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TRANSVESTIA

Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.

Because being a woman — is everything.



NICHOL

VOL. XVIII

For The Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 106

PUBLICATION POLICY

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

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

PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA

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

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding — Self Acceptance — Peace Of Mind

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

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

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

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VOL. XVIII

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 106

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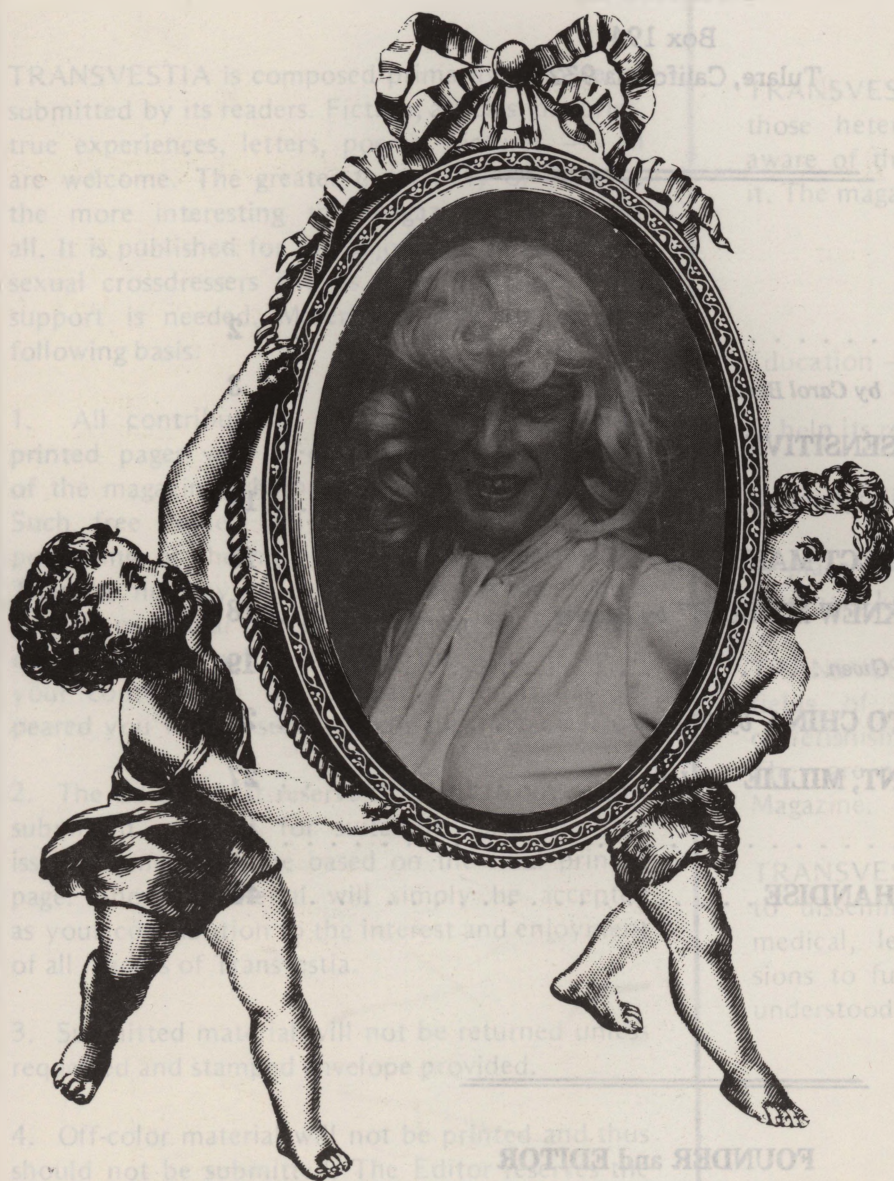
FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

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COVER GIRL



Since the implementation of the Cover Girl story in issue No. 101 of Transvestia, I have read each story with a great deal of interest. Most cross-dressers that I have talked to or read about trace their interest in being feminine back to either childhood or their early teens. I have found that after comparing my life to all those which I had read about, I was prompted to write my story so that maybe in some small way others may benefit from the unusual experiences that I am about to reveal.

It all began at about 06:45 A.M., March 7, 1938 in central Louisiana. If you are into astrology, run a natal chart and progression on that date, time and location and you can guess my fate for it was truly written in the stars. I was destined to become a rather unusual individual according to the soothsayers.

I was raised on a dairy farm on the edge of a small town. My grandparents on my mother's side owned the farm and my father was an auto mechanic. I had a half-sister who was five years older than me - the result of my father's first marriage. In addition there were two younger brothers as well as a younger sister to contend with. We were not allowed to venture very far from our home so childhood friends were practically non-existent.

The very early memories of my childhood were to include those which pertained to the second world war. Especially those activities related to aviation since that subject was like a second language around our home. That was because my Dad had recently gained employment in the manufacture of airplane engines.

Very early in my childhood I became aware of the fact that my immediate younger brother was the favored one and I received the whippings for all

Editors Choice

Hi! It has been a long time between issues. I wish that I could say something more than that I have been swamped with my regular job as well as the work of Tri-Ess Sorority, But that has been the reason for the delay.

However, I believe that I have found the answer to the roadblock. I do believe that my "answer", pictured below, can save me from the nut house due to all the pressures of getting out Transvestia as well as the many other duties of Tri-Ess Sorority and my regular job.

Girls, meet Rhonda!! She's certainly a pretty girl, isn't she? Well, I found her in an attorney's office and we have become friends. I realized that I needed some help with the typesetting of Transvestia and so I talked to Rhonda concerning spending 25 hours a month in my Chevalier office in Tulare. She was all for it and I can truthfully say that she did most of the typesetting for this issue. Most mistakes will be those that I made. She's a good typist. And fast! And pretty. Don't you envy me, girls.

Rhonda's single!! She's in her early twenties and I do believe that I have educated her enough about crossdressing that she is now very understanding about it. I have discussed the possibility of her being available for letter writing and she said "OK." So, you girls in your twenties, and maybe early thirties, who are single, and who are interested in writing to Rhonda can go ahead and write. Address

Carol Beecroft

your letters to Rhonda, c/o Carol Beecroft.

One thing, I don't want to hear of any writers getting fresh or writing off color letters. Keep it clean or you will hear from me since I have sort of acted as Daddy (or should I say Mommy) to Rhonda and am very protective about her. Have fun and do right with your letters. OK?



I hope that you readers like this issue of Transvestia. The long story, Ian's Great Aunt, Millie, is VERY good and comes to us from JOY in Scotland. It has a most unusual ending. I do want to remind everyone that I am always interested in manuscripts of calibre and encourage all who have a talent for writing to try something for this publication. Happy reading!



the troubles that he would start. The reason always given was that I was the oldest and therefore should have known better. I had become the black sheep of the family and consequently had turned into an introvert, with a mortal fear of my father. My older sister and I had a lot in common for she was resented by my mother - which became obvious when my younger sister was born and all of my mother's attention went to the newborn child.

During the critical early years when boys learn about girls, I was a thin, awkward child, who was afraid to even to talk to girls. Since I was not in the mainstream of the usual activities of other teenagers, I was rejected by my peers. I felt like an outcast from the in-crowd. Thus, I spent all of my spare time, when not in school, working in my father's automotive shop, learning all that I could about everything mechanical and electrical. At the same time, I made good marks in school. I had set my mind into entering some reclusive field of endeavor, such as physics or research since I did not feel comfortable with others. My father wanted me to follow in his footsteps and insisted that college was a waste of money. At the age of seventeen I joined the army reserves which made my father very happy. He was a veteran of World War I - and very proud of it. This did not take any time away from my high school work and when I graduated from high school I found that there really was nothing for me to do but to go to work as a mechanic. I ended up taking a job at a local marine, running the repair department and selling boating equipment. This was a good experience for me because I learned how to interact with other people and found acceptance due to my mechanical skills.

After going to work my parents demanded that I either

move into my own apartment or pay room and board in order to stay at home. Well, I wasn't making enough money to afford an apartment so I started making weekly payments at home. There were constant frictions at home and comments were made to the effect that I really should be dating girls so that I could marry and set up my own home. My little grandmother heard about the problems and one day sat me down for a long talk. With tears rolling down her cheeks she explained that as I was growing up, she was always there to come to my defense whenever my parents talked against me. She had recognized that I was being treated so poorly and said that I had been an unwanted child. Now I understood all that before was only a mystery.

With this information I set out to prove to myself, as well as my parents, that I would be the best in all things. I started dating girls and later met a girl who would become my wife. She was 16 and I was 21. The very first time that I took my beautiful new girl friend home to meet my parents, my dad's comment to her was, "Apparently you haven't met Larry, his younger brother." Both of us could have died from embarrassment.

We married in 1960 and later were blessed with several children. However, it wasn't too long before my family started a rumor that my wife and her employer were having an affair. That did it! I could not stand things any longer. I volunteered to go on active duty as an officer during the middle of the Vietnam conflict to just get away from family, hometown and bad memories. However, my wife and I managed to stick together through all of this.

I spent two years in Vietnam, returned home to attend some special training and then went back to the war flying combat and reconnaissance missions.

But flying under extreme stress, including flying every day, wore me down and then one day I received a letter from my wife that she had fallen in love with another pilot and wanted a divorce to marry him. I almost went out of my mind. I could not eat, sleep or even think straight. I felt lost.

Well, all of you crossdressers should start paying strict attention to what follows for here is where the plot thickens and an ugly worm learns how to turn into a lovely butterfly.

It so happened that I was stationed at an airfield in Vietnam that was co-located with a general hospital - with plenty of understanding nurses. Two of the girls, who were roommates, sensed my state of shock and took me under their wings for protection. I spent many hours with them, talking through my problems and emotional turmoil. I became very close to them and the amusing thing was that everyone around the place assumed I was some sort of a supper stud, taking care of two women. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Each month our aviation unit had a hail-and-farewell party in conjunction with the hospital in order to recognize old friends returning to the states as well as to welcome the new arrivals.

I was asked to play a part in a stage skit in which I played the part of a playboy who was known for his "ways" with women. In the skit I was pushed out on stage in a grocery cart, in which I was slightly inebriated - playing my guitar and singing. My hair was cluttered with leaves and flowers as if I had just made love to one of the nurses in the commander's flower bed. Hanging from my flight suit pockets were a beautiful matching bra and panty set, trimmed in lace. They had been donated by one of the nurses as props for the skit. After the show, that night, I went to bed and began to think about the girls, their softness,



how they were dressed when I was with them - so relaxed in their bra and panties as we would lay across their beds, engaged in long warm conversations in an attempt to resolve my problems.

I got up and retrieved the bra and panties from my flight suit. They were so beautiful and soft and they felt even better after I had put them on and stretched out on the bed. I felt so different - I had sort of slipped into another identity, another person and now there was no tension or conflict.

At first, I could not figure out how something as simple as a bra and panties had taken away all of that tormenting stress. I now know that by the simple action of entering the world of femininity I was washing my hands of and denouncing the whole macho male image. I felt that now a part of me was female. The experience was so powerful I would revisit this new found escape. I explored my inner thoughts about women, how different they were, so soft and understanding. My mental attitude turned around within a week of my discovery.

I had never before in my life had a brush with anything feminine. I had been so hell-bent to prove that I could be a man as the next guy, that I had not "stopped to smell the roses along the way." Strangely, I did not feel any guilt about sleeping in the bra and panties.

After my tour of duty was over it was back to the hometown and a confrontation with my wife. I probably surprised her because my entire attitude was total indifference to the entire situation.

I went out and bought a new wardrobe of real macho-style clothes. All my life I had maintained my hair in a short crew cut but now I allowed it to grow so it could be styled. I had turned into a real macho butterfly, instead of a girl.

You probably would ask, What happened to the woman

within? Well, I thought that since my main emotional and mental problems had been solved that I did not need my feminine side any longer - for it had been my safety valve when I needed one. I found that by being aggressive to the point of ruthlessness that I would have no problems in making out with women. I became a real mover in the fast lane of night life.

I was now living on the east coast and every night was party night. After several months of this, my wife's affairs had fallen apart and she wanted to join me in an effort to help her to get straightened out. She arrived, bag and baggage, with the two children. She was certainly jealous and furious when she found that I had really been swinging and knew a number of attractive girls in the area. We tried to make the marriage work but I had gotten a taste of the fast life and could not put it down. It seemed that every woman that my wife became friendly with, would either turn on to me or I would get interested in them. I really was not happy but I could not identify the reason for my unhappiness. I was bored with the physical side of sex and began to consider more rewarding and fulfilling avenues.

When I began to explore what would make me feel better, my memories flashed back to Vietnam and the nurses and how good it felt in the fold of femininity. I went out and purchased some female clothing but kept everything well hidden. I would dress at every chance possible.

Dressing was a mentally satisfying pastime for I was basically thumbing my nose at society and the roles we are supposed to live. But I developed strong feels of guilt and had thoughts that I was turning "gay." So I turned to the all too familiar purge known to most crossdressers.

My east coast tour was

cut short sometime later and I ended up in Europe, with my family in tow. By this time (and since I had purged all my pretty things), I had gone back to the old macho kick and went wild when I learned how outgoing the European girls were and the sexy way they dressed. I even tried to convince my wife to dress sexy, wear high heels and to be the woman that I believed that I wanted. I purchased numerous outfits for her that were very seductive - to be worn in our bedroom. But she eventually went on one of those "accept me as I am or else" binges.

I began to look at all the high heeled shoes available in Europe and decided that if my wife would not wear them for me, then I would just have to wear them myself - to fulfill my secret desire. Yes, the old crossdressing bug was bitten again. I located several pairs of platform sandals with six inch heels, one pair black patent and the other a brown leather.

After purchasing additional feminine items I began to secretly dress again. Still, I had no wig or makeup and had this head full of macho hair and a mustache to boot.

Finally I had enough of the dressing in secret so I told my wife about my interest in women's clothing. She really became quite angry. She could not understand how I could dress that way. It was a case of total rejection and I could not really explain things since I knew nothing about the subject.

Shortly thereafter we had a big argument and my wife moved out of the apartment into one for herself. I soon learned that she had a lover on the side all the time and my telling her about my crossdressing only gave her the opportunity to terminate things. She wanted out of the marriage at all costs so I wound up with custody of the children and all the property since she could not be bothered with any-

thing which would stand in the way of her living with her boyfriend.

My tour of duty ended in Europe with my separation from active duty. I moved to Daytona Beach with my two children to complete my aeronautical degree. My wife stayed in Europe with her lover. I joined a singles group and jumped right back into the real heavy macho world of fast moving women and night life. Yep! And I had another purge of my feminine garments. I did keep several pairs of shoes because I knew, down deep, that I would return to the feminine world, some day.

After a full year of school, wild affairs, one engagement, a divorce finalized, the return of my wife to make amends, college graduation and a search for work after 12 years of military duty, I had almost burned myself out.

I moved to Mississippi to live with a very dear friend with whom I had served in Vietnam. The children wanted to go back to Louisiana to finish high school so I gave my ex-wife all of our property to set up a home for them. My friend had married one of the nurses from our Vietnam tour and now had a family of four small children. We got along great since we were both engaged in corporate flying. I even helped each night with the children and household duties. It was a real relaxing escape from the hard driving macho pace I had lived the year before. With everything very peaceful, my thoughts turned to feminine things once again. I dug out my high heels and purchased several other feminine items of clothing. Every night I would sleep in my pretty things. I began to think how good it would be to dress any time I wanted. I would find out someday.

After about a year I got a job offer in North Carolina so I bid farewell to my friends and moved. I got a small apart-

ment on a mountainside overlooking Asheville and then went out and purchased everything to complete a feminine wardrobe. I will never forget the night it all came together - to make me a total girl for the very first time. In the past, things had been in the fetish stage. I had my hair cut short and shaved off the mustache that I had worn for twelve years.

I went hog wild - I got hold of makeup, false eyelashes and all kinds of cosmetics. When I put on the shoulder length blonde wig and adjusted it in front of a full length mirror, my dream of being like a girl had come true. I found that I could be sweetly prim and proper at one moment and a little saucy bitch the next. I could portray any mood, any feeling that I desired. I found this total girl within so fascinating that I began to search for another

person who felt the same as me. I combed the newstands for contacts with other crossdressers. I located an ad from California dealing with the names and addresses of organizations which dealt with crossdressers. Included with this material, was a brochure about Tri-Ess Sorority. After reading it carefully, I hurriedly wrote to Carol, for I had found my home.

I was the most excited girl you ever saw when I received the Directory and suddenly found all my sisters out there who share my feelings about crossdressing.;

Up to this time, I had no femme name so I took the name NICHOL which is a slightly different spelling from that of my daughter's name - Nichole, who I dearly love. Now that I had a name and an identity, this butterfly was about to unfurl her wings and go out into the world - out of the closet.

I conceived a very unusual idea. I had always had an uncanny way with women so now that I was studying every

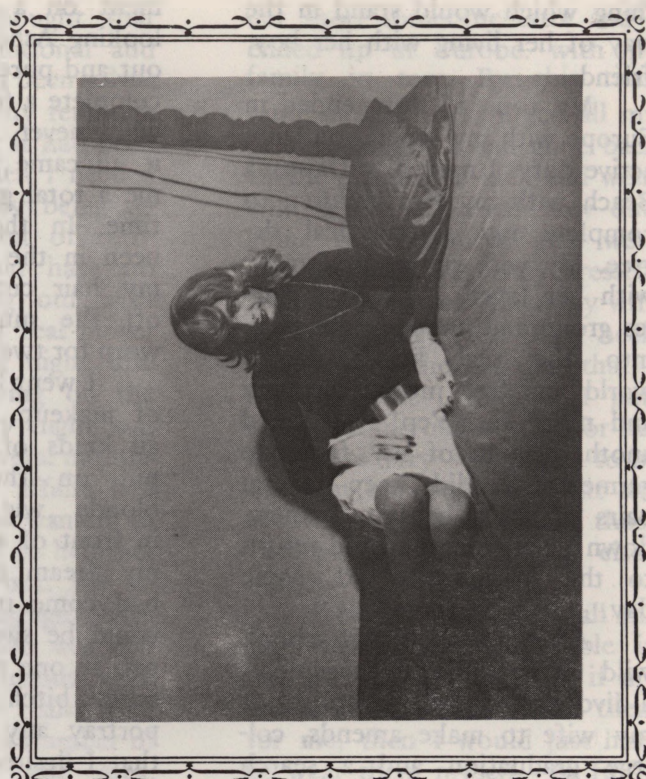
move, habit, mannerism, etc., I would take a bold step to see what would happen. I became very perceptive of subtle things that women do and would openly comment and compliment them at every opportunity. The secretaries that I worked with were puzzled by my obvious awareness of feminine things. Their curiosity brought them closer to me for now I was not the average macho guy with only one thing in mind about girls.

