after all, I am partly feminine. Perhaps we could learn to be both "Sally/Bob" at the same time. So let's allow the best of each side of our personalities show through in our life.

* * * * *

A TV who's name we'll not mention
Attracted a lot of attention,
When she did a strip tease
In church, if you please,
Which explains why she's now under detention.

Dee Dee CT-7-W

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

Part 2

B. Madden

H. On 1 June 1938, the anniversary of his second year with us, we celebrated. Subject, myself, my assistant, Professor Doctor H. Monck, the superintendent Herr Halder, his assistant, Herr Weismann, and Frauleins Mannstein and Paula Amman were in attendance. Accompanied by the two frauleins, subject entered the room. He was dressed in a low cut, empire waisted apricot satin formal length evening gown. Arms were partially concealed by dolman sleeves and elbow length white gloves worn off at the wrist. The low cut bodice allowed the view of a rather well-developed bust, although this was probably emphasized by the corsetry. He wore extremely high heeled gold lame, open toed sandals, which caused a hesitancy in his walk. His hair, now grown out, was upswept from the back and sides into a nest of curls, which were held in place by a hairnet studded with rhinestones. Large gold filagree earrings matched the cloth of gold choker which effectively masked the Adam's apple. Lipstick, powder, rouge, and eye make-up had been tastefully applied. Finger and toenails were lacquered. Subject wore no rings. Subject could pass for a woman, unless carefully scrutinized.

Subject showed some shyness when he noticed the presence of the Superintendent and his assistants, none of whom he had met before. This diffidence, while apparent at the introduction wore off during the half hour or so that those gentlemen were present. By arrangement, Herr Lentz entered the room and noti-

fied the Superintendent that he was wanted in his office. Herr Lentz, when introduced to the subject, attempted by prior arrangement, to kiss the subject's hand. Subject demurred saying,

"Please don't kiss my hand for I'm not married, you know."

At the conclusion of the party, subject was asked the question, "Don't you just adore being a girl." Subject almost starry-eyed with rapture answered, "Yes, oh yes, I do."

4. RECAPITULATION: Height 168 cm, weight dropped from 68 kgs to 62 kgs (Bertillion measurement, see Files M-167/4-FM and M-167/4a-FM). Facial: cheek and jaw lines softened; expression of eyes changed to questioning rather than asserting; eyebrow line changed due to plucking and shaping; beard completely removed and replaced by down; body hair minimal except under arms and in pubic region. Adam's apple still noticeable and hands and feet a little too large for a woman; subcutaneous fatty deposits now evident in hips, thighs, abdominal region, and across back and shoulder. Masculine musculature almost completely changed to feminine. Breasts nonfunctional, small but well formed. Aureoles and nipples underdeveloped. Male genitalia has not changed or deteriorated; voice is deep for a woman, but musical and well-modulated.

Subject appears to be completely happy in his new role as a woman — in matter of dress, activities and responsibilities. (Exceptions occur less frequently as time progresses.)

5. CONCLUSIONS:

(A) The transformation from man to woman has been completed successfully. Most secondary sexual characteristics of subject have been changed from male to female; however, the primary sexual characteristic has remained unchanged. There has been no change in male genitalia, and subject remains heterosexual. His potency is evidenced by his seduction of Fraulein Mannstein. Fraulein Amman refused to have sexual relations with "her sister."

(B) The efficacy of practicing the prophetic exhortation

"The man who would become a miss,
His elbows he must learn to kiss."

is still moot. However, ridiculous as it seems, it appears that there is truth in the superstition. It may be even more potent, as it appears from this study that even the attempt to kiss the elbow works a subtle gender change. Seemingly the harder one tries and the longer one tries to achieve this objective, the more change becomes evident. It is unknown if a complete gender change, as per subject, would occur through unremitting attempts to kiss the elbow. It has not been determined if these changes are irreversible; however, the change in subject has been so complete as to be considered irrevocable.

(C) The physical act of kissing does not cause a sex change, nor does the act necessarily cause a gender change. The idea and desire for realization of the prophecy probably contributes to, and may even cause some or all of the feminization which occurs. The relationship between sex and gender still remains inconclusive. Additional studies are needed to resolve this relationship or lack thereof.

I returned this interesting article with thanks to the gentleman who had loaned it to me, and while we were discussing several of the points covered he mentioned to me that in conversation with some of his colleagues, he had learned of the existence of another such study which had been prepared and published under the aegis of the 'Cite University,' Paris, some years ago. He suggested that I check this source; an idea with which I acquiesced thoroughly.

A few days after my arrival in Paris, I telephoned the Cite University and made my request to the Assistant Director of Archives. He promptly asked if my interest was professional or personal; I unblushingly replied that it was professional and gave other untrue credentials. He agreed to attempt to search out the article, although he stated that he could hold out little hope for its discovery as the University's archives had been badly

disrupted and many old articles destroyed by the German and American occupation forces.

To my good luck he later notified me that he had located the remains of an article, untitled, filed under the subject heading, "Aberrations, Sexual (Physical), Male."

The article was written by Professor of Medicine (Mental) Charles des Rochers, title unknown, 27 August 1921, and was published in the Cite University *Quarterly Medical Review* 1 April 1922. A translation follows. The title page and preamble are missing:

. . . that which I consider one of the most remarkable beliefs ever held by man. Most of those who hold to this superstition, either do not know or do not care if the change which occurs is sex or gender. This lack of knowledge on the part of those believers should not concern either mentalist or the general medical practitioner, since it is irrefutable that gender is the manifestation of sex. I make this statement dogmatically and in spite of the results of three case studies on this subject, the results of which I find inconclusive. Re the above, I have conducted studies into case histories of three persons. Two older men, one a Dane and one English; one a bachelor and one who claimed to have been happily married until the demise of his wife. (See Case Study, Quandt and Pedersen, CX-19-AB(M/F), open, undated, Office of Director of Medicine [Mental], Cite University, Paris, France.)

The third subject, younger than the others, lived with a mature woman, Mmme. Girouard, who acted as a guardian. He is the subject of this article.

At the time of my visit, Mademoiselle Girouard received me courteously and introduced me to a young woman of not too personable appearance. I soon discovered that this person was Jean Rondeaux, male, 22 years of age, height 162 cm, weight 58 kgs, (approximately 5'6", 128 lbs.), light brown hair (worn long), brown eyes, excellent teeth and no visible scars, birthmarks or

other blemishes. He appeared natural and unassuming in mien, with no apparent effort to emphasize femininity. The skull was normal, and the facial bone structure masculine. Although this facial characteristic is very prevalent among Slavic women, the youth claimed French ancestry on both sides of his family. Musculature was underdeveloped for a male; hands and feet appeared large for a female. An Adam's apple was hardly discernable.

All secondary sexual characteristics, which were present, were female. The voice of alto and of good timbre, there was no beard and body hair was negligible. The breasts were small but firm and shapely. Body fat distribution softened the shoulder line and back, enlarged the hips and formed a small belly. The waist was noticeably smaller than the waist of a man that size should be. Legs and arms were shapely and buttocks curved like a woman's. To a casual study, subject appeared to be a classic example of the hermaphrodite. This was not true as only male genitalia were present. No vaginal orifice either present or incipient could be observed.

I have been concerned as to how best to describe the various changes which reportedly have taken place in subject's body, voice, actions and mental attitudes. I felt that the terms retarded and under- or overdeveloped would best suit the case, as I was not and am not assured in my own mind that changes, per se, did occur.

Mlle. Girouard, however, stated positively and emphatically that, while development was indeed retarded in some cases, in others it has definitely retrogressed. She stated that musculature had retrogressed, and subcutaneous fatty deposits, now present in the subject's body, were not present when he came to her. She stated that the normal development of the Adam's apple had stopped, and perhaps retrogressed. She stated that the subject (Jean's) voice was breaking at the time he came to her, and that this activity, as I could see, had halted.

Mlle. Girouard stated that, through her exercises and manipulations, ones arms, particularly those of a person under the age of 30, could be contorted so that both elbows could be kissed. This act the subject performed easily in my presence, and at the conclusion of the performance seemed mentally sublimated to some enthralling emotion. The expression on the subject's face was beautiful.

As regards to costume, Jean was clothed entirely in feminine attire. Somewhat to his confusion, but encouraged by Mlle. G., Jean consented to disrobe. First those nimble fingers flew to the back of the neck and quickly unfastened hooks and eyes that secured the dress up the back. This accomplished, the dress dropped to the floor in a puddle of light blue silk. Jean stepped out, tossed the gown over one arm, crossed the room and arranged it across the back of a chair. Clad then in an eyeletted sheer linen chemise bedecked with pink bows and with pink lace shoulder straps, the subject, laughingly, untied petticoat after petticoat, each again of sheer linen with pink ribbons threaded through the eyelets at the sides and hems. These also were dropped to the floor in a froth of white. The chemise followed over the head and subject stood attired in an apparently heavily boned peach satin lined corset or basque, peach bloomers and full length silk hosiery, although with cotton tops. These were held up by frivolously rosetted garters.

Jean asked if I desired any further disrobing and I requested that the corset be removed so that I could ascertain the size and shape of the breasts. Mlle. G. interposed that she knew that Jean would be happy to oblige since putting on the corset and lacing it tightly around his body gave him extreme erotic pleasure. Jean blushingly concurred and quickly untied the corset strings at the back of the garment, which loosened caused some mixup with the garters, stockings and drawers. While Jean confusedly attempted to straighten out matters, I observed the breasts, which, well formed and firm, as stated before, bounced and joggled when released from the corset's restraint. The waist had enlarged about 100 mm.

At the conclusion of this activity and while Jean, holding tightly to the edge of the mantel, was being laced tighter and tighter into his basque, I asked if this didn't cause pain and didn't unacceptably circumscribe his activities. Rather breathlessly, he replied, and I quote, "Yes, it does hurt, but it is a pleasurable type of pain which at times courses through my entire body like a current. As to circumscribing my activities, as my activities are now purely feminine pursuits, the answer is no. My corset, petticoats and high heeled slippers would certainly curtail masculine activities." With this remark he gathered up his lingerie, dress and shoes and left the room.

"Now, Mlle., perhaps you will tell me how you found the boy or vice versa and the events leading up to this remarkable sexual transformation. Was the boy originally an Eonist, or was he normal? Finally, do you place any credence in the ability of this verse, when the contortion has been performed, to change one's sex?"

"I shall be most happy to oblige, Monsieur le Professor. I shall ask only that when, I do not say if, you present your findings to your colleagues, you alter names and localities.

"The boy, as you call him, is in reality a man of 22 years, who has been with me now almost seven years. He came as a cold and hungry child, just orphaned. He asked for food; I took him in, fed him, and gave him a place to sleep. He was grateful and desired to remain. I agreed, as I could see companionship and help with the chores in the future. I am unmarried, because I have never been attracted by beards, lumpy muscles and loud voices. This I could see was the future for this child, who, now that fear and insecurity were waning, was beginning to embrace these gender characteristics.

"I had heard, 'Kiss the elbow, change your sex' many times from older aunts and other members of my family. Some laughed at it, some were undecided but two maiden aunts were convinced of the veracity of the couplet and assured me that a change would

occur if the act could be consummated. Here was the answer to both our problems, the boy's and mine — he could remain without fear of discovery and I could have my companion.

"He then began the series of exercises which would, when combined with the manipulation of the shoulders, elbows and neck, eventually result in successful performances of the contortion. As the boy had never heard of the verse I was able to convince him to attempt the kiss. I explained that this was a sovereign remedy against the effeminization of a boy who was constantly in the proximity of an older female. He performed the exercises, allowed the rather painful manipulations and attempted the kiss with unabated zeal. I noticed that the more the boy attempted to kiss his elbow in order to avert femininity, the more feminine in actions he became. This was not too noticeable, but readily discernable to one as close to the boy as was I.

"After a short period of time, I notice some pronounced feminine mannerisms appearing in the boy. I began to wonder if propinquity was causing this change, or the attempts to kiss the elbow were responsible. With this in mind, I enrolled the boy at the Ecole de Bois, Lyons, for the summer semester and instructed him to cease his attempts to kiss his elbow, to mention this activity to no one, and to engage in boyish sports with the other lads. I was not too concerned as to the outcome of this action, but I felt I must be positive that the process of feminizing him would be successful.

"As I strongly suspected, the boy returned to me with evidences of girlish traits more pronounced — as evidenced by his desires to follow more feminine pursuits to the almost complete abandonment of the rough boyish ones. Jean told me that during the past 10 week period he had tried to stop his attempts to kiss his elbows, but that he found the desire overwhelming and so was not able to stop. Two conclusions then presented themselves; first, it was not necessary to succeed in kissing the elbows to achieve some measure of girlishness; second, once one attempted

this action, even for a short period of time, one could not stop. The action was a irreversible as were the results.

"After his return from the school, Jean, in a burst of confidence, told me of the sensuous pleasure the feeling of silks, satins and fine linens gave him. He asked permission to try on some of my clothes at times. I refused this request as being premature. At about the time of this request, I noticed that he enjoyed and looked forward to doing his nails and hair and to keeping his body clean and scented. Although his boyish physique had hardly altered his body seemed softer, and he was still stronger than I. Two weeks after his request to try on some of my clothes I bought him a pair of long silk hose, a pair of high heeled shoes, garters, several pair of silk panties, pink, baby blue and white (two pair lace trimmed and one tailored), a very light pink satin slip, princess cut, and lavished with lace at the bodice and hem. I also bought him a corset, a long sleeved blouse and a brown jumper dress with a square neckline and full skirt.

