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Transvestia

FICTION

Goodbye to Jim
Halloween Party
Finally A Reporter

TRUE STORIES

Easy As Nails
Little Orphan Annie's Adventures
The Second Time Around

HISTORY

June Breaks out

POETRY

Why?

ARTICLES

The Wonderful World of What-If . . .
The Literary Approach
Eroticism and Femmiphilia

SPECIAL ITEMS

So You'd Rather Switch Than Fight
TV Moments in Advertising

FILM REVIEW

BOOK REVIEW



Volume XI

No. 65

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

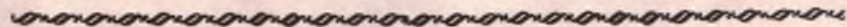


THE COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides — mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) — the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being — not all masculine — mind and reason, abstract and unseen — and not all feminine — beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS


"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the
MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE . . .
then shall you enter the kingdom."

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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"GOOD-BYE TO JIM"

Marylynne 50-M-1 FPE

The phone was ringing as I entered my apartment. I closed the door, dashed over and picked it up, "Hello?" I queried.

"Hello, Jim, this is Neil," came a man's voice through the ear piece.

"Good to hear from you, Neil, what's up?" I asked.

"If you still have Sundays and Mondays off, how about coming over Sunday evening? I'm giving a cocktail party to unveil a couple of new paintings. Besides, I've invited a girl I want you to meet."

"Of course, I'll come, Neil; but how many girls will this one make that you've introduced me to? Aren't you ever going to give up on finding me the 'right girl'? Does she know what I do for a living?" I fired back at him.

He just laughed. "I'll see you about seven Sunday, O.K.? Bye" he said.

"Good-bye, Neil, and thanks for the invite."

Neil Barton was an art dealer, and had been a true, close friend of mine since we were in college together. He had never questioned my behavior, and had even helped me get started in my chosen profession. We were roommates and I had confessed to him one night that I was a Transvestite. When I had explained what that was, he simply said he didn't understand what made a person want to do that, but that it was my life and I should live it as I chose. He kept my secret down through the years, and when he saw me dressed one evening, suggested that I should seriously consider becoming a professional female impersonator. We had some long talks

about it and he introduced me to a booking agent. The agent asked me for an "audition" and when it was over, I signed a contract with him. At his suggestion, I took a modeling course to improve my feminine actions and movements — and spent three weeks with a voice teacher before he would even start to get me an engagement. He, too, became a good friend and helped me in my career.

Neil, though, knew that somewhere on this earth there was a woman who would understand and love me, so he was always introducing me to new girls; but none of them were the 'right' ones. One would be amazed how many women don't understand why a man would want to dress and act like a woman. Seventeen hours of explaining the desires and feelings one feels when wearing feminine clothes wouldn't help because they *don't want* to understand. Most of them seem to get tremendous satisfaction from ridiculing and belittling one of us; and they feel better for having told us their opinion of us. But enough sourgrapes.

When I arrived at Neil's that Sunday evening, the party was just starting. I accepted a drink from Neil and said "hello" to several people I knew. It seems he always had a certain number of old friends at his parties — and a few new ones were always present to round out a compatible group. I was on my second drink when Neil took me over to show me his two new paintings. I studied them for a few minutes and congratulated him on his taste in art. He thanked me, then turned to a very attractive brunette who was also studying his paintings.

"Judy," he said, "I'd like you to meet a very good friend of mine — Jim Scott. Jim, this is Judy Walker."

"Hello, Jim, it's nice to meet you," she replied with a dazzling smile.

"Thank you, Judy, I'm very happy to meet you too," I replied. We looked at each other for a moment. Her eyes were such a deep blue that they were almost black. Her nose was small and straight. When she smiled, the whole room seemed to light up. Her shoulder length black hair was combed in a simple, but attractive style. She was beautiful.

"You're new in Neil's group," I finally managed to get my voice back, "I know, because I miss very few of his parties."

"Yes," she smiled as she answered. "I've just recently met him — through my accountants."

"Accountants?" I quizzed.

"Yes, I own several beauty salons and wig shops. The book-keeping is far too much for an amateur these days, so I have an accounting firm take care of my books. I was in their office when Neil came in one day. We were introduced and here I am."

"And I'm very happy that you are," I replied. "I see you're dry — let me get you a refill."

"Thank you," Judy said, "I'd love another." I returned with two of Neil's fabulous martinis. While sipping our drinks, we became better acquainted, largely through discussions of the paintings Neil had hung around the apartment.

I dreaded the moment Judy would start asking questions about me. I wouldn't lie about my vocation, but several budding friendships had ended because of it. She never once, though, asked me any personal questions.

The evening passed quickly, and when the guests started leaving, I asked Judy if she would join me for a late supper. She accepted, so we said good-bye to Neil after thanking him for the party and the introductions to each other. As we went out the door, he winked at me. I smiled back — with mental reservations about his "I-told-you-so" wink.

We didn't talk much as I drove downtown. Judy, when I asked if she liked Chinese food, said yes, so we had dinner in Chinatown. During dinner, our conversation was mostly in generalities. We danced a few times and I felt that I would like to spend the rest of my life dancing with her. She complimented me on my dancing several times. I smiled, and told her that it was her gracefulness that made my dancing so good.

It was quite late when I drove her home. Much to my surprise, she lived just two blocks from me. Before saying good-night and receiving a warm, friendly kiss, I had made a date for the following night — to start with dinner at my place.

I spent most of Monday straightening up the apartment and in the afternoon shopped for dinner. I became so engrossed in preparing dinner, that the door chimes actually startled me. I took Judy's coat and hung it in the hall closet. As we exchanged small talk I popped the cork on a bottle of Sparkling Burgundy — as I knew my martinis were no match

for those we'd had at Neil's. Judy noticed the table hadn't been set and offered to do it for me. I lamely offered the excuse that I had been so busy getting dinner ready that I had completely forgotten about the table. While she set the table I finished preparing the steaks.

Judy complimented me so much on my cooking that I was actually embarrassed. I explained that as long as I had to eat my own cooking, I'd decided to become a good cook — which I had — especially with steaks and chops.

As we relaxed over coffee and liqueur, Judy offered to do the dishes. I told her the cleaning lady came twice a week — and she would do them in the morning — so we had another cup of coffee.

I asked Judy if she preferred going to the theatre or night-clubbing.

"Neither," she replied, flashing that terrific smile of hers, "let's put on some records, talk, and maybe dance some right here. But, first, I must powder the nose."

I put on some records, slipping two of my own recordings in the stack, and turned on the hi-fi. We sat on the sofa, listened to the music, sipped our liqueur and chatted intermittently about the weather, people, taxes and living costs.

Judy put out her cigarette, turned towards me and asked, "Jim, what do you do for a living?"

Here it comes I thought to myself. "I'm an entertainer," I replied.

"What kind of an entertainer?" she asked.

"A singer," I smiled, "in fact, that's my recording you're listening to right now."

She listened as "My Sweet Embraceable You" filled the room. When the record changed, she looked confused and asked, "What kind of entertaining do you do, for Heaven's Sake? That sounded like a girl's voice."

"I'm a night club singer," I replied.

"And probably a very good one, just as you're a good dancer and cook; but I don't understand when you say that girl's voice is yours."

I took a deep breath and prepared for 'the blast'. "I am a female impersonator," I said, "I'll get your coat."

"YOU'RE A WHAT?" she shrieked, "and forget about my coat!"

"I'm a female impersonator," I said quietly, and stood there while that soaked in.

"Really?" she asked. "Do you dress as a woman for a living?"

"Yes," I nodded to emphasize my statement, "I have for several years."

"But — but — you're a man, now," she exclaimed, frowning, "how can you be a girl part-time and a man part-time and not get all mixed up?" She was a very perplexed girl.

I was surprised at her line of questioning. She didn't seem to be angry — just befuddled and curious.

"Would you like a drink," I asked, "while I try to explain it to you?"

"Yes, I would," she replied, "but first, what was that 'coat' business all about?"

As I made a couple of high balls, I told her that most girls upon learning that I was an impersonator, either left in a rage — or ridiculed and insulted me to the point that I threw them out. So, I had learned to offer to get their coat as soon as I told them what I did for a living.

She took a big swallow of her drink, sat down, and said, "Jim, I'm shocked, true, but more, I'm burning up with curiosity. Please tell me all — and I do mean 'all' — about yourself."

I lit a cigarette, brought the bottle, ice and water to the coffee table, sat down and started talking. I believe the soft music in the background helped me, but neither of us noticed when the last record turned off. I spent the next two hours explaining to Judy how I discovered liking the feel of feminine clothing as a child. I had worn them as often I could without discovery — thinking I was some sort of a freak. In high School I had learned that I was a Transvestite and not a freak — but I still lived in

mortal fear of being "found out" when I dressed up in my mother's clothes. She died shortly after I graduated from high school, and my brother and myself were alone in the world. He joined the Service, but I was determined to get an education, so I worked at odd jobs until I could start college in the fall. I explained how lonely I had been until I finally — in desperation — confessed my Transvestism to my room-mate — and how he had accepted and helped me. I told her how I had studied to become a good impersonator before my agent would even attempt to get me a job as a professional. As I brought my story up to the present, she sat quietly for a moment, then smiled as she asked, "Where do you keep your costumes, wigs and things?"

"Here," I replied, "in the spare bedroom." Which was the only fib I ever told her. That bedroom wasn't the 'spare' — it was mine.

"May I see them?" she asked.

"Of course, come along."

I unlocked the door and we went in. She obviously noticed that it was decorated in a feminine style, but she didn't say anything.

Judy gasped as she saw the array of dresses and gowns as I opened the closet doors. When I opened the other closet and showed her the shelves of wigs, shoes and accessories, she squealed a little, put her hand to her mouth and collapsed on the edge of the bed.

"I simply can't believe it," she said. "Let me look at you." She turned my face towards her. "Now I can see some differences between you and most men — your eyebrows are thinner and neater than most men's and your hands are too well kept and manicured. When can I see you in costume?"

"Do you really mean that?" I asked.

"Yes," she smiled and nodded, "I really want to."

"It's getting late and it takes me over an hour to do the job right. How about tomorrow night at the Club? As my personal guest you won't have to pay the cover charge."

"I can sleep in the morning. If it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to see you dressed up tonight. How about it?" she asked with that darned smile. The smile broke down my reservations.

"O.K. Go put on some records and fix yourself a wee drink — and a strong one for me." I went to work as rapidly as possible and could still do a good job on my makeup. I selected a navy blue dress trimmed in white, blue heels and hat, a dark blonde, fairly long, wig, rhinestone necklace and earrings to match my watch and rings. I slipped on a fur coat and passed inspection in the full length mirror. I quietly opened the door a crack and peeked at Judy. She was engrossed in a magazine and I figured the Hi-fi would cover any noise I might make, so I slipped out, sneaked over to the door, opened it without a sound, went out into the hall, and just as quietly closed it behind me. Then I turned and rang the doorbell.

Judy opened the door and said quizzically, "Yes, May I help you?"

"Is Jim home?" I asked quietly — with just a trace of a frown as if I were disturbed to see another woman answer Jim's door.

"Yes, but he's — he's — uh — busy right now," she said hesitantly.

"Very well," I smiled, "could I wait for him?" It's quite important that I see him, even at this late hour."

"Well, come in," she said standing aside and opening the door wide.

As I walked in, I could see she was worried, so I thought I'd better put her at ease. "I'm Jackie Morrow," I said, "Jim's agent."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, relieved. "I'm Judy Walker. I'll call Jim."

"Don't bother," I smiled, "he won't answer."

"What do you mean?" Judy asked.

"Judy, I'm Jim — Jackie is my stage name," I told her.

She just stood there staring for a moment. "But — but — how did you get out of the apartment without me seeing you?" she finally cried.

"You were absorbed in a magazine, and the music covered any sound I made. Besides, I wanted my feminine introduction to you to be a complete surprise." I told her.

"Lordy," she laughed, "it was! I didn't recognize you at all! I was also just a little angry about another girl coming to your place at this hour of the night. Gosh, I didn't know what to do or say as I don't know how many people that come here know you're an impersonator. But let me look at you — take off your coat and hat."

I removed them and placed them on a handy chair, then slowly walked to the center of the room and turned around so she could really see me. She looked at me for several seconds, then walked over and looked in the empty bedroom. Then, she turned and walked back over to me. "I simply had to make certain you weren't still in there getting dressed. You had me fooled completely," she said. "Come, let's have that drink."

We sat on the sofa and Judy would look me over from head to toe and shake her head. "I just can't truly believe you are a man," she said over and over, "you must be a girl masquarading as a man!"

I laughed and asked her If she wanted proof that I was a man.

"Not now," she smiled. "May I see your wigs again?"

"Of course," I said, and we went back into the bedroom. She studied them from several minutes and then said, "Wow! You've a fortune tied up in these. Who styles them for you?"

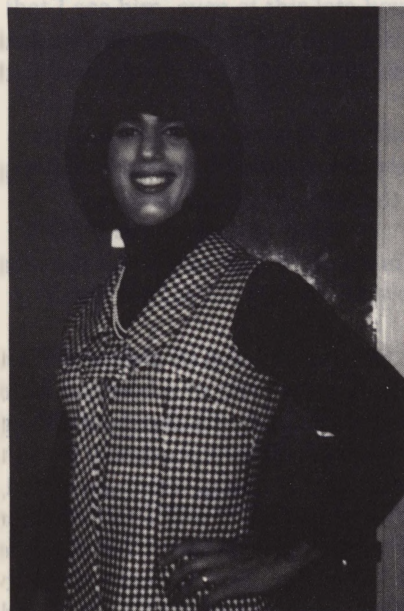
I told her and she replied, "They're ruining them! I have the best wig stylists in the city and I'm going to do them for you from now on."

I stiffened and exclaimed, "Wait a minute. I'm not sure I like the idea of you just taking over like that."

She frowned, then smiled and said, "I'm sorry I was so abrupt; but let me show you something." She picked up a brown wig in a bouffant style and said, "This one, for example, is getting ruined by far too much lifting and teasing when it's dressed. The hair breaks off and you know it can't be replaced." She looked at the name in the lining, then continued, "You paid over two hundred dollars for this, and it won't last another year at this rate. That, principally, is why I want to take over the care and feeding of your hair pieces. My lil 'ol' scotch heart just can't stand to see expensive things needlessly ruined." She replaced the brown wig and picked up a champagne blonde one and said, "This is a very unusual style. I don't believe I've ever seen one like it before."



Norma — Canada



April 22-W-4 FPE

I smiled and said, "That's my western wig. I do a week of western songs every three months and this is my 'Rodeo Queen' hair." I showed her my strictly western outfits complete with cowgirl boots and hats.

"I'll be darned," she exclaimed, "you are versatile, aren't you? I'll bet you could even rope a calf in that outfit."

I had to laugh at her remark. She looked a little puzzled at my laughter, so I told her, "Judy, I grew up on a cattle ranch in the West. Yes, Honey, I can rope a calf — even though I've never tried it dressed as a cowgirl."

She replaced the wig on its stand and we wandered back into the living room. "Do you ever appear on the streets dressed like you are now?" she asked.

"Every night," I replied. "I go to and from work dressed. I have a police permit to do so. It saves time and it keeps the other performers from snitching and wearing my things when I'm not there."

"I see," she said, "could we go out now and have a cup of coffee? I know a little Diner not far from here."

"Certainly," I said. We put on our coats and she smiled while I used the hall mirror when putting on my hat. As we entered the elevator, a man stepped aside, tipped his hat, and said, "Good Evening, Miss Morrow."

I smiled at him, and said, "Good Evening, Mr. Enright. I'd like you meet a friend of mine. This is Judy Walker." He touched his hat brim as he acknowledged the introduction to Judy. She flashed her best smile at him as she replied, "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Enright."

We turned in opposite directions as we left the building. When we were out of his hearing, she muttered, "How could you be so calm? I didn't know what to do or say."

I laughed. "I've known Mr. Enright for over two years, but he and his wife know me only as Jackie Morrow. I've had dinner with them twice."

As we walked towards the corner, I looked over at Judy — but she wasn't there. I stopped and looked back. She was several feet behind me.

"Just studying your walk and mannerisms," she smiled as she caught up with me, "you are fabulous!"

"What do you mean?" I growled at her.

"Nobody in the world would ever suspect that you are really a man," she said. "You are just about the womanest woman I've seen in a long time."

"Well, thank you for those kind words, Ma'm," I replied, "I've worked hard to become proficient."

"You are, Jackie," she exclaimed in admiration, "You are!"

We entered the Diner and sat down in a booth. "Two coffees," Judy said to the counterman.

"Two comin' up," he replied. As he sat them in front of us, he said, "Hi, Judy, Hi, Jackie. How are you girls tonight? It's kinda late for you to be out, ain't it?"

Judy almost choked when he called me by name, but managed to blurt out "Do you two know each other?" "Yep," Bill said, "Jackie comes in quite often after work. Right, Doll?"

"Right, Bill." I laughed. When he had gone in back of the counter again, I told Judy that I often stopped in on the way home from work, but Bill only thought I was a female night club singer.

We finished our coffee, and as we walked back home, I couldn't help but think of the pleasant sound that four slender heels made clicking on the sidewalk. Judy said she'd go to the Club with me the next night, so I told her I'd pick her up about 8 p.m. As we neared her apartment house, we slowed down as if we didn't want the evening to end. I truly believe neither one of us did. She smiled and said, "Jackie, it wouldn't look right for two girls to kiss in public. Why don't you come up for a nite cap?"

"I'll come up for a minute, but I've had enough to drink." I said. "I'll just stay long enough to collect a kiss." And I did.

I awoke about noon, showered and ate a bite. Then I took my coffee into the living room and relaxed on the sofa. I had some serious thinking to do. Judy was the only girl I'd met in several years that seemed to think there was nothing peculiar in my being an impersonator.

I needed time to think and time to straighten out some very confused ideas running through my mind. I liked Judy immensely, and she liked me. What did the future hold for us? I had to be honest with her, but I knew I would have to be careful how I expressed my feelings about Jackie. I had told her *how* I became a female impersonator, but not *why*.