I would cook meals for them, party with them and go out with them as a group of friends. I found myself caught up in some very feminine conversations.

Suddenly some of them asked why I was so different, so understanding. Well, since I figured that they were my best friends that I would carry through my plan. I pulled out the photo of Nichol and was pleasantly surprised that no one rejected the idea that I was a crossdresser. Instead of rejection, they were more facinated by me and I was happy to receive offers from them to take me shopping. or to come to their homes to dress for them. I even received girl-thing type of gifts.

Our corporate secretary was my favorite running buddy. She was tall, my height, wore size ten dresses and size ten shoes. She cleaned out her closet of dresses that she did not wear any longer and gave them to me. We had a great time at work laughing about our little secret. We spent many hours together the relationship was too good for us to spoil it by becoming lovers.

During the year that I lived in Asheville I repeated many times the seneteo of telling female friends about Nichol. I wished to find out how real girls would accept the idea of crossdressing, if they knew the person underneath the clothing. I "revealed" Nichol to twelve different girls and was never rejected by a single one. I should



remark that I knew the girls reasonably well. One should allow time to build up a friendly relationship before "telling all."

Several asked me to make love to them while I was dressed but most of them enjoyed most of all, the gentle and considerate ways that I had adopted. I had lost all my macho ways.

I had developed a deep appreciation for women and resented how most are treated in our society. I found that women get burned out on the hard-driving macho rush acts. When they encounter someone who is obviously different, they love the opportunity to let down their guard and relax, to be treated as a human being, to be allowed to be themselves and exchange thoughts and ideas without being rushed to a bedroom.

This is how I met and married my second wife. We had long and deep conversations as friends and really got to know one another before we became lovers. I told her all about Nichol. She understood and accepted the idea but did not

want to be exposed to it nor did she want her eleven year old daughter to know about it.

We arrived at a compromise that I felt that I could live with. Shortly after we were married, I had to relocate to Dallas, with a new job. This upset my new bride for she is very close to her father and had been trying since her first marriage to get back to North Carolina and home.

Now I was uprooting her and her daughter for another move across the country. Things did not go well when we got to Texas, for the first thing she did was to try to get a nice sunburn and suffered an allergic reaction. This caused internal swelling which cut off circulation and almost cost the loss of her legs. The doctors confined her to an air-conditioned apartment for the entire summer.

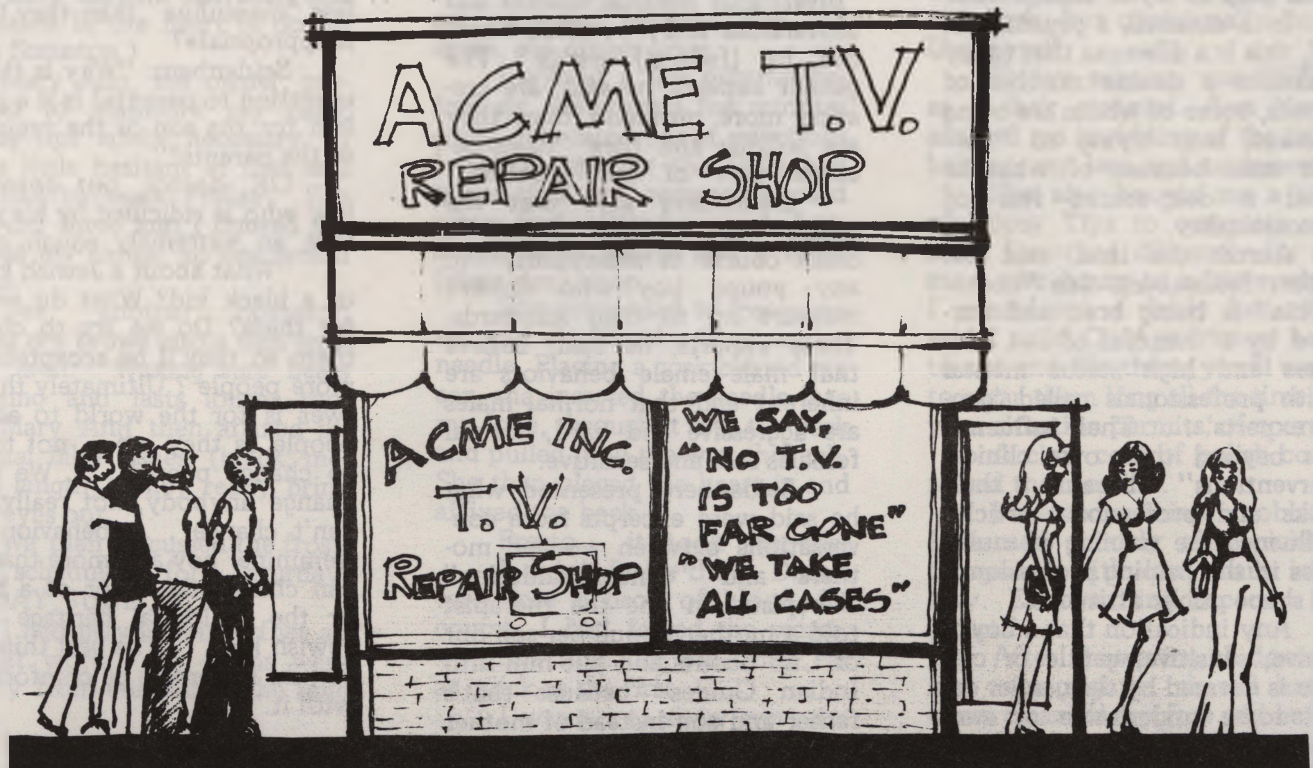
After about three months, she started coming apart at the seams for she had always been the type that was on the go constantly and therefore, to be caged up, was driving her up

the wall. She begged me to send her back to the mountains and her family.

I set her free like a beautiful wild bird that can't be caged for it will only destroy itself.

She is now back in the mountains with her family and I am single again with only one woman with whom I spent any length of time - Nichol!!

Nichol has become very active in Tri-Ess activities here in Dallas and Houston and hopes to meet many of her sisters someday. I have tried to maintain contact with all of my friends from the east coast. I have a passion for high heeled shoes, fashion clothes and jewelry. To close my story, it has taken me forty two years to realize that I have nothing to prove to anyone, not even myself, so now I am very happy to see my second-self, Nichol, growing and developing into a beautiful person in her own right. "We've come a long way, baby."



DO YOU HAVE A SENSITIVE BOY?

Here's a question for parents: How would you feel if your grade-school-age son appeared to be growing into something less than society's definition of The All-American Boy?

What if instead of wrestling, climbing trees and breathing football he wrote poetry, played with dolls and felt more comfortable around girls than boys? What if he didn't like to get dirty — and what if he preferred frilly clothing to jeans with patches on the knees?

How would you react if the neighborhood kids ridiculed him and called him a sissy?

Would you accept him as he is — or would you seek professional help to try to change him?

In a nutshell, a psychiatrist said, this is a dilemma that today confronts a sizable number of parents, some of whom are being panicked into trying to "fix" their sons because of what he called a deep-seated fear of homosexuality.

Across the land, said Dr. Robert Seidenberg, this "homophobia" is being bred and nurtured by a "handful of . . . educators and high status mental health professionals called 'gender experts' . . . Their influence goes beyond their own clinical interventions" because their books and professional articles "influence the training of multitudes in the helping professions" and shape public attitudes.

Any indication that a boy is passive, sensitive, gentle or creative is deemed by the gender experts to be undesirable or even potentially disastrous, Seidenberg said. "Rough and tumble

is to be the fate of normal males; evidence of any other behavior in the developing boy must be searched out and destroyed . . . It becomes quite apparent . . . that behind it all is a war on anything feminine, that is, in a male. We continually hear of the 'feminine' boy who might become homosexual or transsexual, which, if allowed to happen, foredooms the individual to a hopeless, intolerable, diseased existence . . ."

All of this, said Seidenberg, clinical professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York's Upstate Medical Center at Syracuse, is outrageous and would be downright humorous if it were not being spewed out of "prestigious medical schools and universities and . . . often financed by (federal) grants." The gender experts, he said, are creating more problems than they are solving and they "have become part of our problem."

Seidenberg says that the gender experts want to give "a crash course in masculinity" to any young boy who doesn't measure up to their standards. These experts, he said, believe that male-female behaviors are inherent and that normal males are aggressive and hard, normal females soft and sensitive.

Seidenberg presented what he said were excerpts from conversations between worried mothers and "gendermandering" therapists. In one the therapist told a mother to pull her son out of Cub Scouts and put him into Indian Guides "because that's father and son instead of mother and son. You've got to get these mothers out of the way. Fem-

nine kids don't need their mothers around."

In another conversation a therapist who seemed enthusiastic about a boy's "progress" toward masculinity told a mother: ". . . I think he's really much different. One of the things I had him do today is draw a picture. . . Do you remember who he drew the first time? He drew Mary Poppins about three years ago. . . And today he drew Frankenstein. . . . Some shift in identity. I suppose another three or four years (and) he'll be pretty straightened out."

In an interview after his speech Seidenberg said that the gender experts "are creating panic in parents . . . who are bringing in their young sons to have them 'fixed.' But (the sons) don't need fixing . . . because they're not broken . . . As the good old country boys say: If it ain't broke, don't try to fix it."

Seidenberg raised this question: Why stamp out 'feminine' traits in boys? Would you trade one Tennessee Williams for 10 football players? Would you rather have a middle linebacker than Truman Capote, a little guy they laugh at and call a fairy?"

What should parents do if they are upset because a son is less "masculine" than they think is appropriate?

Seidenberg: "Why is this so upsetting to parents? Is it a problem for the son or the prejudice of the parents?"

OK, doctor, but doesn't a boy who is ridiculed by his peers face an extremely rough road?

"What about a Jewish kid . . . or a black kid? What do we do for them? Do we try to change them so they'll be acceptable to more people? Ultimately the answer is for the world to accept people as they are — not to try to change people . . . We can't change anybody, not really. We can't change . . . behavior in a 'feminine' boy any more than we can change the color of a black or the biological heritage of a Jewish kid . . . The best thing we can do is learn to be comfortable with it."

KATHY'S DIARY

Here's One Gal Who Lives The Good Life!



June 27th through July 4th; a vacation I'll long remember. My own trip to Fantasy Island that I planned for several months.

The program? Getting my ears pierced, my own hair frosted and to live the entire week en femme as Kathy.

Preliminaries began Thursday, June 25th. I went as Rick to the beauty salon I've been frequenting going on five years. (The shop has five operators and is located in the heart of downtown Scranton.)

Mary Ann, the owner, proceeded to manicure my nails, adding tips where necessary. I was a little hesitant at first as I still had to work Friday. She only did three and I figured if I cupped my hands, no one would notice.

Dee, another operator, waxed my brows into a thin feminine arch. Waxing sure beats tweezing and lasts longer too.

Mary Ann then affixed individual false lashes. (black, medium length) They really bring your eyes out.

We then discussed the frosting, scheduled for Saturday.
FRIDAY, JUNE 26TH

I had nervous butterflies all day at work. My palms were sweaty from concealing the long nails.

I was going over delinquencies with my bookkeeper when

out of the blue she asks, "Are those your own lashes or have you taken up wearing false ones? I know I turned deep red. All I could mutter was they're my own. Her reply, "They're gorgeous, I wish I had lashes like yours."

Every hour was a countdown to my 6 p.m. ear piercing. I left work about 5:30 and headed for a nearby mall. I had called earlier in the week to find out the best time to come. The sales gal suggested between five and seven, the dinner hour.

I arrived a few minutes before six. We spent a few minutes going over hundreds of selections I didn't care for the little ball types that are commonly used when first getting pierced. I selected little hearts and a small (dime size) hoop.

She proceeded to freeze my ear and sterilized a large sewing needle. Placing a cork behind my ear, she inserted the needle into my lobe, through it into the cork and pulled it all the way through. She then placed the heart in and affixed the back.

Presto - it took seconds! I didn't feel a thing. Didn't even lose a drop of blood. Of course, I had feared the worse.

She then did the other ear as quick as the first.

I wanted to show everyone but, needless to say, made a quick exit to the car, looking in

the mirror every ten seconds to admire my ears.

It's a neat experience! The earrings are so light, you don't even know you're wearing them.

I was home in 30 minutes. Ann Marie, my wife, was afraid to touch them. As much as she'd like to have hers done, she can't risk the infection chance. I related the experience to her.

The gal who pierced my ears said she did several guys each month, most getting one ear done, but occasionally both like myself.

Friday evening was NEET, as in hair removal. Ann Marie assisted me in ridding of the light hair on my legs and underarms.

She also bought me a box of Topsy Tips to complete my nails. I worked diligently for almost two hours to achieve what I considered a fairly beautiful set of nails. Once you know how to cut and file them, you'll want to wear them long all the time, if your situation permits, of course.

A clear coat of polish completed the creation.

I created a minor problem. I learned quickly that picking things up with long nails isn't easy. Even writing becomes an effort.

After showering, I donned my aqua nightie, shaved extra close, cleansed my face and headed off to dreamland.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH

I awoke at 5:45 a.m. Too excited to try to fall back to sleep! I had lots of time as my appointment at the Merle Norman Cosmetic Studio wasn't till nine.

I wore my blue pant-coat, as it was chilly, and my three inch heels. I had arranged for the owner of the boutique to come in early to do my face. (If you want to call attention to yourself, be sure to wear heels that clip/clop on the malls tile floor. I learned the hard way.)

Helen, the owner, and Lia, her daughter, are very understanding. They've been doing makeovers and instructing me on proper makeup application and skin care. The makeover took about 40 minutes.

From there it was on to the beauty salon for the frosting. I made idle chit/chat with the patrons till my moment of truth finally arrived. Should I chicken out? Heck no!

Mary Ann proceeded to pull the frosting cap over my head. It's clear and tight fitting with numerous little holes. The hair is pulled through the holes to which the peroxide paste is applied. She then put a plastic covering and set me under a hot dryer for 45 minutes.

After what seemed like an eternity, it was time to wash the peroxide off and take the cap off. What a relief! After a thorough rinsing, she applied ash toner. After five minutes, another rinsing and time for setting.

I finally got a peek at what was done. Though wet, it looked something like a marble cake. Then it was back under the dryer, for another 40 minutes. (color treated hair takes longer to dry.)

While under the dryer, she polished my long nails, first using filler to smooth out the seams between my regular nails and the tips. She used a bright coral to match the makeup and blue print.

She also applied a few more lashes to create a thick fringe.

At long last, it was time for the comb-out. As soon as the rollers were out, she brushed it through. I was almost all blonde

up front! My heart was palpitating like never before. Just knowing that it was my own hair thrilled me to no end. She proceeded to style it, using lots of spray to hold the tease and swirls. The whole process took about three hours.

To me, my makeup looked a little harsh for being a blonde. I returned to Merle Norman to show them how my hair turned out. They loved it, finding it hard to believe the transformation they helped create and witness. They touched up my face and I headed home.

My wife wasn't there when I returned, but arrived minutes later. Her first reaction - - I went all blonde! She had called the President of the Phi Chapter that morning to learn if any other wives were coming to the meeting. When informed there were, she prepared to meet other TV's for the first time.

We hurriedly got everything (goodies) ready for our trip to Collingswood, N.J., a 3½ hour drive from Dallas. We talked about everything under the sun on the way down. She didn't know what to expect at the meeting. Making good time, we arrived about 6:40.

As always, we enjoyed great friendship. My wife wasn't the least bit uncomfortable and fitted right in, doing her thing in the kitchen and chatting with the girls. Her only minor slip all evening was when she called me Rick.

We headed for home about 12:45, arriving a little after four. After a good facial cleansing, it was nightie time.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28TH

I was up at nine. My wife slept till 11:30. I busied myself straightening up, doing my face and donning a light blue pant suit.

She prepared a brunch. After we ate, I washed my frosted hair and blew it dry. My wife then set it in hot rollers as our curling iron went on the blink. It came out soft and wavy.

Not being able to leave well enough alone, I asked her to switch my pierced earrings from

the hearts to the hoops. She couldn't get them out so I tackled the removal. I simply had to have the hoops in! Well, after some prodding, I finally got the hearts out. Then I was afraid I wouldn't be able to insert the hoops. Surprisingly, they went through with little effort. (I can't wear them once I return to work, but plan to insert them everyday after work till the following morning until the openings become permanent.)

We then rehearsed last evening, enjoying the photos I had taken.

I'm elated to say that she's looking forward to returning again. She really enjoyed the company and experience.

The remainder of Sunday was spent reading the papers, watching TV and folding some clothes.

MONDAY, JUNE 29TH

My wife left a small list of things to do like throw the clothes in the washer, make the bed, wash a few dishes from the night before . . . simple things that the everyday housewife does without thinking about them.

I readied for another visit to an area beauty shop. It took me over a ½ hour to do my makeup, painstakingly following the twenty some steps in the Merle Norman program. I used the lightest shades I had to create a soft look to compliment the frosting.

Alice, the owner, is a middle age beautician who works out of her home. She's done several TV's before. This was the first time for me.

She fashioned a style more becoming my age than the Saturday styling. I was happy as all get out with her creation.