"I quietly put them in his bureau drawer and watched his attempts to wear these garments without my knowledge. When I finally 'discovered' his actions, I made him, in my presence, disrobe and put on the lingerie. He was greatly embarrassed and very humiliated, but I was kind and understanding and thus assauged his humiliation — if not entirely his embarrassment. While initially it was necessary for me to steady him while he put on his high heels, he learned very rapidly to walk in these shoes. I allowed him to wear his girls clothing only at night and noticed that his interest in wearing this apparel was intermittent. He would dress for several evenings and then lose interest for several days or perhaps a week. Then he would return with renewed enthusiasm which would again wane.

"It was about a year after Jean came to me that we succeeded in loosening the tendons and muscles of the neck, shoulders and arms to such an extent that the prophetic instruction:

'A man will sure become a miss,
If he can both his elbows kis'
could be accomplished.

"From that time forth, the metamorphosis was remarkable. Body hair and beard sluffed off and were replaced with down; muscle bulges smoothed out and softened. Jean's breasts began to form and subcutaneous fat arranged itself in more feminine manner — hip and thigh regions and even a little tummy. The decrease in muscles in the neck and across the shoulders gave the impression that the neck had lengthened. It had indeed grown thinner. The Adam's apple, never too prominent, ceased further development and his voice, as you know, has remained a deep alto. His ecstasy in selecting and wearing the finest linen, silk and satin petticoats, chemises, panties, slips and corset covers was as unbounded as was his joy in feeling the sleep, cool ripple of silk stockings against his legs and the feeling of total finality when his feet were encased in his high heeled pumps. He had, indeed, become a girl and my dream of a pure and completely feminine male had been realized.

"In reply to your second question, as far as I know the boy was a normally masculine boy until this happily successful event took place. He had no desire for feminization, rather he looked down on girlish things. In any event there was no discernible show of Eonism. If the boy had transvestite tendencies, they were deeply hidden. Now he has become a happily feminine person and this he will remain."

In answer to my third question, Mlle. Girouard made quite a remarkable statement, which I was present for your consideration. She stated in effect that we modern practitioners of physical and mental medicines were hopelessly lost in regard to the treatment, or the basic understanding of sexual aberrations. The woman stated that the differences between sex and gender were not yet understood by science. She stated that while gender was a manifestation of sex, most gender traits were acquired during childhood or in some cases later on in life. I can only state that this is a most radical view and one not borne out by scientific evidence. Eonism or transvestism is the end produce of a female sexual aberration occurring in some males. It is treatable by competent

practitioners.

In closing, I told Mlle. Girourd my views on Eonism, stated my complete unbelief in the superstition, remarked that I believed the boy to be a homosexual, latent if not active, and commented that the authorities might have an interest in her activities regarding the boy

She replied that she knew I would not break my word, that even if I did, she was not concerned. She said that my professional standing and utter unbelief in the power of the verse would work to her advantage if I should be called as a witness. She stated further with none too good grace that my opinions were my own and that it was a matter of supreme indifference to her whether or not I believed her story. However, womanlike, she concluded with the following:

That the superstition was true and correct and that when performed would cause the change in gender. Even a continued, sincere attempt to kiss the elbow, without success, would cause a marked gender change.

That the suggestion of homosexuality in this case was incorrect because, although almost completely feminized, Jean was still able to perform the male sex role.

That the action is irreversible and irrevocable. That the more one tries to carry out the instruction in the verse, the more one desires to carry it out. If either elbow is kissed, at that time will the inexorable process toward the complete feminization begin and not stop until all secondary female sex characteristics have evidenced themselves. Once either elbow has been kissed or the attempt to kiss has become imbedded in the mentality progress toward feminization is immutable.

Although I could see no reason for her to lie, my look of disbelief probably was evident. She smiled as she asked me if I

wanted to test the experiment, as both she and Jean desired another companion. I declined and departed.

As I stepped off the veranda onto the garden path, Jean approached. He wore one of those little pink and white aprons over a white, linen dress. His brown hair was piled on top of his head, and secured in a pink satin ribbon which fell below his shoulders and danced every time he tossed his head. His eyes were sparkling and laughing as he laid his hand on my arm. I couldn't help noticing that his nails had been tinted; the moons were untouched as were the ends. Only the pink portion of the nails had been enamelled. He saw my look and said that Mam'selle said that to color the entire nail was neither ladylike nor sanitary.

He then looked at me seriously and said, "Don't believe all the things Mam'selle tells you; she doesn't lie but then she doesn't know all the truth. When I was younger there were times when I wanted to be a girl. Mostly though I preferred being a boy. I did not know how wonderful it would be to be able to just relax and enjoy my girlishness. There are very few times I regret my lost manhood. But then it isn't all lost, for sometimes Mam'selle and I play together in bed." With that he bade me adieu.

I offer you no conclusions, as no conclusion should be reached until this study and those on Quandt and Pedersen have become collated and studied.

As the author, and moderator of this article, I have drawn some conclusions from these studies and conservations as well as from my own personal observations. They are:

A change in both mental attitudes and physical characteristics of those who seriously try to accomplish this act will occur; however, results will vary with the individual.

This action causes a gender rather than a complete sex change, as shown by the continued male potency of the subjects. This is not paradoxical. The verse does not offer a sex change,

rather a gender reassignment that will cause the latent femininity, present in all males to a varying degree, to assert itself in a much more prominent manner — witness the development of the secondary female sexual characteristics.

It appears uncertain if any progress toward feminization would occur either in a man who diligently practiced the ritual without knowing the reason, or one who was forced against his will to practice the ritual, knowing what the consequences might be.

It is no respecter of age, stature or appearance and will, if given the opportunity, lead to the liberation of "our sister within" to anyone who practices it.

The process of change appears irreversible and immutable. It is at least as insidious in its manifestations as are habit-forming narcotics. It should not be experimented with by any man who does not desire or cannot afford to project at least a degree of enhanced femininity, or by any man who believes that he can stop any time he desires along the way. While the first few attempts will probably not "hook" one, it does not take many before a subtle satisfaction in becoming more feminine commences and an ever-increasing number of feminine mannerisms manifest themselves.

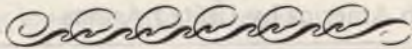
When the "hook is set" it is too late to stop, because the more feminine one becomes, the more feminine one desires to become. One may delude oneself for a short period of time into believing that this latest manifestation will be the last manifestation, because here one stops! But that familiar stirring in the loins and up the spine to the shoulders again asserts itself. So one tries, just one more time. This continues as inexorably as time itself. Each attempt frees more of the feminine self until "she" has completely asserted herself in "her" body. Then one begins to enjoy being treated as a woman, and the more one is treated as a woman, the more one desires to be treated as a

woman, ad infinitum.

The above is the portent and the potency and the power of:

“A man will sure become a miss,
If he will just his elbow kiss.”

It is not an invitation; it is a warning!



“Don’t complain! Half of those are yours!”

MOVIE

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES (Birds of a Feather)

Starring – Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault

Released in North America by United Artists



This film is not about us (the heterosexual crossdresser), but, as a "gay farce" with a large dose of female impersonation and solid humor that avoids either sneering or condescending, it is worth the time and money to view. In the theatre which I attended, gays, straights, and hetero crossdressers all were completely entertained and no one seemed to feel "put down" or threatened in the presence of mincing drag queens.

Audience acceptance in New York City and other centers where this film is attracting good box office (and not just from gays) says something about the evolution of this sensitive subject -- the homosexual drag queen, the fag, the swish and so on. In films of yesteryear the homosexual never got out of the movie alive. Moral convention demanded that the gay character be killed and the matter was usually dispatched in some blunt symbolic manner -- like having a church fall on them.

By the 1960's the plot had been improved to the extent that a homosexual could take his own life (after all, what would you do in that situation?).

In this decade the homosexual has found new sophistication and is generally respected as a serious character although there is still a tendency to portray stereotypes. Perhaps this is an inevitable condition of the motion picture art.

Produced in France and set in the locale of St. Tropez, *Birds of a Feather* is a well balanced situation comedy quite apart from its gay theme. The fact that the dialogue is in French with English sub-titles does not detract in any way from the timing of the humor which is lighthearted, humane, and evenly spread throughout.

The scene is a scandalous St. Tropez nightclub (La Cage aux Folles), co-owned by two gays who have lived together for 20 years in what amounts to a marriage.

Albin, played expertly by Michel Serrault, is the "wife" and the long established star of the club's transvestite revue. The couple live in ornate quarters above the club surrounded by chintz curtains and some not so subtle phallic symbols among the art objects which accessorize the gay decor. The household is served by a prancing male maid who skillfully pratfalls and provides comic relief when Tognazzi and Serrault need it most.

The pair are accepted in the surrounding community and the club is filled with straights who come to see the beautiful boys in action. Among the gay community they represent royalty, stable and conservative citizens, with of mature sense of their homosexual identities. Their tranquil maturity is shaken to some extent by the family crises which forms the plot.

A son named Laurent, sired by the husband (Tognazzi) in a one night stand many years ago, and left by his mother to the care of the two gays, is away at the university. As the movie begins, Laurent returns home for a visit on the eve of his "parents" twentieth anniversary. With some trepidation he announces he is getting married -- to a girl! The gay father's response to this news is worth the price of admission but there is more -- much more to come.

The bride-to-be is the sweet and innocent child of a high ranking civil servant, the head of an agency known as the Union for Moral Order. Ensclosed in a large estate near Paris, burdened with the awesome responsibility of upholding the countries morality, the bride's father and mother are more than a little concerned about their future son-in-law's pedigree. The question "What do your parents do?" is a matter of critical

importance upon which the remainder of the film hinges. The daughter knows the truth but dares not say. In a pinch she lies and leads her parents to believe that Laurent is the son of a diplomatic attache. A meeting of the two families is arranged to discuss wedding plans.

The prospect of a visit by the bride's parents sets the home above the nightclub in utter turmoil. It is obvious to Laurent and his father that the in-laws-to-be never know the truth. A cover-up scheme is hatched but is beset by enormous difficulties. What can be done about the furnishings, the chintz, the phallic symbols, etc? Can the gay father act out the part of an attache? What is to be done about his "wife" who has been the only mother the boy has known? The real mother, contacted at the last minute, agrees in a fit of remorse to stand in for one evening. This leads to a fit of jealousy on Albin's part. The finale brings the two families together at a hilarious dinner party that features a swish maid turned butler, two mothers of the groom, one with too much hair on her forearm, and some embarrassingly hommosexual erotic dinnerware, overlooked in the haste to get everything ready. In the end, all survive and the marriage takes place, but not before the staid head of the Union for Moral Order is converted to a grande matron, complete with hairpiece and ballgown. This disguise becomes essential for his escape from the nightclub where inquisitive members of the press have assembled in search of a scandal.

The film handles all of this with cleverness and without becoming a parody for insecure heterosexuals or an inside joke for gays only. Hence, its broader universal appeal is pure entertainment.



"OH, what a drag today was!"



DEE DEE
CT - 7 - W

PRISCILLA
CT - 6 - S



SHARON
M - 8 - F

TRUE STORY

MY STORY

By Renee



In the Catholic religion, among certain categories of Priests or Sisters there is a ceremony in which, once a week, each one has to confess his sins in front of his other brothers or sisters. It is called, in French, "La Coulepe" from Latin "culpa" which means "sin". You may think it is the hardest thing to do but they do not think so for they know that what they say never comes out of there and nobody speaks of what he has heard. Besides that, they know their companions are sinners, too, and understand them.

I feel like those religious people in writing my Tv story and putting my soul out in front of MY sisters in "our kind" of religion. I hesitated before in writing it. It is hard for someone to tell others of his intimate problems. Besides that, I know that - "le moi est haissable" - as it is said in French, which means it is disagreeable for people to read someone who is always referring to himself.

But now I know, through TRANSVESTIA that my sisters will understand me so I dare to tell my story. I know little about psychology so I will not lecture about the subject but, instead, let my heart speak and hope it will be eloquent enough to show my "real" personality.

The furthest back that I can remember of my Tv activities was at the age of four. One morning, while my parents were

still asleep, I had put on my mother's half season coat. It was a very attractive garment to me. It's color was beige and was made of soft woolen fabric. I had it on and was parading around the room when my mother awoke. She discovered me and was quite angry because the bottom of the coat was "sweeping" the floor. She took it off me, slapped my bottom and sent me back to my room. I also remember that a few years later I became involved with my sisters in putting on some kind of shows to entertain our playmates and I loved to put on dresses, drapes or anything else that I could wrap around myself.

When I started school I played pretty much with the boys and had forgotten, I thought, of my interest in dresses. It was not until I entered college that my desire to wear girl's clothing returned. The college had an amateur theater and I observed that many of the fellows played girl's parts. I thought that they were lucky to wear such beautiful clothes. I became involved with the activities of the theater and finally was asked to play the part of a girl and thus wear the beautiful costumes, makeup and wigs. But it lasted only a year during which I played in half a dozen plays as a girl. But then I had lost my high voice and my nice complexion and was not asked again to play those marvelous parts.