I searched my mind for the words. Words came, but not the right ones. How does a man tell a woman — even an understanding one — that he likes to wear feminine clothing? How does he tell her how he feels with the soft, silky smoothness of nylon next to his skin? How does he express his liking of the fragrance of makeup and cologne — especially when he is wearing it? How does he tell her that he not only likes to wear women's clothing not only at work but also at home? These were the answers I was seeking — and they would have to be told in a sincere manner. Of my sincerity I had no doubts — but I had to convince Judy that these things were right for me.

The phone jarred me from my thoughts. It was Judy. "Hi," she said. "Coffee's ready. Why don't you join me in a cup?"

"I'd love to — if there's room." I said.

"Of course there's room — oh! darn you!" she laughed.

"I'll be right over," I laughed, and hung up.

As she poured the coffee, she said, "How're you, today, Jim — or should I call you 'Jackie'?"

"I'm fine — and right now, I prefer Jim." I replied.

"O.K. Jim it is. What time do you usually leave for the Club?"

"Normally, about 7:30. The first show goes on at 9:00. I leave around 2:15 right after the last show. They're all great acts, Judy, I'm sure you'll enjoy them. They're real professionals and the boss won't stand for any smut or off-color jokes."

Judy refilled my cup, lit a cigarette and sat down. "Jim," she said seriously, "you really like being an impersonator, don't you?" I started to answer, but she held up her hand and went on, "Wait — let me finish. You're an entirely different person when you are Jackie. You are relaxed

and confident as a girl. Your manners and actions — even your walk — are so fluidly feminine and natural. When you don a wig, you *are* a woman, aren't you?"

"Judy," I said quietly, "I can only say 'yes' to your questions. Last night, I told you my story of how I became Jackie. Most of the events that led to my present existence were voluntary, knowing where they would lead me. I haven't time now, but I want to tell you *why* I have done these things. I have yet to tell you how I feel and think when I'm Jackie and when I'm Jim. And, Judy, I want to tell you very, very soon."

She gave me a long, penetrating look and said, "I'd hoped that would be your answer. I asked you last night to tell me all about yourself and I know you have barely skimmed the surface. I have a suggestion. May I help you with your makeup this evening? I noticed in the bright lights of the Diner that there some room for improvement."

"I put it on in a hurry," I said, "but I'd welcome your help. That place of mine gets awfully lonesome at times. I have some shopping to do, so I'd better go now. Thanks for the coffee. Why don't you come over about 6:30? Room for improvement, huh? Don't tell me I wasted my money on that Beauty Course?" Judy just laughed as I went out the door.

When I returned from shopping, the cleaning woman had gone, so I put the groceries away. I showered again, shaved even closer than I normally did, selected some dainty unmentionables and put them on. I slipped on a satin robe with matching mules and sat down to do my nails. I had just finished when Judy arrived.

She came in smiling and asked, "Any coffee?"

"Sure," I smiled back, "the pot is always on in this pad." We took our cups into the bedroom, sat down and looked at each other.

Judy had the slightest trace of a frown on her face as she studied my face. "Uh — Jackie — what are you going to wear this evening?" she asked.

"This is my green week," I replied, "all week I'll wear various green ensembles and either my auburn or red wig. I vary my colors each week. Next week, I'll wear black with blonde wigs. O.K.?"

"O.K." she nodded as she answered, "now I'll know what to do. Drink up and let's get to work." I sat down by the dressing table, Judy

pulled her chair over in front of me and studied my face again. Then she arose, went to the wig closet, selected an auburn wig and came back. "Put this on," she said, businesslike.

As she selected the makeup she was going to use, she said, "I see you use good brands, anyway."

"Yes," I replied, "I've found that they cover better and last longer."

As she applied the makeup, she offered several hints on shading the bases to smooth and blend the contours of my face. I looked in the mirror and had to agree that my face had never looked better or prettier! My nose, for example, although straight, was always just a nose — now it seemed shorter and the tip more rounded so that it looked truly feminine. Judy used a darker mascara on my lower lashes than on the uppers. "They're shorter," she said, "so they need more accenting." When she finished with my makeup, she took a comb and brush to my wig — a dash of hair spray and she said, "Now, take a look at yourself."

I did, and I realized what an amateur I had been in the makeup department. I turned back to Judy, smiled and commented, "Judy, as an artist, you have created a masterpiece. I've never looked prettier than I do right now. Thank you ever so much."

"You're welcome, Jackie," she smiled back at me. "How long has it been since you took that beauty course?" "Five years," I replied, "but I guess I'd forgotten some of the finer details."

As I slipped into a dark green sheath and matching shoes, Judy asked, "Jackie, how come you've never done the beard removal bit?"

I laughed and said, "Several years ago, I approached a beauty operator about that. She called me so many names and insulted me so much that I've never had the nerve to try it again."

"I think," she mused, "that you'd better put yourself in lil 'ol' Judy's hands for awhile."

"Hey! It's almost 8 o'clock," I blurted, "we'd better get going."

On the way to the Club, I explained to Judy that visitors were discouraged from coming backstage as we never knew what stage of dress or undress one would find the performers. Tonight I used the front

entrance so I could get Judy in without her having to pay the cover charge. We sat down at a table close to the stage and had a drink. I told the waitress — who was also an impersonator — that Judy's drinks were on me for the evening. I told Judy I'd see her later and went backstage.

I told the girls that the brunette sitting alone was my guest so they wouldn't make any jokes about her being by herself. The show went very well. After the final act, I took Judy backstage and introduced her to the girls. She complimented us all on our performances and we left. We stopped at the Diner on the way home for a bite to eat. As we ate, Judy said that several customers near her had discussions as to whether or not I was really a man. She said she wanted to tell them that she knew I was, but thought she ought to keep quiet. I told her she had done right, as it was the uncertainty in their minds that kept some of them coming back. Others came because they liked the entertainment, while others came to heckle and ridicule us. Most of us had stock answers for the hecklers that would cut them down to size in a hurry.

As I bid Judy good-night, she said she would call me in two days as she had to be a business lady the next day.

I dawdled over my coffee the next morning, engrossed in deep thought about Judy. Slowly, the words I was seeking began coming into focus and I knew now that I could start telling Judy about myself. I retouched my nails and tried to remember her hints as I put on my makeup. Tonight I decided on an apple green A-line dress and black accessories. I looked sharp as a fashion plate when I left for work.

The girls at the Club swamped me with questions about my new girl friend. I answered in generalities and changed the subject by commenting again on how she had liked the show.

Judy called early the next afternoon and said she was coming right over. I put on a fresh pot while I waited for her. She showed no surprise that I was again wearing just a robe and slippers. She was carrying the largest handbag I had ever seen.

We had coffee then went into the bedroom. She laid out some paraphernalia and said, "Well, let's get started. This is going to take a long time." She studied my eyebrows for a few minutes then asked me to put on a wig. I did, and she said, "That's better." She picked up the electrolysis probe. "May I talk while you work?" I asked. "Nope," she replied, "you talk when I'm not using the probe." She worked on my eyebrows

for several minutes, then laid down the probe. "O.K., talk," she said. "I find it's better to work on a person just a few minutes at a time to keep the treated area from becoming too large and sore. Did it hurt?"

"Not particularly," I said. "It stung a little once in a while, but I don't mind that."

"Judy," I went on, "I know we like each other and although you've never said anything about my dressing, I'm sure you must have a million questions. Right?"

"Right," she smiled, "but all in your own good time, Jackie. I'm a very patient gal."

"Let me start by telling you this, Judy. I like to wear feminine clothing. I love the softness and smoothness next to my skin. I like to listen to the sound of skirts and slips rustling as I move around. I enjoy the freedom of movements in skirts and, strangely, my feet and legs feel comfortable in high heels."

"I know that just from watching you," Judy replied, "but how did it all start — I mean *why*?"

"Do you understand Transvestism?" I asked.

"No," she shook her head as she answered.

"None of us really do," I said, "although some of us have learned to accept the fact that we're different from a so-called 'normal' person. We realize that there is some of each sex within us. Some have more than others — like myself. As soon as one can realize that the desires and feeling of the opposite sex within him must have an outlet — must be 'freed' once in awhile, then we can accept life as it is without remorse or shame. There is nothing wrong in being able to express the desires and feelings of your other self. A true Transvestite had learned this — and accepts the fact that one can live a dual role in life. The person who cannot accept this is in for a bad time within himself. I use 'he' just as a term, because there are female Transvestites, too thought not nearly as many."

"He knows there is something within him that fights for expression and release, but he feels that it is wrong in our society to show any trace of femininity, so he suppresses that desire and that is where the trouble starts. As a result, he is miserable. His nerves fairly scream for relief from

the tension building up in him. He has to have relief and he can't get it the way he really wants to, so he does it by drinking, or burying himself in his work. Some, I'm sorry to say, even go on dope. If he's married, and you'd be surprised at the number of Transvestites that are — he takes it out on his family. He's nervous and irritable. His family doesn't realize what's wrong because he has never been able to tell them. They just think he's cranky from worry and overwork." I paused and lit a cigarette.

Judy looked perplexed and said, "I think I'm beginning to understand a little, but there is much more, isn't there?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm just getting started."

"Let me think about what you've said while I work on you. Now keep quiet."

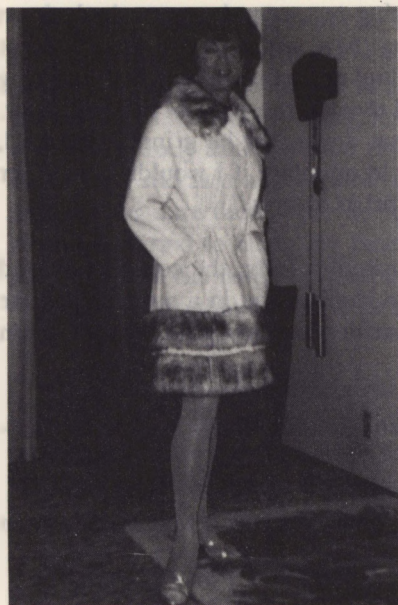
Neither of us said anything while she worked without stopping for about thirty minutes. She laid down the probe and stretched. So did I. "O.K. for now," she said, "Let's have another cup before we talk." Neither of us said much until our cups were empty.

"It's early, yet," Judy said, "and I know you have lots more to tell me; but if you told me everything now, I know I couldn't absorb it all. Let me mull over what you've told me so far. Then I'll be able to ask some intelligent questions tomorrow." She flashed that dazzling smile of hers and said, "I'll teach you makeup and dressing tricks — and you can teach me to understand Transvestism — we'll both be teachers and students!" Before I could answer, she leaned over and kissed me.

"O.K. I replied, I'll see you tomorrow — and thank you, for being you." I walked with her to the door and kissed her good-bye.

As I poured another cup, I thought about what I had told Judy. Although it was a little more blunt than I had intended, it was the truth — and she had accepted it as such. I knew that her questions would not only help her to understand, but would help me tell her the things she had to know and understand. I felt that we were on firm ground and that our association would improve.

I ate a light supper, showered, shaved and started getting dressed to go to work. This time I chose a kelly green short formal and matching accessories — but I decided on a copper-tone wig. Again, I felt as pretty as a picture.



Barbara 5-B-32 FPE



Patricia — W. Germany

One can't imagine my surprise during my second song to look down into the audience and see Judy sitting there with Neil! I almost forgot the words to the song I was singing! I looked again and saw Neil pointing to an extra drink on the table. I joined them at the close of the first show. I was a little jealous of Neil when I sat down, but he grinned and said, "Judy called and threatened to set fire to my place if I wouldn't bring her down to see your act. You look beautiful as always."

"Thanks, Neil," I answered, "for bringing Judy, the compliment and the drink. At first, though, I wanted to clobber you in a most unladylike manner for dating Judy. I kind of consider her 'my girl'. Thanks again for bringing her."

We discussed the first show, and then I asked, "Judy, is there any particular song you'd like to hear?"

"Yes," she replied, "could you do 'That Old Black Magic'? It's been one of my favorites for years."

I heard a faint buzzer. "Well, there's the signal for the next show. See you later."

As I walked towards the side door, a lady in the audience reached out and grasped my arm. "Are you *really* a man?" she queried. "Yes, I am, Ma'm. This is my way of making a living." I replied.

She released my arm and murmured as I walked away, "I don't know whether to believe him — her — him — what do you call a female impersonator, anyhow?"

I turned back, gave her my best smile and said, "When in working clothes, most of us prefer 'her', and went on backstage. I told Joey, the M.C. that I wanted to change one of my songs for this show. He agreed and told the orchestra leader.

As I finished singing Judy's request, I saw Neil give the waitress a note. She delivered it to me. It was from Judy, thanking me for doing her song and explained that Neil was leaving early in the morning on a trip, so they wouldn't wait and see me home.

I arose early and called the cleaning woman not to come today as I'd be busy in the apartment and didn't want to be disturbed by her activities. She thanked me for the day off and I got ready for Judy's arrival.

She smiled when she came in and saw that I was wearing a skirt and blouse instead of my robe. I smiled back and told her I thought she's probably be tired of seeing me as a frumpy housefrau — so I decided to be presentable. I was, too, — complete with wig and a little lipstick. As we had our coffee, Judy asked me if I usually dressed this way during the week. I told her I did as it was a lot of trouble to keep taking off my nail polish and making sure there were no telltale traces of makeup on my face — although I tried to clean my face thoroughly every night. I added there were shops in the neighborhood that knew me as Jackie and some as Jim — but only two that knew me as both.

"There's pretty good light right here," she said, no why don't we have a refill and I'll get to work on you?" I agreed and she started with the treatment. When she stopped to take a sip of coffee, I'd do the same. As she worked, she'd alternately smile at me, then frown a little.

Finally, she asked, "Do very many people get physical disorders if they can't practice their Transvestism?"

"Yes," I said, "Ouch!" She removed the probe. "That stung," I said.

"You moved," she retorted.

"Yes," I said again, "the most common, of course, is ulcers. I've had several doctors tell me that nerves — and nerves alone cause ulcers. And what could affect the nerves more than an unfulfilled, urgent need to relieve one's tension? Then, some take to the bottle, which doesn't really help, either. Migraine headaches are another malady connected with us. Shall I go on?"

She nodded. I continued, "For a Transvestite to be able to shed his own clothing and dress in a fashion he *really* desires can be one of the greatest moments in his life. You can't imagine the feeling of peace and tranquility he feels at such a time. It's like becoming another person. To be able to dress as one wishes is like going from a torture chamber into a grand ballroom."

"Kinda like getting out of jail?" she asked.

"I've never been in jail," I answered, "but I can imagine — and I'll say yes."

"I had no idea," she replied, "that this 'desire' could mean so much to a person. Why can't they dress like that if they wish?"

"That's the sixty-four dollar question, Judy," I told her, "if we could answer that, all our troubles would be over. Most 'TV's' — as we call ourselves — live in mortal fear of exposure and disgrace. Our society has established rules for our social behaviour — and woe be to the one who dares deviate from those rules. Any man, for example, who prefers Bach or Beethoven to someone like the Beatles of a few years ago is thought of as being 'peculiar' to say the least. If his job is such that he normally wore casual clothes — let him show up one day wearing a suit — and all he hears all day is 'Hey, Bill, where ya preaching?' or 'Hey, lookit who's tryin' to make points with the boss'. Can you imagine what those same coworkers of his would say if he were discovered wearing a skirt and heels? They'd ride him out of town on a rail!"

"But, you do it," she said.

"Yes, Judy, I do," I replied, "but I didn't until I had made up my mind to become a professional impersonator. That alone took some of the stigma from being a TV. Unfortunately, all of us can't do this, so many of us just have to suffer in silence and privacy."

"What can I do to help?" she asked with interest.

"If you ever meet another TV, Judy," I said, "show tolerance and sincerity and understanding. That alone will be a big help."

So it went for several months. Judy came over at least three times a week until my beard was nearly gone. She even rounded the edges of my sideburns to make them look more natural. I never went over to Judy's for my treatments as I would have had to go as a 'bearded lady'. We had long discussions about Transvestism until I was talked out on the subject. Each treatment had drawn us closer together and we both confessed our love for the other. We became engaged and invited Neil to our announcement party. This time when he gave his I-told-you-so wink, I winked back with the biggest grin I had ever given.

The girls at the Club had complimented me constantly on the styling of my wigs. They had all improved tremendously in looks and feel. At their request, I asked Judy if her shops would do all the girl's wigs for them. She, of course, said yes — and told me that she had personally informed every beauty operator and wig stylist to be courteous, polite

and helpful to any man that came in a shop seeking help for anything. She then asked me if it would be helpful if her advertisements in the papers had a clause "TV's welcome". I laughed and told her yes.

One weekend we had planned to go the mountains as Jim and Judy. Judy was quiet and reserved most of the time and several times she called me 'Jackie'. I, too, couldn't relax and we cut our trip short and headed home. As we neared the city, I asked her what was bothering her.

"It's Jim," she said with tears in her eyes, "I've become so accustomed to Jackie that Jim is almost like a stranger to me. I just don't know what to think. I love Jim — but I think I love you more as Jackie."

I smiled and said, "Judy, I can sure solve that very easily. I'll just send Jim off to exile on a desert island and he won't interfere in our lives anymore."

"Better make it a tropical island where he can chase the native girls all he wants to," she said, smiling. "But we'd have to call him back for the wedding — so maybe he'd better stay until then."

"Perhaps that would be better," I smiled at her, "providing we get married soon. Say in about two weeks?"

"We'd better plan on three weeks as I have a lot to do to get ready."

"O.K., Sweetheart," I said, "three weeks from now."

I called Neil the next morning and asked him to be our best man. He said he would have shot me if I had asked anybody else. Judy's 'general manager' also stood up with us. We took a week off for a honeymoon and moved into our new larger apartment upon our return. During the daytime on our honeymoon, I was Jim — a handsome, attentive bridegroom; but a peeping tom would have been mystified had he seen us wearing duplicate dainty nightgowns and negligees. When we were settled in our new apartment, Jim left for his tropical island and it was many years before he returned.

One morning as we were having brunch, Judy queried, "Jackie, Honey, why don't you let your hair grow — now that Jim is gone?"

"Light of my life," I smiled, "I have given that subject considerable thought, and you will kindly note that as I remove this hair, I slightly resemble a shaggy dog." A very short time later my hair was pinned up and I was under a portable dryer. As Judy combed it out and styled it, she chatted enthusiastically about what she was going to do with my hair when it became longer. She said she hadn't noticed my hair growing because I wore a wig all the time except when in bed. When she finished, she said, "Why don't you wear it that way tonight?" I looked in the mirror. I was amazed at what she had done with it — although still quite short, she had styled it in a becomingly feminine style. I looked at it from all angles, then thanked her warmly. "Only one thing, Honey," I said, "this is my blonde week." She smiled, but didn't say anything.