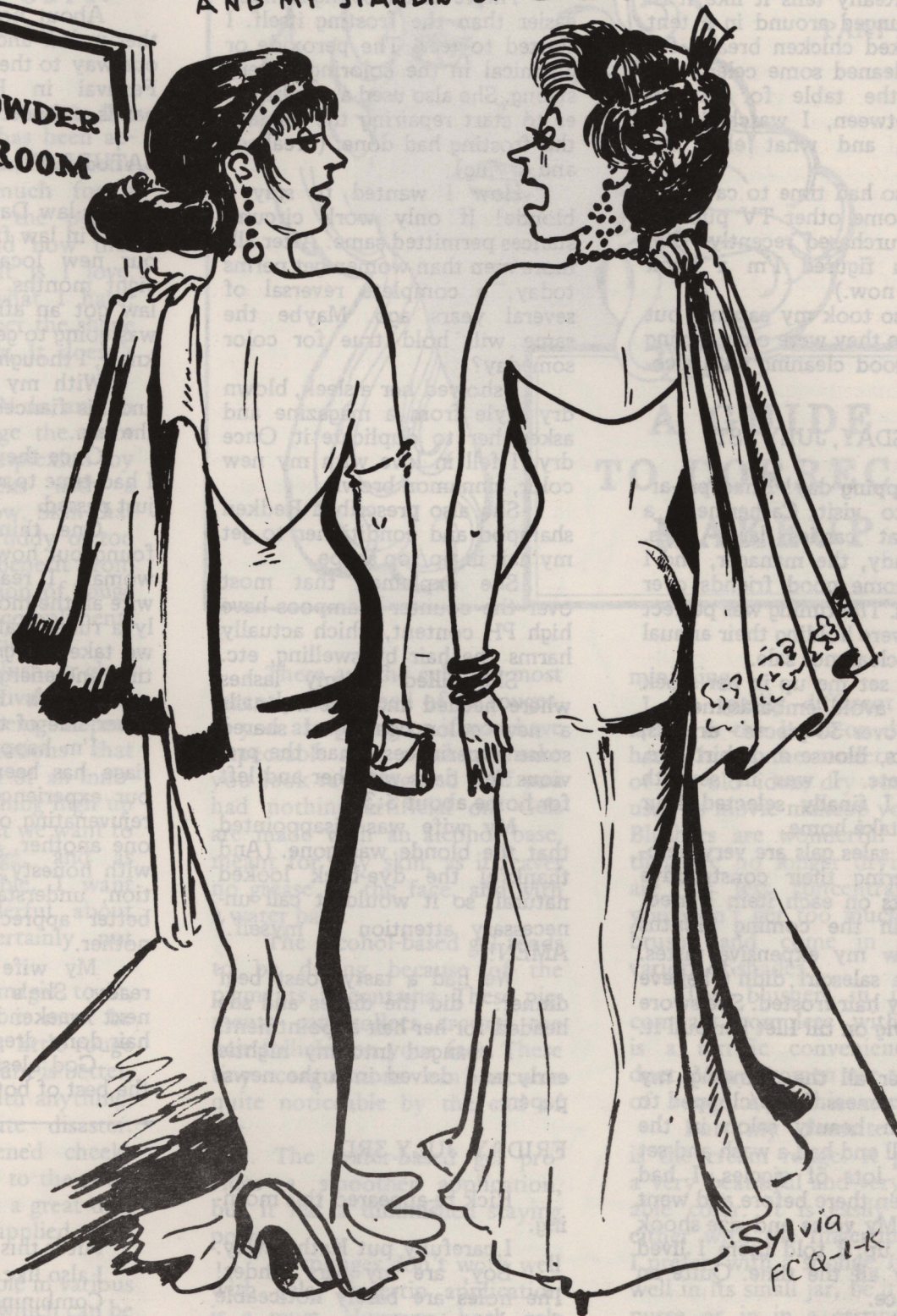
My wife picked up some magazines to pass the time - Glamour, Woman's World, Cosmo - all were enlightening, giving me an insight on the latest styles, women's viewpoints on current issues, beauty tips, meal planning, etc.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30TH

I read the book titled

" WHATS A'MATTER SYD?"
" I'M MISERABLE ! I HAVE ON MY SITTIN' DOWN SHOES
AND MY STANDIN' UP GIRDLE"

POWDER
ROOM



Sylvia
FCQ-1-K

TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook with Case Studies for Psychologists, Psychiatrists and Counselors by H. Brierly, a psychologist from England. It's heavy reading. Really tells it like it is.

I lounged around in a tent dress, baked chicken breasts for dinner, cleaned some celery and readied the table for dinner.

Inbetween, I watched Phil Donahue, and what else, the soaps.

I also had time to catch up reading some other TV publications I purchased recently. (I'm sure you figured I'm a book worm by now.)

I also took my earrings out to be sure they were okay, giving them a good cleaning with alcohol.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1ST

Shopping day! I had pre-arranged to visit Catherine's, a shop that carries large sizes.

Mandy, the manager, and I have become good friends over the years. The timing was perfect as they were holding their annual July 4th clearance sale.

She set me up in her stock room to avoid embarrassment. I tried on over 30 pieces - dresses, pant suits, blouse and skirt sets, gowns, etc. I was in seventh heaven! I finally selected four items to take home.

Her sales gals are very helpful, offering their constructive comments on each item I tried. Photos in the coming months will show my expensive tastes.

One salesgirl didn't believe I had my hair frosted. She swore I had a wig on till I let her pull it. Ouch!

After all the changing, my hair was a mess. I clip/clopped to a walk-in beauty salon in the same mall and had a wash and set amongst lots of giggles. I had never been there before and went in cold. My voice and size shook the gals up. I told them I lived this way all the time. Quite an experience.

THURSDAY, JULY 2ND

Dye-back day! How quick the five days passed. Spent a lazy morning doing a few dishes.

It was rainy and miserable outside.

Got all dolled up for my sojourn to Scranton and my 1:30 appointment.

The reverse frosting is much easier than the frosting itself. I started to tear. The peroxide or chemical in the coloring is very strong. She also used a conditioner to start repairing the damage the frosting had done. (breakage and drying)

How I wanted to stay a blonde! If only work circumstances permitted same. After all, more men than women get perms today, a complete reversal of several years ago. Maybe the same will hold true for color someday?

I showed her a sleek, blown dry style from a magazine and asked her to duplicate it. Once dry, I fell in love with my new color, cinnamon brown.

She also prescribed Redken shampoo and conditioner to get my hair in tip/top shape.

She explained that most over the counter shampoos have high PH content, which actually harms the hair by swelling, etc.

She filled in my lashes where needed and gave my nails a new color coating. I shared some experiences I had the previous few days with her and left for home about 3:30.

My wife was disappointed that the blonde was gone. (And thankful the dye-back looked natural, so it wouldn't call unnecessary attention to myself.) AMEN!

We had a tasty roast beef dinner. I did the dishes and she headed for her hair appointment.

I changed into my nightie early and delved into the newspapers.

FRIDAY, JULY 3RD

Rick re-appeared this morning.

I carefully put Kathy away.

Boy, are my ears tender! The holes are barely noticeable though.

Getting rid of the nail tips was much easier this time. (I used too much glue a couple months back. Had a terrible time getting them off.) I carefully re-

moved all the polish and filed them to normalcy.

Created a load of wash the past couple days. (We dry Kathy's things in our dryer for safety sake.)

About noon, my wife, brother in law and his fiancée made our way to the Bavarian Summer Festival in Barnesville. Polka bands and beer!

SATURDAY, JULY 4TH

In-law Day! My mother and father in law finally visited us in our new location. (We moved eight months ago.) My mom in law got an afro. I kidded her I was going to get one. (If only she knew, I thought)

With my wife, her brother and his fiancée, we picnicked in the rain.

Once they left, my wife and I had time to reflect on the week just passed.

One thing for certain - I found out how hard it is being a woman. I really appreciate my wife all the more now. It was truly a rude awakening! The things we take for granted take lots of time and energy.

I wish I experienced the other side of the fence long ago.

I'm happy to say our marriage has been strengthened by our experiences this past week, rejuvenating our commitment to one another. A marriage blessed with honesty, good communication, understanding and now a better appreciation for one another.

My wife misses Kathy already. She's already discussing next weekend . . . getting my hair done, dressing, etc.

God bless her! I've truly got the best of both worlds.

Put it this way, I like girls!
I also like me, too.
Combining both, through
fashion's art,
I'm happy me and you!!

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

I love rouge. Once the proper foundation has been applied, there is no other cosmetic that can do so much for a woman - and for the people looking at her. And now that I have said what it is I love, I must tell you what I hate: using rouge to correct the shape or size of the face. It doesn't really worry.

What rouge CAN do, and do beautifully, is change the color and cast of a complexion by coloring the cheeks with a bright, beautiful glow. Skin that is too pale or too ruddy or too olive in tone can benefit from the careful application of rouge in a color that compliments that of your foundation.

Rouge puts a blush, or glow - on your face that rivals natural blushing without being dependent on the emotions that cause it. The charm of an innocent young girl blushing high up on her cheeks is what we want to recreate with rouge, and as believably as possible. I want you to feel wonderful about yourself - and certainly not embarrassed.

Rouge has a magic to it, and like all magic, it must be carefully handled. A little rouge is good, a good amount is better, but too much, as with anything, can be an absolute disaster. Heavily rouge-reddened cheeks have no relationship to the good use of makeup. But a great deal of rouge can be applied with great results.

Rouge is available in various formulations, all of which can be tested in the privacy of your home or in a store which is understanding of your crossdressing.



PART 3

**A GUIDE
TO CORRECT
MAKEUP**

There are the gels, the most recently developed of all rouges. If you are young or if you have impeccable skin, a gel can make you look ravishing and as if you had nothing artificial on. Gels are made with an alcohol base, meant for oily skin, as it leaves no grease on the face, and with a water base.

The alcohol-based gel tends to be drying because of the pigments it contains. These pigments can collect around the hair follicles on your face. These tiny coagulations can become quite noticeable by the end of the day. The water-based gel provides a smoother application, but it has a diminished staying power.

As sponges don't work well with gels, fingertip application is a must. However, both gels stain fingers and must be washed off the hands right after use. Because of the drawbacks mentioned, their popularity is di-

minishing.

A totally different formulation is the brush-on dry blusher. This is the modern format of an old idea; dry rouge was used as movie makeup years ago. Blushers are wonderful because they are no longer drying, and are far less concentrated (so you won't get too much on the brush) and come in a great variety of shades.

The blusher, in its neat compact complete with brush, is a terrific convenience product. Many women use this kind of rouge and this one alone.

But my favorite format is the cream rouge. It provides a very beautiful and very believable color. It is easily applied either with the fingertips or, as I prefer, with a sponge. It travels well in its small jar, be it in your purse or in a carrying case. Its staying power is unbeatable. If your skin tends to absorb your makeup readily, you'll have no trouble in reapplying

cream rouge which alone can revitalize your entire face. (A terrific effect is achieved by using both cream and brush-on-rouge; more about that later.)

Two important aspects of cheek coloring must be understood: placement and color.

Rouge belongs on the cheeks. Even with those great cheekbones of Katharine Hepburn (or even Audrey), it is still a difficult matter to locate the right place for application.

I don't put rouge in the middle of the face or near the jawline or too close to the nose. One blushes and rouges the tip of the cheek, on the highest part of the bone. Smile and then touch your cheekbone. Keep smiling as you start the application, as smiling brings into prominence that highest part of the cheeks where the heaviest application goes.

The smoothest results are achieved with the use of a sponge. Fold the sponge in half, making a corner, and apply the rouge with that area to help you concentrate color only where you want it. With the great amount of color on the cheekbone, lighten your sponge strokes as you blend the outer areas toward the temples.

At this point check the color in the mirror. Chances are you will feel that you have applied too much. But don't remove any color; wait until you have finished your eye and lip makeup, when you can see your rouge in relation to the rest of your face. It is the absence of the other makeup that makes the rouge look so prominent.

Check to see that the rouge is thoroughly blended. After the cheeks have been routed, the color should lessen in density as you work it toward the temples and ears. Don't be afraid to have rouge near your eyes; the color can come close to the area shaded by the bottom lashes, because this creates a great outdoorsy

look. And when you smile, your cheeks naturally rise toward your eyes, expanding as the eyes contract. This is a happy place for rouge to be; Color drawn into the area will complement your eyeshadow and emphasize the whites of your eyes.

Don't apply rouge to your chin. The chin is very close to the neck, which is of a paler cast than your face. A rosy chin would jut out and look wrong. There is an area of your neck that I do like rouging the tendons that reach up behind your ears. If your hair is short or worn up and away from your face, a slight blush there looks very pretty - just a slight, light touch of color.

Though I prefer cream rouge for most cheek coloring, it is great to combine with the brush-on powder blusher, since they work very well together. As the cream becomes part of the complexion the blusher coats it. Cream and foundation become beautiful, desirable, melting into your skin. The blusher adds just enough additional color to keep the other two alive. Blusher also makes the rouge last longer, as its powdery consistency lightly coats the skin. These two coloring agents play roles that complement each other greatly.

Use the added blusher after all your other makeup has been applied, when you're ready to reevaluate your rouge. Lightly stroke it over areas covered by the rouge. Then extend it with just a couple of brushstrokes to blend perfectly with the foundation. If some of the color of the cream has disappeared into your skin, as so often happens, the blusher will bring it back. It's a lovely finishing touch.

You may prefer using only the blusher, dispensing with the rouge altogether. In that case I advise using face powder first (and this is the only time I advise you to use it before,

not after). It provides a nice finish to the foundation and also helps set the blusher and hold its color longer. Also it will prevent any blotches from appearing when the blusher is applied to foundation that is still moist. With a light brush of face powder on, the blusher will go on more smoothly.

Blusher can be used to add just a hint of color to the forehead if this is one of your good features and you would like to call a bit of attention to it. Again, it should be first lightly powdered - either along the hairline or at the two prominences; you don't want to give it too much of a good thing. Check to make sure that there are no traces of powder in your hair. Then add the blusher with a light little stroke - a feathering, I would say. This is a marvelous, imperceptible accent. A light blushing at the bridge of the nose - never the tip - is lovely too.

Again check your hair for any loose particles of powder. So much of what makes for chic has to do with careful, immaculate grooming, and that means attention to the smallest details. Tiny particles of powder can be easily removed from your hair with a slightly moistened cotton ball or tip of a washcloth. Perfection takes only a little time, effort and attention to attain. Soon your eyes will be trained to notice the slightest deviation. And you'll know just how to correct it.

Years ago there was only dry rouge in pink, orange, bright red and a blue-red that closely resembled purple! Today you have a total range that runs the gamut from pink to red to orange, with every beautiful, subtle shade in between. You have terrific shades of brick, sepia, brown and tan-tawny, sandy shades that are absolutely delicious. These are colors that make sense - few people really blush to a shade of orange. You blush naturally to a tone that

is a flush of your skin's color. The terra cottas, the walnuts, the peach shades are perfect. There is also a wide range of such wine colors as burgundy, colors that make your whole face sparkle.

By looking at your face after coming in from the cold you will see the color you are trying to emulate. And the look you create will be even better than the one nature stamped on you, one that will look just as believable and real as the weather's creation.

The color you choose is also dictated part by your foundation because we are always looking for a total, cohesive look in makeup foundation and rouge must be compatible. What you want are two products whose casts agree. Your foundation and your rouge must work together rather than create an unseemly contrast.

Pale, light foundations go best with wine rouge shades, burgundy dies blend best with beige-, yellow- or ivory-based foundations whereas a brick shades would stand out noticeably..

Medium-intensity foundations work with basically any shade or intensity of rouge - no restrictions here.

Dark foundations, those used when you are tan, are enhanced by rouge of a brick, bronze or terra cotta shade-colors that are strong enough to brighten a tanned, or darker, complexion. They add a devastating glow that heightens the sensuous appeal of dark skin.

There are other factors to be considered when selecting a rouge. If you have especially pale skin, you might like to try a great red-cherry fire-engine red, Chinese red-the color that nearly white skin blushed to. Brights work exceptionally well on black skin, which needs all the lights of a strong red.

For a more mature woman who uses flattering pinkish-toned foundation, a pink as well as

a red rouge is great. Particularly if you wear pastels and neutrals, pink is a good selection and a change from the traditional. There is something about the softness of pink that works magic on the skin, but be sure you are applying enough for a good, healthy glow. Don't be timid and let rouge disappear into the foundation instead of adding that something extra.

I don't think that any woman needs a whole shelffull of rouge jars to create good make-up. For most, an earthy color (names of fruits and nuts, beiges, browns and tawnies) is good for daytime and summertime, plus a wine color for the evening. For those who have a very pale or mature complexion, red and pink.





"Somehow She Knew My Size"

BEVERLY

Dear Carol,

You've probably already seen the enclosed picture by now. Being in the printing industry for 29 years, I am well aware that color photos don't reproduce as well as black and white. If you think it will work for the directory update — good! If not let me know. I will send better photos from time to time, hopefully.

I was so grateful to receive acknowledgement and acceptance into Tri-Ess. I have thoroughly enjoyed the directory which you labored many, many hours over, along with the "Femme Mirror."

Well, now for an update on "Beverly". This week has truly been one of the most exciting weeks of my entire life!

Last Saturday, I decided to do some shopping for street clothes. At least some basic things to get by with temporarily. Finding nothing appealing or in my size at Avon Fashion Outlet, I became a little discouraged. Nevertheless, I decided to go to another dress shop. It's called Catherine's Stout Shop in the Todd Center shopping center on Mercury Blvd., Hampton, Va.

—When I went in (dressed in male attire, of course), a sales clerk asked if she could help me. I said I wanted to look at the dresses. To which she replied: "What size do you need?" I couldn't believe it. Anyway after I looked at several on one rack, she had mentioned another rack, so I asked her if I could see the others. The last dress in a 20½ on

the rack appealed to me (the one in the picture). It's a four piece outfit (2 skirts, blouse and jacket.)

After showing her which one I liked, she asked me if there was anything else I would like to look at. I asked her about a camisole and half slip, bra, etc. She showed me several. When she pulled out a second group of lingerie she said; "Oh, I got the right size." Somehow I had a feeling she knew I was shopping for Beverly. Then, I almost gulped, I said: "You know it's for me!" She said: "I know." (In a calm understanding voice.) I'm sure my face turned red. I replied to her: "Oh, thank you for being understanding about it."

Well, barriers were broken and I had such a great time really doing some shopping. She never for a minute made me feel embarrassed about anything. She said they don't allow men in their fitting room but everything is returnable in order to be satisfied in every way. She said they have sold to men before. Upon paying for my purchases I said; "Then I can recommend you then." Another sales clerk standing nearby said; "By all means!" You can imagine how I felt — great!!!

Leaving the store after expressing much, much gratitude — I even went to several stores and tried on ladies shoes. Although, I didn't get a perfect fit (I wear a 13AAA in a mans shoe) I settled on a 12 medium low heel sandle in navy canvas.

I went back to the dress

shop that afternoon after trying on my purchases. I exchanged for different sizes and got them to alter the dress jacket which I picked up Wednesday at closing time. I was really glad it was ready because my mother and sister were coming to my apartment to take pictures that night. (They arrived while I was doing my nails.) Not ready of course, Femininity in action!

I mentioned wanting to go grocery shopping, but needed a coat. My sister said she had a sweater coat I probably could get by with, so I followed her home and got it. Completely dressed in female attire — I made my debut in a local all night grocery store — didn't feel conspicuous and had a leisurely shopping experience.

Everything went so well, and not having to work at the newspaper Thursday night, I left my part-time job a couple of hours early in order to get dressed up and go back to Cathrine's. I must say I was somewhat nervous going out for the first time in broad day light. I had another wonderful shopping experience at the dress shop. She gave me a few pointers too. Never embarrassing always greeted with a cheerful smile.

I had told her about our group and said I had an enlightening brochure if she would like to read it to help her understand better. She said; "No, I don't think so, because I accept people for what they are." I had, at one point mentioned what gave me away the first day. She told me it was my hands — my nails had been polished. Traces from earlier Saturday morning.