Sometime after I graduated from college I met a nice girl and married her. The urge to wear feminine garments then became more stronger since I was exposed to all my wife's lovely clothes. Fortunately we were about the same size and I thought that I looked quite pretty in her clothes. In the beginning my wife allowed me to wear her clothes since she thought it was cute. She even used me as a model to make her dresses. With adequate padding I could have about the same shape as my wife. But, like all good things, the end came when my wife noticed how much I liked to wear her clothes and became rather unhappy with my crossdressing in general. I could not stop, however and continued to wear her clothes wherever the opportunity arose. But my wife became so unsettled and her moods were so unhappy that I felt it best to stop. And this I did - for awhile. I really loved her and didn't want to see her so unhappy. I was feeling very guilty by then and I thought that I did not have the right to displease her.

But, as most all crossdressers know, I couldn't stay away from all those wonderful feminine clothes and so I started to 'dress' once again. And, of course, my wife became angry and we had "words" again. But this time she made me feel so guilty about my crossdressing that I agreed to consult a physician. Just previously to my contacting this person, she had, on her own, secretly gone to this physician and told him all about my crossdressing. To please my wife I had several visits with the physician and was told by him that I never would "get rid of the habit" and the only solution was to dress when my wife was not at home since she became distressed and ill when she saw me all dressed up.

I tried to go along with his recommendations and was successful for quite some time. But finally, because of the inconvenience of trying to find opportunities to dress when my wife was not home, I just decided that I would dress whenever I wanted and the heck with her. I had purchased my own feminine things since my wife had put on weight and now was larger than me. Needless to say, my wife learned quickly of my determination to continue my crossdressing and became very angry. She forbid me to crossdress anymore and reproached me for the money that I had spent on women's clothing. She was right in that matter because I did not enjoy buying a lot of clothes for my male-self. I would rather save money on purchasing male clothing and use that money thus saved on pretty woman's clothing. I just couldn't handle all the hostility from my wife and again threw all my pretty things away in the trash. I promised that I would never crossdress again. I was feeling so terribly guilty and did not want to displease her and I felt bad that I had made her so unhappy.

But it did not last long and it was only a few months later that I began to purchase a few pretty feminine things on the side. It wasn't long until I had a complete woman's wardrobe. I felt better! Still, I only dressed when my wife was away from the house. It was not long until my wife discovered my newly bought things in the garage - a place where I was sure they would be safe. She informed me that she had found them but I told her that I could not live without them and that I would prefer to leave her and go and live alone rather than give up my beautiful

clothes. But this time, she appeared to understand my feelings. So we talked quite a lot of my desire to cross dress. I told her that it made me so nervous when I tried to restrain my urge to crossdress. She admitted that she had noticed this fact and that for the several previous weeks leading up to her most recent discovery she had noticed that I was behaving "like a bear." I was only eating one meal a day and just hated my job. The house needed painting and I couldn't care less about it. I had refused to go out with her. I did not realize that she had noticed all these things!

My wife indicated that I would have to do "something" about my "problem" and the condition of our marriage. She then urged me to dress more often if this would make me more easier to live with and take the pressure off me. I was to tell her when I needed to crossdress so she could go out and let me have the house to myself. She allowed me to keep my pretty things in her dresser drawers and use anything of hers that fit me. She even showed me several dresses in her closet which were now too small for her and said that I could wear them if I liked. She EVEN allowed me to use her nice coat that she did not like although it was almost new - saying that she was going to purchase another one, anyhow. Well, that was a good excuse for her to get a new coat, but I was glad for the "exchange".

So that was the way it went. I was able to dress many times when my wife was away. I even purchased a wig that looked nice on me. One night while my wife was away and I was all dressed up, I went OUT and walked around the block. It was dark and I was unnoticed. I live in a quiet area and there were only a few people about. I was most satisfied with that experience. The few people that I passed on the street merely looked at me as a middle-aged woman. I wore nothing to call attention to myself - only plain 'street clothes', a pretty hat, a navy blue coat, white gloves, black pumps and a little handbag.

I repeated this experience as often as possible and always welcomed the times when my wife would leave me alone in the house. Each time when I went out I went farther away from the house and came back only when my feet started to hurt. That was one experience that woman have that I didn't care for. I carried no identification card in my purse, just a few dollars

and some change which would allow me to call a cab if I ever got into trouble. All the streets are one-way in my town and I always managed to walk in the same direction as the flow of traffic so that the car lights could not light up my face.

One night as I was walking down the street a car PULLED UP along side me, the door opened, and the driver asked me if he could take me home. I thanked him but said that I was almost home and preferred to walk the remainder of the way. I would suppose that my appearance fooled him since he followed me in his car - driving very slowly behind me. Finally, as I reached my own block, he drove away. I was very glad!

All good things seem to have to come to an end and it was one night when I had gone out for awhile and then returned that I found that my wife had returned BEFORE ME and was she angry !! She accused me of wanting to show myself off to the neighbors but I had enjoyed the walk so much that I was in a tranquilized condition and I hardly heard her yelling. I asked her if she thought that I "passed" and was disappointed to hear her say, "no"! Then I told her that I had just "passed" on the street while out walking and even had a police car go by me and nothing happened. She insisted that I was not real enough to pass and that I was heading for trouble! I undressed quickly and went to bed - thinking that she was jealous because I was thinner than her.

The NEXT Saturday, she did not go out! I thought that it was because she did not want me to dress. I felt very sad and guilty that evening and did not say a word. She couldn't help but notice my quietness and said that I was just going to have to find a good reason to stop my crossdressing. because I "had gone too far." She was sure that I was going to get into trouble.

She was right since I had next planned to take a bus ride the next time that I had the opportunity to get out. I had reached the point where I was no longer afraid to walk down the street. I wanted to do those things that women normally did . As a man, I had even gone to a local beautician for a facial. I did not tell of my crossdressing but only that I wanted the facial and she gave me one without any further questions. She thinned my eyebrows without my asking and put a little foundation and powder on

my face! What heaven! I did ask if she had any other male customers and she indicated that she had a few.

But to go back to the night when my wife returned ahead of me, I had gone to bed and awoke to more recriminations from my wife. I then informed her that I did not want to quit my crossdressing at all and had decided to do through any female experience that I wanted to have from then on. She cried and said that I was a failure as a husband and that I had spoiled her life and that I might get arrested and lose my job. She said that she had been crazy to stand my transvestism for so long and not leave me. She felt that she was still young and desirable and maybe she should leave and go live with another man but she wouldn't because all men were vicious, etc. We did not talk to each other for a week thereafter. I realized that I had hurt her with my crossdressing but also realized that I just couldn't stop. After all, I was doing nothing evil. I didn't cheat on my wife and I tried to be a good provider to her.

Fortunately, I saw an ad about Chevalier Publications and wrote for information. In due time a letter came and I ordered a copy of TRANSVESTIA. I enjoyed the stories and the articles very much.

Those writers of the articles in that issue of TRANSVESTIA were my first "friends" in my new life and I will always be appreciative to them for their stories and articles. Until this time I had never done much for others and I now regretted it. I even wrote a few articles and sent them to the magazine, hoping that someone would benefit from my experience. I was certainly in agreement with what I read concerning transvestism through the pages of my newly found magazine.

How much I changed in the next several weeks I cannot say. But during this time I did not dress but spent much of my time in reading TVIA. This brought me the peace of mind that I had been wanting as well as understanding from people who were like me. I have now located a number of new friends - all of them sweet and gentle people. Somehow, peace has been restored in our house and we now get along rather well. I love her even more than before and I try to be as kind as possible to her. Now I am always

smiling and we go out often together - as husband and wife. My house is now painted and I again like my work. I am now able to dress when my wife is home.

I can see, now, that I tried to impose my will on my wife. She now realizes that my crossdressing is an important part of myself . She washes my feminine things for me and has even purchased a set of drawers for my pretty things. She will even iron my clothes and occasionally buys something for me in the way of panties or a slip. She even trades makeup with me. The other day she asked to exchange her mascara for mine. I liked her color much better anyway. I help with the housework, now, and am more careful in how I dress as a man. Life is so much better for me. This is not to say that my wife likes to see me cross-dressed but we have worked out a satisfactory solution to our mutual "problem" and it appears to work just fine. I am very sorry that I caused her much unhappiness all those years and hope that my efforts to make her happy will help her forget any unhappiness in the past. I, in turn, have gained many things and am at peace with my self after so many years of unhappiness.

A TV, a most beautiful lass,
 Decided to step up in class.
 Applied for employment
 In a house of enjoyment,
 Where they threw her out on her ***.

A Tv who loves baseball, named Gloria,
 One day in a fit of euphoria,
 In a most excellent manner
 Sang the Star Spangled Banner,
 Stark naked at a game in Peoria.

Dee Dee (CT-7-W)

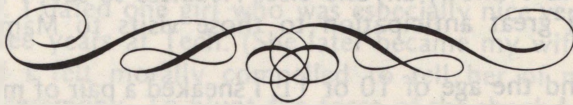
Editor Carol Beecroft Announces New CONTEST

"PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE BEST WRITERS"

One of our readers wrote and suggested that your Editor offer a prize for the best TV story of 1980. It seems like a very constructive suggestion and thus I shall not only offer a prize for that category but also offer additional prizes for other types of contributions submitted. I am offering a TWO-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION to TRANSVESTIA for the best contributions in the following categories:

1. For the best LONG STORY using a TV theme.
2. For the best SHORT STORY using a TV theme.
3. For the best TV article of a non-fiction type.
4. For the best contribution of TV poetry!

It is felt that this contest will encourage our sisters to exhibit their writing talents as well as their creativity. This contest will last until December 31, 1980. All material should be typed and double spaced although I will accept contributions from those who do not have access to a typewriter and, as a result, have to write in longhand. Typewritten materials are preferred however.



The man standing at the bar (in court) was well dressed, alert, and obviously intelligent. The judge asked him how he pleaded to the charge of transvestism, and much to the magistrate's surprise, he replied, "Not guilty by reason of insanity, your Honor."

"Insanity?" exclaimed the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the defendant. "I'm crazy about it!"

TRUE STORY



THE WORST DAY

OF MY LIFE

By Ann

I became aware of my desire to wear female garments at an early age. I was no more than six or seven years old when I began to try on my mother's clothes.

For some reason, and I cannot remember, now, even how the subject came up, my grandmother came to know of my liking for women's clothing. When I visited her, without my parents being present, I was allowed to wear panties and one of her slips while she read to me. She even let me sleep in those clothes and, somehow, my fairly strict grandfather never found out.

Mama, as I called my grandmother, never told my parents or, as far as I know, anyone else. Needless to say, I looked forward with great anticipation to those visits to Mama's house!

Around the age of 10 or 11, I sneaked a pair of my mother's panties and a slip into my bedroom, and, when I thought the coast was clear, I took off my pajamas and put on the nylon underwear. No sooner had I done so than in came mother. She flipped on the light and caught me trying desperately to burrow out of sight in the sheets. She didn't scream or even call for father who, I was sure, would have killed me. She simply sat on the bed and demolished me by saying that what I was doing was perverse and unnatural. The shame I felt was overwhelming as I removed her clothes and put my pajamas back on. It was a long time that night before I finally cried myself to sleep.

My shame was so great that I could not even tell Mama the reason I no longer wore my "favorite clothes" at her house during my visits. I simply could not bear the thought of anyone seeing me in girl's clothing.

Nonetheless, I continued to wear my mother's panties under my regular boy clothes whenever possible. I would take them from her dresser drawers and return them to the dirty clothes hamper at the end of the day. I confined my dressing to the panties all the way through high school and was never caught again.

I entered college, Georgia Tech in 1958. A part time job paid the entire tuition cost for my five years at Tech and provided enough to purchase a car of my own and pay for my frequent purchases of femme-undergarments.

Both mother and father worked and, due to class schedules, I usually had a few hours home alone before reporting to my own job. During one such time, I impulsively decided to go "all the way" just to see what I really looked like completely dressed as a girl. I put on my own underwear and pilfered the rest from mother's closet. Nylons, dress, bra, - they all fitted me! I even applied makeup (very inexpertly, I'm afraid) and tied a scarf around my head. I was trembling with excitement by the time I had finished dressing. I was totally hooked!

Fear of being caught kept me from going out in public, but I dressed completely at home alone whenever I could squeeze in the time. I dated one girl who was especially nice very steadily my last three years at Tech. (She later became my wife). Before we married I felt morally compelled to tell her of my desires before the ceremony. To blunt the force of the shock I knew was coming, I told her only that I enjoyed wearing feminine undergarments. She was indeed shocked but didn't call off the wedding. We discussed the situation at length and she finally decided that perhaps it wasn't so terrible after all. Believe it or not, on our wedding night she presented me with a beautiful lacy pair of panties and a matching slip. I knew then our marriage would be a long and good one.

Over the years she has accepted the fact that I am a transvestite and will allow me to wear panties under my suits and even

sleep in very feminine nighties and gowns. She absolutely refused, however, to allow me to dress completely in her presence.

