

SC 510  
H077  
T73

# Transvestia

## FICTION

Guts  
Talent  
Retribution  
The Third Wish

## ARTICLES

Women Dressing Men  
A Better Picture  
Discovering the Inner You

## TRUE STORY

Window Shopping  
The Lady and the Law

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## VIRGIN VIEWS



Volume XV No. 86

## 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

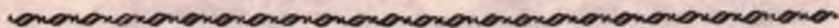
to help its readers achieve —

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.

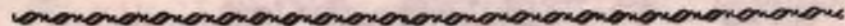


### THE COVER SYMBOL

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*

## CONTENTS

Editor  
Editor's Assistant

Virginia Prince  
Mary Nielson



- 2—Talent—Fiction
- 19—The Lady and the Law—True Story
- 27—Retribution—Fiction
- 48—A Better Picture—Article
- 53—Window Shopping—True Story
- 59—Women Dressing Men—Article
- 65—Letters to the Editor
- 72—Discovering the Inner You—Article
- 74—The Third Wish—Fiction
- 77—Guts—Fiction
- 86—Virgin Views

Copyright 1976 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.

VOL. XV

NO. 86

Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

TALENT

Dee Raymond

The six Pearl City club dancers brought their final flashing routine to a stop with a short, girlish, "Ooh!" and a back kick of the imitation peacock feathers. They paused briefly, perspiration glistening upon their heavy stage make-up. A smattering of applause broke out in the three-quarters filled club. As the musical group played a rapid set from *Can-Can*, the girls nimbly pirouetted and tripped off the stage. The scarred and black-mustached manager of the club glanced up from the sports page and nodded silently in their direction as they entered their dressing room. Angie, the last of the line, emphatically closed the door behind them as the manager made as if to follow them.

"Strictly a Tuesday crowd!" murmured Cathy, the lead singer of the group, removing her blonde pony tail.

"Sure doesn't help when someone like him is out there, does it?" sighed Joanne, wiping away at her heavily blued eyes.

"Come on!" said Jean crossly to Angie, who sat sprawled, and obviously weary, upon one of the three chairs the room possessed. "If he does want me, I want to be in street clothes, not like this." Jean had already removed her tiny sequinned bra, so that the brown nipples of her ample bosom appeared to caress Angie's blonde curls. Angie smiled wanely and began to remove the imitation pearls from her hair, prior to releasing the pony tail hair piece.

Debbie and Carol, the other members of the Pearl City Revue, also hastened to remove their costumes, so that the room was a ferment of activity as bras, hose, g-strings, panties, bracelets, and hair-



pieces went flying in all directions. Only Angie seemed uninterested in hurrying to be rid of her stage brilliance.

The door was suddenly hammered upon. All activity stopped. Cathy stood up, a large eyelash still in her hand, and went to the door. There was silence as she opened the door a fraction.

"Yes?" she said.

"It's Angie," came back the young voice of Allan, the second barman. "He wants to talk to Angie."

A look of shock crossed Cathy's face. She bit her lip furiously as she closed the door. She had been sure that it would be for her this time. As she turned, she saw the equally stunned looks on the faces of the other girls, and the shock, turning into fright, in Angie's blue eyes. As she realized just whom it was who had been requested, Cathy began to smile despite herself. So too, the other girls, as they relaxed, began to smile. Only Angie, knocking over the nailpolish remover in a sudden wordless gesture, appeared tense or upset.

Gently, Jean touched her arm, causing Angie to jump nervously. "Hold on, Angie," she smiled. "We'll all help you get ready. We don't want to blow this one."

Robert Cort groaned inwardly to himself as the bartender brought him yet another Glen Murray "on the house." He was rapidly becoming irritated with the whole Pearl City set-up. The overly darkened lighting, the black leathered booths, and the soft musical tones of the Pearl City quartet spoke to him of sleazy, almost illicit sexuality. The only bright spot of the evening was the confirmation of the fact that Arthur Mayer, the Co-ordinator of Staff Development, to use his fancy title, was correct again. I wonder how he does it, Cort thought to himself. The Pacific Studios chief talent scout had spotted and recommended uncountable talent from out of the way joints and cabaret clubs like the Pearl City. I wonder how much of a rake-off the manager will want for this girl's contract, Cort thought moodily. The excellent Scotch for such a place forewarned of expensive tastes in the management. His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of the girl, the "talent," he had come to see. The waiter hovered about as the girl sat down. Under Cort's steady gaze, he vacillated for a moment and then withdrew to the bar. Cort turned his full attention to the girl.

Angie Saunders, aware of the scrutiny, looked directly ahead of her at the far wall of the club. Her blonde hair was short and combed forward over her forehead. The back was very short but thick and brushed down about the nape of her neck. Cort smiled inwardly. I've more hair than she has, he thought. Her eyes appeared dark in the gloomy atmosphere. Cort noted that her skin was just as smooth and soft after the removal of stage make-up as it had appeared under the heavy lights. Her hands were long, thin and quite still as she waited for him to complete his inspection. The narrow straps of the halter-type dress revealed high, well-rounded breasts. Her legs were hidden in the long folds of the silk dress, but then he had seen quite enough of them in the show to form a judgment there. He sighed to himself. Even her deportment was first class, as she sat and waited for his inspection to be complete. The heavy silver and jade earrings were just the touch required for the aura of class that exuded from her. His pulse quickened. Mayer was, of course, absolutely correct, she was an adequate dancer, had excellent timing in the sketches played by the Revue, her voice was husky and rich, and she looked gorgeous.