I also at some point told her part of my separation story after 24½ years of marriage and a seven year old son. I told her that I felt she should know, I am not gay, that I am strictly heterosexual and that I just love women. She seemed pleased and said "Good!!"

How grateful I am for your dedicated work, words seem inadequate to express.

Lovingly,
Beverly VA-207-S

I want to join The Society For The Second Self. You don't know how long I've been looking for something like this. I looked for information about crossdressing for quite sometime and was never satisfied with what I found until I ran across the book titled "The Transvestite And His Wife" As I excitedly read the book, tears of joy ran down my face as I thought, this is what I've been looking for and I knew from that day on, I wasn't alone. My wife still doesn't understand why I love to crossdress. I tried to explain to her why but she just couldn't see it. It was alright with her if I dress for Holloween or the science fiction convention but I couldn't stop there, I dressed every chance I got, especially when she went to work and the children were at school (I work nights.) After everybody was out of the house, I would dress from head to toe, then I apply my make up and wig. I got such an emotional charge as if I said "SHAZAM" and a lightning bolt struck me. After the smoke cleared, there stood GWENDOLYN. I mean, I really felt super feminine. I just couldn't help myself and love every minute of it. I would clean the house and took care of anything else that needed attention. I felt emotions I never dreamed I had. I had no problems with clothes because I made them myself, I even made some of my wifes clothes. We both sew but she doesn't have time. When my wife found out I was dressing, when she was at work, she was very upset and not knowing about transvestism or the desires behind it thought I was "sick" or was turning queer and said I should go see a psychologist. We were already seeing a psychologist about our marriage but I never told him about my crossdressing and when I explained to him how I felt about all these locked up emotions were freed as soon as I became Gwendolyn.

He said I should try to release my emotions through my boyself and not Gwendolyn. I could see from that point, that his understanding was like my wife's and left me feeling very low and down in the dumps emotionally.

FREE, AT LAST



GWEN

I said to myself, that they won't destroy Gwendolyn. I started crossdressing when I was seven. My Father was gone most of the time and my Mother worked. My sister and I would play dress up or as we called it "Ladies", using our mother's shoes, dresses, etc. We had hours of fun together. We played "Ladies" almost everyday and as the years went by, I couldn't wear my mother's shoes anymore. My sister, being two years younger than I, had no problem but I guess Nature took her course and my body started changing. I sure wanted my own feminine clothes I could call my own. After I graduated from high school, I served four years in the Air Force and got married. I thought I could suppress my crossdressing desires (fat chance) since I was married but that was a big joke. I, just for laughs, would don my wife's night gown saying her gown kept me warm. She thought I looked cute in it and payed no attention about it but deep down inside of me I felt soooooo good. Then one morning, I got up while she was still asleep, I put on a pair of her stockings, a long slip and a scarf. I heard foot steps coming toward the kitchen where I was. I froze and my wife was in shock! She looked at me with disbelief then walked away. I quickly took the clothes off and put my work clothes on. I told her how I love to wear women's clothes and

how I envyed her. I also promised I wouldn't do it again. Well three years had past and I tried almost every hobby I knew to keep my mind off of crossdressing. My girl within was begging to come out. Then one day, we were putting on a kind of Gong show which we called the Bong show for the Boy Scouts to raise money. Although I set up the stage, lights, audio, etc, I wanted to be in the show. My wife suggested that we dress up as sisters and do a song and dance routine from a play we saw a couple a weeks ago. I said "Thats a great idea and started making the dresses while she took care of the details. Everything was set except I had to get some high heels, so we went to this shoestore that sold new & used shoes. It was a self service store so I asked my wife to stand by me while I tried on a pair of heels behind the back counter. Boy, was I ever nervous! The clerk looked at me and the shoes then said, "I hope you enjoy them" I told him it's for a show we're putting on but he gave me a look as if to say "sure it is". The Bong Show was a success, especially the act my wife and I did. The audience knew my wife but nobody knew who the other woman next to her was. The audience thought I was her real sister and when they found out it was me, they couldn't believe it. They said I look better than some women they knew, I just blushed and

thanked them. I also went dressed at Halloween and it was just so happened that I had an appointment with our psychologist. It was on the same day so since I was dressed up as Gwendolyn, I went. Nobody knew who I was nor did they recognize me. I told the receptionist I was here to see the doctor. She said she couldn't find my name in the appointment book until I told her who I was since I knew her personally. She was surprised and with a smile on her face told the doctor I was here. When the doctor came out, I said in my feminine voice, "I'm sorry I was late, I was stuck in traffic". He couldn't believe his eyes and said I really look beautiful. I blushed again and thanked him. Well outside the doctor's office, I waited for the elevator, a man stood next to me and started talking to me. I wasn't nervous and answered him back (in my feminine voice of course) and he kindly allowed me to enter the elevator first. After the elevator reached the ground floor he let me exit first. I thanked him and went on my way. I thought to myself, so this is what being a woman feels like in society, I felt good all over. Since my Mother-in-law sells Avon, I can get anything I want in cosmetics. She understands my crossdressing to a certain degree and gave me a make up kit as a gift. Well that about sums it up for now and thanks for listening to me. I want so badly to meet my sisters that feel the same way I do.



Come out, come out, wherever you are and join Tri-Ess Sorority.

REFLECTIONS

*I am the mirror, full length, on your wall.
Am I mere silvered glass? My dear! Not at all.
For here, deep within, your femme self resides,
Your fantasy girlfriend, your sister, your bride.*

*I know that you love it in our private world,
Where you surrender to the half that's a girl.
You pose so demurely as you model each dress,
While satiny clothes hug your bottom and*

*You thrill so, my darling, to a delicate slip,
It's fabric whispering as it glides o'er your hips.
With high heels clicking, red lips in a pout,
Lost in deep rapture, you mince daintily about.*

*I tell you you're lovely, so tender and sweet,
The essence of womanhood from head to feet.
You come to me, then, dear, and give me a kiss,
The girl that I show you then shares in your bliss.*

*We smile, together, when you take off your dress
As you lower your straps and begin to carress.
The soft deep white cleavage undressing reveals.
My, don't padded bras make a girl's bust real?*

*It's not long until you're out of your slip
You wiggle sexily as it moves past your hip.
You step out of it, daintily, and pose to reveal,
A shape to cause jealousy in those who are real.*

*Bra, panties, corset, sheer nylons, high heels.
You always stop here, but I know how you feel.
Even though you're feminine and look so real,
The illusion's destroyed if the boyself's revealed.*

KIMBERLY ANNE

FCO-200-0



Virginia Goes To CHINA

Hello everybody! Back when I used to edit this magazine there were quite a number of our readers who used to tell me that they like my travelogue articles as well as anything else in the magazine. So I have to be rather apologetic in that I have let

you down by not getting off a Virgin Views column to Carol in time for any of her last several issues. Its just the crush of everything else I'm into. But I have travelled in the past two years so I guess I'd better report in about it.

In the fall of 1981 I went to China but before taking off for it I went up to Oregon to attend DREAM. It was as usual a lot of fun seeing a lot of old friends and making a lot of new ones. I didn't attend the classes much both because of having done them before and because over the years I have developed my own style and since it seems to work (inasmuch as I haven't been read on my various trips) I didn't think I wanted to go to them again. But they were good for the other girls who haven't been as fortunate (or maybe as foolish) as I have been. I remember the night we all got into the bus at our condominium and drove down into Lincoln City to have our final "Pink" Banquet. Every-

one was in a long dress and with their best jewelry, heels etc. They were a beautiful bunch of ladies. And I remember commenting to whoever it was I sat with that if the local ladies were to have a big bash at the local country club in put on all their finery, this bunch of DREAM GIRLS could certainly hold their own and even put a bunch of the locals in the shade. Too bad there is no way or occasion to expose a bunch of us when in our most feminine get ups to public scrutiny. They would certainly get a better impression than the usually held one derived from seeing some female impersonate mouthing a lip-sync song in some tawdry night club. So the DREAM experience was a great fun as always.

Sell came Saturday noon and we drove from Lincoln City to the Portland airport where I arrived about 3 and waited till about 5 for the plane to San Francisco; stayed at the airport till about 6:30 for the plane to Honolulu where we arrived about 11 p.m. their time, laid over for 2 hours and took off for Guam; another 1 1/2 hours lay over and then off for Manila where we arrived about 7 a.m. After baggage claim, customs etc. I arrived at the hotel at 9 a.m. setting

the clock for 1 p.m. expecting to wake and walk around the city a bit. When I finally came to it was already dark-about 6:30 so I lost that whole day. Next day took a trip around Manila and out to a resort in the mountains. The most memorable thing about Manila is the "Jeepneys." These are regular jeeps which have been rebuilt with a stainless steel or aluminium body, painted with fancy designs and with a number of little silver horses about 8" high mounted on the hood. These vehicles are open in the back like a bus, carry about 8 people and travel specific routes around the city. The fancy horses and mirrors on the hood and fenders are a display of male chauvenism and machismo as the message is "ride with me, I've got the prettiest jeep and the most horsepower."

The next day I took a hovercraft ride over to Corregidor where we saw the ruins of the forts, wrecked guns and destroyed barracks. Also there is a big memorial there with maps of all the big Pacific battles on the walls and the names of all the men who died in the pacific campaigns. Very impressive. The following day, after a too short visit I took off for Hong Kong where I had arranged things to arrive about

10 minutes before the plane from San Francisco arrived with all the other tour members. We met and went to the Hilton. Spent a couple days in Hong Kong sightseeing shopping (bought several watches for \$10 American which are still running very nicely 2 years later).

Finally the big day came and we took the train for Guangzhou (Canton) which is very crowded city on the Pearl River which itself carries all kinds of boat traffic 24 hours a day. We got our first introduction to native Chinese restaurants and food and had lunch in a place where several marriage receptions were being held (the restaurant was about 4 stories high and had many separate rooms). Suddenly all hell seemed to break loose with

deafening explosions, which, after we recovered from the surprise turned out to be strings of fire crackers—about 30 feet long actually — hung from the 2nd floor balcony down over the entrance way and lit. You really had to hold your ears, but it was just a Chinese way of celebrating the weddings.

Next we flew to Xian and saw the place from which the Chinese communists kidnapped Chiang Kai Chek to force him to stop fighting the communists and unify with them to fight the Japanese. He heard them coming and took off over the hills in his pajamas but they got him anyway. Xian is also the city where the thousands of ceramic statues were unearthed. There were part of an afterlife army set in place by the emperor Chin (Qin) from whom the country gets its name. The city dates from the second century BC and was once the world's largest city being on the Silk Road and the starting point for all caravans to central Asia and Europe. It was a fantastic sight (and site). The excavations cover an area about the size of a football field and the Chinese have

built a building over the whole thing. Picture the size of it and with no central supporting pillars.

A rather fantastic accomplishment.

Next we took off for Urumchi a city about 3270 miles due west of Beijing (Peking). It is only about 200 miles east of the Soviet border and is mostly populated with peoples of the same tribes as inhabit the adjoining areas in the Soviet Union such as the Usbeks, Tadzhiks, Uighurs, and Kazakhs. Although the whole area is very dry and desertous we took a couple of trips into the mountains and found snow all over the place in one canyon and a beautiful mountain lake with barren dry mountains at one end and tall, forested and snow covered mountains at the other end and the lake itself couldn't have been more than 1-1 1/2 miles long. Quite an unusual contrast.

We went down to the famous Turpan depression which is 470 feet below sea level. Turpan town is literally an oasis and brings in water by means of underground ditches called *qanats* exactly like I saw in Iran and Afghanistan when I visited there in 1975. This identical engineering solution to the water problem is not surprising because Turpan too was on the Silk Road and lots of trade relations with India and Persia (Modern Iran). They raise the juiciest and best melons and seedless grapes there that I have ever tasted even though I come from California.

One amusing event occurred here. We were driving along a country road when suddenly we passed a kind of side road with hundreds of people in it. The guide said it was a wedding so we all got out and mingled. I heard some music in the depths of the crowd so instead of working my way through the mass of people I went into the field beyond

a row of trees that bordered the driveway until I came to the "band" which consisted of one man with some sort of horn and 3 others with various percussion instruments. They were banging and tooting away when I cut back in from the field to the row of trees right beside them and across from the crowd about 15 feet away. The music and rhythm were catchy so I started tapping time and swaying with it. I must have been an apparition to the natives with my red hair and wearing a bright green pantsuit much more vivid than their clothes. But they saw me sort of dancing by myself behind the "band" and motioned for me to come over into the driveway which I did. Since they seemed to get a kick out of my dancing I began to do everything I could think of from the Charleston, the Twist and current disco movements. They moved back to make room and I, ham that I am, entertained them for just about 15 minutes. Finally a man stepped out from the crowd and started to do some sort of a dance and I stood in front of him and attempted to do just as he was doing. The crowd went wild with this and clapped and cheered. After a bit I was really pooped out and seeing one of the other women of our group in the audience I hauled her out and told her it was her turn to entertain which she did.

Later, back in the bus I was telling some of the others who had not gotten up to the area of the band about my dancing and about this man. I said it might be that the Chinese had dances that only the men danced and to see an American woman dancing a man's dance was the cause of all the laughter and enthusiasm. One of the men in our group not knowing how truly he spoke said, "It was sort of a transvestite dance you might say." I thought to myself, "yes, you

might say but you'd better not".

From Urumchi back to Lanzhou (Lanchow) in central China and then by overnight train to Datong in Inner Mongolia. The first class sections on Chinese trains are quite comparable to American and European having an aisle along one side and compartments for 4 people on the other. I bunked in with 3 other women and took an upper berth for greater privacy. My strength in lifting heavy suitcases up onto the shelf over the door was admired by all but I didn't tell them that my ever present brother had helped me. Dining car service was good too. At each stop I would get out and walk up and down the platform waving at the Chinese riding in the "hardclass" coaches. They are so called because all they provide are hard wooden benches 3 high and 2 beside each other making a tier of 3 bunks. No partitions, privacy or comfort but they are much cheaper. Anyway they would all hang out the windows at the stations and I have learned to say "Tzi-gin" (phonetic spelling), meaning "goodbye." So I would walk along the platform in my bright American clothes and say hello and goodbye in Chinese which brought great smiles and laughter. The Chinese are exceedingly friendly and interested in others. Although we couldn't communicate other than the going, whenever you would stand still, a crowd of 30 or 40 men, women and children would gather around and just stare. You had the choice of feeling like a weird curiosity or a VIP.

In one city after we had visited a large department store and some of us had gotten back on the bus, I was leaning out the window "talking" to the crowd and touching hands with the kids when one man took out a small 1 x 1 picture of a baby. He handed it to me. The interpreter was standing beside me and I told her to tell him it was a beau-

tiful baby, and handed the picture back to the man. But the man refused to take it and put the picture back into my hand, while saying something I could not understand. The interpreter told me that the man said, "you go places - you take my son on trip around the world." That was very touching so I kept the picture in the pocket of my suitcase and indeed the picture has traveled a good deal since, in keeping with his request.

While in Datong, we visited one of the few remaining steam locomotive factories in the whole world. We went all through the plant, which was very well organized. All of the big overhead cranes, running back and forth over the work bays, were run by women. Many women were on the shop floor doing welding, assembly, feeding stock to the machines, etc. They certainly had equality here. It was fascinating to follow the process from the huge sheets of steel and the cast wheels through the fabrication and assembly process until a big 2-8-2 freight train engine emerged. They said that they had made 3400 engines since the plant was opened in 1969. They gave us a ride on old number 3399 and we could see No.3400 sticking its nose out of the paint shop.

We went to another Inner Mongolian town called Huhot and went out into the steppes where the animal herding was done. We visited some herdsman families, sampled their food, including buttered tea and cakes (quite good) and slept at night in Yurts. These are the native-type circular huts covered with felt, with mattresses, blankets, etc., on the floor inside. It was so cold out on the wind-blown plain that we didn't even bother to get undressed, but slept in our clothes which was just as well because bunking in a small place with three other women didn't leave much privacy for anyone - but it was an interesting experience.

We visited the University and went to an English class, where the students attached themselves to us in order to practice their English. At this point I really needed to visit the W.C. or the "LOO" as the British call it and I asked the teacher if there was a ladies room around. He called over a girl student and asked her to show me to it. She did so and it turned out to be just a long raised platform of cement with a series of about 5 x 12 holes every four feet or so along its length. Fortunately there was no one else there so I mounted the step and started to squat over one of the holes but the girl just stood there, in front of me, staring. I told her, "you don't need to wait - I think that I can manage this all by myself!" She got the message and departed. One gets into some very unusual situations being a male and traveling as a woman in countries that don't have the same sort of customs and equipment that we do. Whenever we had a "potty stop", on one of our long bus rides I either had to be the first to make it to the privy or wait until everyone else was done and the place was deserted. But you learn.

After a stop in the city of Taiyuen we again boarded a night train for Beijing and by now I was an old hand at upper berths and close quarters. We did all the usual things in Beijing but I talked one of our national guides into taking me to the National Military Museum on my own. That was very interesting as it showed the whole history of the revolution and everything since. They had a slew of different kinds of captured tanks in the back yard including several big Soviet ones and also an American one. But what was the greater surprise was the parts of 3 different U-2 planes that they had shot down. I don't know about the rest of you but I



THAT
D---O
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don't remember reading about our flying U-2's over China or of our giving them to the Taiwan forces to do so, but there they were and considering how high they flew it was an interesting commentary on the state of the anti aircraft defenses of the P. R. C. After all Russia only got one of them.

Of course, we went to the Great Wall which was fascinating as it is to all tourists. But while it had rained in Beijing 2 days before, it had snowed up in the mountains north of the city where we went to the wall. And that wall had to be the coldest place I have ever been. I was wearing 2 pairs of pants, a pants suit top, a wind breaker, a sweater and a long trench coat with a liner, gloves, hood and a scarf across my nose and throat and still it was cold. I looked like a creature from Mars walking on the wall. We visited the famous Tien An Men Square which is a "really big square" as Sullivan might have said. The Great Hall of the People is a truly amazing place. It was said to have been built in 10 months to meet a deadline for some big event but it is a large building not in height as it is probably only the equivalent of maybe 4 stories but in the size and number of rooms banquet halls, meeting rooms etc. Americans could no more build that size building in 10 months than they could swim the Atlantic. For those who still think of China as a rather primitive place with no modern talents etc. it would be an eye opener for them to visit the country. Not only modern locomotive factories and auto factories turning out trainloads of trucks—we saw one—gigantic buildings, the Peking subway, and we also saw a number of jet fighter planes at Lanchow airport which were Chinese made. They may not be the equal of the USSR or the USA yet, but they are not wasting any time catching up.