I sat there admiring my new hair-do, until she called from the living room, "I have to go down town. See you later." She was back in less than an hour. She laughed as she hung up her coat and said, "Bring these packages into the kitchen for me, Sweetie, I have a surprise for you." I took them into the kitchen and she said, "Sit down here, Honey, I'm going to make you a blonde." I smiled and sat down and she wrapped a towel around my shoulders. "First," she said, "a nice, tight permanent to give your hair additional body — and the bleaching compound will take out the real tight curls." I winced and complained a time or two as she wound my hair a little too tight.

When the curlers were removed, she rinsed the waving fluid out and the cool, foaming bleach was put on. It had been on over thirty minutes when I commented that one spot was starting to sting. She jumped up and took me over to the sink and washed out the foam, then shampooed me. An hour later I looked in the mirror again and almost cried. My hair was done in the same style as before, but now it was a shining, silvery blonde crown on my head. I looked and looked at it for a long time. It was so beautiful I couldn't find the words to thank her appropriately, so I gave her a long tender kiss and a simple "Thank you, Sweetheart. I love it."

"You're welcome, Honey," she said, "do you really like it?"

"I think it's the most beautiful head of hair I've ever seen — except yours," I replied.

I made several trips to the mirror before I started dressing for the Club. I would look at my blondness and I would *feel* blonde. A blonde wig was still a wig and when removed you felt like another person. This hair was

MINE and I loved it. I felt truly feminine and could hardly wait to show it to the girls at the Club. They all raved about it. Joey, the M.C., had let his grow several years ago. He congratulated me warmly and said, "Some of these other jokers will follow us shortly, now." And some of them did.

Judy asked me one night as I was dressing why I always wore street length dresses while most of the others wore floor length gowns. I laughed and said, "I'm bragging, but I have the prettiest legs in the show — so why cover them up?" She agreed that mine were almost as pretty as hers.

On her advice, I now changed my color to color sequences to two week intervals so the steady dying wouldn't ruin my hair. It grew agonizingly slow, but eventually reached my shoulders.

For my birthday, Judy had another surprise for me. After brunch, she handed me an ice cube and told me to hold it to the lobe of my ear. I looked puzzled at her request, but she just smiled and held up a large needle. I had always been a sucker for that smile of hers, so I nodded and did as she had asked. In a few minutes, she pricked my ear with the needle and asked if I could feel it. I said no.

"O.K.," she said, "hold real still." She pierced my ear and I could feel her doing something with it. I transferred the cube to my other ear, but I felt it when she stuck me. A few minutes later, she tried again. Again, I could feel her doing something, but it didn't hurt.

"Go look," she said.

I looked in the mirror and from two red ear lobes, two small diamonds winked back at me. I ran back into the kitchen and embraced Judy. "Happy Birthday, Honey," she cried, and I could only thank her with a bear hug and a kiss.

Through the months, Judy had worked tirelessly — coaching me in walking, sitting, rising, makeup, hair styling and dressing. She taught me to use her electrolysis probe and the hair was disappearing from my arms and legs. Judy told me that she wanted me to be perfect in my profession and was willing to go to any length to help me. Her efforts paid off, and I was now the highest paid performer at the Club. I occasionally sang at Benefits and my reputation as a performer was growing.

I felt truly feminine because I looked and acted feminine. Judy was proud of me and I was proud of her as a wife and as a companion. We

had discussed children, but Judy had suffered internal injuries when in high school and could not have children. She often laughed and said the things she did to and for me, she pretended she was doing to her daughter.

Neil had remained our close friend down through the years. His wife accepted us as we were, and I know some of the men who saw him squiring three pretty women around town were envious. Who could blame them ?

We had to call Jim back from his tropical paradise when my brother died. I borrowed Neil's clothes to attend the funeral and make arrangements for the disposal of his few belongings. There were some cousins and uncles around or I would have gone as Jackie. The hardest part — as selfish as it may seem — was letting Judy cut my hair.

When everything was settled, Jim went away again. My hair gradually grew out and I again discontinued wearing wigs.

Judy and I spent many happy years together. We retired and devoted our later years to traveling around the world as sisters and helping young performers wherever we could.

One day, high over the Atlantic, Judy asked me if I had ever regretted my choice in life. I looked around at the other passengers in the plane; then I looked down at my trim figure and my still rather pretty legs. I pulled a wisp of silver gray hair down in front of my eyes and then studied my hands with their well manicured nails and smooth skin. Only then did I look at Judy and smile.

"No, Sweetheart," I said softly, "I've never regretted one minute of it."

* * * * *

Recently, in our physics class, we were discussing kinetic and potential energy. The class started to drift from the subject of physics and, oddly enough, Tarzan became the center of conversation.

The professor, attempting to restore order, asked the question: "If Tarzan was standing in a tree 25 meters above the ground, grabbed a vine 30 meters long and started swinging, what would happen to him?"

The professor lost complete control when one student replied. "He'd drag his mass!"



**"WHEN YOU AND I WERE
YOUNG," HARRY**

OR

**"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR
SHADOWS BEFORE THEM"**

EASY AS NAILS

Rita 5-A-10 FPE

I thought I would write about a little incident that I arranged for myself — although not much planning was involved — just a little nerve — I went to a beauty school and had a manicure.

While I was shopping in a downtown area one day, I noticed a Beauty School where beauticians and hairstylists learn the art. Of course, these students need someone to practice on, and so the school advertises inexpensive shampoos, hair stylings, beauty treatments, etc. Since the area in which I live is inhabited by many retirees, especially those on limited budgets, these older women tend to patronize the school because of the attractive prices. I have seen younger women in there, too.

What attracted me to the school was the advertisement on their price list for manicures. I am somewhat heavily right-handed and can't really trim my right hand nails very well, nor hold a steady left hand while trimming cuticles on my right hand. Also, many local barbershops do not have manicurists, and as the price was right at the school, I decided to take courage and try a manicure.

This turned out to be a minor adventure, more than I expected.

I went in to inquire about having a manicure and a very nice middle-aged woman (who was an instructor at the school) helped me by asking what I would like. I said I had seen the price list advertising a manicure and I wondered if I could get one. I explained that I had looked around the area for manicurists in local shops and couldn't find any. Since I wasn't too good with my right hand I wanted to get a professional one for business sake, so could I get one here?

She was surprised that manicurists were not in the area but she said yes, I could get one there, but it would be given by a student and she needed to set up an appointment. Since I couldn't stay that day, I said fine, how about Monday? She, with a slightly nervous laugh, and kind of questioning about the lack of manicurists locally said, "Yes, would 2:30 p.m. be all right so that I may arrange to have a girl free from other duties to do it?" Willingly I said, "Yes, by all means." So with the arrangements made, I left, delightedly looking forward to Monday with a manicurist in a beauty school.

I should make a few comments about this location. The school is on a normally busy street with plenty of window space to look in or out. Actually in a large storetype building, much of the space is allocated to dressing tables, styling chairs, hair dryer chairs and other paraphernalia associated with a beauty school. Not a man in the place, save the owner, who worked in the back of the store and seemed disassociated with what was going on in front. Most of the students looked very young — anywhere from 17 through 25, while most of the customers looked like everyday women who might not appreciate having a man enter their private domain.

How I ever got in that front door Monday afternoon, I don't know, but there I was at the appointed hour, hoping this wouldn't take too long before my courage gave out. When I approached the counter I saw that a young student had replaced the middle aged woman temporarily, and a slight panic arose. However, I blurted out, "I have an appointment at 2:30 for a manicure." With a very nonchalant attitude, she replied, "Oh yes, we're expecting you." It will be a few minutes, however, so won't you please be seated and wait until your name is called?" Looking around I saw several women waiting for appointments, and each was glancing at me furtively (or so I thought). Acting as if nothing were amiss I picked up a magazine and sat down. Minutes went by and I began to think that they had forgotten me. During this time, several students would come up to the counter and each would glance over toward where I was sitting. Each time I thought maybe it's finally my turn but they would go in the back again or escort some woman who was waiting for service. After 15 minutes of this, a very nice looking student came up the counter and called my name. By this time I could guess that they were getting ready for me because this young girl had just finished setting up a portable manicurist's table next to a comfortable chair with a hair dryer draping over it. Next to this were a line of other chairs with dryers and two women were already occupying them having their hair dried after the set. I was asked to sit down in the chair next

to the manicurists table. I felt a little nervous about the procedure (because I've never had a professional manicure before and not in a beauty shop) but then so was the young student. She shyly blurted, "I've never done a man's nails before."

After some pause looking over the instruments she had she asked, "Do you wish to have your nails cut or filed down?" I replied (after a little hesitation) "I would like them filed, if you don't mind and I want them rounded rather than a flat curve and to leave them as long as possible (for ulterior reasons). She replied she would have to get a metal nail file and with that she departed to the rear of the shop to get one. I began to realize that she was more nervous than I was about the whole affair. I thought to myself, I am going to enjoy this session, and with that thought in mind I began to relax.

She returned and proceeded with filing my nails, carefully holding each finger and filing the nail very gently. (It must be remembered that this girl was a beginning student). This took upwards of 20 minutes and during this time we chatted about the shop and the girls working there. So I asked, "Do other men come in for manicures?" She said I was the first man she had seen in the shop for a manicure. I found out from her that I was a curiosity and the beauty shop students had been talking about a man coming in since last Friday when I made the appointment. But, she hastened to say, I don't really mind having a man in here now and then to change the scenery, and I do hope you will come back on a regular basis so that we can take care of those nails and cuticles.

Now I began to realize why all the students were looking me over while I was waiting and why each one of them seemed to manage to maneuver herself by our table during the time I was there for unexplained reasons. I decided to accept all this attention and I even relished it as the time progressed.

One nice feature about manicures as taught in a beauty school is that the manicurist massages the hands with the hand lotion which she uses to remove dead tissue from around the cuticles. Just before this step, the manicurist has placed the fingers of one hand in a cup of warmed hand lotion. She then takes the hand out of the cup, does your cuticles, removes the dead tissue and cleanses the nails. After she is finished with this, she massages first the fingers, then the palm, and finally the whole hand with some of the very fragrant lotion. Believe me, that massage is worth the trip to the manicurist all by itself.

The student was rather attractive, and as it is my habit I usually look at a girl's face to see how well she applies her makeup (we're all hoping the girls never look back the same way when we're dressed and out in public!). Although she had to wear glasses to see her work, she did have a very pretty blue eye shading and I commented on how nice it looked. After this we did get into some small talk about me coming into the beauty school and she then mentioned that some of the hippies come in to have their hair washed and curled so it looks more kinky and disheveled. She said, "That kind of man I can't stand but you are the kind of man I wouldn't mind having to manicure." Several times while I was sitting there, a student would come over and bring a woman who was to have her hair dried. Even with several vacant chairs beside me, the students always seemed to manage to put the woman right down beside me. I would steal a look in their direction and receive a rather furtive glance and/or a haughty look from the woman under the drier in effect saying — What are you doing here? In fact the last person to sit next to me was more or less coerced into that chair and I could hear her mumbling to the student about being so located as the student went away laughing! I didn't realize my invasion of a woman's domain was going to cause ripples. However, nothing came of it but friendly teasing from the students.

When she was nearly finished, the instructor, the same one that I had introduced myself to on Friday, came over and looked at the finished product and said, "Oh, they look very nice. We'll have to put something on those nails as a preservative. Would you like clear nail polish? Surprised and pleased (I have since learned from them and from Susanna in New York that in the east men do use clear nail polish and it is acceptable) I was extremely tempted to accept that offer but due to my engagement I thought better of it. I hesitated before answering and finally I said, "No, I'll defer for now." But then she had another preservative which is a powder put out by Revlon which is buffed on and only gives a slight sheen. The only problem was that they didn't know where the buffer went because due to some changes in procedure they didn't need to buff nails anymore, they used nail polish. So the instructor and student went looking for the buffer and after ten minutes gave up. It was a nice idea while it lasted!

Thus ended a very pleasant hour and a half interlude at a cost of only \$1.50!

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WHAT-IF . . .

Betty Nugent — California

Being a girl at will has always been such a rewarding pastime to me—so aesthetically and even socially fulfilling—I never did believe there's a man really alive who didn't adore, at times, at least in fantasy if not visually, enjoying the strength-through-joy of gamboling through the fields of femaledom. On lazy mornings, drifting into wakefulness, a fun-thing is to imagine I write the "Dear Abby" column. For instances . . .

"DEAR ABBY, I found a half-empty bottle of *Windsong* in my husband's suit-pocket. Should I be suspicious?"

"DEAR SUSPICIOUS: Buy him a full bottle of the provocative perfume and tell him coyly you love it on him. If he doesn't eagerly dash some on as a bedtime toiletry that night—you can start to suspect there's Another Woman."

"DEAR ABBY, A girlfriend who works in a fur shoppe says my husband purchased a lovely chinchilla $\frac{3}{4}$ coat and a terribly chic fur hat to match. Frankly, I hate the jealousy pangs I'm suffering."

"DEAR MRS. PANGS: No need to be jealous; talk it over. I'm sure you can come to an agreement whereby it's your turn to wear it one night for every night he wears it."

"DEAR ABBY, A number of times I've walked past my boyfriend's house, seen the shadow of a long-haired, terribly shapely girl on his closed blind—often in a flowing negligee and often dancing by herself. But never seen his shadow with her, nor seen her come out with him—so I can't be sure enough to accuse him of having another girl up there. Confoozed."

"DEAR CONFOOZED: Tell him you've seen a girl in his room who looks so much like him she must be his sister—that she looks just like you adore imaging him if he were a girl—and couldn't you go in and meet the lovely girl some night, even if he weren't around? With luck you might end up with a double-date that night—boyfriend-and-girlfriend in one."

"DEAR ABBY, My brand-new bride is a delight to live with. We're so close she buys us "his'n'hers" sweaters, pj's, etc. But she does overload my closet with her dresses, my dresser with her cosmetics, my drawers with her hose and lingerie. Although I work at home and don't need business suits there's still barely any room for my things. Tense."

"DEAR TENSE: Why fight it!? If her things are in your closet, they're yours to enjoy. Wear them. If she objects, tell her to keep her things out. If she doesn't mind, could be she's trying to tell you something and you can live a life of "hers'n'hers" rather than "his'n'hers." And be less tense."

"DEAR ABBY, My little brother wants to wear my white organza formal to the Spring Prom. Is that wrong? Conscientious."

"DEAR CONSCIENTIOUS: Not if he wears white gloves."

"DEAR ABBY, I've discovered that my steady date always wears an expensive slip and nylon hose under his suit in public. Is that bad? When should I start worrying? Doubtful."

"DEAR DOUBTFUL: It's bad, and time to start worrying when he begins wearing hose and slip *over* his suit—in public."

. . . with that image in mind I decide it's time to get up and put my mind to work on something else.

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SO YOU'D RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT?

VARDA ONE

Many males in the past few years have had sex change operations and are trying to make it as women. Whether they'll be happy with their new self remains to be seen — the transsexual is too new a phenomenon to pass judgment on. In the meantime for those who are considering switching to the feminine role, here is a readiness quiz:

1. Are you prepared to be ignored whenever the discussion at a gathering turns to anything heavy such as ecopolitics, conglomerates, or Supreme Court vacancies?

2. Are you ready to give a serious speech on a topic in your professional field and then have the moderator compliment you by calling it charming?

3. If you plan to play housewife all day, have you thought of how stultifying confining yourself to the length of draperies and the cost of tomatoes might be? Are you psychologically ready to fall in love with your bathroom bowl?

4. Are you tough enough to spend all day mopping the floors, vacuuming the rugs, washing and ironing clothes, mowing the lawn, and washing the car and then answer "no" when someone ask you

at night if you work?

5. If you plan to work outside the home, are you aware women get paid 30 to 80% less than men, that most of them shit work for shit wages?

6. Are you prepared to do the same or better than men in your field and then see them promoted while you stay low-paid because "women don't need the money?"

7. Are you ready to shop for dinner, cook it, serve it, and wash the dishes for your husband and yourself after you've both returned from equally demanding jobs?

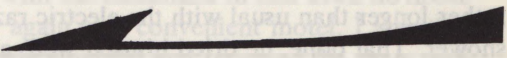
8. Do you have enough money to throw away on hose and pantyhose which rip before the first wearing is over and which are required attire in most jobs?

9. If you have flat feet (and if you don't), have you practiced walking in flimsy shoes which offer no support? Have you tried walking your feet off while wearing those shoes looking for stores that sell comfortable footwear?

10. Will you be able to stand being called "one of the girls" when you're 84?

THE LITERARY APPROACH

Virginia 5-P-1 FPE



I was sitting thoughtfully at my typewriter where I had just banged out the first half page of a "think piece" on transvestism which I had been commissioned to write for a new magazine in the sex field, when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," I yelled, not wanting to break into the continuity of my thoughts by getting up and going to the door.

"Don't mind if I do." a cheery voice replied, and I looked up to see my buddy Tom walking into the room and flipping the door closed behind him. "Well, what are you cranking out this time, Professor," he asked with a grin. Knowing that I frequently wrote on rather far out psychological subjects which were generally a bit beyond him, he protected himself by giving me the sarcastic and still grudgingly complimentary title of "Professor." Actually I had no such position or degree, but I had developed a knack of studying up on a psychological subject and writing about it in a way that ordinary people could understand.

"Oh, I'm trying to get off the ground with a write up on a new story, but I've got the opening scene on paper and am kind of stuck as to where to go from here," I explained. "Here, read what I've written and it will save me explaining it to you this far," I said and handed him the paper from the machine. He sat down on the couch and started to read it to himself.

* * * * *

The new black hard top drove up to the motel on the outskirts of the city about 6:30 in the evening and a young man of perhaps 35, tall and

good looking, got out and went into the office. A room was available so he signed the register, took the key and drove to the parking area in front of his assigned room. Getting out, he removed a clothes bag and a hat box and took them into the room and returned to get two large suitcases out of the trunk. Returning to the motel room he put the cases on the luggage stands and turned to lock the door and to check the blinds on both sides of the room to be sure they were drawn close and afforded no peep holes.