To avoid arguments at home, I hid my dresses, wig, bras, makeup, shoes, etc., and told her that they had been destroyed. I began to find excuses for having to go back to work at night. After carefully sneaking an outfit I wanted to wear into the car trunk, I would go to a deserted spot to change and then drive around looking in shop windows and felt pretty good about how clever I was. I actually got away with this behavior for nearly 10 years and, during that period, I found out about the magazine TRANSVESTIA. For the FIRST time I understood that I, a heterosexual transvestite, was not alone.

My job required some overnight travel and, naturally, I always took along my girl's clothes. On these trips, I had much more time to devote to my dressing and makeup and the result was, I thought, quite acceptable. I became bolder over the years and would even shop in crowded stores and mingle with people on busy sidewalks. No one, apparently, suspected that I was not exactly what I fancied myself to be -- a fairly tall but not terrible looking woman. I have received wolf whistles and have had to turn down advances made by men.

Then, one night about five years ago, it happened -- the night that very nearly spelled my ruin.

Before an impending extended business trip to the home office of the company I work for, I purchased two new dresses and all the various items I would need to make the visit a memorable one. As things turned out, it was INDEED that!

Upon concluding the first days business, I had dinner alone and returned to my motel room around 7:00 p.m. After a shower and shave, I donned my femme apparel -- all of it, except my freshly restyled wig which was new - applied makeup and was off for an evening of excitement.

I left the motel in my car, went to a shopping center and leisurely window shopped until the starting time for a good movie I wanted to see. I purchased the ticket from a girl who appeared slightly startled to see me but, since she said nothing,

I was not very apprehensive. The lobby was crowded with people who appeared to pay me no particular attention. I had to wait a few minutes in the lobby before the beginning of the movie and then walked down the aisle and took a seat on a vacant row.

Almost immediately a man came to me and said, "please come with me and bring your purse." The man was dressed in civilian clothes but strapped to his side was a pistol.

Nearly fainting with fright, I walked back up the aisle to the lobby. Before being led to a small office near the concession area, I noticed a group of people, including the ticket girl, staring at me very intently.

In the office, the man who had summoned me from the theater told me that he was a policeman and asked my name. Knowing that I was totally trapped, I told him. As though dispelling any lingering doubts, he then asked if I was a man. I told him that I was a man, not homosexual, and that I was a transvestite. As I sat there experiencing the greatest shame and humiliation I had ever known, I thought that I would also lose self control of myself completely. I remember feeling light-headed and found it extremely difficult to breathe. My heart was pounding so hard I was actually afraid it would rupture.

I managed to ask, with the sound of begging in my voice, if there was anything he could do to allow me to leave. He said that a complaint had been made and that he had no alternative but to take me to police headquarters.

Another man came to the office door and announced that the car had arrived. The policeman told me to stand and go with him to the car. I had to walk through a group of curious, giggling spectators to the door of the theater. Once there, I was turned over to a uniformed patrolman who had his marked police car, with all lights flashing, waiting outside. The patrolman told me to put my hands behind my back and snapped handcuffs around my wrists. They were so tightly applied I could see marks from them several days afterward. As I was led to the car, the plainclothed policeman made a comment causing the crowd, which by this time, had gathered both inside and outside the

theater to renew their giggling. Apparently, my sad situation was much better to be seen than the movie they had paid to view!

In the police car I could control myself no longer. I cried. I could feel the hot tears streaming down my face and, because of the handcuffs, I had no way to wipe them.

After what seemed ages, we reached the dingy police station and I had to endure the torment of being stared and giggled at all over again. I was led to a large room and was interrogated by three policemen who wrote notes as I spoke. I tried again to explain that I was not a homosexual, as they no doubt thought, that I was married and the father of three children. The policemen found this very hard to believe until they found my wallet while going through my purse. They actually passed it around looking at my collection of family photos and my membership cards to several professional organizations. The atmosphere became less hostile then and one of the policemen showed his sympathy by unlocking the handcuffs.

Nonetheless, I was photographed both with and without my wig, fingerprinted and booked for violating the city morals code. I was taken to an office where a detective read me my rights, just like you see on television, and asked if I would cooperate by signing a confession which had been prepared from my earlier discussion with the three policemen. I signed! I was then told that I would remain in jail overnight and go to court the next day.

For the second time that night, I actually begged. The exposure would have totally ruined me. I asked, with tears again flowing down my face, if there was any alternative.

The detective looked at me for a long time and finally said that if I could pay a \$100.00 bond and could get transportation back to my own car, which was still in the theater parking lot, I could go. I did have \$100.00 in cash and the checkbook was in the motel room. The policeman gave me the telephone number of a local bondsman and, having no choice, I called him. He agreed to come and pay the \$100.00 bond in return for a check to him for \$150.00.

The bondsman arrived after what seemed an eternity. I paid him the money and, in turn, he told me to come with him. The embarrassment actually intensified when I reached his car and found that he had brought along his girlfriend. She seemed fascinated by my appearance and couldn't understand why a man wearing women's clothing was breaking the law. She, like the others, asked if I was homosexual and although I was sick of answering that question by this time, I again explained that a transvestite was not necessarily a homosexual.

I was driven to my car and then followed to the motel where I wrote a check to the bondsman. He told me that the \$100.00 bond would take care of the charges and, unless I hoped to reduce the fine, I was not required to appear in court. Naturally, I decided not to appear. The next day, after trying to behave as normally as possible through the conference I was attending, I disposed of all my female attire and vowed that I would never again dress in anything other than male clothing.

For an entire week, I apprehensively read the daily newspapers published in the city looking for an account of my arrest. Thank God, nothing ever appeared. I had gotten off without anyone who actually knew me finding out.

I kept my vow for three of the past five years. Then, I could no longer contain my desires to dress up. Until very recently, however, I wore only lingerie very discreetly under my male clothing. Finally, I decided to go "all the way" again. When I dressed completely for the first time since that awful night five years ago, the feeling of exhilaration and freedom was as overpowering as I remembered it to be the time I first tried on my mother's dresses. I don't have the courage to go out dressed as I once did, but the urge is certainly there. I recognize now that going out undetected in public while dressed as a woman was a way to gain acceptance of my borrowed gender. For this reason, I would like to apply for membership in TRi-Sigma and, through the organization, perhaps regain the feeling of acceptance without the risk of repeating my nightmare. I think that I have matured enough now to realize that I am a transvestite without any real hope of ever permanently shedding this aspect of my life, and, really, I have no desire to change this.



STEPHANI
FCM - 1 - P

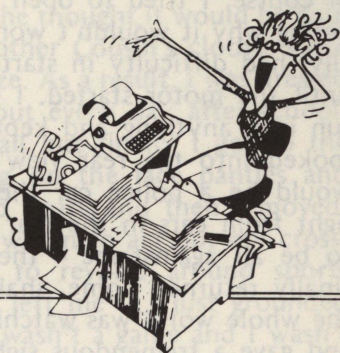


LOIS
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The Editor's Mailbag



Dear Carol: I have been getting Transvestia for a little over two years and this is the first time I have written. After too many years of battling with my crossdressing desires, I left the closet and found a world of peace, beauty and excitement. It is really an experience that allows me to feel and be myself. I feel complete when wearing femme attire. The anguish I experienced in keeping these "sick thoughts" under rap, the guilt, the shame, the torment experienced, that's OVER WITH NOW. Now that I am out of the closet there is a world out there to venture into. So I mustered up my courage, put my prettiest lingerie and dress on, followed with a wig, make-up, earrings and then ventured OUT -- was that ever scary!

I went to a bargaub show store in a shopping center where I looked at heels in the size 10 section. I had chosen this store as it usually was busy with all types of women there and it appeared that I could melt into the many shoppers quite easily. Across from the rack where I was browsing, the manager and his assistant were busy stacking new shoes. However, when the manager noticed me he tapped his assistant on the shoulder, pointed his hand in my direction and whispered something to the assistant -- all the while looking directly at me. His assistant also looked at me and then dropped his arranging of shoes and made a "beeline" towards the office. Without knocking down the entire display I somehow managed to make an about-face, walked briskly through the store, out the door and to my car.

It seemed to take hours to find my keys in my purse and, of course, I tried to open the door with the key reversed, wondering why it wouldn't work. I finally got into the car and, naturally, had difficulty in starting the car. It seemed like an eternity until the motor started. I had enough presence of mind not to run into anything and kept my speed way down. Every time I looked into the rear view mirror I thought that for sure there would be a police car there. Every time there was a flash of light from cars in the rear, I jumped. The traffic lights seemed to be all against me -- they seemed to take hours to change. I finally returned home, shaking like a leaf. Of course I felt that the whole world was watching me. I opened the door of my house and gave a tremendous sigh of relief as I walked into the house. That was a close call! I haven't ventured out since -- the wanderlust is there but the fear of being exposed is too great ...if only ...if only...oh well, that's just wishful thinking. LAURA, in Lansdown, PA.

Dear Carol: I found the book HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE full of helpful hints and answers to many questions such as what was said about beard coverage, electrolysis, wigs, posture, walking, gestures, jewelry, voice and "going public." I have also noticed, with some amusement, now, in retrospect, my own first time experience with "going public" and how glad and safe I felt to be finally back home again -- which feeling I thought to be quite unique at the time -- but which now appears to be common among those who first venture "out". KATHLEEN in Alberta CANADA.

Dear Carol: I have been so lonely and have had no one to share the one pleasure of my life. I need your type of good, clean association. Please help me in this. I have tried for sometime now to buy a copy of TRANSVESTIA and up to now it seemed like no book store carried it. I have been dressing most all my life and I can't stand being confined any longer. HELEN of Palm-dale, CALIF.

Dear Carol: I just received your information about the sorority for Tvs. I'm very interested but I have some feelings that hold me back. Let me give you a look at my background. I had my first encounter with cross-dressing when I was seven

years old at the hands of two of my cousins. One of them caught me snooping in her room (I stayed at my cousin's home while my mother worked). As punishment she thought it would be cute if I were to be fully dressed in my other Cousin's clothes since she was younger and I was more her size. As a result, I was dressed and treated as a girl from the skin out every day after school. At first I cried and fought, to no avail but finally I got to the point of looking forward to putting on the lace panties and dresses. This went on for about two years and then I moved. As I got older and had no one with whom to act out my cross-dressing desires my interests began to revolve around sports and girls. However, the desire never left me -- I just grounded it. When it began to surface again it wasn't a game and I wasn't being forced and, as a result, I was plenty scared. My first thought was that perhaps I was gay but I quickly dismissed that because of my relationship with girls. Then I thought that I was sick but eventually settled on just being very guilty. Now with the help of two beautiful people I have finally accepted myself. I still have some fears -- I worry about what my friends and co-workers would say if they knew that I was a TV. I am afraid that if I join TRi-Sigma I'll be ridiculed and laughed at by the girls but I am so interested in meeting others like myself that I want to go ahead and join, anyhow. I didn't mean to get carried away but I never have been able to put my feelings down on paper before. Normally I would never do this But I trust you. Thank you for listening to me. I like my new name because it's so pretty. CHRISTIE, in Sunnyvale, CALIF.

Dear Carol: I express my sincere best wishes as you take over TRANSVESTIA' Virginia's account of her life in Tvia number 100 made good reading. Many of us owe her so much for her help in assisting us with our feelings. I manage a visit to the beauty shop every Saturday now. I go for the "works" -- hair styling, make-up, nails and waxing. Being only 30 I can enjoy the many fashionable styles. I have a most understanding beautician. I spoke with Susan from Scranton yesterday. We're going to get together later this month. She's very knowledgeable about Tvism. Lora and I (in Philadelphia) have struck up a good correspondence and I hope to meet her soon. At my wife's urgency (bless her) I got a new outfit, purple and white blouse with purple slacks and vest. A pair of 3 inch heels from Lane Bryant completes the outfit. I'm about to order a new dress, too. Because of my size

(6'5½" and 270 lbs) you can imagine what I go through to find clothing I can look good in. Are there any other "heavies" with the same problem? My prayers are with you for much success in continuing our movement to express ourselves more freely. KATHY, in Taylor, PENN.

Dear Carol: I must apologize for my tardy delay in answering. As I have indicated I am interested in the formation of a chapter here in the Northwest. You might be interested to know that some major breakthroughs have occurred recently in my family life. My wife has been especially considerate of late after another marathon night of talk. She still cannot bring herself to meeting my femme self but she is beginning to accept the existence of a second self. Today, for example, she has taken the children out for the day so that I have the house to myself. Later next month she and I are planning an outing for my femme self under the mentorship of Ellen in Portland.