My opinions in summary. The country is big, beautiful and interesting. The people are bright, interested and very friendly. The stores have all manner of things in them but instead of 40 different brands of radios or TVs they have only a few varying largely in size or price. I bought a 3 battery flashlight (without batteries of course) for \$2.50 US which would have cost \$6-7 here I'm sure. Their hotels are not luxury places because they don't need them but they are adequate. Food is plentiful in hotels and apparently on the street as lots of it is sold right on the curbing having been raised in the small personal plots that all commune peasants get for their own use. Politically, I think socialism is the only kind of political system which could work in China at this point in history. Any idea of its retraining to capitalism as we know it is not only extremely unlikely to happen but if it did I think it would degenerate in a few years to a band of local business leaders who would soon become modern war lords defending their own little kingdom. The country is so big and so populous that only a system that unifies all the people for a common purpose would be reasonable.

When I say unifies the people I am well aware that there are dissenters in China and that some of their methods even in the past few years are repressive. But there are dissenters everywhere—we have plenty of them—certainly. And I did see evidences of the unification of purpose. Many of the young people that we talked to in universities and even those on the street who would stop us to try out their English seemed to understand the needs of their country and be willing to do their part being sent to other places where their talents were needed etc. It is my personal

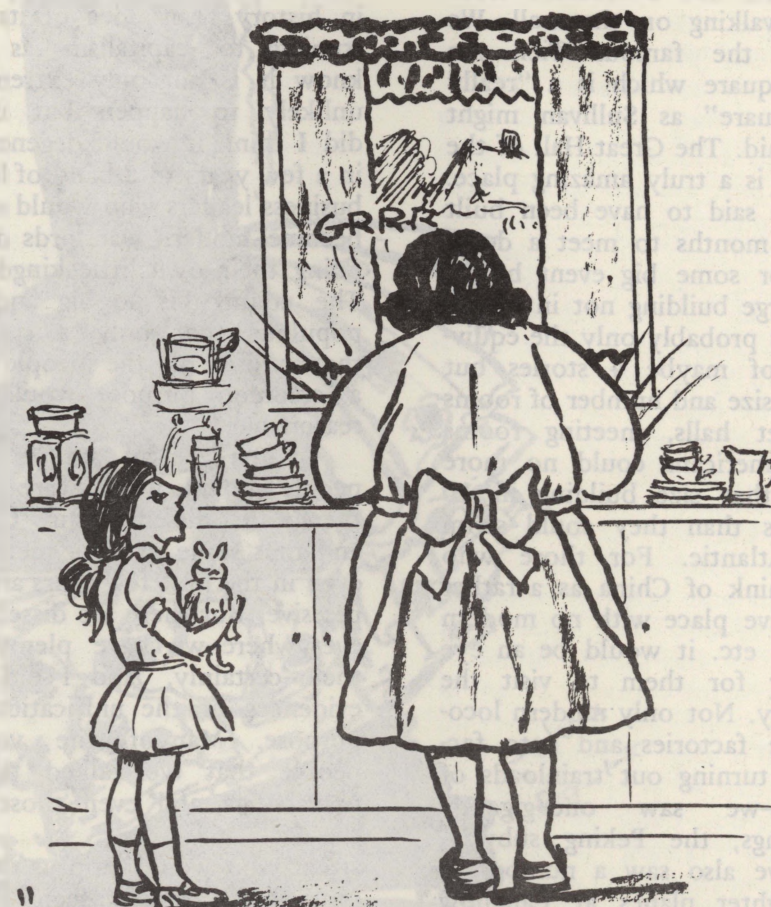
opinion that China will in 25-50 years, be one of if not the leading nation of the world because they are showing an interest in borrowing the best from capitalism and socialism alike. The USSR is slowly going down the tubes because centralized control of all aspects of national life is simply not working so their bank of socialism has many weak points. On the other hand, anyone willing to look at western capitalism with an objective eye is forced to see that it is breaking down too. It may take a long time to finish the job but the present economic position not only of this country but of European countries too is certainly no argument for the undying and eternal validity of capitalism as a way for human life. On top of that with the declining availability of natural resources especially petroleum and fresh clean potable water, the increase of population beyond the food supply it should be clear that the human race will have to realize that cooperation and not competition is the only way to survive. How that will come about I can't say and what form it will take I can't say indeed I don't know but I am sure it will have to occur sooner or later—assuming that we don't solve the whole problem with a nuclear exchange in the meantime. Well, I didn't mean to get philosophic, but one sees the impact of the cooperative and the competitive coming to a head in China. They are solving it by allowing cooperatives to sell at market prices (after they have supplied the quotas required by the central government) and to split any resulting profit among the members of the cooperative. This then becomes a kind of group capitalism and the initiative to earn and the decision as to how to spend the groups profit is made by the group itself. This I think is the wave of the future. Well enough of

that.

I suppose before I quit I should say something about our favorite subject, i.e. cross dressing. Naturally I saw no indication of it on my trip. Although China has produced some famous female impersonators. I think one of them was Mei Lin Feng if I remember correctly—I think that they would be the result of dramatic parts like the Kabuki in Japan. But the clothing of adult men and women is so much alike that there is nothing to change to. Practically everyone wore pants and coat or shirt. The two predominant colors are sort of a dark blue and olive green which can be mixed and matched for tops and bottoms but that's about all. the famous black quilted pajamas were not evidence though they may still be home wear. Children wear colors, and the adolescent girls still in school wear skirts and bright scarves but look down a crowded street will show only a few spots of color and when you get close enough to see who is wearing them it will not be the adult men and women of working age. Thus since there is no particular reason for men to envy women since the position of women is generally below that of men and since they don't represent anything that is denied to men that the men might be interested in regaining, there doesn't seem to me to be much reason for transvestism to exist. If the envy is on a sexual level which has existed in all culture since the beginning, there are doubtless those males who enjoy a female role in sexual interaction and they would provide the homosexuals of the community and I am sure they exist though I had no way of seeing or knowing. Some of them in turn might consider themselves to me "females in male bodies" like western TSs but I don't imagine the Chinese medical authorities would be

very interested in such surgery. This is all not to say that efforts to catch up to the west continue and as they have more and more contact with tourists that they will not more and more adopt western ways of clothing and behaviour and when that occurs the training of boys to be "little men" and the girls to be "little women" as in the west will begin to provide the basis for the envy of position and privilege that presently, in my opinion, is the motivating force behind TVism. We might then begin to hear of Chinese FPs.

So that is a thumb nail sketch of my Chinese impressions. I definitely do encourage any of you having the time and money to take a trip to China to do so. I think it would not only be interesting but an eye opener to you. Since this is being written in Feb. 1982, and I took my trip to China in Oct. 1980, I still have last years trip to report on. I went to India, Nepal, Bhutan and Sri Lanka. But that is too long for this issue so I'll try to have it ready of TVia number 107. Tell then, be good, be happy, and when possible be feminine. VIRGINIA



"BUT DADDY, YOU PROMISED MOTHER YOU WOULD DO THE DISHES IF SHE'D LET YOU WEAR YOUR NEW DRESS"

Ian's Great Aunt, Millie

JOY (Scotland)



Ian paterson gazed open-mouthed at the speaker. From the lips of the dry-as-dust lawyer had come the most incredible, the totally impossible statement. He must have mis-heard. That was it. He took a firm grip on himself.

"Er - would you mind repeating that, please?"

"Not at all. When everything has been taken into account - land, house, property, investments, cash at the bank - everything - and, after all duties and taxes have been paid - your great-aunt's legacy to you will still amount to something over a million pounds!"

Disjointedly, and not at all gracefully, Ian slid slowly to the floor, out to the world.

It all began on his eighteenth birthday with a letter from a firm of solicitors in Edinburgh to Ian, alone in the world in his small flat in an outer suburb of London, asking whether he was the Ian Paterson who had had an elderly relative, a great-aunt, by name Millicent Mary McGregor, who was now deceased but had lived all her life near Edinburgh. If he had had such a relative the writer requested him to reply, giving such proofs of the relationship

as he had readily available. Photocopies at that stage would be acceptable.

"What - " speculated Ian " - can this be all about?" He was, indeed, of Edinburgh stock - his parents had moved south some fourteen years earlier when he was just four - but he didn't recall any elderly female relatives from that time. However, after considerable further thinking he was ready to concede that perhaps, after all, he had heard talk of a Great Aunt-Millie from his parents when he was small. Not that this was a great deal of help really, since, his parents (having been dead for several years) there still didn't seem to be any way of proving anything. But wait - perhaps Dad might still come up with an answer. He'd been an enthusiastic amateur photographer since his very early years and if Great Aunt-Millie has actually existed - Dad's Aunt Millie she would be - surely she might appear in some of his albums of prints.

And there she was! In lots of photos, starting long before Ian was born. In fact, in one shot, she held an infant cradled in her arms and the information under the print (in Dad's neat handwriting), claimed that the

infant was Ian himself. She looked to be in her early sixties, then, but even so she still retained much of what would have been a glorious beauty in her youth. "Golly - " thought Ian, " - she must have been gorgeous. Wish I'd have known her then."

As he sat gazing thoughtfully at the print, it occurred to him that there might possibly be some material benefit in all this - letters from lawyers regarding recently defunct relatives, quite often stemmed from wills and resulted in legacies. With renewed enthusiasm he wrote a long explanatory letter to the Edinburgh lawyer and, after purchasing a few things from a nearby store, enclosed photocopies of everything relevant he could possibly think of - a selection of birth, marriage and death certificates, for a start.

Nothing happened for some days and Ian began to think that perhaps he'd got himself all worked up over nothing. But then the phone rang and a polite Scottish voice asked if he would be available the next day to receive a visitor from the law firm. But most certainly he would. In that case, the lawyer would call on him at about ten-thirty in the morn-

ing to discuss the matter further.

And then things really did begin to develop, for after endless discussion and the examination of all the proofs that Ian could supply, the lawyer indicated cautiously that he personally was satisfied that he, Ian, was the true great-nephew of Millicent Mary McGregor - deceased - and that he, the lawyer, would return to Edinburgh forthwith to set things in motion with a view to formally recognizing the fact and arranging to disclose to him, Ian, the contents of the will.

With what patience he managed to muster, Ian waited in London for the summons to Edinburgh. Finances being what they were, he reckoned he'd have to go north by coach, which took an awfully long time and was rather uncomfortable, to say the least, but had the distinct advantage of being much cheaper than rail or air. Finally, the letter did arrive and the carefully planned economies vanished for, enclosed with the letter was a first-class air ticket for the next day, together with the information that a car would meet him at Edinburgh airport. Things were obviously looking up! And they looked even better, much, much better, in the lawyer's office later on when the will was read - with the interesting result which was noted at the beginning of this account.

Some weeks later, Ian was on his way to Braefoot House in the hills some twenty miles south of Edinburgh, to see what had been Great Aunt Millie's home for all the eighty years of her life and which now belonged to him. It was the first opportunity he'd had to see it and he looked forward to learning more of his elderly relative's background.

In the back of his mind was some idea that he might

sell the house - he wasn't sure that he wanted to live so far north of London - but any such idea vanished when at length it came into view for, even at a distance, it seemed to him to be quite perfect. It wasn't large or ostentatious, just a small Georgian jewel set on the green velvet cushion of the hills, and Ian fell in love with it before he'd even set foot inside.

But it was when he did set foot inside - or, at least, in the doorway - that he found that events were beginning to get out of control. The lawyer had told him that Great Aunt Millie's housekeeper, Margaret, was still living in the house and had been warned of his habit. Ian had assumed that she was of the same generation as his great aunt - old and bent, with arthritic joints and shuffling step - and he was unprepared for the handsome woman, who looked to be in her fifties, who came to the door to welcome him. But, if her lack of years surprised him, his appearance more than startled her. Turning white as a sheet, hand to mouth in something like fear, she gasped, "Miss Millie - an' her young!" and swayed so wildly that Ian had hurriedly to step forward and help her to a chair before she collapsed.

At length, having assured himself that she was in no danger and was well on the way to recovery, he straightened up, to find himself face to face with a portrait in a golden frame which was set high over the fireplace in the hall. Perhaps in her early twenties (and dressed in the fashions of the years immediately before World War) an exceptionally beautiful woman looked calmly down at him, her eyes gazing directly into his, her mobile mouth about to break into a warm and friendly smile. Whoever the artist had been, he had caught, to an extraordinary degree, the air of serenity and peace which seemed to surround her.

For a moment Ian could only see her face and confusedly thought that he was looking, not at a portrait, but at himself in a mirror. But shortly his vision widened to take in the meticulously dressed hair, the beautiful low cut evening gown, the white arms clothed in gloves to the shoulder and the rich dark oak of the panelled wall behind her.

"Who's - who's that?" he asked in a voice which, to his surprise, quavered and trembled.

"She's your Aunt, Mr. Ian - your Great Aunt I should say - Miss McGregor."

He gazed in admiration at the beautiful face which, in a way, seemed completely familiar to him, perhaps, he thought, from the photographs of her he'd studied back in London. But as he continued to look at her, a most peculiar sensation began to steal over him. It was as if the portrait was drawing him closer and closer towards itself until he was almost totally absorbed into it and found that he was looking out through its eyes at himself standing in the center of the hall. It was an extraordinarily real sensation - he could see the whole hall in clear detail, even areas which he could not possibly see from where he was really standing - even the hairs on top of his own head ruffled by the breeze from the open windows. With an effort, he shook his head and everything snapped back to normal. Shaken - the impression had been extremely vivid - he moved to follow Margaret into the house.

There was never really any doubt that he would live at Braefoot House once he'd seen and it took him only a few weeks to clear up in London and move everything he possessed - not that it amounted to very much - up North. Within a short time, with Margaret a most efficient housekeeper, he was comfortably installed and starting to explore not only Edinburgh



Alpha Gals at a Dinner/Meeting



Felicity / Ny-16-M



Leisa / Ok-301-C



Rhonda

and the surrounding countryside, but also the house with all his new and fascinating possessions.

As the weeks passed, Ian learned a great deal about his great-aunt - much general information from the masses of paper and documents stored away in the house, and more detailed and intimate facts from Margaret who had been in her household for approximately thirty years. To his surprise, for he had noticed that all documents, even as far back as sixty years earlier, were addressed to "Miss McGregor," - Great Aunt Millie had in fact been married. Her bridegroom was an officer of the Regular Army, and she married him at the beginning of August in 1914, in the full knowledge that he would have to leave her almost immediately to go with his regiment to France. She never saw him again! The telegram, telling her that he had been killed, came within ten days of the wedding while she was still writing letters of thanks for the wedding gifts. At the end of the war, after a great deal of thought (and since there were no children of the marriage), she decided to revert to her maiden name. It was, in fact, that war which ultimately made Ian her heir, for Millie herself was an only child and although her husband had had two brothers and a sister, the two boys were killed before the end of the war. The sister, Isobel, married a John Paterson after the war and their only child, also named John, was Ian's father.

Margaret, besides being a most efficient housekeeper, was a goldmine of information, not only about Great Aunt Millie, but also about Braefoot House and the local neighborhood. She must have been nearly forty years older than Ian and as he settled down into his new life, she quickly adopted the attitude of a protective aunt to him.

Ian continued to be fasci-

nated by the portrait in the hall. Although there was no repetition of the experience he had felt in the minutes after he had first set eyes on it, he felt that his aunt's beautiful eyes and warm and friendly lips were trying hard to tell him something.

The picture had a marvelously calming influence on Ian and occasionally, in the long warm evenings, he would settle down in a chair in the hall, just to be near her. Unconsciously he found that he had accepted quite early that the familiarity of her face had not come from his study of photographs of her in London. It had come (allowing for the characteristic differences in male and female features and masculine and feminine attitudes and clothing), from the fact that the face in the portrait was the face that he saw every day in a mirror. The similarity was very marked - quite extraordinarily so, in fact - and it was something that Margaret couldn't get over. And it was this fact (with one or two other reasons), which steered Ian in the way that he was to go.

Margaret, in taking him on a tour of the house that first day, had pointed out as inconspicuous door to what she said was a storeroom. However, Ian had had so much to do and see and learn at that time that it was actually some months before it occurred to him to wonder what, in fact, was stored in it.

"Margaret - that storeroom on the top floor - what's in it?"

"Oh - just some things of your Great Aunt's, Mr. Ian."

"What sort of things?"

"Clothes mostly."

"Clothes? I thought that we'd given all those away?"

"Yes, we did, but these are different. Ever since she was quite young, Miss Millie - every time she went to some special occasion like a ball, garden party, dinner, things like that - would store away in boxes all the clothes she's worn and

never wear them again. She used to say that they preserved for her forever the memory and the flavor of each special day."

"Goodness! Are there very many clothes there?"

"Oh yes - masses! It's some time since I saw them - all the boxes are locked away in cupboards - but there must be well over a hundred complete outfits, I would think."

Ian digested this remarkable information (there seemed to be no end to the surprising things his Great Aunt had done), and then made up his mind - and fulfilled his destiny!!

"This I must see! Off you go and get the keys and then let's take a look."

"I don't need to go - I have them here already!"

The inconspicuous door led into a room much larger than Ian had imagined. Set in the center of the house, it had no windows and was insulated from the rest of the world by other rooms around and below it and by the attics above. According to Margaret the temperature and humidity never varied by more than a few degrees even in the bitterest winters or torrid summers. It was not a room to live in - all four walls were lined from floor to ceiling with white painted cupboards, and there were more in a double row across the center of the little room. Margaret, busy with a large bunch of keys, swung open one of the doors. Neatly stacked in a rack up the left half of the cupboard were brown dress-boxes, each with a label on the end. On the right hung sheeted forms from a row of coathangers.

"The box holds the underware and shoes and all the accessories - handbag, gloves, jewellery, a hat if there was one - while the dress itself is on the hanger."

"Can we take one out to see?"

"Yes, of course - which

Ian examined the labels on the boxes. The particular cupboard they'd opened covered some years after World War Two. The words 'New Look' caught his eye. He examined the label more closely. "Lunch with Lady Devenish at the christening of her first grandchild. 8th May, 1947. ('The New Look')"

Margaret reached into the cupboard and brought out a hanger. Carefully she removed the dustsheet to reveal a dress and jacket in a soft, honey-coloured raw silk, and held it up for his inspection.

"Were you with Great-Aunt Millie then - when she wore this?"

Suddenly she stretched forward and held the dress against Ian's shoulders.

“I - I”

knowledge even to himself to dress in them. Far too shy to buy anything personally, and without any opportunity for clandestine experiment at home, he still couldn't bring himself to buy clothes even by mail order lest the fact should somehow become known. And anyway, he didn't understand women's sizes and his native caution prevented him from ordering something which might be so large as to swamp him, or so small that he couldn't get into it. So he suffered in silence, gazing longingly at newspaper and magazine advertising and giving furtive sidelong glances at the windows of dress shops as he passed while lacking the self confidence to stop and gaze. And so, while Margaret's suggestion came as a shock it also brought a surge of excitement. Suddenly - above all else - he wanted to say 'yes', but the word was so hard to bring out.