Quickly he undressed and went into the bathroom where he spent rather longer than usual with the electric razor and then stepped into the shower. That done, he dried himself well, and went back into the room. He opened the suitcases and the clothes bag and busied himself with the contents of both.

About an hour and a half later, if you had been watching the same door you would have seen a tall, rather well built and attractive young woman wearing a smart dress and a fur trimmed coat, emerge from the room. She wore dainty open toed sling pumps which showed off her pink lacquered toes to advantage and they had such high pencil-slim heels that they didn't look capable of carrying her weight. She carried a fashionable bag and gloves and held a cigarette daintily between well manicured fingers with long bright red nails as she unlocked the young man's car and slipped behind the wheel. Carefully backing out of the parking stall, with somewhat greater caution than he had used in driving in, she drove past the office, out onto the highway and headed for town.

If you had been a private eye detailed to watch her, you would have seen her go downtown, park the car on a side street, and stroll past a block or so of stores pausing in front of the women's shops to gaze longingly at the shoes, the lingerie and the dresses displayed in the various stores. Arriving at a small restaurant, she went in, was shown to a booth and ate dinner alone. After repairing her lipstick and paying her bill, she again went out on the street and did some more window shopping on her way to a nearby theater where she bought her ticket and went inside. It was late when she came out after the show and she hurried back to her car, got in and drove back to the motel. She carefully parked the car and went into the room the young man had rented earlier. The light remained on in the room for another hour or so and then went out.

Next morning about 8 a.m. the young man who had originally taken the room came out carrying the two suitcases which he placed in the

trunk and locked it and then got into the car and drove away. The maids, when they came to clean the room, found nothing unusual. True, there was a lot of kleenex in the waste basket in the bathroom which was smeared with red lipstick, black eye shadow and tan foundation, but that wasn't too out of the ordinary. Not knowing the sex of the occupant of the room they thought nothing of it and cleaned the room for the next comer.

What became of the young man? Well, he was a salesman traveling his territory and after finishing with the customers in this town he drove on to the next stop and put up again at a convenient motel. Later that same evening the same young lady emerged and repeated the same procedure as the night before — window shopping, dinner and a movie. She did not always wear the same dress and accessories, in fact she seemed to have quite a wardrobe with her and always looked well dressed. She talked to no one on her trips to town except the waitresses at the restaurants and the ticket girl at the theaters except one evening when she was standing in front of a dress shop window admiring a lovely evening gown in the window. She was spoken to first by another woman equally intrigued by the dress and got into a conversation with her about the pretty things on display. She made no attempt to attract the attentions of any men and, as a matter of fact, found it necessary to pointedly ignore men who showed an interest in her at two of the restaurants and to walk hurriedly to her car after the show one night. The man sitting next to her in the theater had suddenly discovered that he had dropped something on the floor on her side and in retrieving it had accidentally on purpose brushed his hand against her leg as he straightened up. She had moved her leg out of contact, but it was obviously an opening gambit and when the lights went on at the end and she rose to leave, he got up also, which occasioned the hasty retreat to the car.

When the sales trip was over, the young man returned to his wife and two young children in the suburban cottage outside of one of the largest cities in his state. The garment bag and the hat box and one of the suitcases were removed from the car when he returned home, taken into the garage and locked in a storage cabinet there. Of course, the motel girl was not seen again for several months until it came time for his quarterly trip around the territory when she appeared from his room the first night out. But it was obvious, from the way he kissed his wife and played with the kids after his return that he loved them all very much and was a devoted husband and father.

* * *

"Well, so what's what with that bit?" Tom said with a puzzled look as he put the paper back on the desk, "it's a pretty ordinary thing so far, where does it go from here and how does it tie in with your usual head shrinker's pieces. You aren't going to descend to mere love stories are you?"

"No, I'm not," I laughed, "and this does fall into the category of psychological writing that I usually do. But you think the story is pretty ordinary so far, eh?" I replied. "Well, consider four things that are rather unusual. First off, the girl always came out of and returned to the room the man had rented. Secondly, she was obviously not out to get acquainted with men since she avoided the places a woman looking for male companionship would go and she avoided those who showed an interest in her. Thirdly, the man in the story was evidently very happily married, judging by his welcome home he received on his return. And finally he locked some of his luggage in a cabinet in the garage rather than taking it into the house."

"I'll concede that there is a point of mystery as yet unexplained about why the girl came from his motel room," Tom said rather thoughtfully, "but I don't see anything there that couldn't be elucidated later in the story, and certainly girls taking up with lonely men on trips and the husband being welcomed home aren't very unusual."

"I guess you've led a rather sheltered existence, Tom," I replied, "so I'll have to brief you about it. The point is that the girl and the man were one and the same person because the man was a transvestite."

"Oh, I know all about those perverts, those queens," Tom said with a knowing leer. "I've read about them and their carryings on at those drag balls and parties that they have. They're just homosexuals who like to dress up in women's clothes to attract men for sex purposes."

"Ah yes," I replied, "quite so. There are homosexual 'queens' who do just what you said for exactly the reason you said. They dress and act like women to entice men into sexual relations with them. And it is true that they are sometimes referred to in the scandle press as 'transvestites'. But do you remember the four peculiar things about the young man in my story? 1) The girl was only seen on his trips and only at night, 2) she made no move to attract men during her trips downtown, and in fact took pains to stay away from them. 3) the luggage was secreted and locked away in the garage on his return, and 4) he was given a loving welcome home, as a husband and a father. None of these things quite fit into your idea that the man was a homosexual queen."

"Well, I guess you're right there," Tom admitted reluctantly, "but if he wasn't a homosexual, why in heck would he be traipsing around all decked out like a fashionable woman all those times, and why did he do it only from a motel?"

"Right there is where we get to the meat of this piece," I explained. "I want to show by this fictional beginning that there are many men — who are heterosexually inclined; who love women; who are happily married and fathers of families; who support their families with good and responsible jobs; who are often very active in church and community affairs; who many times are highly educated, like doctors, ministers, lawyers, or scientists; who have never had any taint of immorality or illegality about them; who may very well have high government security clearances; who, in short, are respectable and respected members of the community — but who nevertheless love to express part of themselves in the gender role of a woman."

"Well, that's sure news to me," Tom admitted, "I never heard of that sort of thing before. I always supposed that any man with much interest in things feminine was automatically queer, or 'gay', I guess they call them. If guys like this aren't gay, then I again ask what goes on, why do they go to all that trouble? There must be a lot of expense with all that second wardrobe, and the worry and apparent secrecy of dressing up only when they can go on an extended trip to other cities, and having to hide their feminine clothes in locked cabinets in the garage, etc. I should think it would be a terribly frustrating existence."

"It is," I answered, "and inadvertently you've given part of the answer to your own question when you said that you thought all men with feminine interests of any kind were homosexual. You were not voicing only your own opinion, but that of a large portion of society. Earlier you referred to 'those perverted queens' in a very derogatory tone of voice. In doing so you revealed another widespread social attitude, the condemnation that society heaps on the homosexual. I don't go along with that attitude. I believe in a philosophy of 'live and let live' so long as you don't tread on anyone else's rights in the process. Now understand," I continued, "I'm not trying to make a case for homosexuals, that's their problem and they'll have to work it out as best they can. In this article, I'm trying to explain about these other guys who are not homosexual, who go for women just like you and I do. As a matter of fact they go for women even more than you and I and other men do because they not only love them in bed, but admire them so much



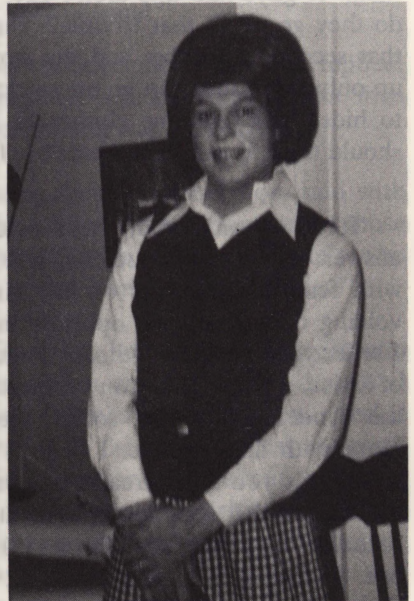
Beverly 5-F-8 FPE



Pauline 9-L-3 FPE



Kay 22-K-1 FPE



Vivian 22-P-3 FPE

just as social beings that they want to copy them and be like them in a non-sexual way. Feminine clothing helps them do so."

"Fear of society's antagonistic attitude toward the homosexual, combined with its ignorance of the existence of and nature of true transvestism, makes these men afraid that social condemnation, loss of wife, friends, position and reputation would be their lot if their feminine interests were discovered. That is what leads to the secrecy. It is also the reason why so many of them whose wives are just as ignorant of the true nature of the phenomenon as you are, and who are just as likely to call them 'perverts', 'queers', 'fairies', etc. just as you did, have to wait until they can sneak away on a trip or until their wives are out of the house before they can open up and express themselves. On top of that," I went on, "most of them think that they are alone in the world in having this strange yearning. They can't find out much about themselves from any books in the library and most of them don't know that there are thousands of men who feel the same strange need to express their feminine side. That is, they couldn't find out much about people like themselves until a magazine called TRANSVESTIA began to be published out in California about ten years ago. It was published BY a transvestite for other transvestites. It was the first attempt made to help these people know that they were not alone, that they were not necessarily homosexual just because they like feminine things, and that they should learn to accept themselves for what they were and not live under such a perpetual cloud of guilt and fear."

"You mean there is a magazine just for people like this guy in your story," Tom asked in surprise. "Who publishes it and where can you get it? I think I'd like to read up on the whole bit. It's pretty different and enlightening to find out that there are guys who don't go for boys and who still like feminine things. It ought to be interesting to see what they have to say. You still didn't tell me what makes them do it though." Tom's natural curiosity was now aroused I could see, and I resolved to see what I could do to bring about a change in attitude in him. Besides it would give me some guide posts for the further development of my article. "I can understand the loneliness, the secrecy and the fear, but I still don't understand what they get out of it and why they do it."

"Wait a minute, one question at a time," I stopped him. "As to the magazine TRANSVESTIA, it is published by Chevalier Publications and their address is Box 36091, Los Angeles, California 90036, and I expect they'll send you some dope on it if you ask them. Incidentally you might be interested in where that name Chevalier came from. It was

taken from the title of the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, one of the most famous transvestites in history. He was a soldier of the King of France, Louis the 15th I think, and, after appearing at a masquerade ball as a girl and fooling the king, Louis got a clever idea and sent him off to Russia to the court of the Empress in the guise of the niece of the French Ambassador. As a Mademoiselle he was able to get the ear of the Queen without having to go through the Prime Minister who kind of ran things to suit himself. History doesn't say what else he was able to accomplish with the Queen, but as just two girls they hit it off fine and the Queen got quite a kick out of it, what with getting diplomatic messages directly from the French king right in her own boudoir. Another interesting thing was that after d'Eon returned to France the king found it expedient to settle a royal pension on him but also to order him to remain in the role of a woman the rest of his life, which he did. Because of this way of living the great British sexologist Havelock Ellis named the phenomenon of non-homosexual men dressing in feminine things, 'Eonism' after him."

"But I got off the subject of your second question — why do they do it? It is rather difficult to explain, but all men have a certain amount of femininity in their makeup, just as all women have a certain amount of masculinity. Society in these times does not care much about what a woman wears or does — look at the fashions for slacks, trousers and flat shoes etc. — therefore they are able to express some of their masculinity in their clothes. They have also invaded masculine fields in work and schooling and about everything else. But let a man show an interest in something feminine and he has had it. As a result a man can't show any feminine characteristics, traits, interests, etc. while dressed as a man and feeling himself a masculine person. But when he adopts feminine attire he, in effect, becomes a feminine person and is entitled to display feminine mannerisms, traits, interests, activities, etc. This behavior pattern is one of gender and not of sex. Such people should not be called 'sex deviates' or 'sex variants' because sexually they don't vary from the normal. If anything, they should be thought of as 'gender variants' because they switch from the masculine to the feminine gender and merely want to be allowed to look like, act like and do things that women do in our society. To be treated like a woman and accepted as one in public. To just get lost among women, so to speak, is about the greatest thing that can happen to a transvestite."

"You mean they get a thrill out of somebody holding a door open for them or lighting their cigarette or something like that," Tom said.

"Exactly," I agreed, "because these actions validate their femininity and their ability to 'pass' as a woman. I've heard them go on about how much pleasure and satisfaction it gave them to have a clerk or a waitress say, 'can I help you, Ma'm or 'yes, Miss, what can I do for you.' That Ma'm' and 'Miss' really sends them."

"Yeah, I can see that," Tom said thoughtfully stroking his chin. "If they are going to go to all the trouble, expense, and risk to appear as an acceptable woman it must be a great satisfaction to have somebody reward them that way, even if it is done without their real identity being known. Matter of fact, I guess it would be even more satisfying to them when the speaker didn't know and still talked to them and treated them as a lady, than if his true sex was known. And this bit about gender being different from sex is an interesting thing too. I never thought of it that way before, but I can see that the word 'sex' really ought to be applied only to things having to do with anatomy and reproduction because to use it to cover behavior outside of that realm is only confusing. Like when I thought that acting the role of a woman was a sign of homosexuality. I see now that the words 'man' and 'woman' really refer to the role you take in society regardless of what your genital anatomy might be. When you want to talk about anything having to do with intercourse or reproduction I guess 'male' and 'female' would be the only correct words to use and I suppose 'masculine' and 'feminine' are the words that one would use to describe a manly or a womanly person rather than a male or female person, and so they could be called gender words."

"How right you are!" I agreed, being pleasantly surprised that Tom, who was usually facetious and seldom serious, had begun to be interested in and thoughtful about a subject that usually was very difficult to deal with because of the ordinary man's ignorance and prejudice. "You can see that to refer to 'female' clothing for example, would be ridiculous since clothing has no sex organs, but 'feminine' clothing or women's clothing would be right because they refer to the kind of clothing worn by a person (regardless of his anatomy) who is taking the womanly role in a social situation. What it comes down to," I continued my explanation, "is that the true transvestite is an heterosexual, male person (he loves females) who has simply become aware of the fact that there is a side to his total personality that does not fit smoothly into the cultural requirements and expectations of the man's role in contemporary society and to express these traits would lead to unfair suspicion and accusation on the part of society. But more than that, he has been so conditioned during his childhood as to what is acceptable and what

is not that he even feels uncomfortable inside himself if he tries to exhibit some of these traits while dressed in men's clothes."

"I think I see what you mean," Tom interrupted. "For instance, I've often been emotionally moved by some particularly touching scene in a movie and found tears forming in my eyes. I got embarrassed and tried to wink them away or wipe them away without being seen, like I had a speck in my eye. I guess I thought that other people would say I was a pantywaist if I was caught crying at a movie scene. I suppose if I was a transvestite and was wearing feminine things at the time, I would be in my feminine personality and crying at a sad scene would be perfectly natural and expected of a woman, so nobody would notice. Yes, I'm beginning to get it for other things too," he went on with real interest. "Like if a fellow felt that he'd like to dance around gracefully by himself to some pretty waltz music or something — he'd feel real stupid and out of place doing it as a man, but in a dress and heels he could be as graceful, dainty and rhythmical as he felt like and could really let go and enjoy himself. Seems as though going from a 'he' to a 'she' would open up a whole new world of experience and expression than an ordinary man would never have access to."

"Gee!" he interrupted his train of thought in embarrassment, "I feel sort of foolish and stupid for referring to them as 'perverts' and 'queens' when they aren't anything like that at all. Matter of fact, I feel kind of sorry for them having to go through life always afraid of the stigma of the accusation of homosexuality when they are not only not homosexual, but are actually giving expression to and enjoying a fuller expression of their total personality than the rest of us."

"Now you've got it," I told him. "As a matter of fact you picked exactly their words only you got them in the wrong order. They have a research and educational foundation which they call the Foundation for Personality Expression. This Foundation is collecting statistics, histories, and working with research groups at several Universities. They send out information about the subject of transvestism in every way they can. I'll tell you this, I'm a believer in the work of this Foundation and my education of you in the last half hour from the point of calling transvestites 'perverts' to that of seeing this behavior as a Fuller Personality Expression, is a perfect example of what it is trying to do."

"I'm really glad that you dropped by, Tom, because explaining things to you has helped me see how I should write this article. It always helps to crystalize an idea to talk it out with somebody." I told him. "Here have some coffee and we can talk some more."

"No, thanks just the same, Chuck," Tom said as he got up from the couch and moved toward the door, "but I've got a date. I just dropped by to see what your old think tank was cooking up, and boy you've latched on to something. You don't often get me intrigued with your write-ups, but this time somehow you've got to me. I can see that I've got a lot of thinking to do because this idea of a repressed feminine side in men explains a lot of different kinds of actions I've seen in different guys. I guess it goes a long way toward explaining the shy, quiet, but real intelligent guy, who's always being kidded by bigger guys, through the guy who's always bragging and blustering and trying to show what a man and how masculine he is, up to the guy who gets too drunk too often or knocks himself off for no apparent reason. And maybe it includes the guy who just never gets married, but never shows any off-beat interest in men either. I guess this kind of a problem would lead to a lot of this kind of 'solutions,'" Tom went on thoughtfully. "Yeah," he finished turning toward the door, "yeah, I'm going to write to that Chevalier bunch out in L.A. and just see what I'd get back. Might bring some interesting ideas. What box number did you say they had?"

"36091, Los Angeles 36, Tom," I replied. "Let me know what you learn and drop by again after you've done some of that thinking you spoke of and we'll go on from here. Give my best to Grace." I shouted after him as he went out the door.

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FICTION

HALLOWEEN STORY

by Geri 49-K-3 FPE

Perhaps it might have been a normal, common, every-day sort of Halloween had Robert Sara not been married to a witch. Ursala Sara was a witch, although to look at her you would not realize this. She sported no black-flowing-cape, and her teeth were white and regular, and in general, she was a joy to behold. Until you got to know her. For Ursala was a witch, in the twentieth-century usage of the terms (she was also known to certain members of the Saras' circle of friends by another noun which rhymes with 'witch,' although the initial consonant is different.) Ursala was in short, a reasonably intelligent, good-looking young woman who knew how to get her hooks through the tender part of a man's nature — and twist. A real witch. She knew the divorce-and-property laws better than she knew the formulas for brewing up a steak-and-apple pie dinner; she knew just when and how to use flattery, tears and sex in order to keep her poor mate in constant torment. A real witch.