It would be so much better for me if she would join "Maria" but I know that things just cannot be pushed. She looks forward to reading the FEMME MIRROR now. I must admit that I have often thought to myself "why don't these girls take more pride in their natural femininity?" Especially when I see someone in ragged tennis shoes, coveralls, a tattered shirt, and not a hint of makeup. I must admit that my male-self has worn similar clothing when working around the house or on the cars but it never occurred to me that comfortable clothes as those mentioned above are gender-less. It is too bad, however, that WE girls don't have the same legal freedom as the real girls do. The real girl that I described above can go anywhere at anytime and not receive any second glance, raised eyebrows, etc. But, should "Maria" go window shopping during the middle of the day in this area wearing conservative clothing (skirt, sweater, sandals), not only would eyebrows be raised but the local authorities would stop me and possibly harass me. Despite our best efforts towards education I doubt very seriously that things will change much in my lifetime. So, for now, I'll just chip away at the more immediate problem of convincing my wife that she would like "Maria" as well as she does her husband. MARIA in Silverdale, WASH'

Dear Carol: I received the book UNDERSTANDING DRESSING and I found it extremely interesting. You can't ima-

gine how I have searched for information about Tvism. For awhile, I thought that I was the ONLY "strange" person. The book shed light on many questions that I have been asking for several years. If only I had known of the sorority earlier -- it would have made a difference. I hope to be able to contact Jacqueline at Harvey Station in New Brunswick - which is some distance from here. CHARLENE, from Halifax, NOVA SCOTIA'

Dear Carol: I want to thank you for leading me in the right direction. Your recommendation to read UNDERSTANDING CROSSDRESSING was most helpful. It was a bit disappointing, too, because I had hopes of trying to get hold of some female hormones to give me some cleavage. But now I see the reasons for not doing so. And as far as changing sex -- that's out. I find that one would lose all the fantasy and pleasures that go with the privilege of dressing. I surely hope that more Tvs will get the opportunity to read the book because it makes a lot of sense. Thanks for your time and effort on my behalf. I'll be writing again because I feel that I need your help. I have no one else. R'R' in Staatsburg, NEW YORK'

Dear Carol: I am very gratified to realize at long last that I am not alone and I am looking forward to meeting others with similar interests and their wives. My wife is aware of my transvestism and I think that it would be helpful if she met other women with similar husbands. At present she is non-condemning and even a bit positive. Many thanks for your considerate answer to my letter. Perhaps you have done more than you realize if I achieve some peace of mind without guilt -- through your sorority. CARLA in West Sayville, NEW YORK.

Dear Carol: Thanks for the Tri-Sigma brochure and the Femme Mirror. I'm so excited to discover there are people near me and even nationwide who share my strong inclination towards crossdressing. I can't wait to meet some sisters here in Santa Monica. Thanks again for your letter -- for touching an out-reached hand asking assurance and company. SHASTA in Santa Monica, CALIF'

Dear Carol: You cannot know how fully I enjoy reading the materials that you made available. The staff of the Femme

Mirror and TRANSVESTIA have a very thoughtful and discreet approach that is helpful to me. I have been dressing up since I was 10 years old. Before that age I can remember thinking about crossdressing a lot. My wife is very helpful. I tried to "pass" several years ago when entered a ladies rest room and was "read". I left and went home and have been frightened to try it again during the day. You might now say that I am a "lady of the evening." If I could try to meet some of the sisters in the Houston area I would probably understand the situation much better. JESSICA in Sugarland, TEXAS

Dear Carol: Thanks for the nice "welcoming" you gave me as a new member of Tri-Sigma Sorority. The thoughtfulness of such a busy person like yourself is appreciated. This is just a short note to tell you "thank you" and to let you know that belonging to Tri-Sigma is a highlite in my life. Keep up the good work. JEAN of Milwaukee, WISCONSIN.





'RETIREMENT' IS NEVER DULL
IN THE LIFE OF VIRGINIA PRINCE

Gone but not forgotten, that's me. I mean that I am gone as Editor of TVia but I hope that I am not forgotten. From time to time I will reappear in this corner to give you an update on activities or ideas

This time out I want to report what I did after I turned over the responsibility of TVia to Carol. After doing that in July I applied most of my energies to converting my double garage into an attractive apartment so that there could be someone on the property to look after it and my little dog while I was gone. With that finished and rented I took off Sept 15 for New York where I joined a tour group at JFK for a trip to Africa. Having flown six hours to get to New York we then took off for an all night flight to Rio.

As a result we were really beat when we arrived. I found that my room mate was to be a 30 year old nurse from Toronto. Most of our group of 22 was from California and as some of you may know, since we have so much sunshine out here, we like to refer to the rainy times as "unusual weather." Well, we Californians managed to bring our "unusual weather" with us. It was so foggy in Rio that we could not go up the Corcovado mountain (where the big statue of Christ is); in fact, you couldn't even

see it from the street below. We did manage to go up on the cable car to Sugar Loaf and at the half way point got a little look down on the city. But the upper level was completely fogged in. Matter of fact, on the way down the fog had closed in on even the lower station and our cable car had to make an "instrument landing" there. If it had not have been for the cable we'd never had made it.

We drove around the city, which is a very interesting place, but it's sort of a strip city in that most of it is compressed between the mountains and the sea so that it stretches for miles along the water. Thus there is a lot of traffic since you have to travel quite a distance to get anywhere. It was very pretty, what we could see of it, and I was much disappointed that we could not get the beautiful aerial view that Rio is famous for. But anyway, in the words of the old poem that I can remember from my youth—"I'd love to sail to Rio some day before I'm old"—and I did.

Two days later it was off for South Africa for a flight to Johannesburg. It was a nice flight and I must compliment SAA for it's food and service. I had the window seat with a South African couple and we got along famously, exchanging experiences with each other—they had just been to the states and California—and ideas and opinions on the state of the world. He bought me a drink and gave me his card and invited me to come out to their home to see something other than airports and hotels. Two days later I called him and his wife came and got me and my roommate and drove us out to their home on the outskirts of Johannesburg. It was a spacious bungalow with a two car garage, swimming pool and 5 dogs. So we had tea and cookies and a good visit—just we ladies.

In Johannesburg we stayed at the Carlton Hotel which is the biggest and best in So. Africa and one of the foremost in the world. They have a three story deep shopping center mall un-

derneath it where all manner of things can be bought. The area is studded with mine dumps. Seems like the town was built over a gold deposit. We had hoped to be able to go down in a gold mine but there were not enough people available as they wanted a large group or none at all. We drove around the city which is very modern with some very unusual architecture.

With all the comments we get in this country about the *apartheid practices of So. Africa it was with some surprise that we saw 3 or 4 tables of blacks having meals in the hotel dining room.* There were even a couple of mixed race couples. We would think nothing of that here but it was a surprise to find it there. There were plenty of blacks on the streets and in shops, too. We drove out in the country towards Soweto (where the race riots occurred a couple of years ago). We didn't have time to go down into the town but it looked from the hill top like a pretty ordinary working class community spread over the rolling hills and served directly by the rapid transit system.

Next we drove to Pretoria stopping on the way to check out the famous Premier diamond mine. All mining is now done underground, but we got a look at the enormous open pit that was originally mined until it got so deep that it was dangerous. We went into the building where the crushed base rock, called "Kimberlite" is washed over trays covered with grease. Rock is water wetted but diamonds are not. But they do not have an affinity for grease so the diamonds stick on the grease and the wet gravel passes over to be discarded. This is the mine which the famous Cullinan Diamond came from. We also saw a lot of rough stones as well as glass models of famous diamonds of the world. Most interesting.

Pretoria is the administrative capitol of the country and so we saw the usual government buildings, President's mansion and so forth. Just out of the city we visited the Vortrekker monument which was raised to commemorate the long migration of the Af-



"One good thing about this job --
you can wear whatever you like!"

ricaners from Cape Colony up into the interior and the hardships, battles and victories they accomplished. It was quite an impressive sight.

Then back to the airport for a flight to Cape Town. I had an interesting talk with a black man who was sitting next to me. In So. Africa this man was referred to a "colored" but the world "colored" is not a synonym for black but refers to people of mixed race, black and white, Indian and white or Indian and black. This man was a Ph.D and chairman of the Department of Religion in one of the universities. It was interesting to get his side of the story to contrast with the information that our bus driver and guide around Johannesburg-Pretoria had given us. They were very liberal-minded themselves so they weren't giv-

ing us the hard line African's point of view either. But from the two I distilled for myself the basic nature of the conflict that exists.

We read in the papers the next morning that about an hour after we left Pretoria they had the biggest hailstorm in years. so our weather was a couple of hours behind us but it caught up with us the next day. In Capetown we found that our "unusual weather" was still with us. It was rainy and foggy so that we were unable to go to the top of Table Mountain. We took quite a bus trip around the cape area including going out to the tip of the capr of Good Hope itself and seeing the line of demarcation of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. They are of different temperatures and of different shades of blue-green and the "line" can be seen . We also learned that the Cape is not actually the southernmost point of the African continent but that there is another cape about a hundred miles east that is a few miles further south. However it was very windy and cold and most of us felt that we were just as happy where we were than further south.

The only other thing to be commented on about Capetown is that they roll up the sidewalks at night. Our hotel was in the downtown district about two blocks from the railroad station. Most everyone lives in the suburbs so after six in the evening there is just nothing going on---no stores, no movies, no people, no nuthin'. You stay in your hotel because there is nowhere else to go and it isn't safe to be just wandering the streets alone.

Next stop was a long flight to Nairobi in Kenya. This is a very interesting city ---very modern, very bustling and very black. I had lost one of the little screws out of my glasses and had to locate an optician's shop and also a camera store. So I was out walking by myself, the only white face in blocks. Yet I felt much more comfortable than I would have walking around Harlem or CentralAve in Los Angeles. The man at the opticians shop was an

Indian and I asked him about the society. He said "we have a real equalitarian society here; whites and Indians are both minorities but are treated with respect and there is no racial problem.

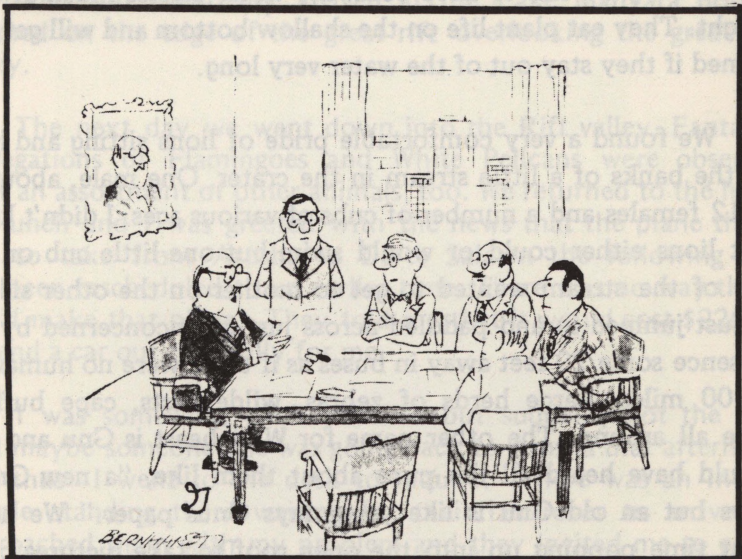
I had brought some gemstones over from the states thinking that I might be able to sell them in Johannesburg as the friend that told me about them had done a couple of years ago. But in meantime they had begun to import them so there was no need—and no sale. So in Nairobi I went looking for a gem merchant and located a very nice man who was both a chemist and a Ph.D. as I am myself and so we had a good acquaintance. He was an Indian but very travelled and knowledgeable. I sold a bunch of the stones to him and traded him some more for some east African stones and did pretty well for myself. I am having the green ones which look like Emeralds made into a ring and then a couple of yellow orange garnets into stud earrings. I think I'll see if I can't become an international jewel trader and thus pay my way around the world. That would be fun.

We spent a night at Treetops which is a famous place. It consists of a hotel built on stilts among the trees and at the edge of a water hole. At nights they shine lights out over the pond and all sorts of animals come to drink and to lick salt while the tourists sit quietly on the balcony and watch. Wouldn't you know it, we brought "our" weather so it rained which cut down the animal performance quite a bit. But it was kind of exciting to be sheperded from the cars about 300 yards up the trail to Treetops and back again in the morning by the "great white hunter", and intrepid Englishman of the old school—toting a loaded elephant gun on his arm. Seems that every now and then some of the animals get a little too curious. They have several security structures along the way so in case of emergency the tourists can get in them and thus out of sight of the animals.

Next day it was back to Nairobi and the Hilton overnight and then out to Amboselli, a game preserve about 100 miles away,

Nice accomodations there and the next morning in small 5 passenger buses, with open roofs for picture taking, we set out on a tour of the reserve and got a lot of shots of elephants, zebra, giraffe, various gazelles and antelope and ostriches, with some baboons and lions thrown in.

We returned to Nairobi and the next day took off for Tanzania. Since Kenya and Tanzania are not speaking to each other we couldn't just fly the 100 miles between airports but, instead, had to fly about a 1000 miles west to Kilgali in Ruanda, a different country, change planes to Tanzanian Airlines and fly the 1000 miles back to Arusha in Tanzania. From there we took off in the same kind of mini buses for the famous Ngorongoro Crater. Roads in Tanzania leave much to be desired. Even the main road that we took to the cutoff was studded with areas of great chuck holes and torn up pavement every mile or so. But the



"We'll meet your demands on wages, retirement, holidays, and insurance but you guys can't come to work 'en femme' anymore!"

roads to the crater and later to the Serengeti Hotel were the bumpiest I've ever experienced and I did a lot of driving around the western states when I was young and most roads were gravel. But these took the cake.

We eventually arrived at the Crater hotel which is perched right on the edge and looks down into this enormous pit several thousand feet deep and 10 to 12 miles across in each direction. It is quite a sight and it must have been really something hundreds of millions of years ago when it was an active volcano and "blew its top" like Krakatoa. Man, what an event! Next day we got into Land Rovers and went down into the crater. The road down and back was, if possible, worse than the roads getting there but we survived. There are several lakes in the crater which harbor great flocks of various water birds and also several different groups of hippopotamuses or is it hippopotomi? Unfortunately, they spent most of their time in the water up to their eyes so you can't see much. They do this to keep cool; the water carries much of their weight. They eat plant life on the shallow bottom and will get sunburned if they stay out of the water very long.