"Why not? They're your clothes - all of them - and there's nobody in the world with a better right to put them on than you."

"Yes, but -" he paused, then went on "-surely they wouldn't fit, would they?"

"Oh, yes - with a little padding here and there - they'll fit fine! Would you like to try?"

Without warning the flood-gates opened and the urgent throbbing desire to dress in these beautiful clothes swept through. To heck with everything -

"Yes please - oh yes please!"

experienced lady's maid, which eventually triumphed. With the hooks done up and the zipper closed, his waist was under considerable pressure but his delight in finally achieving what he had always longed for made him ignore the discomfort.

The bra, which she hooked round his slim chest, matched the girdle and, when she had filled it with cotton wool padding, made his so womanlike that he half disbelieved the reflection he saw in the mirror. Stockings, which she put on for him - he was frightened he might tear them if he did it himself - french panties enhanced the image and all signs of Ian were fast disappearing under layers of femininity. Then, as Margaret smoothed down the slip over his hips, he began to sense that something was happening to him.

"Yes, Miss Millie?"

That wasn't Margaret's voice - it sounded too young. He turned to look at her - but only a youthful maid in cap and apron stood there, quiet and deferential, holding a pale blue garment of some sort ready in her arms. Anxiously he looked around him. The bedroom - his bedroom - had changed, become old fashioned but very feminine with pretty curtains and bedspread, cushions and frilly lampshades. There was a vase of flowers on the dressing table. The wardrobe doors stood open revealing a rainbow-hued row of dresses, coats, furs. A jewel box on a side table flashed its contents in a ray of sunshine and a drawer, half open, overflowed with diaphanous undies. And what had the girl said? "Yes, Miss Millie." Miss Millie? Anxiously his eyes found the mirror.

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before he accepted that she was, in fact, his own reflection,

But - this was no youth in slip and stockings. This was a real woman a genuine female. Urgently he looked down at his bra and felt within - - - - It was not cotton wool padding but real, warm flesh and blood - his own flesh and blood. His back to the maid he searched further. The swelling hips confined in the girdle were his own unaided hips, and there was nothing - nothing at all - further down. And only the silky panties covered the smooth velvet skin over soft flesh. He looked back in the mirror. His familiar short dark haircut was now long and fair and styled elegantly around the neat head and the expertly made up face. He could sense the taste and perfume of the lipstick. Now really frightened he said, and even in his anxiety realized that he spoke with the voice of a mature female, "Margaret I think I've changed my mind", and began agitatedly to undress.

As slip, and then panties fell to the floor and he struggled awkwardly with the bra he found, to his immense relief, that Ian had reappeared - short hair, skinny figure, obvious padding. He looked around. The bedroom was back to normal. Margaret was once again Margaret.

"Margaret, I want to try again another day - really get fully dressed and made up and all the rest. But - but I just don't feel like it any more at the moment."

"All right, Mr. Ian, whenever you're ready just say and we'll have another try. I'm really looking forward to seeing Miss Millie again!"

Thoroughly confused in his mind over what had happened Ian spent the evening in deep and worried thought. He had no way of telling what the truth of the situation was but it seemed possible that it was the

same sort of hallucination which he'd experienced with the picture in the hall but to a greater degree. Perhaps Great-Aunt Millie's Wonderful personality was so powerful that it lived on in these very special clothes of hers and when he put them on she, as it were, took over and her body reappeared in his place. But not here mind' At least - well, he'd felt different in so many ways but he knew quite well that he was still Ian. A thought crossed his mind - was the maid he'd seen really the young Margaret? Had he not only been taken over by Great-Aunt Millie but also actually translated back in time to the very occasion on which she had worn those clothes? he rang for Margaret.

"Margaret, when my great-aunt was dressing in that outfit all those years ago, do you remember if she changed her mind when she was half dressed and decided to wear the honey coloured outfit and not something different - something for which you have already got everything out ready?"

"Why, yes, she did. I remember it clearly because I was still very new to lady's maiding and, when she said calmly, 'Margaret - I think I've changed my mind', I panicked a bit for I thought I'd not have enough time to get her ready. But how did you know?"

"Had she been going to wear a blue dress - pale blue, not a navy?"

She looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes - it was a suit, not a dress - ice blue. But how on earth did you know that?"

"I - I don't know - perhaps I just visualized it when you were dressing me."

The whole experience had been so real to Ian that it was some time before he dared think of trying again, but eventually the urge to be dressed and made up had grown to such an extent

that it completely overwhelmed the fright he had received. 'Next time', he thought, 'I'm not going to be put off. I'm going to go through with it right to the end, till I'm completely dressed and made up - and then I'll stay like that for a while, for some hours at least.' He needn't have worried about deciding what he would do - that aspect had already been taken care of. His opportunity came when a dinner, to which he had been invited, had to be cancelled at the last minute. At half past six he decided.

"Margaret - I want you to dress me in Great-Aunt Millie's clothes, please! Now!" 'Before I lose my nerve' he added to himself.

"Of course, Mr. Ian. I've been hoping you'd try again. I'll go upstairs straight away."

"I'll meet you there."

This time she opened a different cupboard, a little later in date than the other. Ian examined the labels and finally decided on a box marked 'Eve Merriman's Birthday Ball. 12th October, 1955. Blue Taffeta.'

"I'll have this one, please."

Margaret read the label. "Oh, this is lovely. Even though by that time Miss Millie was - let's see - sixty two, she had such a beautiful figure and so young a face she could wear clothes really more suitable for a much younger woman and still get away with it perfectly. This is gorgeous - you'll see."

Carefully carrying the box and the sheeted dress she followed Ian to his bedroom where while he excitedly stripped to his pants, she hung the still hidden dress at the back of the door and started to remove things from the box.

Again the struggle to get the foundation over his towel-padded hips, and this time there was more of it. It was a corselette, quite firmly boned, and it only opened at the back where it was close by lacing. Securely holding him from thigh to mid-

chest it was strapless and it was some time before Margaret managed to get it into position and to pad the cups.

"Hold onto the door handle, Mr. Ian, while I lace you in. The back's got to be closed completely or the dress won't fit."

"Lacing? You don't mean tight lacing, do you?"

"No, only a little bit, but it has to be done."

"Well - all right."

It seemed Ian that Margaret's idea of 'little' and his own differed considerable for, although he told her quite quickly that he was beginning to feel that he was being cut in two at the waist, she paid absolutely no attention and just kept on pulling him in. By the time she'd finished and had tied off the laces he found that he was quite unable to breathe except just from his chest, and he was pretty uncomfortable altogether. He half thought of stopping then and there, but by that time it was too late. Again she knelt to put on his stockings for him - deep blue, cobwebby fine - and then paused.

"You really should have the right pantie - look - I'll turn my back - you slip off your underpants and put these on - they're quite secure - that'll be much better."

By the time he'd done so, and Margaret had turned back and told him how to pull the suspenders down inside the pantie legs and helped him to clip them to the stocking tops he had begun to feel slightly odd, to feel that everything was getting a bit unreal. 'I'm-I'm ch-changing again-' he thought, - the mirror-'

Reflected there was the same woman he'd seen last time - breath-takingly beautiful, shapely as a seventeen year old. Crushing down his rising panic he forced himself to remain calm.

Margaret - the young cap-

and-apron Margaret, but not so youthful looking as last time - was kneeling at his stockinged feet holding high heeled silver sandals. He looked at the towering heels, appalled, and tried to say 'Those heels are far too high for me', but actually heard Millie ask 'Those heels are now all right, are they?', and Margaret reply 'Yes, Miss Millie, I had the cobbler fix them yesterday.'

As Margaret continued his dressing - now that he'd got past the changeover stage he found himself again fairly calm - the pattern of his new existence became more apparent. The more completely Margaret dressed him the more he was taken over by Great-Aunt Millie. Quickly she substituted her body for his; much more slowly (and never completely) she took over his mind. Now, as he stood before his mirror, Margaret giving final touches to his dress, he looked at his reflection - not gazing romantically, entranced but examining critically, requiring perfection - much more Millie than Ian. But still, Ian did look too - looked at his bare strap-free shoulders rising, creamy white, out of the gleaming, jewel studded cuirass of the midnight blue gown, at the long blue gloves reaching high above his elbows, at the very full skirt falling in a multitude of folds to the floor at the glittering sapphire choker round his neck, the matching earrings, the faultless hair, the immaculate make up. Millie was satisfied with what she and Margaret had wrought. Ian was thrilled beyond all imagining at the thought, the feel, the reflected image of himself.

"That's all right, thank you, Margaret - what time is it?"

"A quarter to eight, Miss Millie."

"Has Colonel Dawson arrived yet, do you know?"

"I think I heard him a few minutes ago."

"Very well."

With the fur stole which Margaret offered over his arm, and with purse in hand, Ian walked to the door and down the long staircase, his free hand holding up the front of his skirt, the movement of his silk covered legs against the heavy taffeta slip rustling loudly. 'Colonel Dawson?' he thought to himself 'who the heck is Colonel Dawson?'. But as he entered the drawing room Millie took over.

"Good evening, Jim, dear,"

"Evening, Millie - how charming you look."

"Thank you, dear - I always like to look my best when I'm going out with you."

A couple of sherries and they were on their way in the Colonel's car to Scadmore Hall where Eve Merriman's parents were holding a Ball to celebrate their daughter's twenty-first birthday. It was all so familiar to Millie - the road, the house, her partner, all the other guests but so completely new to Ian. Fortunately for his peace of mind he quickly discovered that it was perfectly safe just to sit back and relax and let Millie take over in any situation in which he was doubtful - she could cope with anything - while he could venture to use his own mind in simpler situations. He began to enjoy himself immensely.

The evening seemed to fly past. He discovered that he was an excellent performer in old fashioned and modern ballroom dancing, but that he didn't join in the frenetic modern styles (as Ian might have done), not because he couldn't do but because at sixty-two he had to husband his energy for activities which he liked better. He delighted in the amount of attention he received - never in the whole evening was he completely unaccompanied, and most of the time he was at the center of a laughing, happy

group. And to Millie's as well as his own satisfaction it was clear that there was no more attractive, or attractively dressed woman at the Ball.

It was nearly four in the morning before Colonel Dawson drove up to the door at Braefoot House, saw Millie safely indoors, gave her a farewell peck on the cheek and then left her to go to bed. A tired Ian climbed slowly upstairs, thinking with pleasure of his evening, and in Millie's bedroom slowly removed jewelry, dress and slip before sitting at the mirror to clean off his make up and to brush his long fair hair. Finally he undressed completely.

For a second he wondered what had gone wrong, for he fully expected to turn back into Ian and the bedroom to become his own again as he removed the last of Millie's clothes, but here he was, naked and unbearably beautiful, and still very much Millie's. But he was too tired to think. He slid into the ivory silk nightie lying on the ready turned down bed and fell almost instantly asleep.

It was late when he woke - almost ten thirty - and he was still confused over the evening's activities. He clearly remembered going to bed as Millie in her lace edged sheets and pillow cases and wearing the pretty silk nightgown which had been left ready on the bed for him. He looked around. He was in his own bedroom wearing his own pajamas and between plain linen sheets. The dressing table held only his brushes and odds and ends and there was no sign of Millie's cosmetics and jewelry. Even the waste basket was innocent of the cotton wool he'd used in removing his make-up. The gorgeous underwear and the fabulous dress had vanished and only the suit he'd been wearing before starting to change was visible. He rang for Margaret.

"Margaret - what on earth happened last night?"

"I - I don't know, Mr. Ian - I think - I'm afraid - I must have fallen asleep. I - I'm terribly sorry - I can't think how it happened - I've never done a thing like that before."

"What makes you think you fell asleep?"

"Well, I had such an extraordinarily vivid dream. You remember I put you into Miss Millie's dress? Well I dreamed that I was back again at the evening when I really did dress her in those clothes. And it was all so real. After she'd gone to the ball I cleaned up her room and put her night clothes ready. Then I went down to the kitchen for supper and spent the evening with Ellen - she was the cook we had then and went to bed about midnight. And as far as I can remember that's what I actually did do that night."

"But - how extraordinary! You see, I did that too. I mean I spent the whole evening as Aunt Millie - went to the Ball - everything. And when I got back and went to bed I was still her. I went to sleep as her, in her nightie, and yet I woke up a few minutes ago as myself and in my pajamas!"

They looked at each other in confusion.

"Where's my dress anyway? I mean, Aunt Millie's dress? Whatever else happened last night you did actually dress me in it. Shouldn't it still be here?"

Margaret looked blank, then disappeared from the room. Minutes later she was back, rather pale.

"The dress and most of the things are back in the proper cupboard in the storeroom. The undies and stocking are down in the laundryroom ready for me to rinse through before I put them away!"

Over the next few days Ian struggled to find an explanation he could accept. He was already aware, from his experience with

her picture on his first day in the house, that Great-Aunt Millie had had a very strong personality. Now he felt that, as he explained to Margaret:

"Perhaps when we brought her most personal things - her very special clothes - back into use she was able to impose her personality on us both - take me over completely and turn your back to when you were young - and so relive the experiences she'd had at the time when she herself wore them. Then, when the particular episode had finished she, sort of, relaxed her hold on us and we reverted to the present day again. But at the same time as all that was happening we were actually just carrying on with our normal lives but completely without knowing it. So I imagine you actually did dress me, make me up and so on. And then, I expect, after a little while I changed back into my own clothes again and you cleared everything away back into the storeroom or else downstairs ready to rinse out. But we don't remember - aren't even aware of any of that experience for we were both reliving the original 1955 one - you as your own younger self, and I as Aunt Millie."

"perhaps you're right, Mr. Ian. But one thing I can tell you absolutely positively. You never met your Great-Aunt, but I knew her and worked for her for nearly thirty-five years, and a finer woman - a finer human being - never stepped. There wasn't a atom of ill nature in her whole make up. If what you've suggested is true then I'd swear that no possible harm will come from it, for no matter what it might cost her Miss Millie would never do anything which would hurt a soul. In fact -" she added "if I might suggest it would you consider repeating the experience? Not with the same clothes of course but with other outfits from her storeroom? Because if you're

right then I would think that perhaps she longs to live through some of the happiest times of her life again. She was always so marvellously kind and thoughtful to me, and - and she made you her heir - and for my part I'd like to to make the opportunity which she could take if she wanted to. But perhaps you wouldn't like to have to spend so much of your time as a woman - perhaps even have to to fulfill a female function for I'm sure she was no prude - perhaps you'd rather stay a man?"

"Margaret," said Ian (he was still in bed) "come over here." He held her and kissed her foundly on the cheek and as she blushed in confusion, added: "Aunt Millie wasn't the only kindly person in this house. That was a marvellous thought and every now and then we'll do just that. And I'll do exactly what Great Aunt Millie wants to do, no matter what." He didn't add which he might have that while his love for his Great Aunt, and his gratitude to her, was immeasurable and he would do anything in the world to please her, the thought of an unlimited series of dressing up sessions stretching on and on into the future, thrilled him beyond belief. 'More than a hundred' different outfits in the storeroom Margaret had said. More than a hundred incredibly real experiences. He trembled with excitement at the prospect. 'Supposing he thought, supposing Margaret dressed me once a month. That would mean eight or nine years before I'd worn everything, and then we could start over again from the beginning.' He thought further - 'But I couldn't possibly wait as long as a whole month between dressings - twice a month would still mean that I can go for something over four years without repeating anything. It'll be fabulous.'

A few days later it occurred to him that it might even be pos-

sible to check whether his Great Aunt really did want to relive her past experience through him or not for, although he might be fantasizing, he felt that perhaps he could make contact with her through her portrait in the hall.

It was wintertime and very cold and he'd had a big fire built in the enormous fireplace in the hall. Now he sat down by it facing the portrait and gazing long at the beautiful face with its smiling lips and laughing eyes. Even more strongly than usual he felt that she was trying to say something to him. At length, almost mesmerised by her beauty he was hardly aware of murmuring "Millie, dear, would you really like me to do this? To wear your clothes so you can come back again for a wee while?" His ears heard nothing but his mind was aware of a soft voice answering "Yes please Ian dear," and in the flickering firelight he was convinced that he saw her lips move. Afterwise he decided not to say anything about it to Margaret for fear she might think him foolish, but he was strengthened in his belief that his theory about what had been happening was right. And he was strengthened even further when he discovered that, on the mornings of days on which he intended to have a session, he would wake up with a date firmly fixed in his mind. Invariable, when he told Margaret the date, she found that there was a costume stored away by his great-aunt which matched it, and that was the costume he would wear that evening. Firmly he refused to visit the storeroom and examine the boxes lest he should cause a preference of his own for a particular outfit to outweigh his great-aunt's choice.

Then began a period of absolute ecstasy for Ian. Every couple of weeks or so Margaret would push, pull, persuade, lace his male figure into another

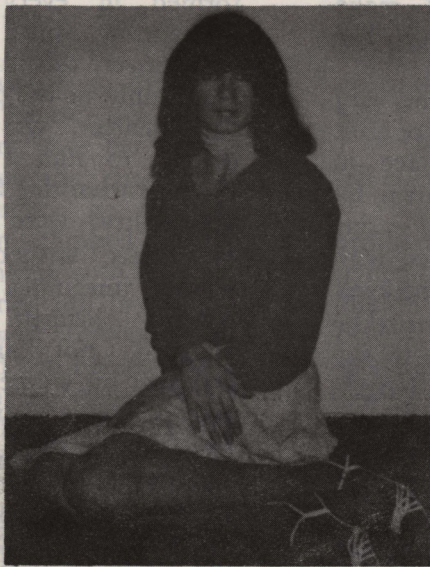
of the outfits which had been so carefully stored away by Great-Aunt Millie. And each time, before his dressing was completed, he had been transformed in every detail into Great-Aunt Millie herself. This changeover, this miracle of what could only be the power of mind over matter, was a continual delight to him - his fabulous figure, enchanting face, attractive personality, were all he could ever have wished for in his wildest imagining. As Millie he found himself universally admired, not only by men but also by women for she was one of those delightful people who only inspire love in others and never malice or envy. And as session followed session both he and Margaret came to accept the situation without question. Transformation was a routine process - an unbelievably marvellous process, but still a routine process.

There was still, however, one question to be resolved. Up until the time when Ian had been dressing for about a year Millie had only chosen outfits which she'd worn in the years after the end of World War Two. But one Saturday morning Ian said, as Margaret brought him his morning tea: "Morning Margaret, for tonight Great-Aunt Millie wants June 17, 1933." He paused then continued "Well, now we'll know. Who was her lady's maid then do you remember?"