It was a glittering, youthful circle of friends and near-friends who made up the social whirl of which Robert and Ursala Sara were a part. There were genial and fun-loving Hugh and Jeanne Cabell, the Stevens — Mark and Grace, Harry and Blanche Wolfe, and a few others, and they all shared the same likes in ranch-style architecture, hard-top automobiles and genial little parties. Of course, it was only natural that a Halloween party be planned by the Cabells — the almost-outrageous non-conformist members of the group. They were always the leaders — although they often had few followers — as for example, when Hugh traded their ranch-house-and-swimming pool for a crumbling replica of a medieval castle that an eccentric lumberman had once erected high in the hills just north of town. Visitors to the castle were prone to comment, when they had left the huge iron gate beneath

the giant trees that shrouded the grounds, that 'ol' Hugh' had been had — in vain he protested the spacious grounds, the uniqueness, the individuality — his visitors had noted the utter lack of modern plumbing, the distinct lack of heating-and/or-air-conditioning. But the Cabells both enjoyed it — and their first year in the castle, they proposed a Halloween Party. With only a little imagination they converted the interior into a setting that Edgar Allen Poe would have delighted in. The approaching guests were greeted by lighted pumpkins that recaptured some of their one-time horror as they flickered up the winding drive beneath the glowering trees. A skeleton completed the decorations. Borrowed from an anatomy class on the campus where Hugh taught, it had once supported the tender nature of an unfortunate young man named Fred Derr — and that is another story. The scene is set — the guests approach in mask. Ah, the guests —

Since the invitation to the party had come, Robert Sara had begun to plan his costume with some care. In vain did Ursala wheedle and threaten with matching bunny or Martian or other animal costumes. In this way — on Halloween alone throughout the long long year was Robert able to satisfy a secret inner urge. At least he thought it was secret, for his soul shuddered at what Ursala would try to make of his little fantasy. At any rate — once a year, at a costume party, Robert would let a little portion of himself have a little portion of life — and so he lived.

Of course, he told Ursala what he intended as costume, and prepared himself for her inevitable arguments and prepared himself for the long fight sure to follow. However, it was worth the trouble — for one night a year.

This year was different, of course. For one thing, Ursala was in finer fettle this time, and she was quick to point out that, 'every Halloween' it was the same thing — she always ended up 'unhappy' because her husband was having a "gay" time of it in skirts. The way she said "gay" set the edge on Robert's teeth, but he grimly resolved to go on with it. It was at that point, on this Halloween that Ursala decided to goad her husband a bit. "I bet you would like to wear dresses all the time, if you could — wouldn't you?" Robert, lost in the beginnings of his own magical reverie answered her truthfully — which was a serious mistake, as he realized an instant too late. "So you would!! My, but wouldn't that be nice. Just think how perfectly darling you'd look at your job — all ruffy petticoats and just smeared all over with luscious gobs of makeup." While Robert agreed inwardly, the way she said

it robbed the whole idea of any attraction, and he grimly continued getting ready while Ursala, sensing from his silence that she had found another chink in his less than adequate armor, continued her attack.

Now, because this was only once-a-year, Robert indulged himself as much as he could. He sought the help of a professional costumer and let nothing stand in the way of perfection. In years past, he had appeared as Marie Antoinette (a smash), Cleopatra (rather startling, considering the brevity of the costume), Salome (something of a repeat, based on the success of 'Cleo'), and last year, as 'Lillian Russell' — that he considered his finest effort to date. Of course, what Robert kept a close secret from his mate was that he did not return his costumes each year — ah, no! They were kept in a secret hidey-hole, and once in a while — well, you have to understand that his successes depended on a proficiency that could only be achieved through practice — *you know*. This year's gypsy costume — now there was a real outfit. He had conceived of it nearly a full year earlier and had been accumulating the pieces to the ensemble. A corset was called for in his schedule and after a great deal of searching, he settled on one similar to the one he had used for 'Lillian' — possible it didn't dawn on him to use the same one — but then, there's a perfectionist for you. The outer costume was of excitingly vivid shades of balloon-sleeved blouse, satin bodice and full, full skirt — with the cutest little boots of red and gold with tiny bells. He had acquired a long, black-haired wig and had it styled to billow over his shoulders. He had consulted several stage manuals for gypsy-makeup. And now, while Ursala shrilled in the background, he began his long task of getting ready.

Perhaps if he had paid more attention to his wife, he might have avoided all the trouble that followed. Dimly listening, he heard her once exclaim, "You don't even care what *I* wear, do you?" No, Ursala, he said, but very silently so she wouldn't hear — I really don't give a damn what you wear. But he didn't reckon on her nature. Her naturally suspicious mind had been dwelling on his costume for some weeks — ever since the invitation had come. And so, she began to watch him. Her woman's mind knew that his elaborate costuming could not be, as he had often explained, the result of a fifteen minute visit to a costume shop. And so she watched him. And discovered his secret hidey-hole. And now, a scarce fifteen minutes before they were to leave for the party, she triumphantly dragged out his treasures and gloated at him. Taunted him. Had he not been committed to the carefree, lissome gypsy he personated, he might have reacted as she wished. He merely shrugged. Tonight — there was a full moon and he had music in his

blood and dancing in his feet. The tiny gold bells gave a chime as those music-laden feet began already their nervous tracings on the inlaid-wood floor. He was beyond her, for the moment and she sullenly withdrew her attack, and put the furry head of her bear-costume in place with a last wicked smile. She would watch for a time tonight when she could expose her husband to the rest of the group. That would fix him! The red-painted mouth of the bear became an extension of her own.

The outer walls of the castle were lighted by flickering torches. The guests were greeted by the host in the courtyard and directed into the massive donjon, rising above them. Hugh was dressed in a long black gown and tall pointed hat, decorated with weird signs, upside-down crescents, and tongues of lightening that seemed to flash and glow in the wavering yellow light, and he handed each a burlap sack as they entered: "Your talisman for this evening."

Inside, the guests were milling about, sampling punch, and examining their 'talismans'. "Ha!" said Ursala, pulling a long, very fine silver chain from the corner of her bag. "You too!" said a tall, saturnine gentleman in evening clothes, dangling a similar, slightly heavier strand of gleaming metal aloft. Clutching the bottom of his own sack, Robert felt the handle of what appeared to be a paddle. On closer examination, he found it to be a mirror — without its glass. As each exclaimed and then puzzled over the weird tokens, Hugh came into the hall, slamming the great oaken door behind him with a thundering crash that resounded through the stone passages and echoed among the ancient timbers of the rafters above. "Welcome, welcome," he thundered with a flourish of his right hand that seemed to dash slivers of light into the farthest corners. His features were darkly recessed behind a falsework of long flowing white hair and whiskers, and the guests felt rather than saw the smile.

"Everybody get some punch and then we'll go on to the fun and games," cried the Archimage. And the guests milled about some more in the uncertain light. At length, everyone had cup in hand, and the host directed the toast: "To reality — " and everyone drank, deeply quaffing the warmish, sweet-and-sour mead.

"And now to the naming of the guests," ordered the host, standing in the center of a white ring in the center of the room. Without further direction, everyone began walking in a circle outside the white line. "All right everybody! First we have the Count!" And the dark gentle-

man stepped into the ring and swirled his cape with a sinister flourish. "But you haven't got your chain on, Harry Wolf," exclaimed Hugh. "Put it on!" and with a mock grimace, the dark one complied. "And now the lady-in-white —" and Blanche Wolf stepped into the circle, her long gown trailing on the floor with a spectral echo of crackling ceremonies. "But your candle isn't lighted" and Hugh commanded with outstretched finger the sudden leap of flame at the tip of the gleaming wax cylinder, as Blanche completed the circle, the light from the candle clutched beneath her breasts causing gaunt hollows to appear beneath her raven brows. "And now, from frosty New England —" and two figures in black-and-white Puritan garb marched sedately into the arena. "And what does your horn-book say, Mark Stevens?" And the dour figure held aloft a replica of the famed horn-book and read aloud the first exercise: "In Adam's fall, We sinned all." And with a flourish, the old magician pointed to the black-cloaked figure marching behind him. "And what have you to say to that, Grace?" With a sudden movement, the smaller figure held aloft a tiny bell which chimed a fairy-tinkle to the shuffle of their steps. As they completed the circuit, a shift in the light caused Robert to rub his eyes wonderingly, for a sudden stir of the cloak on Grace Steven's back revealed the astonishing fact that she was totally naked beneath the ankle length garment. With a hoarse cry, Mark hauled her from the ring. And yet, in the next moment, all the guests were reassured by the prim costume, as Grace flung aside her cloak and continued her solemn march behind her husband.

"And who have we here," as a peasant-girl slipped unbidden into the center. "But that is not your true nature, girl," admonished the cabalist. For answer, the barefoot figure waved aloft a stalk of grain. She continued around to her starting point, then leaped outside again; and as she crossed the line to rejoin the other mortals outside the Pale, her features were recognized as those normally belong to Jeanne Cabell. She giggled and then began to shuffle in the parade.

"Next, we have — the bear-who-would-walk-like-a-man." The padding behind Robert ceased then as Ursula leaped into the ring with an ursine whine. That's a misquote — thought Robert to himself as he watched his wife cavort in the ring in the maddening circles of the dancing bear. At length, the old man reached out a bony hand to grasp the chain lying hidden in the matted hair across her ponderous chest and he led her back to her place.

"And now — let there be music!" The fire flared up as from somewhere there came a wild sound of violins and Robert felt himself being whirled into the ring in a wild dance, the 'pollo' of long gone Romany. "And what does your mirror tell you?" Robert looked into the glassless mirror — frame then; there was a faint haze emanating from the edges — and in the center — in the midst of that vacant frame, there appeared successive, everchanging images — successive pictures of sloe-eyed creatures that eventually gave way to a clear portrait of a Woman Beyond Beauty. "Who do you see?" And Robert answered in a high clear voice: "Lillith." "Take your place again, O Son of Lillith!" and Robert obeyed the black-robed master.

With another flourish, the cabalist cleared the center of the room. And laughed. "Come, come. Let us be seated." and he led the way to a large round wooden table, heaped with plates and pots.

"Well, everyone — what do you think?" Hugh was beaming at each in turn. The usual chatter, notably absent during their parade — sprang up again. "What a wild idea!" "Yeah, you can say that again." "Different!" "I'll say!" "How did you do all that?" asked Robert. The bangles at his wrist clashed together. "Ah, that is a long story," said Hugh. "A perfect Halloween story. Listen everybody — and he began to relate the tale.

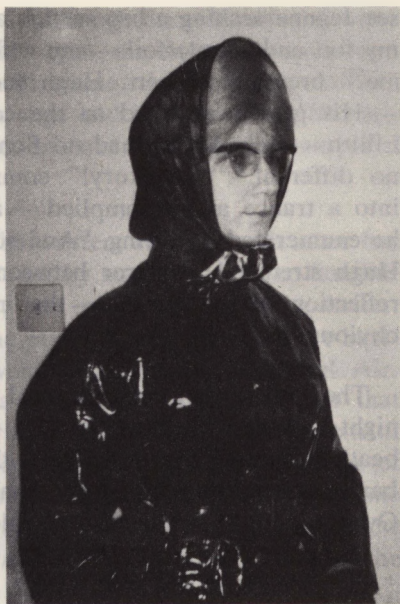
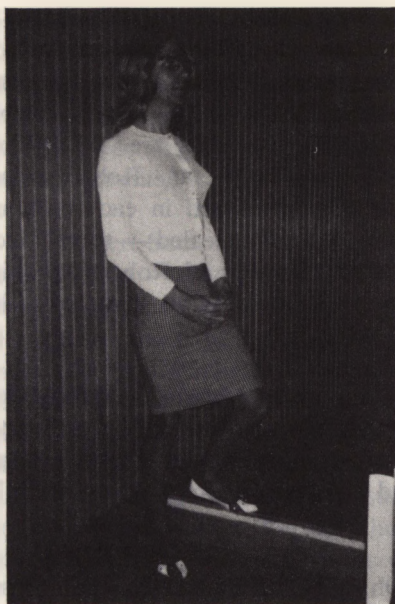
"I've always been interested in the odd things in life — the occult, the hidden mysteries that are sometimes revealed — just a little. I've read the mysteries of the Tarot, the Book of the Dead — all the classics, for years. Several things always impressed me — the way people unintentionally reveal their real natures — and the odd quirks of names. Did you ever notice how appropriately some people are named? Well, I have. Anyway, the old geezer who built this place was quite a book collector. Maybe he was an amateur dabbler in the arts, but at any rate, when we took over this place, I found a room way up there —" indicating the tower above. "When I opened the room, it was to find an immense study — far larger than you would suppose from the size of the room below. And books — you would never believe the books that were there! In every conceivable language. Some I managed — some I had to get translated. Some of those books must have dated back to Alexandria — singed pages, rotten bindings — but priceless. Some of those books are beyond price — some of them are not only unique — they have never existed! Ah! You all look sceptical. I'll prove it — You all have your invitations with you, do you not?" Everyone made a start — and then made a show of the curious cards

they had all received. "All of you! That's splendid. You see, in the corners of the cards are signs — that commanded you to bring them with you. Coincidence? Perhaps. Then there is the nature of each of your costumes — you all chose, at my command, something that revealed your true identity — Yes. Your true identity. You were about to say something, Harry?" Wolf had started to rise as if in anger, but he sank down, his comment lost in a growl in his throat. The thin silver chain tinkled. "Ah, I bet you would! But first you would have to take the chain off, right? And that you cannot do — nor you, Ursala. 'Ursala' — the little bear. And you, our gypsy Princess — " There was a sound of a tambourine rattling in the background. "Why do you always wear women's costumes on Halloween, Princess?" Robert could not answer; beside him, the shaggy bear was heaving in laughter, lolling a great red tongue out and swaying ponderously from side to side. Of a sudden, the party had taken on a new tone — a faintly familiar flavor — spiced in horror.

"Perhaps I'd better explain all of it. My own name — Cabell — gave me a clue a long time ago — of course — Caballah. By no mere circumstance, my father is an astronomer — in olden days, he was an astrologer. Yes, that's right — he was. Again you disbelieve! But wait — I'll show you the proof. I have been studying in this life — and all the others for just this — Observe!" The black-garbed figure clapped his hands and began droning names in a queer rhythm. The room outside the circle of light cast by the low hanging candleabra over the table, became filled with strange dusky shapes, twisting and gleaming in the half-light.

"There! There's your proof! And now — let us join them."

With a rush of overturned chairs, the guests flocked into the melee. Robert arose and turned in time to see Harry Wolf march into a corner, turn around three times — and from the sudden rain of clothing, there emerged — "A wolf — that was obvious, wasn't it?" Robert's elbow was being clutched by Hugh's right hand. "Lucky we have the silver chain on him, eh?" Robert nodded. It was the only movement he could make. His host began pointing out the other guests — "Ursala, the bear — the man-eating bear." Robert's wife looked at him through dim red eyes and batted futilely at her restraining chain. "And Blanche — how peaceful she looks!" The white-garbed figure lay rigidly on a plank, the lighted candle held in her crossed hands. Robert shuddered as Hugh pointed out the Stevens — two flickering, devouring flames that fed at each other. There was a noise overhead, and both looked up to



Caroline — England



Sheila — Canada

see Jeanne arching a broomstick among the rafters — “A real witch — my foil and counterfoil — my wife.” Hugh was silent a moment. “And me?” breathed Robert. Hugh looked at him. Looked down at him — His gaze penetrated to the core of Robert’s being. “The Son of Lillith — only Lillith had no Sons. You are what you are.” “But I’m no different.” “Inventory!” commanded the magician. Robert went into a trance as he complied — a tingling responded in each part as he enumerated his being. “And so — you stand revealed — thus!” and Hugh stretched a mirror between his two hands and Robert saw his reflection in the mirror — the image of Lillith. “And that too — is obvious.”

The mad revelry went on until a thread of light broke the pall of the night without. “Depart! And do not forget your lessons.” In a heartbeat, the room was deserted — the grounds of the castle lifeless and barren. In the open courtyard, walked the gaunt figure of Hugh Cabell. Overhead, there was a shrill whistle.

Cabel looked up and sighed. “Oh well, perhaps I can get loose again — in another seven hundred years.” And he walked into the suddenly gaping mouth of a crystal cave which opened in front of him. The peasant girl darted in behind him and for an instant, there was a chiming sound of steel on steel — and then the mouth of the cave closed.

The other guests fared variously. They had been whisked to their homes in the flicker of an eyelash. They did not know what happened, any of them — except one. Blanche Wolf was found a week later by her sister who hysterically told the police of finding her embalmed body in the bedroom of their home. Of Harry, there was no trace. There was a large, ferocious looking dog — like a huge German Shephard — chained outside. The police transferred him to the city pound — where the chain was struck from his neck. During the next full noon, the giant dog disappeared — as did the nightwatchman.

The Stevens were found by the firemen in the charred wreckage of their home. Their blackened skeletons were locked in a last, grim embrace.

Of all the guests, only Robert and Ursala survived the night, more or less unscathed. Actually, they were both improved. Ursala was as robust as could be — a fine six-hundred pound female who lived for another eighteen years. She received the best of care from the

Cleveland Zoo where Robert sold her — although she suffered a bit when the zoo people decided to mate her with Ivan, the eight-hundred pound Russian brown bear. At her first shrill whine, the giant bear calmly cuffed her across twenty feet of open cage and into the moat. She adjusted, presenting Ivan with three pairs of cubs — all as foul tempered as their parents.

Of Robert Sara, much more could be written. In fact much more has been written — although he is known now by another name, so familiar that it will not be mentioned here, lest we repeat another writer. He left the town the morning after the party — and after a short business trip to Cleveland, eventually went West, settling near Bel Air, California, and eventually landing a job in the movies. From that point on, filmland history noted the rise of the newest of the queens of the screen and nightly across the country, the haunting beauty of _____ was viewed with sudden pleasure by all men — with insane jealousy by all women. Perhaps the greatest role in the career of the new star was the final remake of *Cleopatra*, the first *complete* story of the “Gypsy-Queen.”