We found a very comfortable pride of lions sitting and lying on the banks of a little stream in the crater. One male, about 10 to 12 females and a number of cubs of various ages. I didn't know that lions either could or would swim but one little cub on one side of the stream wanted to get to mother on the other side so he just jumped in and paddled across just as unconcerned by our presence some 20 feet away in buses as if there were no humans in a 100 miles. Large herds of zebras, wildebeasts, cape buffalo, were all around. The other name for Wildebeast is Gnu and you should have heard all the puns about them like, "a new Gnu is news but an old Gnu is like yesterdays Gnus paper." We had a great time popping up into the open roof to take pictures of all and sundry and seeing how close we could get to a rhino before he started to lope toward us---at which point the driver gunned us away. A Volkswagon will take a lot of punishment from rocky roads but would not stand up too well against a ton of mad meat bashing into it.

The following day we took off for the Serengeti plains with a very unexpected surprise midway there. I had no idea that the Olduvai Gorge made famous by the Leakeys was anywhere near this part of Africa - so went and saw it. I commented to one of the girls that it was about the most god-forsaken place I could think of in which to become famous. It was hot and dry, with no shade, no greenery, no water and no shelter.

The hotel, located in the middle of the Serengeti, was very unique. It was built in, on and around a lot of giant stone outcroppings - and I do mean around. The big rounded rocks stick into the dining room and the lounge. Large picture windows have the glass cut so that it follows the surface of the boulder so that part of the rock is outside and part inside. All supplies have to be trucked in - about 150 miles over those unbelievable roads. Yet we were served fine meals.

After a day scouting the area we saw animal herds with the exception of cheetahs and leopards. Later we returned the way we came and eventually arrived at the Lake Manyara hotel - perched on the edge of the great rift overlooking the great rift valley.

The next day we went down into the Rift valley. Fantastic aggregations of Flamingoes and White Pelicans were observed with an assortment of other animals, too. We returned to the hotel for lunch and I was greeted with the news that the plane that I was to take from Arusha to Dares Salaam the following day had been rescheduled to an earlier time. There was no way that I could make that plane. They told me that it would cost \$225.00 to send a car out especially for me.

I was somewhat panic stricken but suddenly got the idea that maybe someone else was going back to Arusha that afternoon and thus I went to the desk to inquire. There was an Indian couple standing there waiting for their landrover to arrive. I approached them with my problem and they invited me to come with them. They agreed to wait a few minutes while I got my stuff together. I ran back to the dining room and told everybody the situation and said a few quick "goodbyes". Then up to my room for a quick pack and hauling of my things down to the



PATTIE
CA - 55 - H



RITA
FNG - 1 - S



EILEEN
NJ - 9 - ME

MONICA
PA - 7 - P



SALLY ANN
MD - 7 - K

desk , which was quite a hassle because it was a long, narrow hotel with a lot of steps. But I made it and off we went. Since they didn't speak too much English and were in the back seat and I was up front with the driver, and because there was lots of noise in the open car, it was a long and lonely as well as bumpy ride back to Arusha - but we finally made it.

I stayed there that night and got out to the field the next morning and caught the flight to Dares-Salaam which is the capital city of Tanzania on the Indian Ocean. I was scheduled to connect with an Air France flight to Paris at 5:30 P'M' so that I could get to Copenhagen by 10:00 A'M' Sunday in order to take in the last half day of a three day convention of the members of FPE of No. Europe. It wasn't till I had sat in the lounge for two hours that one of the Air Tanzania girls came up to tell me that the flight till early the next morning. We could not raise the Air France agent on the phone so a young Swedish man and I shared a Taxi into town and took rooms at the Hotel Kili-manjaro for the night. I went out and took a walk around town, found the phone company and put in a long diatance call to Copenhagen to tell my friends there that I wouldn't be there in the morning. Then back to the hotel for dinner and an early retirement as we had to be up at 2AM to be sure to get a taxi to the airport.

The agent finally arrived and made me an Air France connection Paris to Copenhagen which was due to leave 1½ hours after our flight was due to arrive. So we took off and had several stops on the way. Finally we arrived in Athens and stayed on the ground for 1¼ pf the 1½ hours change time I had. So I got the steward to let me stand up at the door in the first class section to be the first off. My Swedish friend and I were grabbed by some ground personnel and we literally ran thru the departure lounge to the area for the Copenhagen plane. We got the last two seats on the plane and finally arrived in Copenhagen . I called Erna, my FPE friend and told her I was in town, would take the bus to the downtown terminal and would she meet me there. I did and she did and I had a great three days with the Danish girls.

I gave a seminar to the interns and residents in Psychiatry at the state hospital and a long interview with a gal that publishes a two page spread on sexual matters in each Wednesday's

edition of the Aftonbladet, the largest paper in Denmark. On top of that, I had several evenings of conviviality with the Danish girls who are the most charming and helpful hostesses. Copenhagen is one of my favorite cities and I love being there so I enjoyed this repeat opportunity.

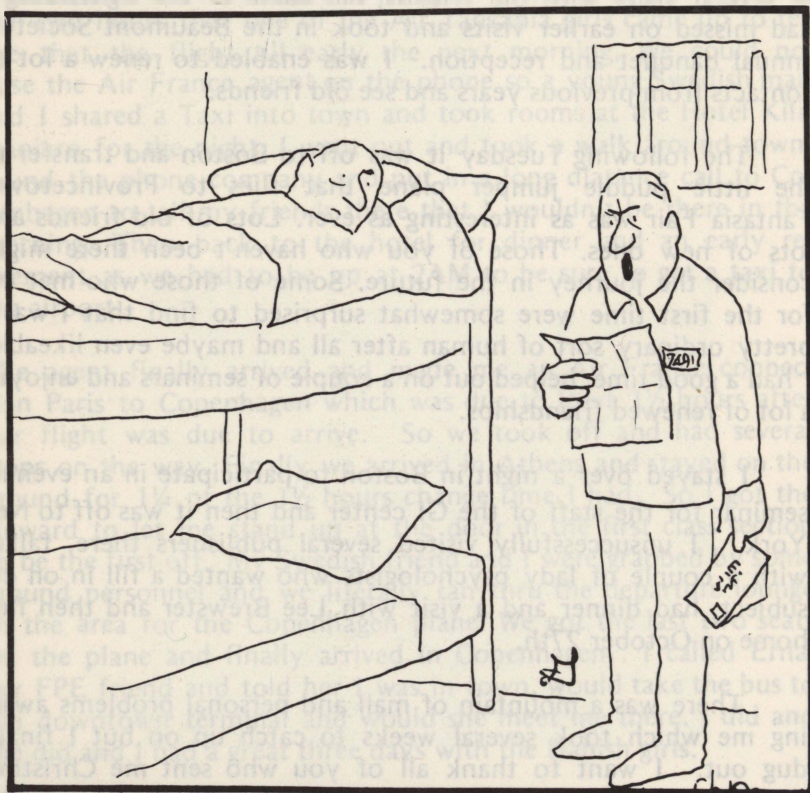
Later I flew to London, arriving in a drizzle. They now have a subway connection clear out to Heathrow and I came in on that but had to change to another line which with a suitcase, flight bag, purse and overcoat, was a bit of a job. A very nice gate keeper at the subway station left his post and carried my bag for me to the hotel which was a couple of blocks away. There are real advantages to being a member of the "weaker" sex. I got in several visits with old friends, did some of the sightseeing I had missed on earlier visits and took in the Beaumont Society's annual banquet and reception. I was enabled to renew a lot of contacts from previous years and see old friends.

The following Tuesday it was off to Boston and transfer to the little puddle jumper plane that flies to Provincetown. Fantasia Fair was as interesting as ever. Lots of old friends and lots of new ones. Those of you who haven't been there might consider the journey in the future. Some of those who met me for the first time were somewhat surprised to find that I was a pretty ordinary sort of human after all and maybe even likeable. I had a good time, helped out on a couple of seminars and enjoyed a lot of renewed friendships.

I stayed over a night in Boston to participate in an evening seminar for the staff of the GI center and then it was off to New York. I unsuccessfully visited several publishers there, talked with a couple of lady psychologists who wanted a fill in on our subject, had dinner and a visit with Lee Brewster and then flew home on October 27th.

There was a mountain of mail and personal problems awaiting me which took several weeks to catch up on but I finally dug out. I want to thank all of you who sent me Christmas cards - I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I also want to offer special thanks to those of you who appreciated TVia issue 100 enough to send me some contributions towards its extra cost

because of its extra length. And, speaking of the magazine, I'd like to call your attention to the fact that although Carol is now publishing and distributing all of the issues in stock - and we have most issues back to issue 63 - that those who are interested in reading earlier issues which no longer can be obtained can still rent them. This service is still maintained by me from the library of all issues that I maintain. Price is \$6.00 plus 15% postage just as current issues but \$3.00 of this is returnable as cash or credit upon return of the copy. There is a lot of good reading in these earlier issues. Send your rental requests to Virginia Prince Box 36091, Los Angeles, Ca 90036.and a great 1980 to you all. VIRGINIA



"How do you like that! Lane Bryant refuses to ship here!"



I Am A Cross - dresser

R.W.

If you can't beat 'em, then join 'em - that's my philosophy! I am deeply convinced that this is a world of , by, and for, women. It's so much easier to be a woman, and to act feminine, than it is to be a man and battle against the elements!

Outwardly and physically I am a male. It is only deep within my mind that I have the haunting desire to be like a female, to dress like one, to act like one, and to avoid the day to day tensions and conflicts that confront men.

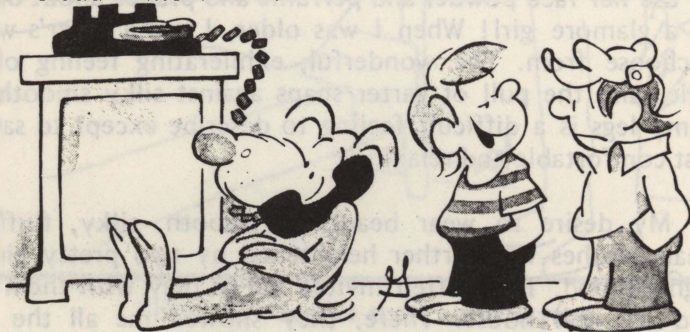
It began, perhaps, when I was a small boy of four or five, some twenty eight years ago. Then, I would emulate my mother by donning her silky satin slips and placing my tiny bare feet into her high heel shoes. I would use her lipstick on my mouth and use her face powder and perfume and prance about our house like a glamore girl! When I was older, I had a sister's wardrobe to choose from. The wonderful, exhilarating feeling of a bra, girdle, and the pull of garter snaps against silky smooth nylons on my legs is a difficult feeling to describe except to say it was most comfortable and relaxing.

My desire to wear beautiful, smooth, silky, fluffy, light female clothes was further heightened by two pretty girl in my neighborhood. They often invited me to play with them in their child-size doll house. There, they showed me all the delights of being a girl and even helped me to dress as one. I really enjoyed their dressing me up as a little girl.

Later, as I grew older, (and required my larger garments), I took it upon myself to going to department stores and purchase my own pretty things. What fun! When I went off to college I took all my feminine finery with me and dressed up on weekends when I was alone in my dormitory room. However, I continued to date local girls in college.

I have now been married for fifteen years and my desire to be like a girl is as strong as it has ever been. I still have a nice collection of dresses, shoes, wigs, lingerie and dress as a woman when I am alone at home. My wife and children do NOT know that I am a transvestite. I have kept it a secret all these years. I still believe that this is a world of women, by women, and for women. No matter where one looks, everything is slanted towards the feminine and the world of womanhood.

It is a wonderful feeling to walk down the street as a girl, dressed as one, and thinking as one with my 3" high heels arching my legs into a beautiful shape; my nylons clinging tightly and smoothly to my shaven legs; my garters stretched tightly from my girdle; my bra fastened snugly around my chest; my nylon satin slip swishing softly against my thighs and knees, my pretty red dress pulled in tightly by its belt at my waist, it's full skirt rustling softly in tune with my satin slip, my prettily brushed wig fitted smartly in place; my face made up for perfection with all the wonderful cosmetics that I have; my body smelling heavenly with expensive perfume - all this makes me feel so wonderful being like a girl! What a glorious and heavenly feeling it is! I am in heaven - cloud number nine!



"I told him that dogs can't join Tri-Sigma but he's calling Carol anyway!"

And then, the times come when I must give up my girl-self and return all the pretty things to their hiding place and remove all traces of the makeup. And on Monday, into the gray dawn I go, back to a dull, lifeless of a job; as a provider; an empty shell of a man, going through the motions of responsibility and looking with ENVY of the prettier sex all around me. These wonderful women prancing about in their high heels and pretty skirts and dresses - little do they know that I KNOW how they think and feel and act. I no longer fear discovery as I now know that I have many sisters out there who feel the same way I do. We must unite in a common cause - to make society understand our needs and grant us a legal right to be feminine without fear of punishment or criticism.