"A maid called Susan - 'old Susan' we used to call her. Miss Millie had the same maid from the time she first came out in 1910 until I was given the position in 1946. In 1933 I was just 12."

"Is Susan still alive, do you know?"

"No, she died quite soon after she retired. Early 1948 I think it was." He thought for a while, then went on, "I Can't believe anything unpleasant would happen to you - Millie wouldn't let it. I wonder



Vivian / Tx-205-M



Valerie / Oh-210-J



Cheryl / Ny-215-Mc



Nora Helene & Patricia

whether, since Susan is dead, you might go back in her place. After all, I take the place of someone else who's not only dead but who's of a different sex as well. It wouldn't be surprising if you took Susan's place, would it?"

"Well, no-I suppose not. I hadn't thought of it that way."

"Shall we try then?"

"Yes - yes I think I'd like to." And so it turned out. Susan was not unlike Margaret in character, though not in appearance, and dimly, through the overwhelming presence of Millie's personality, Ian thought that he could faintly detect signs of Margaret in her.

The following mornin right from the beginning it had been established that every dressing session, no matter at what time of the day the experience as Millie began, ended with Ian finally going to sleep as Millie, and waking up in the morning as himself - Margaret confirmed it.

"It was very odd to be not just a younger version of myself, but to be someone else altogether, with her thoughts and feelings in place of my own. We always used to laugh at her though not to her face and I'm sorry now that we did for I discovered last night just how unhappy it made her."

After the question of what would happen to Margaret in pre-war sessions had been satisfactorily answered, Ian's dressing continued with Millie ranging far and wide through her life from the very first outfit in the storeroom, which she'd worn at her coming-out ball when she was seventeen, to the last, which she'd worn at a dinner given in her honour to mark her eightieth birthday, only a few months before her death.

In some ways Ian was of a methodical turn of mind and very early in his career as Great-Aunt Millie he'd made a list of all the outfits in the storeroom what they were, when they'd been worn, and so on-and then

noted by each the date on which he'd been dressed in it by Margaret. The total came to well over the hundred she'd estimated originally but one day, over four years from his first experience, he counted up and found that there were only half a dozen that he'd not yet worn.

"Only about another three months, Margaret, and then we'll have gone through the complete collection. I wonder what'll happen then do you think we'll start again at the beginning?"

"I don't know, Mr. Ian. Perhaps she'll only be allowed to go through everything once and then she'll have to stop."

"Oh, I do hope not! I don't know what I'll do if she does. I've been so used to being her and dressing in those marvellous clothes that I can't visualise a life without it. You can have no idea what it means to me to be attractive and beautifully dressed and yes, I will say it to be a woman and not a man. As a real woman I don't suppose you look on it in the same way that I do, but I swear that I'd give anything at all to be assured of continuing this wonderful experience. When you suggested, that day four years ago, that I should try on the New Look dress you opened a door into a world of storybook happiness for me. I couldn't survive being locked out of it now."

"Well, well, we'll have to wait and see what happens. Perhaps, if Miss Millie isn't allowed to come back any more you could carry on where she left off buy some new outfits which you could wear on very special occasions here at home your birthday and Christmas and other special days. And, of course, you'll be able to dress in all the things in the storeroom again, except that it'll help you all I can for these four years have been marvellous for me, too. But I'm sure Miss Millie will tell you what to do when the time comes."

As the weeks passed it became apparent that the final outfit in the collection was to be Millie's 1914 wedding dress. Ian had long looked forward to wearing it for it seemed to him that to be a bride was to reach the pinnacle of womanhood - an experience which could only be exceeded by motherhood, and this had been denied to Millie and this last adventure in her place would be also a pinnacle for him.

At long last the morning dawned. On that Saturday Ian woke with two messages from Millie in his mind. One was a date, August 3, 1914 and the other was the phrase 'The end is the beginning.' He wasn't sure just what that meant but it sounded hopeful. Metaphorically he kept his fingers crossed.

It was early evening when Margaret started to prepare him for the rigours of a pre-world war one woman's wedding day. Whatever a man of the day might have had to put up with in the way of uncomfortable new clothes, starched collars and tight boots it was nothing to what his bride had to endure. Although by 1914 fashion had become much modified for day wear from the Victorian and Turn of the Century ideals, evening clothes and these governed the shape and style of wedding dresses were still some years behind in changing. So, over his underpants Ian had to get into a silk chemise and then, very daringly, silk drawers. White openwork stockings came to just over his knees where Margaret gartered them with white satin ribbons. He had been corsetted often under many of the dresses he had worn before, but never so severely as he was to be now. To him the long gleaming white stays were, even before they were laced, unpleasantly tight on his body and the boning felt so stiff that he wondered whether he could possibly put up with it. In fact, by the time

Margaret had, with difficulty, got him half laced he was almost ready to tell her to stop, that he couldn't stand any more and he'd have to give in. Fortunately, and probably because she realised what was happening, Millie began to appear at that moment, displacing his nineteen seventy eight male frame with her nineteen fourteen, slim twenty one year old female one. At once the pressure on his waist eased and Margaret, now a very youthful Susan, finished the lacing without difficulty. Over his corsetted waist went two white petticoats, the under one of taffeta, the top of silk, and then he sat, bolt upright, (very uncomfortable) at the dressing table for Susan to arrange his abundant fair hair. This was a very time-consuming operation employing dozens of hairpins but eventually it was done, his hair 'up' and framing his face beautifully. Make-up in the modern sense was unknown and would have been rejected as 'fast' even if it had existed but an almost invisible dusting of powder was permissible. White satin shoes with little heels, and bows at the front, and then Ian stood for Susan to put him into the dress.

It was a fabulous gown - white lace over shimmering white satin - and from the uncomfortably high boned collar to his hips it fitted like a second skin over his strictly controlled and pre-shaped body. The fastening up the back was by a multitude of small round satin covered buttons and it took an under maid (who was helping Susan) all of five minutes to do them up, but the end result was an absolutely wrinkle - free silhouette. From his hips down to the floor the material fell clear before stretching out behind him along the carpet in a train. Finally jewellery - pearls and matching earrings - and then white gloves to button at the wrist, meeting the end of the long sleeves - only at the last

minute did he pause to look at his finger to see what kind of an engagement ring he wore - a circlet of sapphires round a magnificent diamond - and then Susan carefully pinned the long veil of Brussels lace to his piled up hair and he was ready.

Ian had been aware, but had paid no attention to the fact, that his normally quiet and peaceful home had become, with Millie's arrival, a hive of sound and industry. From the various shadowy female figures in his bedroom, the sound of continual comings and goings within the house itself and the grinding of carriage wheels and clatter and stamp of horses' hooves in the drive below his bedroom window, the whole house seemed to throb and vibrate with activity. Now that he was completely ready the fact that he was not just alone with Margaret in his bedroom registered and people and faces came into focus. The elderly aunt who was to act as his mother with something of a pang he realized that Millie's mother had been dead for many years and a number of chattering girls, including two little ones, all dressed the same, who were his bridesmaids. As they all trooped out of the bedroom and downstairs on the way to the carriages and the little village church - this was to be no high society fashionable wedding in the centre of Edinburgh for the times were far too serious for that - Ian in Millie's marvellous body and clothes went slowly downstairs to the hall to where her father waited, a tall, well built fifty-year old in the uniform of a colonel of the Scots Guards.

"Well, Millie m'dear, its nearly time to go. Are you quite ready?"

"Yes, everyone now. including all the servants. Only Sargeant Campbell and a couple of his men will stay to keep an eye on things."

The 'things' Colonel Mc

Gregor referred to were, besides the normal contents of a very rich man's home, the large quantity of expensive wedding gifts which Millie and her fiance had received.

Her fiance! In the golden sunshine of the August morning as the carriage bore him gently towards the village Ian, as Millie, thought of Malcol Fulton to whom he was so soon to be married. Her father's choice of a suitable husband for her, she had known him for some years as a pleasant young man. Now she knew that, although she quite liked him, by no means did she love him. Curiously, to Ian, this seemed an acceptable state of affairs to her. In an age when marriages were still, at least in the higher levels of Society, arranged by the parents a 'love match' was the exception. To be given a partner who was acceptable in every sense was the hope of every young man and woman. Love could perhaps come later. Millie was, in any case, unlikely to see him for very long after the wedding was over for she had been told the previous evening that he would have to rejoin his unit - he was a Captain in the Royal Artillery - on the following morning as it was bound for France. With a shudder of horror it occurred to her that she might never see him again. What nonsense, she thought, he'd be back for Christmas at the latest as the war was bound to be over by then.

Later, in the fine old church with the sunshine steaming down, red and blue and golden, through the stained glass windows Ian heard himself repeat at the minister's bidding:

"I, Millicent Mary, - take thee, Malcolm Andrew, - to be my lawfully wedded husband"

It was done. The signing of names in the vestry. The raising of his veil my Malcolm and the brush of moustache on his cheek as he was kissed. The slow parade down the aisle

to Mendelssohn's Wedding March, his hand resting on Malcolm's arm. The pause at the top of the church steps for the mysterious activity of a photographer with a black velvet cloth over a bulky plate camera. The drive in the sunshine back to Braefoot house now with Malcolm sitting beside him. The Reception there-champagne, speeches, 'my wife and I' laughter and some tears. The escape upstairs to where Susan waited with his going away clothes cinnamon brown suit in the latest fashion with the daringly short skirt reaching only down as far as six inches above the floor, the long jacket coming down well below his hips over a cream silk blouse tied with an artist bow at the neck, a wide brimmed hat perched on his hair with a veil tied securely below his chin the long drive in Malcolm's new-fangled motor, noisy, smelly and open to the weather, to the hotel in Edinburgh where they were to spend the few hours of their honeymoon. the champagne supper. But now, at last, weary from the excitement and activities of the day, they were ready for bed.

Curiously, for a young man in 1978, Ian was almost totally ignorant of what might be expected to happen. His parents had died without telling him anything of the facts of life., and the prurient chatter and dirty jokes of his school mates had only left him confused and uninformed. And Millie, too, was ignorant; Her mother had died when she was tiny and the elderly aunt who had acted for her at the wedding was unmarried. Inexplicably, her normally thoughtful and efficient father had failed to provide some married woman who could warn her of what she must expect. About all that either of them knew, in fact, was that husbands and wives normally slept in the same bed. Undressed and prepared for bed by Susan - who

had quickly abandoned him for some far distant servant's bedroom at the top of the hotel Ian lay trembling and apprehensive in the large bed wondering what would happen. He was not a little frightened.

Not so Malcolm. He was much more of the world than either Ian or Millie and he knew exactly what was going to happen. He was married to the most beautiful girl in all Scotland, and this was his wedding night. Stark naked he strode in from the dressing room and leaped into bed beside the shrinking horror-stricken Ian, grabbed him and crushed the soft, warm body against his own. In Millie's frame Ian struggled desperately, but even the strength of despair made him no match for Malcolm. Head averted, he was forced to submit.

At last it was over. Ian, nauseated, wept hopelessly, clutching the pillow to his face lest Malcolm, now snoring beside him in the darkness, should re-awaken. Bruised in his struggles and wracked with pain, his body felt soiled- befouled by what had happened to him. He didn't even dare to get out of bed to clean himself for fear that Malcolm might wake and rights again. Only one bright thought shone in poor Ian's mind if only he could fall asleep he would wake in the morning as Ian in his own bedroom in Braefoot House and not in this horrible hotel room with its nauseating memories.

At last he dropped into a light sleep, intermittent and replete with nightmares which woke him, trembling and apprehensive lest Malcolm should stir. Later he slept more deeply until the early morning sun, shining through a slit in the curtains on his eyes, dragged him back to reality. He was confused, unable to recognize where he was. This wasn't his bedroom where he'd wakened every morning for the last five years. This was- With a sickening shock he

realized he was still in the hotel bedroom. Unbelievably he saw his long fair hair tumbled over the pillow before his eyes, and his urgent investigation confirmed his deepest fear. He was still Millie, still female and, stealthily turning his head, still in bed with his new husband. He glanced at the little travelling clock on the bedside table six thirty and then with infinite care eased himself out of bed and tip-toed across the room to the bathroom blessing the forward looking hotel which had recently installed such an up-to-date fitting and dispensed with bedroom washstands and water jugs.

Safely arrived, the door locked, he ran (slowly, to avoid noise) a deep hot bath, stripped off his torn and soiled nightie and sank gratefully into the warm water. Malcolm had to report to the Artillery Depot outside Edinburgh at half past nine and every minute Ian could spend in the bath was a minute less time in which he would be vulnerable. The warm soapy water soothed him as it cleansed away the fouling of his skin and his ravaged body began slowly to relax. He was roused by a thunderous banging on the door.

"Millie! Are you in there?"

He sat bolt upright in alarm, his heart bumping, the water surging up and over the end of the bath;

"Y-Yes-I'm having a bath!"

"Well your maid's here waiting to get you ready, and I must bathe and shave - time's getting on!"

If Susan had arrived the danger was over. Immense relief sounded in Ian's voice as he called cheerfully: "I'll be out directly - please tell Susan to come here."

Their brief farewells at the Depot over, and with Malcolm and his Battery entrained for London and France, Ian and Susan set off back to Braefoot House. But it was not until



"BUT IT WAS HIS"
LAST REQUEST, SIR

SYLVIA
FCQ-1-K

early evening that they finally got there, to a house which felt curiously empty after all the crowds and excitement of the wedding. And yet little was changed. The household staff were all there, Millie's father was still there (though he, too, was to leave in a day or two) and, most disturbing Millie was still there. "What can have happened?" wondered Ian, "Why haven't I changed back? Why am I still Millie?" There didn't seem to be any answer to that, and all he could think of was to have a light supper in his room (his father was very understanding - Millie must be very distressed at this early separation from her husband) and see whether he'd wake up in the morning as Ian. To him the only thing which was not in anyway distressing was the fact that he was now separated by something like four hundred miles from his loathed husband and, curiously, he discovered that this ardent appreciation of the situation was shared by Millie herself for she had offered up several anguished prayers since leaving Malcolm at the Depot that she might never see him again.

But as the early dawn bathed the unfamiliar room in its pale light Ian's hopes of returning to 1978 were again denied. All he could see was femininity about him - the pretty chintz curtains and cushions, the frilled skirt round the legs of the dressing table, the lace edged sheets and pillows on the bed - and he had no need to investigate to know that he was still female.

It shouldn't be thought that Ian was anxious about his situation for he'd wakened as Millie once before after a session, but he was puzzled why this time his transformation was lasting so long. But as the days passed even this small query lessened. A week after the wedding he was completely accustomed to being Millie and,

although he knew perfectly well that he was Ian and male and had been born in 1955 yet he knew equally well that he was Millie and female and born in 1893. To him who had so longed throughout his life for the unobtainable, and to whom the series of dressing sessions had been such a delight, this full time living as a beautiful woman was not something to worry about, but something to receive as unbelievably wonderful.

On the Tuesday ten days after the wedding he was sitting at the bureau in the window of his bedroom writing letters. As he finished each letter he ticked off names on a list - a very long list - of people who had sent wedding gifts. Millie knew everybody on the list, of course, and there were no problems for him in that way but the continual writing began to cramp his fingers and, after a while, he stopped for a rest and just sat and gazed through the open window at the garden and parkland as they basked in the mid-morning sunshine. A movement on the driveway in the distance caught his eye and idly he watched. Someone on a bicycle. Someone, as the figure drew nearer, in a blue uniform. A telegraph boy. As the cyclist disappeared round the back of the house Ian wondered vaguely who was sending telegrams, and to whom, before he once more turned to his letters. When, ten minutes later, there was a knock at the door and Mc Kay, the butler, appeared with the little orange envelope on a silver tray he had already forgotten the incident and turned with curiosity to discover who had been the sender.

McKay had been warned of the telegram's contents by the telegraph boy - who had himself been instructed to reveal them to him by the village postmistress and as Ian extracted the single sheet from the envelope and began to read

he quietly put down his tray and stood ready. Suddenly Ian, hand to his throat, rose to his feet and then collapsed in a faint into McKay's arms. That loyal man lifted his feather-weight mistress gently and laid her carefully on the bed before ringing for Susan. Only then did he pick up the telegram form and read the brief message: "The War Office regrets to inform you that your husband, Malcolm Andrew Fulton, of the 51st Battery, Royal Artillery, has been killed in active service....."

"Poor kid" he murmured to himself "and her only ten days married."

It was some days before Ian and Millie could come to terms with the situation. They had gone from being single to married to widowed in the space of ten days, and although neither felt any real sense of loss for Malcolm yet the news had come as a severe shock and, in any case, the formalities of death and widowhood had to be observed - the black dresses and veils, black edged writing paper, acknowledged letters of sympathy, the drawn blinds at all the windows.

One thing the shock of Malcolm's death did do it made them much more a single person and not two minds in one body, and it taught them to talk to each other. Not aloud, of course, but their minds began to communicate, and Ian learned a lot.

"You'll see-" Millie told him "the wedding dress session really should have been like any of the others we've done and you should have wakened up on the Sunday morning afterwards, back as yourself again. But it seems that the shock and horror of what Malcolm did to us that night in the hotel was so awful that it has made us cling tightly together in my body and now we can't get apart."

"What - never?"

"I don't know. My memory

of my old life is fading very quickly and I don't know whether anything will happen to separate us again. But I don't think the arrival of that telegram has helped us in any way in that direction, and I've been - told - that another really severe shock will probably lock us together forever."

Ian thought for a while. "Perhaps this is what I've been waiting for - my love of womanhood and the marvellous joys of dressing in your clothes. Have been preparing me to be a woman for life. And, if that's what's going to happen - well, I, For one, won't complain." Which, after all, was just as well as he was quite unable to control his future no matter what it might turn out to be.

After the news of Malcolm's death life for Ian and Millie moved along quietly withdrawn from the rest of the world except for routine necessary contacts. Everyone was so sympathetic towards the young bride who had lost her husband within ten days of her wedding and respected her wish - which coincided with the rigid conventions of the age - to be alone. And this solitude was of immense value to them both for it allowed them to come to terms with their situation. As the days passed Ian became less aware of his position and was absorbed more and more by Millie, not only inhabiting her physical body but being surrounded and eased into his new world by her intelligence. He still knew perfectly well that he was Ian and male, but his memory of his youth and his background, his knowledge of the age into which he had been born, faded and diminished until the autumn months of 1914 were to him reality and the 1960's and 70's only something vaguely remembered from a dream. For Millie, too, it seemed that she was starting

her life over again from the age of 21 and everything after that time, except for the fact of Ian's presence sharing her body, vanished completely from her memory. The pair of them continued to talk to each other and to discuss matters but now it was on a basis of equality, of two partners in a single life, with Millie providing all the specialized knowledge and expertise required by their femaleness and femininity, and Ian being more of an accepted and beloved brother supplying, when necessary, the balancing masculine outlook. And as a recipe for success in life this could hardly be bettered. All the same Ian was continuously aware, sometimes lightly, sometimes with an ecstasy almost unbearable in its intensity, of the joys of his existence? of the lifestyle he was following? of the clothes he could now permanently wear. This was dream fulfillment in the highest possible degree. Ian had been very much aware that something was troubling Millie, but she hadn't referred to it or given him an explanation. Now, in mid-October, her agitation returned full force, so much so that Ian was compelled to face up to the fact.