Each Halloween thereafter, the former Robert Sara (whose name means: “Bright in fame” and “princess”) would remember the not-unkind magician who had told him the secret of the children of Lillith, Adam’s first wife. Mankind’s legends are filled with the legends of werewolves — and were-bears, even zombies, and will-of-the-wisps — and sorcerers and witches. Only a very few — the erstwhile Robert Sara, the much imprisoned “Hugh Cabell,” and now — you and I, dear reader know about — *were-maids*.

Would you know the whole secret, dear reader? I must warn you — it is a knowledge won only with certain real dangers, for it involves powers that are older than the Earth itself. If you would seek to find whether *you* be a were-maid, follow these directions: Hold a kernel of fennel in your mouth, and dressed in your best dress, stand in a pentagram drawn in white chalk. Repeat the words of the *pollo*:

Quando me Paco me azze
Las Palmas para vaylar
Me se puene el corpecito
Como heco de marzapan . . .

But don't blame me if it doesn't work — I'm not guaranteeing anything. I just now tried the formula and so far nothing has happened. There seems to be a strange haze in the room — From somewhere, a strange breeze is rustling my taffeta skirt. Oh God! There is a great horned beast staring at me — no matter, he can't reach me here inside the pentagram.

* * * * *

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE'S ADVENTURE

ANN 10-M-2 FPE

On Friday, May 8, 1970, I had a fantastic experience: I visited a beauty shop and got my own hair styled! It's hard to convey in print what all happened, and how I really felt inside, but I will try so that you can share the wonderful experience with me.

What makes it even more interesting is that it was actually my *brother* who went to the beauty shop and got our own hair styled! Before I go any further, let me say that what we did required elaborate, lengthy preparation, that it is not recommended for every one of you, and that it is really not the sort of thing we could or would do every day. Furthermore, it might not go as smoothly for you as it did for us!

First, how to grow enough hair to be long enough to style? My brother works in a profession where, in spite of the trend to longer hair for men, longer-than-usual hair is frowned upon. Yet, he managed to omit haircuts for more than ten weeks. The secret: liberal applications of hair gel ("dippity-do" or similar, for "hard-to-hold" hair) each morning after showering and shampooing, which kept it glued down securely all day. Nearer the big day, however, there were beginning to be some comments at work. My brother's hair was about $1\frac{3}{4}$ " (4" above his collar in back) but, with some natural waviness, was beginning to curl a bit in spite of the gel. And it became beautifully thick — much fun to comb out each night when I was free from the employment world!

Where to have the job done was another problem. I had decided to let my brother do the work, and later let me appear at the home of a wonderful sister and GG. This meant I had to choose a shop not too great a driving distance from their home. But I also had to consider the cost of the styling, hours the shop was open, and some personal security factors

such as proximity of the shop to other business establishments, whether my friend's GG was known there, and other factors.

I narrowed the field down to three shops, and my friend's GG phoned and got their prices and some relative information about appointment availability. Then my brother screwed up our courage and phoned one: you can probably guess the reaction! First they said they didn't know how to style men's hair and that he should go to a barbershop. He then explained that he wanted a feminine style, that he was not gay, and that he hoped they did not want to violate the Civil Rights Laws by discriminating against him because of sex! Well, that last apparently did it, because the girl immediately changed her attitude and asked when he would like to come in, and a 3:30 P.M. time was agreed upon. I don't think the public accommodations portions of the Federal civil rights laws really mention sex (the employment portions do, however) but they didn't seem to know this, and so our small bluff worked.

I had previously scouted the shop one night as to parking, unpleasant distractions or dangers, etc. Since our state has citizen access to license tag information, I planned to remove my license tag and replace it with a hand-lettered "tag lost" sign (which is common, but quasi-legal in my state) so that any really nosey person wouldn't be able to identify me or my brother from our car's license tag.

We also had the minor but real problem that it wouldn't look too good for a tall man with an elaborately styled coiffure to arrive in broad (no pun intended!) daylight at my friends' home, especially since it is quite adjacent to neighbors on both sides who, this time of year, this day of the week, and this time of the day are most apt to be outside barbecueing, drinking beer, mowing the grass, or tending children, etc., etc., etc.! Borrowing a couple of walkie-talkies solved this: my brother would park a block away, call on the radio, and receive a "coast is clear" message prior to pulling up in their driveway, hopping out, and ducking into their door. Incidentally, all this was "dry-run" a few days ahead of the Big Day, too!

My brother had already arranged to be off work, and finally the time came on Friday. Traffic was heavy, so he arrived at the shop about 3:45, worried that they might have cancelled the appointment. Whether they had thought the whole thing a joke and that he wouldn't show up, or whether they simply forgot, I don't know, but they did not immediately realize why he was there, and mistook him for some sort of salesman. When he began to apologize for being late for our appointment, they



"Orphan" Annie 10-M-2 FPE

really were shook because they had apparently not expected a man in a suit and tie. Further, due to the hair gel, my brother's hair *really* didn't look overly long.

After removing coat and tie, he sat in the chair they directed and — with a forced smile — met the grim looks of the half-dozen or so customers and the four operators. No less than the owner came over to work on us for, as she explained later, she really had not known what to expect and hesitated to ask an employee to do the work.

To say that I was calm, cool and collected is to lie, and nice girls don't lie: gals, we were as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking-chairs! Nonchalance is hard to simulate, but my brother, bless his soul, did his best. After what seemed like hours of silence (probably only a few seconds) the conversation resumed, but I could tell they were really minding their words and that they weren't exactly talking to each other as naturally as they would if a MAN were not there! My brother and the operator discussed briefly the style he thought would look good on us while he combed out our hair.

As soon as the length and fullness of our hair became apparent, those customers and operators really began to take notice! I would love to have a tape-recording of the proceedings, because it was a real insight into an uptight group which melted in fairly short order. First, they were amazed that I really had hair long enough to style when at first it hadn't looked this way. They were surprised at the contrast from what had appeared to be an ordinary businessman. And I honestly think they were somewhat amazed that we had the intestinal fortitude to go through with it all!

But I used a trick I often use when I have to talk eonism — our brand of transvestism — to strangers. My brother announced clearly that he was not a homosexual, that he was happily married and father of children, and went on to say that he occasionally enjoyed dressing as a girl for some reason he did not understand, that he had always wanted to have his own hair styled, and that was why he was there. The place got pretty quiet all of a sudden while they absorbed that.

Then they all began to ask questions. The usual ones about whether the wife knew, where he bought clothes, why he did it, whether he shaved his legs, etc., etc., etc. My brother sat there while the owner finished shampooing (she was gentle, the water temperature was just right, and she and he agreed that our hair is rather thin in front!) and then began

to roll the various strands competently, and answered their many questions and even volunteered other information about our favorite subject.

The conversation ended, however, when we were stuck under the dryer, and don't ever envy the GG's for this experience! It was terrible. The heat gave me a headache and it just kept on and on and on — I thought she would never turn it off! Pure torture. I think the best way would have been to have gone early in the morning for the shampoo and set, then left and pattered around somewhere all day to let it dry of its own accord, then return for the comb-out. Never again under a dryer! I am not masochist enough to relish it, nor sadist enough to be delighted that girls have to sit under them. Finally, though, the little clock shut if off and the operator came over and felt our head, decided it was not dry enough, and turned the bloody thing on again! Well, my brother was really cooking.

Eventually the ordeal ended, and he stumbled back to the operator's chair for the comb-out part: the super part that really sent cold chills running up and down our spine — pure pleasure, and pure femininity. Yes, girls, a pretty head of hair is really a woman's crowning glory !

Of course, the ladies there were asking more questions, many repeatedly (as though they could not accept the answers my brother gave), and my brother was doing his best to reply. Then I looked up to see a man standing at the door, apparently the husband of one of the operators! Well, we had anticipated (fortunately) such an occurrence, so my brother directed his voice at him and invited him to come on in and watch the show! The man grinned rather self-consciously, and then he grinned even more and even blushed a bit when my brother pulled the "I am not a homosexual" bit on him. Of course, he had thought that we were, since most people simply cannot imagine that any man in dresses can be anything else. I have found that this is absolutely the best way to get strangers to listen to what you have to tell them about our favorite subject, because it completely pulls the rug out from under their pre-conceived, erroneous notions, which you can then easily replace with correct ones!

Well, this geezer pulled up a chair and really took it all in, like a spell-bound schoolboy. Meanwhile my brother conveniently showed a few pictures of me, and all were really amazed. The man also asked the standard questions which my brother answered calmly and clearly (and this repetition also had its effect on the assembled girls).

After a while, the man asked if he could go get a friend of his to show me to since, if he told him, he wouldn't believe it. So I told him, sure, go



More of Annie
Who Was Our Cover Girl on No. 34

ahead! soon the man was back with his friend. The friend snickered a bit with nervousness, and really gaped. He, too, asked questions which were patiently answered (some were even answered by some of the ladies, who by now were 'experts' as far as the newly-arrived man was concerned!)

By this time the operator had really begun to make us look like something on the end of a stick, and those delicious little cold chills were keeping our backbone increasingly busy. My brother's initial uneasiness and nervousness had vanished, and we were both starting to wish that it wouldn't end.

Meanwhile, one dear lady customer came over and said, rather quietly, "my sister has a boy that likes to wear women's clothes. They have beat him and beat him and still he keeps on. He's about 19 now an 'even tho' his other brothers make fun of him, he just won't quit. Do you reckon he is like you?" I could see that it had not been easy for her to say this to my brother.

Well, this was the one thing my brother had not been prepared for. Recovering, however, he gently told the woman that he had no way of knowing whether the young man was an eonist or not, but that it sounded very strongly like he was. Then he explained our organization to her, explained how we would make no effort to contact the fellow but that the onus was on him if he wanted to get in touch with us. He explained to her how we try to preserve security and why, and gave her our Los Angeles address.

My brother had asked the owner whether she had ever had any men customers before, and she said occasionally some brought in wigs to be done "for their mothers". She agreed, on reflection, that they probably did not want the work done for their mothers, but for themselves. My brother gave her our address, too, and she agreed to keep it and give it to any man who seemed to be one of us.

Finally, the work was over at about 6:15 P.M., and reluctantly my brother got up to leave. He put on his tie and coat, phoned our friends to let them know we were leaving the shop, paid the operator and thanked her for her patience, thanked the assembled laides for their interest and courtesy, and received some cheerful "have funs" and "good-byes" from them as he departed.

Girls, let me say here that we didn't exactly know what to expect as we left the shop, whether the local gendarmes or KKK would be waiting,

or just what. Glory be, though, there was no one outside anywhere in sight as my brother walked (several feet above the ground, you can be sure!!) to our car. Getting in was a bit of a problem, as I am 6'2" tall, and the gal had teased our hair so that it was three or four inches higher than my head! Slouching down in the car was the answer, but mighty uncomfortable. I think if I had to do it daily I would either have to buy a Jeep station wagon or a Checker cab with lots of hair room, or marry a chiropractor!

The next minor condition was not to have a wreck en route to my friends' home. So, my brother drove his precious passengers carefully and successfully the five miles or so to the rendez-vous point. Our walkie-talkie plan worked, the coast was indeed clear, and we drove up into the driveway and slid out of the car and walked safely through their opened door.

A huge sigh of relief by myself, my brother who was anxious to get lost, and by my two hostesses! I gulped down a couple of aspirins since the combination of nervous strain and heat and noise of that infernal dryer had given me a headache, and then napped for half an hour while they got their children to bed.

I awoke, shaved, did my makeup, dressed, and we had a super all-girl meal, complete with candles and wine! We then took pictures and pictures and pictures, and finally the Cinderella-hour came and I had to let my brother return. It was sad since we both felt unhappy that Ann couldn't often live so freely and completely as she had this night, but all good things must come to an end, as must this true, autobiographical anecdote.

The next morning my brother pinched himself a few times to see if he had not been dreaming. But it is true, girls. It did happen, and it happened to me!

Then he got clippers and cut off some *three ounces* of my beautiful hair!!!

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& TransMedia

TRUE
STORY

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Sally 43-S-5 FPE

On August 28th the Second Annual IOTA Beach Resort was opened for business. The Iota girls had rented a giant high-raised house containing four bedrooms and two baths on the beach near Galveston. In addition to the regular compliment of Iota gals, we were joined by Sheila Mathis of Atlanta and Mary, 49-H-4 from Chicago.

The gourmet cookery was handled by Sally until after the first breakfast of chopped green onions and scrambled eggs, and the second of chopped mushrooms and scrambled eggs, Sheila spotted a dead Blow Fish which had drifted upon the beach and brought it in exclaiming "I thought Sally might want to chop this up and put it in the scrambled eggs tomorrow." Immediately, on the spot Sheila became the fried egg chef for the remainder of the tour.

We brought to the resort an excellent recipe for buttermilk biscuits and placed Clarice in charge of executing them each morning. We were of the opinion at first that Clarice had such flair and imagination that she just felt she need not follow the recipe. Once, however, she mistakenly used vinegar instead of oil, another time she forgot the salt and one time she used too much liquid and the biscuits took over an hour to cook. After the resort was over we discovered that it was not flair at all. Clarice just didn't know how to read.

The greatest difficulties encountered at the resort were caused by Janie! Nick-named ZaZa during the stay, by Mary. Janie is of the opinion that Diamonds are a girl's best friend, closely followed by rubys, emeralds, pearls and other gems and gee-gaws. She is the owner of the (maybe YOU have heard of it) Klopmann Diamond. With the Klopmann Diamond, there comes a curse. It seems that whoever wears

this diamond turns into a boy at 3 o'clock in the morning. And dammit, it happened every time. The problems arose, however, on the second day of the Resort when Janie discovered to be missing a "\$250,000 pearl." It was not her favorite, or anything like that, but you know how the Insurance Companies are when there are so many strangers around. Naturally Janie didn't suspect any of the other girls, but the Insurance agent insisted on a daily inventory after that. They threatened to cancel her policy but Sally's brother is a lawyer and wouldn't permit it. On the last day of the resort, Janie came quietly into the bedrooms of both Mary and Sheila, with her jewelry chests and offered them each a bauble to be remembered by. They were, of course, grateful and moved by her generosity, but gracefully refused. Many was the balmy evening that we sat admiring Janie's gems, and wondering what fascinating and remarkable tales she could tell about how she came into possession of each of them. But upon being asked to reveal some of these secrets, she would only lower her eyes and whisper, "One day, perhaps."

During the week we sat aside one afternoon to critique each other's make-up, walk, posture, etc. Sheila gave some excellent pointers on posing for photographs, and walking. Sally offered some suggestions on the use of eye shadow and whitener, Clarice fixed Connie's wig, and did Karen's hair really beautifully. She also pierced Karen's ears. Then it came Sally's turn for cosmetic help. Sheila suggested, "Why don't you cut about eight inches off those legs." Sally was shattered, (after all she had been compared to Lauren Bacall) but tossed her head and asked Sheila if it were true that she had been thinking of doing something about a slight lump in her nose? Sheila replied that she had, so Sally said, "If I were you, I think I would have my teeth fixed first." "Women ARE cats!"

Naturally we had some difficulties . . . Mary used plastic balloons of some kind as falsies and as she would go under-water, her boobies would pop out and race with the surf toward the beach. She solved that problem by letting the air out and filling them with water. But then while walking along the beach their weight caused them to slip through her loose fitting swim suit to the ground. Janie's falsies were foam rubber but they also would pop out. She solved her problem by asking Clarice to make a batch of those funny biscuits in the shape of falsies, but fortunately Clarice took it as a joke and didn't make them. I say fortunately because, although I am certain they would have been waterproof, they would have caused Janie to sink to the bottom like a rock.

We had our first annual "Miss TV America" swimsuit competition on a day when no one was present to serve as judge. We were all con-



Sheila, Clarice, Sally, Janie
Beauty Contestants



Karen, Sally, Janie
In The Swim

testants. So Mary suggested (we had an all-night poker game the night before) we draw high card for the honor. Well, SHE cut the cards and permitted everyone else to draw first. No one drew higher than a seven, that is until it was Mary's turn to draw. Would you believe, an ACE! And it was her deck. No wonder she won the poker game the night before with that same deck. (A word of apology about that poker game . . . It is very difficult to play girl 100% for seven whole days and nights. I think two or three lapses are excusable. After all even Janie was drawing clown eyes with her eye-liner on the last evening, and every one volunteered to put on boy clothes to go for groceries at least once during the week, plus, all but Karen smoked a minimum of one cigar each.)

You wouldn't believe the amount of photos that were taken. We had two garbage sacks which had to be emptied daily; one contained garbage and the other Poloroid and Kodak trash with burned out flash-bulbs mixed in. That Janie took over 100 pictures! (Mostly of herself! and she said she isn't vain.)

We didn't see a great deal of Connie. Her brother had to work in Houston much of the time and on the trips to the resort, we had need of her brother to straighten our mechanical problems. But when the last evening was over and we were headed back home it was Connie herself who drove back to Houston. Sally and Sheila had changed clothes and their brothers were driving back when they passed Connie. Thinking that Connie might have an extra beer, they pulled over and asked. Connie passed two beers across into the other car, and Sally's brother tried to twist off the top and discovered it was not a twist cap can. They pulled up again to Connie's vehicle and explained the problem to which Connie replied, "Well, Ah been twistin' the tops offa these."

About the only scarey things that happened (aside from the first hour or so of everyone being dressed and the realization that there was no one in boy clothes to answer the door if needed) were the episodes of Sheila's admirer and the ferry-boat trip. In the case of Sheila, she went swimming nearly every day and sometimes several times. It soon became apparent that she was being thought of as a possible romantic interest by a neighbor about five houses down the beach. Each time Sheila went out to swim, this little man would come out on the beach about 30 minutes later. Of course, Sheila would in each instance, withdraw and slowly, in her best model's walk, retreat back to the house. It was irritating . . . the fellow never once pursued anyone else, just Sheila. On the last day Sally told Sheila that she could do worse . . . the

guy is a doctor. Don't you know Sheila is telling the story even now in Atlanta . . . my admirer, the doctor . . . bla, bla, bla . . .