DEE DEE
CT - 7 - W



TRUE STORY

DIANNA FINDS
UNDERSTANDING
IN FLORIDA!

DIANNA VA-15-J

After having experienced a bad marriage and being left with nothing after many years of trying to do as society expects, I departed from the north leaving behind a lot of memories. I traveled south to Florida with only my clothes and car. I intended to make a new life for myself.

Finding a new job was the most important thing to me for money certainly was not plentiful. Fortunately, not only did I quickly locate a satisfactory job but also a nice place to stay which I could call home. Florida had a lot to offer me since I loved to fish and go boating. The state was not strange to me since I had attended school there for three years.

It did not take me long to save some money to finance my "other" desire. Many years before I had experienced life as a transvestite although only behind closed doors since I was afraid of being discovered; It seemed that Halloween was then the only time that you could be seen in public.

Now that I had a place of my own and could do as I pleased, I could begin to accumulate all the pretty feminine clothing that I had been longing for. It certainly was a lot of fun buying the bras, panties, slips and other things. When I purchased underwear I got very frilly garments with lots and lots of lace. Dresses were a lot more difficult to purchase since my size was not always available in the stores that I visited. I took a size 16 tall

and it took some traveling about to locate what I needed. Purchasing makeup was easy since most food stores had vast displays of all kinds of cosmetics.

Still, after I had accumulated all those things which were so important to me, I did my crossdressing at home since I was afraid of being discovered. When I returned home each evening from a hard days work, I would shave and shower and don the clothing I loved to wear. One can hardly explain the wonderful sensation of nylon on smooth legs or the feel of nylon or other soft material on the body. Going to the closet to pick out a dress to wear during the next few hours completed my preparations. I couldn't help wonder if the real girls really appreciated their smooth, light and colorful clothing which they had at their disposal all the time. Of course, I neglected to mention that I would apply my makeup at the mirror to complete the transformation. I had already chosen a light brown wig for the evening at home.

Then it was off to the kitchen to prepare dinner as any other single, young lady would do. But after my meal and then sitting down to watch television for the evening, I found it rather lonesome -- night after night of the same thing. I wondered how nice it would be to have a girl friend to share my life and be able to talk to her about my inner feelings about femininity.

Then one night I decided to do what I had wanted to do for such a long time -- that was to go out as Dianna. I had found that there was no law against my crossdressing if I minded my own business and did not break any laws. So that special evening came and, as usual, I shaved and showered, taking extra care this time not to nick myself. After a bath, soft powder and body lotion, I went to the bedroom to begin my transformation to Dianna. Everything had to be just right this evening so that I could appear on the street as just another lady. I chose this time a white Merry Widow which would give me a trim waist and a full bust line. My panties were white with lace. A matching slip was smoothly fitted over my now feminine-looking body. I slipped pretty black hi-heeled shoes on my feet and very carefully applied my mskeup.

I then chose a black one-piece dress with sleeves. As it slipped over my body I really felt like a girl. I put on a dark

blondish colored wig with a length of hair to my shoulders -- the hair framed my face and when looking into the mirror to see the results I was pleased to see a nice looking girl there, looking back at me.

Since the weather was warm I didn't need a jacket. I gathered certain things together into my purse, including make-up, keys, and a pretty handkerchief. Then I made my way to the car. I wandered around the town, driving up one street and down another and finally passed a drive-in movie. It had been sometime since I had seen a movie so why not give my "second self" an opportunity to see an interesting movie. But I still wished that I had a nice girlfriend to share my pride and happiness as I relaxed and watched the movie. When the movie ended I drove home very pleased with myself and eventually went to bed in a very feminine nightgown.

Sometime later, I went to a local lounge and noticed a very attractive young lady sitting alone. After some time I noticed a fact that she was unescorted so I told the fellow tending bar to send her a drink identical to what she was already drinking. Gathering my courage, I proceeded over to where she was sitting and introduced myself. Although she was very reserved she asked me to sit down. We chatted about "nothing", really, and had a few dances. I did find out that her name was Joan and that she had been given a rather bad time by her boyfriend who was also seeing another girl. It appeared that he was just "stringing her along." Because the hour was getting late I asked her if I could see her home but she indicated that her car was just outside. I asked if I might see her again and she said that she would like that.

We went out several times to dinner and a show and found that she was fond of going to the beach and to my surprise, learned that she loved fishing. What could be better? So we spent some happy hours at the beach and fished.

But now I found that I had definitely formed an attraction for her. Up to this time I had not mentioned my crossdressing although I often noticed the nice way she looked. She was always well groomed and when she dressed up and wore her high heels, I had to stand up straight to equal her height. She was very well



"YES SIR, I AM
WRITING IT
ONE HUNDRED TIMES,
'I WILL NOT
WEAR MY SISTER'S
DRESSES TO
CLASS!' "

built and when we went out together, people would turn their heads to look at her.

On one Sunday we went out to the glades to fish in one of many canals. The bank where we were strolling was overgrown with high weeds and I missed my step and ended up in the canal. I was soaked from head to toe. When I climbed out of the canal Joan suggested that we go to her place and dry off and relax for awhile and perhaps have a bite to eat. After we arrived at her home she suggested that I take a shower while she prepared some drinks. So off I went to the bathroom to undress -- not thinking that the only clothing I had was sopping wet. When I finished taking a nice "clean" shower I asked her what I was to wear and was told that she had laid some clothes on the bed for me to use. I was really shocked, to say the least, to discover that there on the bed were a pretty housecoat and panties. The housecoat was blue with large roses on it and it had a full train with a belt that tied in front. What to do? I couldn't wait to get into those pretty things but was afraid to do so because of the guilt I had concerning wearing them in front of her. So I called to her and asked if she was just fooling with me and did she really want me to wear those feminine things. She replied that why shouldn't I since I had nothing else to wear and that it would take at least an hour for the wet clothing I had taken off to be washed and dried. She indicated that I should hurry as she had prepared a drink for me and was then working to prepare dinner.

At this point, I was really beside myself as the clothes were so pretty - and I didn't even have to ask her for permission to wear them - she had preferred me to wear them. So I eagerly slipped on the robe and panties. As I put on the robe I noticed that she had used a very nice perfume on it to make it more alluring. Well, I somewhat embarrassingly entered the living room where she was sitting on the couch, waiting for me to make my grand entrance. I had expected her to laugh but she only smiled and told me that I looked nice. I then melted. I thought to myself that this WAS the girl that I had been looking for but never expected to find. She made me feel at ease. We had a great dinner and retired to the living room. It felt so nice wearing the long gown and I felt so good with it on, especially since she was so accepting. No sooner did I sit down when she got up, went to the

bedroom, and after several minutes called to me that I was to come into the bedroom because there was something that she wanted to show me.

So I got up and went to see what she wanted and when I arrived Joan asked me to sit down as there was one thing that she wanted to do. Without any further explanation she started to apply her various creams and lotions on me, saying that she would like to please me and to let me see what a girl did to make herself look nice. Naturally, I didn't protest. So she went ahead and eventually got around to putting makeup on my face, saying that I should relax and enjoy the experiment. This was the first time that I had someone else put makeup on me and this time it was just sheer happiness. First she put one thing on and then took it off, choosing something she felt was better for me. When she was satisfied with how she had made me appear, she went to her closet and came back with a wig and proceeded to place it on my head. It was sort of a medium blond in a shag cut and had delicious curls that fell to the sides of my face. I was in heaven! Up to this point I had not looked into the mirror because I was enjoying it so much I didn't care WHAT I looked like just as long as she continued to fuss over me. But she finally asked that I look into the mirror and it was a totally different person who looked back at me. Bending down, she placed a kiss on my cheek and asked if I was angry with what she had done.

I realized that this was no time to lie to her so I told her "everything" about my crossdressing but it appeared to make no difference in her attitude towards me. Lucky me! Sometimes I feel that some people can look within you and know what you are thinking. So this wonderful young lady and I had many beautiful times together. Although I was to take her out to dinner many times, as my male self, we did manage to spend other evenings at her home = sometimes as two girls. I was never so happy as I was during that time. I found that I just couldn't do enough for her and it was the same way with her. We had an understanding between us that was just lovely. I'll never forget her and only hope that when I marry and settle down that I'll marry a wonderful girl like Joan.

THE SIMPLE CASE!

Dee Raymond

"This one's a pretty straightforward case," Al Seivers murmured to Bud Hamilton. Bud squinted through the open grill in front of the basement window as the older, heavy-set man chewed on the ham sandwich Bud had brought him. "Sooner or later, Buck's boys are gonna make a try for Bassaglia, and when they do, we'll have the collar."

Bud grunted. There'd be lots of bullets flying around, too, he thought. He scowled, thinking in the way that each 'straightforward' case, to which he had been assigned, seemed to turn sour the moment he put his hands on it. "Who's in there with Louie?" he asked, looking down the street to the dark pickup where Jack Owens and Ray Pezanski were settled down.

Seivers swilled coffee into his mouth and then spat in disgust against the concrete wall of the warehouse basement. "No-one," he growled.

Bud turned from the window. "No-one?" he he asked in surprise. "Doesn't he know that Buck's gunning for him? Has'nt he been tipped off?"

"Sure," Seivers attacked the sandwich again, finally winning the contest with a long piece of fat that snapped under the constant pull from the heavy jowls. "But he don't care." He took a small sip of coffee, mixing it in with the mouthful of sandwich.

"He's a real hot dog, or he wouldn't be trying to push Buck off Bleeker."

"He's that good that he can walk alone?" Bud couldn't keep the disbelief from his voice.

"Well, he's never quite alone – not entirely," said Seivers, giving Bud a leer. "He's always got Candy with him. Maybe he don't wanna share her with anyone else."

"Candy?" asked Bud, wishing that Matek had filled him in more completely before turning this 'simple case' over to him.

"You don't know our Candy?" It was Al Seivers turn to be astonished. "Here." He put down his sandwich on the top of a large wooden crate and reached inside his suit pocket. As the other fumbled through his wallet, Bud scanned the deserted road. Apart from blinking neon signs at either end of the street, there was no action at all – which was strange in itself as this area was known for its derelicts. They obviously knew better than to hang out on Bassaglia's home territory, not when half the town knew that Old Man Buck was out to cut the upstart down.

"Now, don't she look sweet?" asked Seivers, laying out a series of photographs in front of Bud Hamilton. Bud looked at the candid photos placed on the sill in front of him. Candy was a very well stacked blonde, with a mass of frezzy, platinum curls. As might be expected, she wore a great deal of makeup and very smart clothes that showed off her legs and her figure to great advantage.

"Yeah," said Hamilton, looking back up to the closed front door of Bassaglia's apartment building. "Does she always come out in front of him?"

Seivers looked hard at the photographs, a deep furrow across his wide forehead. He pushed away a lock of gray hair that strayed across his face. "Does seem that way, don't it?" he said, looking from one photo to the other.

"She's in there with him now?" asked Bud, nodding towards the dimly lit windows on the second floor that were Bassaglia's

apartment.

"Sure," Seivers nodded, still looking over the photographs in detail. Hamilton looked away in disgust. Candy was attractive in a flashy, mobster kind of way, but to droll over her, like Seivers, was quite repulsive. She was probably a hustler of some kind, maybe even a hooker, the kind of woman that a man like Bassaglia would choose.

There was a rap on the door that led to a hallway and the back way out of the warehouse. Jim Walsh, Seiver's partner, another portly man, came into the room. He nodded to Bud, shook out his wet raincoat and then threw it onto a packing case. "The judge said OK," said Walsh. "Now we have to figure out a way to get a tap into the apartment."

Seivers swallowed the last part of his sandwich. "How about the telephone?" he asked in garbled fashion as the food moved about in his mouth.

Walsh shrugged. "You know how cagey the wise guys are on the phones," he said.

"Is Lieutenant Matek back downtown?" asked Bud, thinking how right Walsh was and how he'd better talk to Matek soon about the way he was organizing the statement.

"No," Jim Walsh was surprised by the question. "He said that you were covering this one for him. He has to attend one of Chief Dwyer's conferences tomorrow." The tone which Walsh used told Hamilton much about how most of the department felt about their new chief and the many varied 'staff conferences' that were a feature of the new organization Dwyer was putting in.

"Did Fred say where he was going?" Bud persisted.

Walsh shook his head. "I presume that he was going home," he said. His canny eyes regarded Bud Hamilton, acting Lieutenant, with cool interest. One of Dwyer's first moves had been to change the ranking system of the Department, introducing new classes of detectives and officers. Where previously Hamilton

had been a Detective/Sergeant, in the line of authority in the Department, now, with the abolition of the rank, he had been pushed upward even though there was no real job for another Lieutenant in Robbery/Homicide. Hence, his movement around, tying up one loose end after another until Dwyer made up his mind what to do with Bud's "acting" status. Bud could feel that Jimmy Walsh also wanted to know what Hamilton's true status in the Department was -- but, since Bud didn't know himself, he couldn't do much to help the other.

(Later)

Clara was sitting up for Bud when he got home later that night, having checked that all replacements were in position and that backup was ready, should the Bassaglia situation explode.

"Your brother called this afternoon," Clara said pointedly as soon as Bud had settled down in an armchair with his cup of strong, black coffee.