"Millie, darling, what's the matter- what's worrying you so?"

"Its - its - something should have happened in the middle of August. But it didn't. And I thought that that might be because of the news of Malcolm. But then it didn't happen again in the middle of September - and now its getting on towards the middle of October and still nothing. And - and I'm frightened."

"Frightened? But of what?"

As has already been mentioned Ian's knowledge of the workings of the female body, even though he'd been inhabiting an exceptionally beautiful and healthy one for nearly

three months, was virtually nil and Millie's references meant nothing to him.

"I- I'm afraid that I - that we - may be going to have a baby!"

"A baby?" But-

At first it didn't register with him that he was directly involved, that he would not be playing the normal male role in the impending birth, that he was about to become, not a father but a mother. When it did, had he been alone, he would have fainted outright. As it was Millie, having now faced up to her fears, sat down heavily on a chair, her face white as a sheet, while both their minds roved chaotically.

Not surprisingly, Millie adjusted to the knowledge that she was pregnant much more easily than Ian, but even he eventually managed to accept the fact that in the Spring of 1915 he was going to become a mother. Preparations went ahead a pace - the purchase of baby clothes and equipment, the re-decoration of what had been Millie's own nursery and the refurbishing of the old family cradle of which she herself had been the last occupant, the visits to the dressmaker for new clothes designed to adjust to the swelling figure, and the regular (and, at first, hideously embarrassing) examinations by the family doctor.

As the end of the year approached Ian began to look forward to the time three and a half months ahead when the baby was expected to be born. Already the quickening had taken place and he could feel within himself the soft and gentle movements as the infant - his own baby - stretched and kicked.

In the late afternoon of the last day of the year he was again seated at the bureau in spread to accommodate the bulge of his stomach as he sat, writing letters. Idly he gazed out over the garden and park-

land to the softly rounded distant hills - it was a view he loved and it never palled for him - now gleaming white in the wintry sunshine under a blanket of snow, when he suddenly stiffened when he again saw the laborious progress of a telegraph boy up the drive. A cold chill clutched him - surely this couldn't be another death and, sick with anxiety, he waited. When it came the news was both better and worse than he had feared. The cable was from Isobel, Malcolm's only sister, telling Millie that she'd just heard that both her remaining brothers the twins Bruce and Arthur, had been killed in the same engagement in France. The news was less agonizing to Millie since she had never known the boys well, but it was so much worse in that this time there were two deaths and not one. And it was more than likely that there would be a third for the boys' and Isobel's - widowed mother had had a massive heart attack at the news and was no expected to last through the night.

There was, in fact, a fourth death - a very small one. Once more Ian fainted as he read the cable but this time he fell heavily to the floor, striking the corner of a chair as he did so. Although Susan and the other servants quickly got him to bed and sent urgently for the doctor there was never any chance of saving the baby. As the local church bells rang in the New Year the dead child was delivered.

Ian's body was that of a healthy and vigorous young female and it only took a few weeks for it to recover completely. But his mind was different. To his astonishment he found himself in a deep depression over the loss of his baby he hadn't realized just how much he was looking forward to giving birth to a tiny scrap of humanity, and how often he had caught himself daydreaming

of the future with a charming and elegant young lady as his daughter.

It was fully August before he could be said to be back to normal, and both Millie and he were determined to start to do their part in the war in whatever way they could. So Braefoot House became a convalescent home for war wounded and for the next four years they, and Isobel, who had moved in with them and shut up her own home for the duration of the war, nursed a never-ending stream of injured men back to health. Although the service they gave to the country had been very well worth while both Ian and Millie were very thankful to be able to put away the uniforms they had worn for so long and return to ordinary clothes when, late in 1919, the house was returned to the.

Most of the time, in the succeeding years, since their physical body was female and living the life of a normal, if very wealthy, woman it was Millie who was active in their day-to-day existence and Ian only became to the fore occasionally. He did, indeed, retain at all times the knowledge of his own identity but he was only really aware of it when some situation called for a masculine reaction or when Millie did something for his special delight. She well knew of his love of clothes and any occasion on which she was required to dress with more than her normal care and taste would find him very much aware of what was happening, and his pleasure and excitement would be communicated to her to such an extent that they would both feel and almost sensual joy course throughout their body. Since fashion interested her intensely the visits to dressmakers were very frequent and the contents of their wardrobes grew so great that dresses and costumes were constantly being reviewed and anything less than perfect des-

troyed or given away. It was at this time- the early 1920's that Millie started her storeroom collection of very special outfits, rescuing from various boxes and drawers those which she had stored away in earlier years.

The years rolled by and, as she grew older, Millie's face and figure continued to grow in beauty rather than to age. She became the center of much of the social activity in and around Edinburgh, and Braefoot House became renowned over a very large area for the open-handed hospitality which was always in evidence. As an unattached and very desirable in every way young woman there was no lack of suitors for Millie's hand, a situation, which did not seem very unusual to the now totally femininely oriented Ian. Most of the men who sought her hand had a scarcely disguised interest in her bank balance; nearly all lusted after her gorgeous body; a few a very few, made an attempt to woo her as a potential marriage partner. Both Ian and Millie were prepared to take another husband if the right man appeared but none did so. There was always a snag, some flaw in every candidate, and at the back of Ian's and, to a lesser extent, Millie's mind was the remembrance of the horror of the wedding night in the Edinburgh hotel which was an unspoken, but very real, obstacle, to a new relationship.

Time passed and Ian grew older. His isiter-in-law, Isobel, who had produced a son pretty late in life - he wasn't born until 1930 when she was nearly thirty-five and died following a riding accident in 1937 and so escaped the horror and destruction of World War Two. During those long, long years of war Ian, whose still marvellous body carried its years lightly, again turned Braefoot House into a convalescent home and for the next five and a half years slaved to the considerable

benefit of both his patients and of the country in general. And this time he was more than thankful when the house was eventually returned to him and he could once again live in the peace and quiet of the green hills.

But the strain of his war work and been so very great that it was some considerable time before he could regain his normal resilience and decisiveness, and if it had not been for his new lady's maid who had been appointed when the aging Susan retired, life would have been very difficult indeed. But Margaret, then only twenty-four, was a tower of strength. Although still so new to the work, she took over completely, organizing the household (the staff much diminished from pre-war days), the catering, even Ian himself, telling him which outfit to wear for every function he attended, whether he should wear a suit or a dress or something more casual, even what underwear and stockings would be the best with the chosen ensemble. Ian came to rely more and more on her and a relationship was built up which lasted unchanged until his death.

In 1955 an unusual incident took place. Isobel's son, John, who married at the end of the forties, had become the father of a son (to be named Ian), and Ian went to the christening in Edinburgh. After wards, he cradled the small scrap of humanity in his arms while the proud father took photographs of his infant son held by, as he pointed out, the child's only other living relative in the world. And as the small bundle lay cradled, he smiled at his great-aunt - a beatific and totally toothless smile - which went straight to Ian's heart.

The sixties became the seventies, and 1972 had just given way to 1973 when Ian, now a very old lady, sat one evening in his favorite spot - at his bureau in his bedroom

window - looking out at his beloved hills, now all mistily green as the new young growth began to peep out between the shrivelled stalks of the old. Without intending to make a detailed review he found that his mind was running back over innumerable scenes and actions in his long and busy life; a life which he felt could not have been more wonderful; a life which he knew was now drawing to a close. He and Millie had not for years been separate intellects in one body. Now Ian had absorbed Millie and was female, and Millie had absorbed Ian and was male. The two of them had long been completely merged into one person in a delightful female frame. And Ian could still revel in being in wearing beautiful clothes, in being a woman, while Millie within him was equally fulfilled by her possession of a masculine intellect. Life for them both had indeed been wonderful.

But now he felt that he must stir himself to complete all his preparations before he made his final journey. His will, the will of an exceedingly wealthy woman, had been made for many years. Since he was childless and without a family of his own, many great and national charities had taken pains to remind him of their permanent need for funds and their efforts had not gone unnoticed and would not go unrewarded. But now the balance of life was changing. Where big was beautiful the lone individual was finding it more and more difficult to exist as an individual and not be just another statistic in a large crowd. Ian felt strongly that he should leave his wealth away from organizations and to people - to individuals - to human beings. He rang for Margaret.

"Margaret, dear - will you phone and ask Mr. Annandale to come and see me. Tomorrow, if he can, but if not, then, let him fix a time. You know what

my engagements are."

"Yes, Miss Millie. He'll likely want to know why - so he can bring any papers he might need."

"Yes, of course. Tell him I want to change my will."

"Very well, Miss Millie."

"Oh, and Margaret - "

"Yes, Miss Millie?"

"What's my nephew's address, do you know? John - Isobel's son?"

"But Miss Millie - don't you remember - he died two years ago? In a car crash with his wife?"

"Dear me, of course - how forgetful I've become." He thought for a few minutes. There was a little boy, wasn't there?"

"Yes - Ian - he wasn't with his parents in the crash."

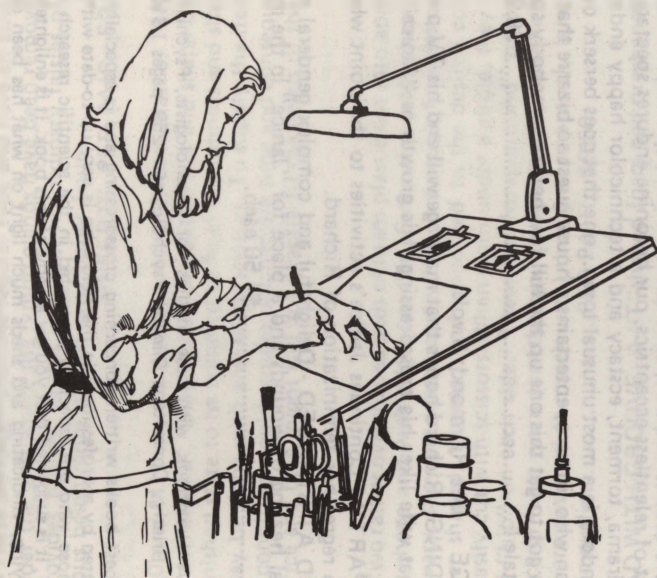
"Do you know his

"NO - no - the family moved down to London a few years ago and since his parent's deaths I don't think we've heard from him. He'll be about 17 or 18 now, so he won't need to be in care of anybody. He'll likely be living in a flat or a bed-sitter or something by himself."

"Oh well, I expect Mr. Annandale will know how to get in touch with him."

Six weeks later, Ian, now just past his eightieth birthday, dies peacefully in his sleep and was buried in the consecrated ground of the little village church - watched over forever by his beloved hills.

ON his eighteenth birthday, in April 1973, Ian, alone in the world in his small flat in an outer suburb of London, gazed enquiringly at the letter from a firm of attorneys in Edinburgh asking whether he was the Ian Paterson who had had an elderly relative, a great-aunt, by name Millicent Mary McGregor.....



YOUR LETTERS

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

Dear Carol: Transvestia No. 105 was the first issue of TVIA that I had seen for awhile and it is obvious why you are getting so many compliments on the appearance and content.

The article by Paula Howard shows a pretty keen insight about crossdressing and I was amused by her remark that if women stood in corners like umbrellas, that crossdressers would do the same. One exception, however, and that is if they ever start wearing those ugly, low-heeled shoes again, this girl just isn't going alone. Janice (TX-10-M)

Dear Carol: Have just read the latest issue of Transvestia and, as usual, enjoyed it thoroughly. I've found that it makes good reading while eating breakfast at 5:30 A.M.. Toast, coffee and Transvestia make a good combination to start the day.

I was particularly impressed with the recent cover issue on Paula Howard. She not only presents a very graceful, feminine image, but she also wrote a very cheerful, witty story. Linda (VA-12-C)

Dear Carol: I understand that you are part of an organization that deals with men who wear girl's

clothing - it being as a natural "twist" of women in pants. Having been treated as everything from a homosexual to a "pansy," I was extremely glad to hear about you.

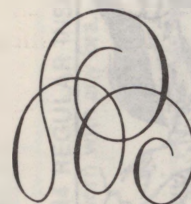
I was punished as a boy and forced to wear dresses and pinafores and crinolines to my school for infractions at home. But the punishment back-fired and now I can't get enough of skirts and dresses. Like other men I stare at girls as they walk by, but unlike most men, I'm admiring their pretty clothes, their shoes and hairdos, and not drooling over their sexy bodies. Dianne, Findlay, Ohio.

Dear Carol: Recently my lover confessed to me that he enjoys dressing in women's clothes. We had just read an article in Forum on crossdressing and Tony asked how I felt about it. Since I wasn't negative about crossdressing he told me about his unusual behavior. I was quite surprised although not repelled or shocked. Since that time we have read quite a bit about crossdressing. I work in a medical school and have read medical texts dealing with the subject, but there really isn't much there na dmost of it is too clincal. We have exhausted

the public library of its few books.

I've been helping Tony dress up and we have incorporated this in our love-making. It has helped both of us work out some problems in that area, as occasionally we switch roles, too.

We're lucky in that Tony can wear most of my clothes and makeup is no big deal with us. We are both in the theater and know how to apply it. But he tends to look too matronly when he is dressed. Can you help us make him look younger? I can't blame him for wanting to look exciting and sexy as a woman. We live with another couple and between us we have six children so we have confined our "games" to bedroom after hours. Tony is getting anxious to get out, even just to drive around the block while dressed. Charlene, Pasadena, Tx





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IDEAL MARRIAGE ... Dee Raymond: 3 vol.

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

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

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

TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook with case studies for Psychologists, Psychiatrists and Counsellors. H' Brierly, Consultant Clinical Psychologist - 259 pages ~~\$16.75~~

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

LOOKING TERRIFIC (Cloth edition)

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

MAN, WOMAN; BOY, GIRL

By: Money & Ehrhardt

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DRESS AND UNDRRESS (Cloth edition)

By: Elizabeth Ewing.

In effect a history of women's underwear, this book is exceptional for its emphasis on materials, techniques and manufacturing processes. It is unusual in that it covers the changing styles of women's underwear from 3000 B.C. to the present day. It is all here, bikinis to bumrolls, girdles and garters, Du Pont and Dior, whalebone and Wonderbra. Elizabeth Ewing describes the underclothes of each period in history and the manner in which this clothing evolved. \$14.95

MERCHANDISE

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

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

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

PER PAIR, \$8.00

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

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

M9 HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary, they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outlinePER PAIR, \$9.00

M10 FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad preshaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs up against the stomach. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. Wear with a lubricated sheath for greatest comfort. **PAD, EACH \$8.00**

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

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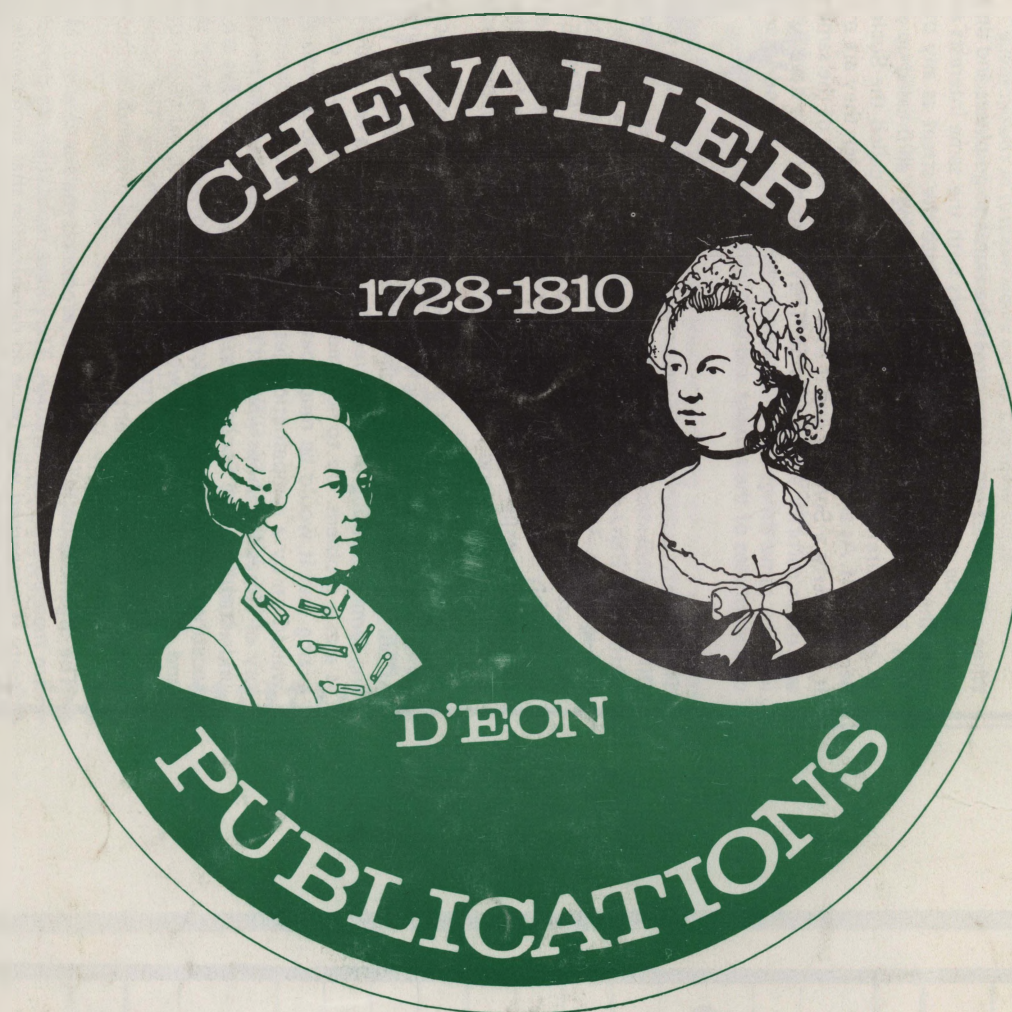
THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

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

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

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

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



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