Last year in a burst of courage, several of us drove over the Galveston ferry boat dressed, and thought it to be the very height of valor. This year we wanted to out-do ourselves. We decided to get on the ferry and then each of us would have our picture taken alongside the life ring showing the name of the boat. Six of us went, three in each of two cars. The lead was taken by Sally who was the first out to be photographed, and that only after ascertaining that it was safe. For Clarice and those in the rear car this was a frightening experience since neither of them had ever been out ANYWHERE before, much less in an automobile. On the trip over Sally determined that there were too many people on board to chance taking the photos, so after the twenty minute ride was over she just made a U-turn and zipped back aboard the Ferry. This was most disconcerting to Clarice, who had been holding her breath all the way over and wanted to catch a bit of breath before going back, and perhaps a cigarette. Meanwhile back on board the ferry, there were only about three other cars beside ours so the time looked right. Everyone in Sally's car, Karen and Mary got out and their pictures were taken. Then Sheila got out of the rear car, but while Sheila was being photographed, the headlights on the lead car somehow were turned on lighting up Sheila for just a second. If Clarice had been a trifle upset before, the sight of Sheila, lit-up in that burst of brilliance and the thought it might happen again if she went out there, caused her to become extremely tense. Janie watched her as she nervously crushed a beer can in her dainty fingers. Then she froze and couldn't be removed from the car until we were back home. But she did gain by the experience. Ask her today if she would like to go on the ferry boat to take pictures and she will say, "Suuuuuuuuurrrre, I wo-wo-would."

I suppose that ends this year's adventures, I'll report to you again next year.

Posey Don,

The Sea Nymph



Mary, Karen, Janie, Sally, Clarice, Sheila





BOOK REVIEWS

Sheila Niles 30-B-2 FPE

(Just a line of apology for missing the last two issues. It was not that I was "turned off", but that my brother got so turned ON that he made more promises than both of us could keep. It wasn't a real great year for books anyhow; see the bad news below. Some of it will boil the gel in your inserts!)



I'M GLAD I'M A BOY! I'M GLAD I'M A GIRL!, by Whitney Darrow, Simon and Schuster, New York, \$2.95 (1970).

Now that is a lovely title, and I'll hope to find time to write a book to go behind it — but this one is the precise opposite of what I would say! Because I DO love being both, and wouldn't give up either for all the gold in Fort Knox; but what this FINK

Darrow has produced is a weapon to hammer into the little heads of the next generation that boys and girls have absolutely NOTHING in common. The Women's Lib isn't going to like it either, for the same reason plus the fact that Darrow always manages to put the girls in second place, socially and occupationally. As Charlotte Blount put it in the famous words of the Supreme Court, it is "devoid of redeeming social significance", without even the advantage of being pornographic. The deadly message is blandly driven home on every page, with a line of text and an illustration of each doing their contrasting things: "Boys have trucks. Girls have dolls . . . Boys are strong. Girls are graceful . . . Boys fix things. Girls need things fixed . . ." Get the message? GET the message? GET THE MESSAGE?

THE MALE IN CRISIS, by Karl Bernardik, transl. by Helen Sebba, Knopf, New York, 188 pp., \$5.95 (1970)

This is another baddy, done by a Viennese in the Germanic style of totalthink. He is desperately concerned over the decreasing masculinity

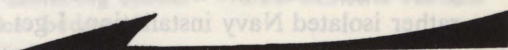
of the world's men, and convinced that only restoration of the "natural" balance of male dominance can avert psychic disaster. He does allow that past cultural stylization of the masculine/feminine roles is insecure at the level of instinct, but not that we should do anything about that except to prop up the old illusions more securely. The male urge for domination and exploration should be sublimated to striving for status, order, abstract organization, communication and metaphysical meaning. Females, of course, are incapable of such things and can concentrate on their role of motherhood — with, of course, the increased dignity offered by the power of choice inherent in the pill. But even Bernardik doesn't seem very optimistic about all this working out. Things may have gone too far — and don't I hope they have!

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS, by Erich Zorn, Monolith Book M1004, Oligarch Publ. Co., Libertyville, Ill. 189 pp., paper, \$1.95 (1969)

This is a fine example of what the N.Y. Daily News used to call "sexploitation"; even the introduction emphasizes the erotic, though adding it is "not necessarily" so. After that, he adds "the true transvestite is quite often a bisexual", so you have mutual cancellation of statements. The rest of the book adds to the confusion, which is quite an achievement. Scoring it *my* way, we find one tale of marital fetishism, three homosexual stories (one almost clean, but not quite), an excellent example of a drag queen who got the operation and regretted it, and two TV tales that really *are* almost up to our standards. One concerns a British intelligence officer in World War II and how he put TV to work on his job — Brig. A.K.S. White, reported to have been "commander of a group of impersonators". The other covers one of those fabulous "double-TV" marriages where the pseudo-girl meets up with a girl in male clothes and they live happily ever after. The author provides such loving detail on each act of intercourse that you can practically *smell* them, and the squeamish reader is advised to keep an air-sickness container at hand. All case histories are claimed to be actual, by the way, and the conclusion lists a number of hitherto unreported "TVs" — Napoleon Bonaparte, Cardinal Montego, Kaiser Wilhelm, and the following score of World War II pilots — 6 Germans, 11 French, 16 British, 5 Greeks and 4 Americans — all shot down while femme-dressed under their flying suits. And then there was the judge in Breton, England, who sentenced a TV to five years and then dropped dead of a heart attack, right in court. His Honor was found to be wearing bloomers, bra, slip and a wedding gown under his judicial robes! The sentence was set aside, but the prisoner was caught again a month later.

JUNE BREAKS OUT

June 2-S-1 FPE



June, I am sure, was born in 1943. I don't remember the exact month though. June talked her mother into letting her try on one of her outfits. She was dressed from the skin out in women's clothes. The feeling of the foundation garment, the tightly pulled stockings and the rustle of the skirt around her legs still is fresh in her mind. That was the day June was really born. I am quite sure that the desire was there before this and the clothing was the finish of hiding it.

June is a Photographer by profession and has, therefore a more than passing acquaintance with the arts of make up and dress. She is by no means a beautiful girl, but, a passable one.

June's early years were fairly normal as school years go. Chances to dress were infrequent however, due to the demands of school.

Graduation from high school was a milestone in June's life. She went to a college that was 400 miles away from home and was able to get a private room in the dormitory. The evenings in the dorm and the weekends were June's time to indulge herself to her heart's content.

She wore her feminine attire whenever possible and was able to wear her dainty underthings many days under her masculine clothes. Many of the other students at the college would have been very surprised to see the underthings that she wore.

Leaving school in 1955 I entered the U.S. Army. I enlisted for three years and after basic training was sent to Japan. I also met a very wonderful Japanese girl named Kimie and we were married in September of 1957.

I didn't quite know how to tell Kimie about June at the time. So I took the cowards way and said nothing until we were returned to the U.S. and I was discharged from the Army. I told her everything about me when we were settled in our apartment in the San Gabriel Valley. She was not very understanding and says to this day that she doesn't want to see me dressed because just the thought of a man in a dress makes her sick. However, we are very happy and we have two beautiful daughters now, so I dress whenever I am alone.

My work has taken me to many parts of the west coast and now I am at a rather isolated Navy installation. I get a chance to dress more now than before, but I must be very careful that no one sees me. The Navy is not very understanding about such things.

June feels quite strongly that she is hurting no one with her impersonation. She says "I am a man and I wear dresses, so what." I have talked to many people about the subject and they seem about equally divided between accepting someone for what they are rather than what they wear. Some people equate TV with homosexual.

Virginia, you have done more for our group than anyone. I feel that I owe you a great debt for letting me know that there are others as I am. The feeling of lonesomeness is, as you know, overpowering. You, Virginia, have lifted that feeling from all of us. For this I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

* * * * *

TV MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING

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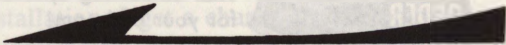
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WHY?

Lil — California



Why did I decide to change?
 Nothing exotic, nothing strange.
 Simply, I like girls. Don't you?
 Nothing in that fact that's new.
 I love their poetry of clothes,
 Their whimsicality of pose,
 Their freedom in their walk, their dance,
 Their urge to please the casual glance,
 Their liquid curviness of motion
 Their whimsied nerviness of notion,
 Impulsiveness to please, have fun,
 To do things as things should be done.
 I like girls as girls *and* friends.
 Upon that fact my change depends.

The silly, actual truth is this:
 Changing from mister to a miss
 Is no more trouble for a man
 Than for any girl. *You* can.
 Simply do what all girls do —
 Lips brightened to a cheerful hue,
 Eyes limned for depth and wide-eyed splendor.
 Think of yourself as sweet and tender
 While you let your hair grow long
 As any girl does. That so wrong?

Chose brassiers that lift and flatter.
 Any girl does, for that matter.
 These are real and not "pretends".
 Don't I look real . . . real as my friends!?

THE NIGHTMARE
REVIEW

If you like girls as people . . . I do
. . . and want to know them well, you'll try to
Meet them on their terms. Be pretty?
Be with them, giddy, moody, witty.
Share their life, their beauty. Be one!
It's jollier to be than see one.
Feel your charm and show your grace.
You'll love belonging to this race,
Sharing their cloudy mystery,
Their dramatic history.
Before you've run one pair of hose
You'll feel as real as all of those
Whose spirit, beauty, warmth all lends
So much fun to girls as friends.

Sir, and madam, I'd no cause
To tell you this. But you *did* pause.
You looked at me. I stopped, turned, let you.
You smiled approval (I could PET you!)
The madame liked my simple sheath.
The mister . . . well . . . he thought "beneath".
Somehow I had to tell you . . . *some* one!
And not some stupid, square-skulled dumb one . . .
All about myself . . . to share it.
This adventure . . . *had* to bare it!
And explain, though who'd demand it?
And I'm so happy I can't stand it
Just thought I'd tell you . . . why the change . . .
That it's not exotic, nor is it strange.

Just to be a girl I do pretend
With that, I'll let the matter end.
(But thank you sir, and thank you ma'am,
For liking me just as I am!)

* * * * *

THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY

Joyce 41-B-1 FPE

The Christine Jorgenson Story is the autobiography of George Jorgenson's transformation into Christine. It touches all of the bases, TS and HS, except ours. This may or may not be a good thing. The movie is, I think, a rather obvious plea for understanding the plight of TS's. Unfortunately, it falls short of audience acceptance. Most of the audience I was in seemed singularly unimpressed. That is too bad, for understanding TS's would indicate that people may be becoming more tolerant of TV's.

The semi-documentary style of the film is a problem in audience acceptance. The dialogue tended to be hackneyed and almost totally unrealistic. For example, after Christine signs the paper applying for the operation, the friendly doctor says, "You have great courage . . . You are going to need it." Some of the photography is quite good, although many of the scenes are filmed in the dimly lit, grainy effect so common to documentaries.

From the TV's point of view, the second half of the film can be quite interesting, especially when we realize that John Hanson (the young actor playing Christine) is dressing as we all love to. Here is an opportunity to watch a man dressed in feminine attire for extended periods of the film without the dirty joke or lewd curiosity approach of films like *Candy* or *The Damned*.

Mr. Hanson has some problems in portraying a woman. (Don't we all?) His voice is close, but lacks feminine inflections most of the time. Make-up was excellent, although facially he only looked truly feminine from certain angles. The mannerisms were too controlled, and he seemed very uncomfortable most of the time. His general appearance wasn't helped by the chunky clothing styles of the fifties.

All in all, it is worth the price of admission, but *Some Like It Hot* is still the best TV film.



FINALLY A REPORTER

Jackie 51-W-3 FPE

Well, I guess I'd better start at the beginning, which was back in 1968. That war was over for me. I was out of the service where I had been a journalist for the Army. I had been trying for weeks to get a job on a newspaper. But no go, the only openings they had were for women.

I knocked around for a couple of months until I met Lynn. It was a whirlwind courtship and an even faster marriage. I took a job I didn't like, but I needed the money. I made a vow though, that someday I would become a reporter one way or another.

My wife was active socially and she was always getting us invited to parties and the like. Well, on New Years one of her groups decided to have a costume party and as always we were invited. Well, I usually put up a fuss over going to these parties and this one was no exception. But when I found out what my wife had planned for our costumes, WOW, I hit the roof. I was supposed to go as a DEBUTANTE! My wife was going as a railroad engineer. But my protests fell on deaf ears and she proceeded with her plans.

We were only in our early twenties and I always did look young for my age. I'm a small boned man with smooth cheeks, very light peach fuzz on my face and a bald chest. I'm 5'5" tall and so is my wife. She went out and bought most of my costume, and filled in the rest with her clothes.

She had me trying on her clothes and the ones she bought all week. She plucked my eyebrows about a week before the party so that she could get a basic shape for the final plucking. Every night after work I had to walk around the house in three inch heels so that I would be used to them. And I had to let my fingernails grow.

She was a new person while all this was going on. I had to learn to walk, talk and act like a lady, and my wife was a thorough and determined person. You see, first prize was 500 dollars donated to your favorite charity and a plaque with your name on it placed in the town hall. So you can see why my wife was determined to win first prize.

The night of the party came and at 5:00 p.m. my feminine transformation started. My wife shaved my face, legs, and arms for me just to make sure it was a good job. My bath had the same skin softeners in it that it had had all week, but now it was heavily perfumed too. After the bath the long and perfecting job of make-up application was started. My eyebrows were given a final plucking. Then the foundation went on, followed by rouge and powder. Then the eyebrows were formed, followed up by eye shadow, false eyelashes, eyeliner, mascara and then some glittery stuff. Then she gripped my chin firmly in her hand and outlined my lips with a lipliner, and filled in my lips with a very becoming lipstick. Finally she sprayed my face with this new stuff to make your make-up stay fresh for about 8 hours.

Then my dressing started. This again was an art in its own. It started with a pair of very silky feminine panties. Beige panty hose that I rolled over my smoothly shaved legs followed. I don't know why, but things started to happen slowly as my dressing progressed. I can't explain it, but it became more prominent. The stockings flowed on smoothly caressing my legs. This was followed by a tight panty girdle and a waist chincer. I was down from my normal 28" waist to about a 22". My girdle had padded hips which gave them the uniquely rounded feminine effect. Then came a silky low cut, strapless bra. My wife filled the cups with flesh colored inflatable inserts. Then she used a little make-up around the edges and dark eyeshadow to bring out my cleavage which looked very convincing even at close range. Then came the slip caressing my stockinged legs. And finally the dress! It was beautiful! It was a fairly low cut, femininely frilly, pale yellow, medium length formal with small white roses all over it.

My wig was a long and light blonde and was done up in a flip with bangs held across my forehead with a matching yellow ribbon.

She then applied my nail polish and told me to slip into my heels and practice while I waited for my nails to dry. Now all this time I had been glancing at myself in the mirror. But the person I saw looking back was a small petite, very feminine looking girl. My wife was really thrilled at how I looked.

I felt very feminine and the training I had gone through from my wife took over. I would sit and act a lady. In those clothes it seemed only natural.

My wife came out and she too looked great. Before we left she gave me a clutch bag to match my shoes and filled it with all I would need. Just before we went out the door she decided that I needed earrings. She said she would have pierced my ears but in the excitement of the last couple of days she had forgotten it. So she put some of those fake pierced earrings and a small gold necklace on me.

She drove us to the party and the doorman started my evening out for me. He held my door for me and called me mam, while my wife had to get out herself. You see, he thought she was a man. She was thrilled to no end. We got inside and she ushered me to the door of the ladies room and told me to go inside and check my make-up like a lady should. So I entered the women's world for the first time, little knowing that it wouldn't be for the last time. When I came out my wife had gotten some punch for us. We danced and dance. I had several cut in on my wife during the night not realizing that I was a man. I got carried away and for a while there, I forgot I was a man!

One of the men I danced with was the Editor-in-Chief of the biggest newspaper in the city. While we were dancing we talked, I used as soft and feminine a voice as I could. I told him I'd done a little work in journalism and he was impressed. He had an opening for a woman reporter and said the job was mine if I wanted it. He said the pay was very good and that raises were frequent if I worked out all right. I said that I would have to ask my husband about it. By the time the dance was over I could hardly contain myself.

My wife was sitting at our table waiting for me. The judges were about to announce the winner and when they did was she disappointed when it wasn't me. I forgot about the job and told her it didn't matter, reminding her that we both had had a lot of fun.

It was about a week later when I was trying to get our bills paid and was a little short of money, that I laughingly told my wife that I had had a good paying job offered to me. "What kind of job," she wanted to know. I told her a job on the biggest newspaper in town. BUT! I said that there was one great big catch in the offer. The job was offered to the woman at the party the other night. I explained

that the job was offered to me as a woman, because it was a job for a woman reporter. I laughed again. But my wife wanted to know if I was going to take it.

"WHAT! Are you crazy?" I protested. "I had fun dressed as a woman at the party, but if I took this job I would have to be one full time, and I'm a man!"

Well, after a week of sleeping on the couch, cold meals, and my wife not talking except to ask if I changed my mind. I gave in. I just couldn't take it any more. My wife went crazy with her charge-a-plate, buying me a whole new wardrobe, cosmetics and wigs. And boy did that hit the pocket. In the meantime I had called Mr. Jason and in the femininely low voice I had used at the party, I asked him if the job was still open. He said yes and it was mine if I wanted it. I said that would be great, that I'd take it and when did he want me to start? He told me I could start the following day, if it was convenient.

The next morning I was dressed in my new clothes, a plain black sheath, single strand of pearls, pearl earrings and a pair of heels to match the outfit. It happened again, while in women's clothing I felt a change come over me. My feminine training took over automatically.

I was nervous, self-conscious, and down right scared. But after a few minutes with Mr. Jason, he put me at ease and explained things. I had my own office, and I would cover flower shows, fashion shows and other events of interest to women.

I've been working there about a year now and things have turned out great. My hair has grown out and my ears have been pierced like my wife had wanted to do for the party. Now I'm head of the women's department. My wife and I are in a new and bigger apartment, and we live as sisters. I haven't been found out yet, and in this past year I have improved myself to the point where I am adequately feminine and lady-like in most every way.

My sex life hasn't slowed down either. My wife can't have children so we can have a ball and do as we wish without having to explain things to the children. After we have saved enough money I *might go back to* being a man, but I think I prefer BEING a woman. So things have worked out pretty well for me. Be sure and watch for my articles in the woman's section. This is Cindy (ROY) your *WOMAN* reporter saying goodbye for now.