"And," Bud said as carefully as he could. At one time, Clara had accepted Alan and his "problem" with much greater compassion than Bud had been able to muster. But since Alan's divorce, she had begun to regard him in a different light, and sometimes she was downright rude to him.

"He's coming to see you tomorrow." Clara's face was set in firm lines. "I told him that you had to leave at four."

Bud nodded. "Did he say what he wanted?" he asked.

"He doesn't have to say," snorted Clara. "It'll be about money, anyway."

"Oh, come on, dear," said Bud quite calmly. "We don't know that for sure, do we?"

"Well," Clara would not be placated. "Just how many jobs are there for a man like that?"

Avon just called!

Now I'll pass!!



Bud sighed. "He has a secretarial job," he said, sipping on the hot coffee. "He was still working there last week when I had to go by the place."

"Do they know about him there?" snapped Clara. "Do they know that he likes to dress up like a women?"

Bud put his coffee down. "He's employed there as a woman," he said quietly. "You know he hasn't been anything else but Linda since he married Mary."

Clara snorted again. She was really angry, thought Bud in surprise. She must have known that Allan was employed as a woman. He even had a driving license as 'Linda Hamilton' now. "I don't know how Mary could stand him," Clara shuddered. "Imagine having to sleep with him, and then having his baby."

"They were very happy," said Bud.

"Happy!" Clara was furious. "And that's why they were divorced!"

Bud at last began to get the picture. Clara was still not reconciled to their own childless state and it was the loss of Mary and young Edward, now out in California, with new husband and father, which was hurting the most. Clara had doted on the boy and had practically raised him until he was two. "Alan agreed

with Mary that the boy needed a real father," Bud said very carefully. He remembered Mary's tears as she and Linda had clung together after the divorce. Only Bud had seen Linda break down after Mary's taxi to the airport had at last disappeared away from the courthouse.

"He could have been a real man if he had wanted to be," Clara's voice had a note of viciousness in it. "You're just indulging him."

"You did once," said Bud, and then was instantly sorry as he saw the fury ravage his wife's face. "What I meant was" he began.

But it was too late. Clara had thrust herself out of her armchair and was off to bed, her stiff back showing her displeasure with him. Bud was about to go after her, but was stopped by the ringing of the phone.

It was Al Sievers, and his voice was very shaky. "Bud," he gasped, and instantly, Bud knew that something was very wrong. "They took out Bassaglia tonight," the detective was almost weeping into the phone, "and they got Jimmy, too, very bad. It's hell over here!" Sievers sounded like he was breaking up.

Hamilton looked down the hallway towards the closed door of the bedroom. There was nothing he could say to Clara anyway to help her get over her real anger at Alan for allowing Mary to divorce him. "I'll be right over," he said into the phone. "Get the medical and forensic teams over to your address right away. I'll be there in twenty minutes." He hung up the phone and looked back to the bedroom. The light was off already, a clear indication of Clara's mood. Without trying any further, Bud went to fetch his gun from the safe in his den, and then he left, having made sure that the door was securely locked behind him.

(Later)

Al Sievers description of "hell all over" was as mild a description as he could have given to describe the carnage at Lou Bassaglia's apartment. Jimmy Walsh, with three bullet holes in

him, had already been removed by the time Bud got there, but the bodies of the dead mobsters were still in the bloody positions where they had fallen. Bud recognized two of them as members of Jack Buck's mob.

Al Sievers came towards him, his lined face haggard. He was shaking as he took out his notebook. "Where's Bassaglia?" demanded Bud harshly.

Sievers pointed towards the bedroom and Bud strolled in after him. Candy was seated on the bed, her white mini-dress torn, showing a white bra strap. The medical examiner was putting a bandage around her upper arm while ogling her pretty, light-stockinged legs. She pulled a wry face at Hamilton as he entered. Bud was surprised to see with how much respect Sievers treated her. He edged by the satin-covered bed and pointed to the black hole left by the removal of a panel from the far wall.

"There was a passage here that led to the alley between Cross and Seventy-Third," said Sievers Shakily. "We found Bassaglia's body in the alley. Whoever cut him down there must have used a silencer."

It was Bud's turn to be bewildered. Then he saw Jack Owens standing just inside the door, a bandage about his head. "Where were you?" Bud asked harshly.

"Th-They took me out," mumbled Owena unsteadily, rubbing the back of his head. Bud was able to see a red stain on the bandage now, beneath the detective's fingers. "R-Ray was out getting us f-fresh coffee."

Bud turned back to Sievers. There were other policemen there, both uniformed and plain-clothes, doing the jobs that were necessary at the scene of a homicide. "You must have seen them arrive," he stated.

"Well, Carter and Bocca were due in an hour," Sievers was very uncomfortable. "I heard the car doors slam. There were eight of them," he went on eagerly, determined to make up for his errors. "I woke Jimmy and we came out on the street just

as the shooting started. We tried to block them at the door, but they just came bursting out. I musta hit one guy but they got Jimmy before I -- I

"You were fired on, too," said Bud with more sympathy than he felt.

"Yeah," Seivers was eager. "I hit the deck when Jimmy went down. They dragged two of their guys into the one car they took off in. I think I hit it again when I fired after it." You shouldn't have had a shell left, thought Bud, and you know it. Now, it's going to tear you apart, whether or not Jimmy Walsh lives.

"You didn't see what happened up here?" asked Bud.

"No," Seivers shook his head. "But when I came up, Ledano," he pointed to the now grey-shrouded corpse near the door, "was firing at her." He indicated Candy. "She took him out, and then surrendered to me when I identified myself."

Hamilton looked through the open doorway to the other two shrouded bodies beyond. "Did Bassaglia have a gun?" he asked.

It was Owens who answered. "Yeah, a '38'" he said.

"Was it fired?" asked Bud.

"No," Owens shook his head. "I picked it up. The clip was full and it was cold. I smelled it and it was just gun oil."

Hamilton turned and looked at the woman seated on the bed. She looked back at him. Her pictures had not done her justice. True, she was still quite heavily made up, false eyelashes and thick eyeshadow about her blue eyes, but her skin was quite smooth and her high cheekbones gave her a classy look even against the cheap decor of Lou Bassaglia's apartment.

"So you were Lou's bodyguard," said Hamilton, feeling Seivers and Owens start with surprise at his statement.

"Not me," the girl smiled at him, straight white teeth between glossy, pink lips. "They were shooting at Lou. He dropped the gun when he went through the wall. I just picked it up when that other guy," she winced as she moved her bandaged arm to point at Eddie Ledrano's body, "started to shoot at us."

Hamilton stared at the car for awhile. Just by her answer, he saw how superior she was to Lou Bassaglia. It made much more sense to think of her as Lou's defender than as a mobster's girl. She looked away from the detective, and pulled at her impossibly short skirt, where the frilly hem of her equally short, blue silk slip was showing. The gesture made Bud think of Allan (Linda) who was unable to conquer that gesture when he wore a mini-skirt.

"Why didn't you follow Lou down there?" Bud asked at last, pointing to the hole in the wall. "Perhaps you were the one who set him up. Then I could buy the fact that you didn't kill anyone." He smiled at her, but she was quite still. Only a sudden twitch of her head which set her earrings jingling, showed that she understood what he was saying.

"Lou wanted me to," she said a little shakily, "but I didn't think they'd hurt me. Then, she wouldn't or couldn't look at Hamilton, "I heard a shot from the tunnel, and I knew I couldn't go down that way after Lou. They were still firing in here. So, I picked up the gun andwell, I may have fired, but I didn't know if I hit anything. I was so scared," she added, her thick eyelashes fluttering at Seivers, who looked back sympathetically at her.

"Book her," said Bud suddenly to Seivers. "Get a police-woman and take her downtown."

"You can't do that!" For the first time, there was alarm and fear in the girl's soft, controlled voice.

"Why not?" asked Hamilton, a ghost of a smile on his face. "When our tests on Lou show that he didn't fire a gun at all tonight, it'll be very clear just who was guilty of at least three homicides here."

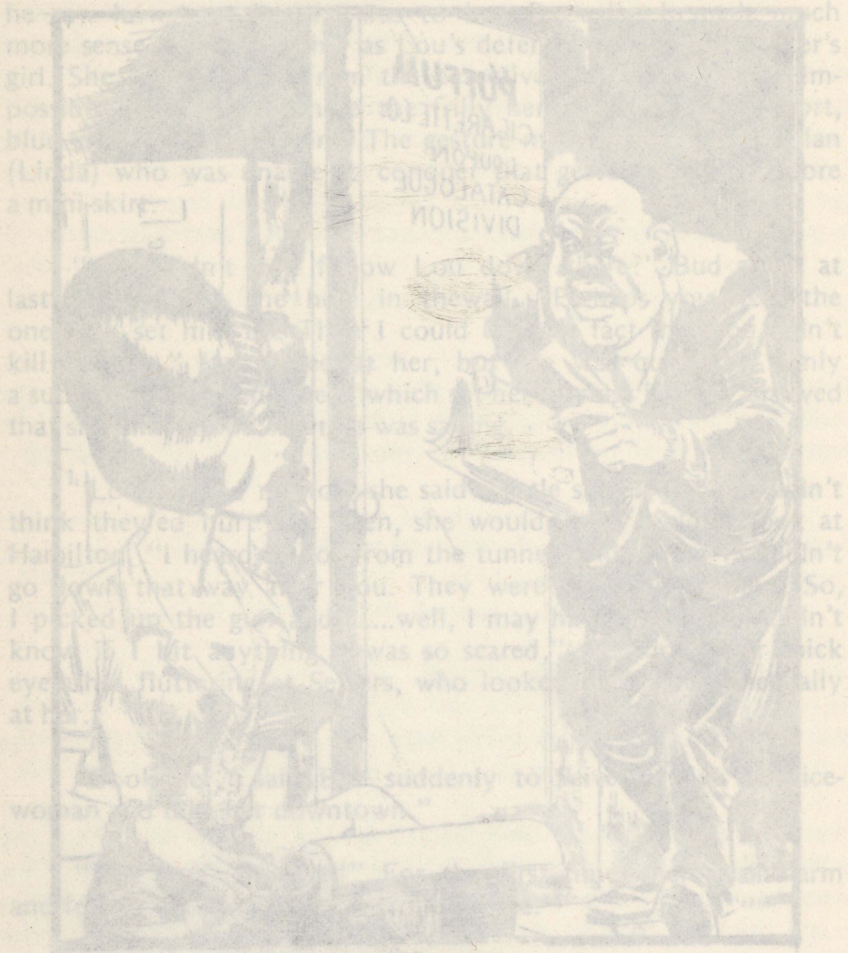
The girl was really shaken now. She licked at her glossy lips and reached up to straighten a wisp of platinum curls with a slim, feminine hand. Her nails were long and pointed, shining with the same pink gloss as her lipstick. "You can't arrest me," she whispered, but Hamilton was well aware that was what she was scared of most.

To Be Cont.



"Murphy, how many times have I told you not to leave your TRANSVESTIA magazine in the men's room!"

The girl was really shaken now. She looked at her glossy lips and reached up to straighten a wisp of platinum curls with a slim feminine hand. Her nails were long and pointed, shining with the same pink gloss as her lipstick. You can't resist me," she whispered, but Hamilton was well aware that was what she was scared of most.



When you lost of a smile on his face. "Muddy, how many times have I told you not to leave your TRANSVESTIA magazine in the men's third floor room? At least three homicides here."



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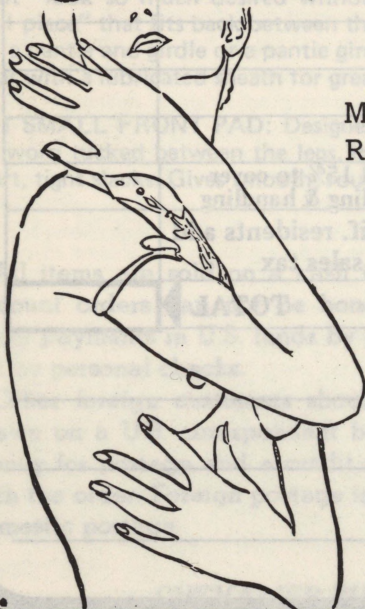
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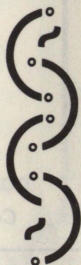
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The Society publishes a Directory of members (using code numbers). The Directory provides a brief description of the member as to her age, marital status, children, education, level of dressing, attitude of wife and hobbies and interests. This provides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

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

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

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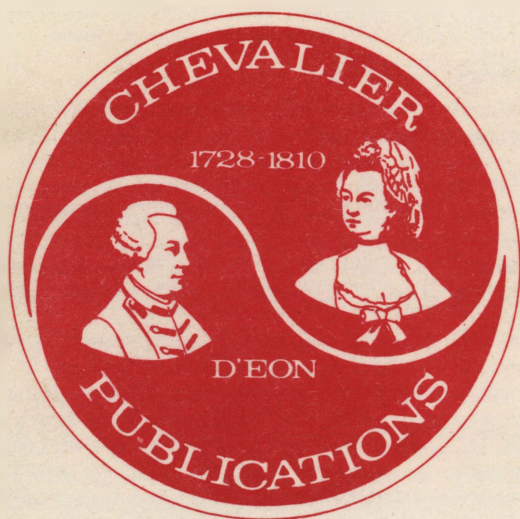
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