EROTICISM AND FEMMIPHILIA



A number of people at various times have asked me why we never discussed the role of sex in cross dressing. They suggested that I was afraid to bring it up and that it was something to hide. I've always explained that it wasn't that but that there always seemed to be other more important things to take up. But lest they and others feel that somehow this subject is taboo let's take it up now.

There are probably a few FPs who can say that sex never had any place in their cross dressing — many might say it, being afraid to admit the opposite but I mean those who can say it honestly. It is probable that the majority of such people are of very low libido anyway rather than that they somehow can “rise above” the level of sex. I think it is safe to say that 95% of all FPs start out their cross dressing with sexual involvement. But sex being the hush hush thing that it has been all these years, it is not something that should be admitted. After all it is only of recent years that words dealing with various aspects of human sexuality were ever heard outside of a psychiatrist's office. Masturbation was just something that one didn't talk about or admit to unless cornered in some way. But considering that about 90% of all males and perhaps 75-80% of all females indulge in the practice to some degree at some time it is really a pretty “normal” activity. Normal in the sense that it is something done by pretty much everybody.

So it is safe to state that for all practical purposes (leaving out the very few exceptions) all FPs start their FP lives with an erotic interest in feminine clothing whether one item or several. Typically it consists of handling and and later putting on some articles of feminine clothing and achieving erotic excitement in the process — culminating in masturbation and often with a mirror as part of the procedure. Now this is no surprise to you who read this, but it sometimes seems odd to outsiders — non FPs. To me it seems so predictable that I can never understand their surprise. In fact the thing that is surprising to me is that more boys don't do it. You may say, Why? Simply because around the ages of 12 to 14 the young male is becoming sexually mature. Although erections have occurred since infancy they have not been emotionally connected with anything during childhood except that it was pleasurable to masturbate and it relieved the erection — it was also one of the more effective sedatives to induct sleep as millions have discovered. However, at puberty the sexual mechanisms mature. Physiologically, ejaculation of semen begins to occur and psychologically the sexual response becomes focused on the female with sexual fantasies playing a big role. It is only to be expected, it seems to me, that in the absence of the female herself any and everything related to her takes on erotic power. In a culture which makes great distinctions (at least it used to) between the sexes in regard to clothing, hair styles, cosmetics, etc. these very same things take on a considerable erotic importance. It is not by accident that the three most common fetishistic items that FPs start on are high heels, panties and girdles (bloomers and corsets in an earlier day). These three items are the most feminine, (that is they are the least masculine articles) and thus carry the highest femininity and consequently the highest erotic "charge". The utilization of such articles as sexual stimulants is to be expected. The only real surprise is that they do not attract more males than they do. However it may be that they do attract the majority of males but that only in a certain percentage of them does the cross dressing desire "take" as it were. This would imply that there must be something different about those in whom the clothing does take on its special significance. What that difference consists of is only a matter of speculation at this time unfortunately.

Once discovered, this process of associating feminine clothing with the pleasures of orgasmic relief goes on for years. However, gradually three levels of behavior sort themselves out. Some persons never utilize any other articles of clothing beside their special item and thus remain in the category of fetishism — wherein the special article becomes so

tioned in with the sexual process that the individual is either impotent without his fetish or, at a minimum, its presence though perhaps not essential greatly increases the satisfactions obtained.

Others out of curiosity, interest or whatever gradually add other pieces of clothing until they find their full satisfaction in wearing everything from hair to heels. Yet the experience is essentially only an erotic one even though the erotic aspects may become less evident as time goes on. Such persons have been termed "Whole girl fetishists" meaning that the complete feminine costume is necessary for greatest pleasure. This class of cross dresser generally has no particular feelings of femininity; he doesn't feel himself when dressed to be very different from what he usually is, and his general behavior bears this out. That is, he makes no particular effort to act in a feminine way or to present himself as anything other than a male in dresses, makeup and wig. If he smokes cigars or a pipe as a man he is likely to want to do so as a "girl" and he will talk about the same things and in the same way as he would in pants and jacket. He sits with legs apart and walks in heels just the way he would walk as a man. In short he is wearing the clothing and giving the outward appearance of a woman but he has no real sense of having left his masculine self in any other way and has no great inner feeling of expressing a new, different, feminine part of himself.

The others, and I think this is the largest group, have something else in common but vary widely in its intensity and development. I refer to feelings of femininity above and beyond the merely visual and tactile satisfactions of wearing the clothes. It might be termed the psychological level as opposed to the physical and erotic level. I don't mean to imply that this different level of feminine feeling supercedes and replaces the erotic aspects. It does not, because the erotic feelings are there and probably will be there although in declining intensity until the individual is "over the hill" sexually in his older years. The more psychic feminine feelings begin in a very small way and at various times depending on the individual's circumstances. Those that look well enough to begin to go out in public or at least to be seen by other people while dressed, at parties, in the home, or wherever, will, of necessity begin to have some sort of interpersonal interaction with other people. As this continues and increases quantitatively (frequency) and qualitatively (intensity) the individual more and more becomes aware of *herself* as being in some way and to some degree different from *himself*. The clothing, makeup, hairdo, etc. are a sort of catalyst that make it possible for the individual to begin slowly to circumvent and escape from the stereotypic masculine feeling and behavior patterns. It becomes gradu-

ally to be a case of "when in Rome do as the Romans do", which means that one's awareness of being in the state of womanhood — as indicated by the clothing etc. leads one to play the part of being womanly. Over a period of time the feeling of being womanly - or girlish according to age — combined with the beginning development of a separate personality resulting from the interaction with other people takes on a quality of its own, a different state of feeling and being.

The clothing, makeup, hair etc. constitute a sort of uniform of femininity and thus when one wears the uniform one feels more able and permitted to do the things, act in the ways, and express oneself in the manner that people who wear that uniform are expected and permitted to do. To use another analogy, the feminine finery becomes something of a doorway into a new and different world. Think of the doorway in a home which leads from the living room to the kitchen. Sitting in the living room and feeling hungry leads one to think of the food, the refrigerator, the stove, the china and silver, etc., that would be involved in a dinner. Yet one can sit in the living room all evening and dream of dinner without assuaging one's appetite. However, getting up and going through that doorway, brings one into the kitchen — the world of food. Now one can open the refrigerator, take out the meat, vegetables, milk, etc., prepare them at the sink counter, cook them on the stove, serve them on the china, and eat and enjoy them. In going into the kitchen through the doorway two things occur, one positively enters into a new room, a new world where different things go on, but one negatively leaves behind, or escapes from the old world, (the living room) where one's behavior was stylized to drawing room deportment. That is, one gets *out of* as well as *in to* in passing through the doorway. So it is with the femme-dressing; one gets *out of* the masculine clothing and the feelings and expectations and limitations that go with them, and goes *into* an entirely different psychic world in which feelings, motives and expressions present in one's psyche but unexpressable in the masculine world can now surface and be experienced and enjoyed.

This new femmeworld, that the feminine clothing (as uniform or doorway) allows one to enter, has its own requirements, limitations and stereotypes, but these are like the distant fence around a large backyard — a small kitten introduced into the yard has lots of room to explore before it comes up against the fence. The femmiphile who enters this feminine yard likewise does not experience the limitations and stereotypes very quickly or very strongly. It is just a great big wonderful new way of living and its opportunities for bringing to the surface of

consciousness and out into the world of expression all the other half of human potential which is socially reserved for the female are endless and terribly satisfying. This is the gender and personality area that I have written about before.

The reason that this new world is so fascinating is that what the femmiphile is experiencing in it is the other half of his own humanity. Those qualities that make up half of his birthright but which are in effect stolen from him by the process of growing up in our society and learning to be adequately masculine which really means learning NOT to be feminine. Growing up is more of a "turning off" process than a "turning on" one. All human capacities reside in the new born baby of either sex and all could be developed to be utilized and expressed as circumstances dictated. But they aren't. Society (in the person of parents, teachers, brothers and sisters and playmates), says, "this faucet you may turn on to the fullest and use its product but those faucets you must not turn on — as a matter of fact since they are leaking a little now (the ambivalent stage in which little boys may be permitted to cry, to play with dolls, to make mud pies and such "feminine" things) we had best turn them off tightly so that no more of "that" (feminine traits) comes out."

Well, when, somehow or other, some of these "feminine faucets" get turned on even if only slightly by some experience the young male finds that this part of himself — which has to be in his head all the time anyway since he can't just invent a new human characteristic out of thin air — is interesting and pleasurable. And with those two motivations he explores it all a little further next time it is possible. Over the years he discovers more and more of his own human heritage and enjoys it. "It's mine, it's part of me and I won't voluntarily give it up" he says. True enough in moods of great guilt he has a purge and swears off, but it seldom works permanently because it isn't like giving up cigarettes, alcohol, rich foods, or gambling. All these things are hard to do because there remains some counter motivation *to* do them and some satisfaction *in* doing them. But they are all external — they are not part of a trip through ones own head. Perhaps there is a similarity between the trips on LSD and our FP trip in that both of them reveal more of ourselves to ourselves and since it IS us one way or another we are very reluctant to surrender it to anybody. Thus the FP almost inevitably returns sooner or later to the task of facing up to his femmeself and accepting her as part of his total self-his total humanity.

I have digressed at some length to develop the gender concept and the personality manifestation that can and does develop in some transvestites. But what of the erotic aspects while this is going on? This process that I have been describing goes on for years, increasing in complexity and development with time. It represents one branch of the psycho-somatic (mind and body) trunk of the human tree — the psychic branch. The other, the bodily branch or the physical manifestations, which is where the sexual manifestations lie, also branches out from the same common trunk. Erotic aspects of cross dressing are likely to remain with an FP until such time as his body is no longer able to generate the impulse. But its importance as part of the whole episode of cross dressing will shrink as the gender-personality development portion increases. Erotic does not *necessarily* mean orgasmic, it must be understood. Lots of thoughts, attitudes, and actions are erotic in nature yet may not, for various reasons, result even in an erection much less an orgasm. Thus this part of the whole cross dressing scene remains in the individual throughout his life regardless of how far into the background it is pushed. It was conditioned there in the beginning and nothing serves to uncondition it.

Even today living full time as I do, I find every now and then that I get involved in and fascinated by some story that I am editing in exactly the same way that Charles used to be. But Charles represents the erotic side of my development and when I become fascinated by a story it is really the Charles part of my total self that is reacting. It would not only be pretty ridiculous but relatively impossible that I — as Virginia — could become so involved, engrossed and fascinated by a simple story in which the hero-heroine is doing sometime, in some way and on paper, things that I am doing every day of my life. Dresses are no longer fascinating to me — Virginia — they are just my kind of clothes as for any other woman. To put it another way, Virginia is not an FP in the sense that I use it as a replacement for TV. Charles, on the other hand, was and *is* but he doesn't get much opportunity these days to come to the surface of my consciousness much less into real life. But the increased pulse, the tense feeling, the involvement that is manifested when *he* takes over while I'm editing a story is basically an erotically motivated reaction (even though nothing happens sexually) and the same mechanism is at work in those of you who read this. It would not be necessary to discuss the matter at all were our society open and frank in the area of sex; but it isn't and everyone knows it. But what people don't stop to consider is that they were programmed into their attitudes and feelings about sex and its various manifestations when they were very young and unable to evaluate and criticize. There is nothing physio-

logically naughty, wrong, bad or immoral about sex. It is just one of the aspects of being alive. These words are value judgements invented by man through his social conditioning. Once we recognize this down deep we can deal with sex on a frank, open, above-board and straightforward level — calling a spade a spade and not cowering at the use of the word or at thinking the thought.

The sad thing is that the M.D.s who see patients and listen to them relate how they become erotically excited by dressing, have come to see this eroticism as the principle hallmark of transvestism-femmiphilia and you can read it in the literature and medical dictionaries over and over again. What they never learn, because they never get a chance to see it, is the development of the gender-personality aspect of the individual and its greatly overshadowing the erotic aspects. People who have achieved sufficient acceptance of themselves to have developed at least the beginnings of a feminine personality have already begun to overshadow the erotic aspects of cross dressing. I have no way of knowing for sure, but I would be willing to bet that persons who have attended as few as six FPE meetings will already have lessened considerably the erotic aspects of dressing and probably have a reduced incidence of orgasmic episodes related to the dressing at meetings relative to the period immediately prior to their joining. The more opportunity the individual has to express his femmepersonality in the presence of others the more that side of him will overshadow the erotic aspects of the experience.

So, in conclusion, let me say that I don't think that there should be any fear connected with the admission and discussion of the erotic aspects of cross dressing. If there were none there would have been no original motivation for doing it. But having started cross dressing, and if circumstances permit, the individual develops some degree of gender awareness. He is branching out on the more psychological limb and eroticism will begin to lose its significance. It is interesting to note that on a great many FPE applications where there is a question — "Dressing in feminine attire is sexually thrilling _____?" a large number either say No or do not answer at all. I suppose that they assume that Fran and/or myself, in reviewing the application, will be negatively impressed if he answers "yes." In actuality a no or a non-answer gives me the impression of fear, guilt, and dishonesty whereas a "yes" answer is a simple statement and admission of what we would presume went on in 95% of the applicants anyway. So perhaps this little discussion will indicate that we might as well be candid about the existence of an erotic aspect to cross dressing and recognize it as "normal" On the other hand it does not have all the significance that the psychiatrists would have us believe.



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. PUBLICITY: While I was away, Dr. Walter Alvarez, the famous medical columnist, ran a column concerning men who loved feminine things. He said a few very nice things about me personally and gave people Chevalier's address. As a result we have gotten inquiries from parts of the country where his column was published. I got the idea that if I had the home base addresses of other columnists it might be worthwhile sending copies of Dr. Alvarez column with a request that they help out by giving similar publicity. So how about each of you checking your own daily papers for advice columnists. Call the paper and find out their mailing address and send it to me. Maybe we can locate some more of our lonely, undiscovered sisters this way.

II. OTHER PRINTED ITEMS: When *Carnival* was published a lot more copies were printed than was wise. As a result I still have too many of them on hand. So from this time forward in the interest of getting rid of them the price will be dropped from \$5 to \$3. That's a 40% discount so if you haven't read it now is the time. It isn't that the story is n.g. because it really is a good story, written by one of our own readers and full of FP adventures, but I just printed too many copies and have to reduce the inventory. Another book that lingered for a long time has also finally been exhausted so no more orders can be accepted for "Scarcity of Nurses and Other Stories."

But by way of compensation let me remind you again that two more double sized (and therefore double priced) TV tales have appeared. (1) "TV for Victory" and (2) A Case of Accidental Murder." Each \$3.

III. MARTIN TO MARION: At long last this story is becoming available. I say "becoming" because by the time this issue of TVia reaches you Parts I and II will have been printed, but Part III may still be in the works. However, it is planned to have it out in December. Originally this story was submitted in longhand and I made a guess as to its probable length and price when I earlier suggested that it would be in two parts at \$3 each. However, when it was all typed two things were apparent, a) that it did not divide sensibly into just two parts, that is there was no place around the middle of the story where you could reasonably stop and start again. There were, however, two points where this could be done easily thus dividing it into three parts, and b) If it *had* been done in two parts it would have had to be more expensive for each part. So the decision was made to do it in three parts at \$3 each. It is a good story and I think you will enjoy it.

IV. NEW LONG NOVEL: I had originally mentioned this several issues ago and a number of you sent in \$5 for it. But due to the length of the Martin to Marion story plus the financial problems of printing three issues of TVia so close together to catch up it isn't going to be possible to get the Novel out till after the first of the year. Therefore, those of you who sent in for the novel have had your money credited to the Martin to Marion story so that you would have something for it. You will have received a slip with Part I of that story explaining the arrangement. I just don't feel right about holding your money too long without giving you something for it and that money had been held for several months already. However, advance payments do help very much in the accumulation of the capital necessary to print these things, so any of you who want to start over again toward the longer \$5 story now will be much welcomed. The financial problem with Chevalier is that it is now my only source of income and my monthly expenses have to come from it. While it earns enough to keep things together (it did not pay for my Pacific or European trips incidentally, these came from invested principal) and to pay expenses, it does NOT earn enough to accumulate working capital and as I have to pay the printer COD I have to *have* the money before I can *earn* the money if you see what I mean. So if you know that you are going to want something then payment in advance is a big help as long as you realize that a certain time lag will be inevitable.

V. NEW MATERIAL FOR TVia: In order to get caught up with the months I am going to try to get out one more issue after this one in 1970. Three issues close together has eaten up material at a great rate, so I solicit your continued contributions. Since nobody wants the magazine to be *entirely* fiction I hope you will contribute to the other

VI. PICTURE ALBUM ISSUE: There was great interest in the last picture album issue that we brought out and I'll be happy to do

VII. ADVICE COLUMN: Due to many requests for information and advice plus the fact that "Instruction" articles rank high in the preference poll I have decided to try to run a "Dear Ginny" column as often as enough requests accumulate to make a couple of pages of questions and answers. So if you want to throw something at me, write the question on a *separate* sheet of paper and mark it for "Dear Ginny". The separate sheet is so that Mary can give that to me for answering without having it involved in problems relating to orders, or just friendly chit chat. We'll see what comes of this idea.

VIII. NEW BOOK RESPONSE: In TVia No. 63 I announced that I had about completed work on my book, "HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE." Maybe because it was at the tail end of the issue you didn't read it. But I asked there for any suggestions for areas to be covered to be sure that there wasn't some area I'd overlooked. As of Nov. 1, I had received NO comment about this book at all which is a little surprising in view of the often expressed interest in "How To" articles. So if you have suggestions I would appreciate getting them promptly.

IX. MORE TRAVELS: Events don't let me stay home too long. Now I have another trip coming up. I've been asked to take part in a symposium on Human Sexuality in Minnesota, January 27th. I have also been asked to have a seminar with the Dept. of Psychiatry at Washington University in St. Louis about Feb. 16.

On the way to Minneapolis I hope to arrange stops in San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Denver. In between the dates I hope to make Madison, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Bloomington, Ind. After St. Louis I may get to Houston and Dallas if Sally can arrange things down thataway. So if any of you know of programs, medical groups or other places along this route that would be interested in a talk, let me know.

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PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. **FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE:** A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. 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.

PAD, EACH \$4

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1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

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