Cort picked up and drained the Scotch. "Well, Miss Saunders," he said. "Let's pick up the manager of this club and talk about buying up your contract."

\*\*\*\*\*

Jean Rodriguez, possibly the best dancer of the Pearl City Revue, tiptoed quietly from the room where her oldest son, Cameron, was now sleeping soundly. His restlessness when she had arrived home each night at about three o'clock had become a feature of their stay in Las Vegas. He needs to be away from this place, she thought; at least to a city where he can meet other kids at regular times. She thought of their bank balance and sighed. If only they didn't change costumes so much .... But that was what brought the Revue its recurrent bookings and the satisfying upgrading of income over the last four years; until now — perhaps at last their big break was in sight.

Jean had reached the kitchen at last. She plugged in the kettle and began to put Sanka into two cups. As she realized what she was doing, she looked up anxiously at the clock. Four thirty. Just as she contemplated whether to put the coffee back or not, she heard the key in the door of the motel room. A swish of silk, and the familiar Chanel perfume, announced Angie's arrival. Angie shivered as she came into the kitchen, slowly removing Jean's jade earrings. Her expressions was



thoughtful, and to Jean's expert gaze, still contained much of the terror that Angie must have felt when Robert Cort had asked to speak to her. In her usual precise way, Angie had already placed Jean's stole back in the open box that Jean had left on the motel room's chesterfield before leaving for the club that night. Angie came back to the kitchen and made as if to start making the coffee.

"Leave that for me," whispered Jean. "Go and close the kids' door tight before you tell me anything."

Angie's face showed a flash of worry. "Was Cam up again?" she whispered back. Jean nodded and began to butter crackers to have with cheese and pickles as a snack before bed. Angie disappeared down the hallway and was gone for ten minutes or so. She returned wiping the make-up from her face with a small, blue facecloth.

"I still forget," she smiled, speaking in low, husky tones. "Poor Cam has lipstick all over him again." She sat down opposite Jean, her exotic appearance changed into that of a pert teenager.

"Tell me how it went," said Jean quietly, admiring Angie's natural freshness even at such an ungodly hour.

"He wants me," said Angie shortly. "At least, he wants me in a film, a comedy with some dancing, that Pacific's putting out. One other, a detective story, as the only female lead, the male lead's romantic entanglement."

"And the rest of the group?" Jean's eyes had become hard.

"Not interested." Angie's eyes were troubled. "He struck a deal with Storey to buy up my contract for twenty-five grand. The legal papers are to be signed tomorrow."

Jean's eyes opened wide at the figure. "Phew! He must want you bad!" Her eyes became more hooded, her expression bland. "I guess he wants other favors from you."

Angie looked startled. "No!" she became agitated. "They only talked about contracts and future pay-offs depending on how well I might do." Her hands fluttered nervously as she spoke.

"You'll have to think of it, however. Won't you, dear?" Jean's eyes were brooding.

"What do you mean?" Angie's eyes were wide open with horror. "You know I can't possibly accept this engagement. I even tried to tell them that, but they just refused to listen."

"Why, can't you take it?" asked Jean in surprise. Then she raised her hand as Angie appeared to unleash a torrent of words upon her. "Oh, yes! I can guess what some of your scruples might be, but let's be frank about this. I'm not getting any younger," she stopped to drain the last dregs of her coffee, "and it's obvious that my talent isn't going to give Cam and Margot the place in the sun we want for our children. So let's face it, Angelo, you're the breadwinner of this family." She smiled, "Come to bed now. Your wife wants to celebrate a little of your good fortune with you in bed tonight."

\*\*\*\*\*

Robert Cort completed his overview of the rushes from Pacific's current comedy production. He left the projection room most satisfied. Arthur Mayer met him as he was leaving.

"Well, Arthur," said Cort jovially. "You should see your protegee now. Her acting abilities have been a phenomenal surprise to everyone here, excepting yourself of course. We've already built up Angie Saunders' part three times."

"Angie Saunders." Mayer's expression betrayed nothing of his inner thoughts. "Ah yes, how is the delightful Miss Saunders behaving herself."

Cort led Mayer into his office, just behind the projection rooms, in reality his private theatre. "Arthur, don't you hear me?" Cort beamed upon him. "I couldn't be more ecstatic over one of your finds. Your bonus will be considerable for this one."

"Oh," said Mayer. He sat down quietly across the room from Cort's large glass-topped, mahogany desk.

Cort went to his drink cabinet, flicking the lighting switch which brought up the wall lights to a comfortable glow and closed the drapes, shutting out the high-rise lights of the city.



"What do you mean, 'Oh,' in that tone of voice," said Cort. "Come on, Arthur. Give. And why did you want such an urgent meeting with me tonight? Found a new talent that can't wait until tomorrow, eh?"

"I only wish it were." Mayer's whole expression had become gloomier than it normally was. "I'm afraid," he said softly, "that I may have done Pacific a great disservice."

Cort smiled as he handed Mayer the Bloody Mary that the scout was notorious for drinking no matter what the occasion. "Nothing you say is going to upset me tonight, Arthur." Cort's voice was good-humored. "The rushes show me we've a great film in the can and we'll have a bright, new star by this time next year in Angie Saunders."

"She's that good, huh?" muttered the older man sipping as slowly as ever on the tomato juice and vodka.

Cort shook his head. "You wouldn't believe it," he began enthusiastically. "Her timing in comic sketches is phenomenal. And as for sex appeal — well, she's got the whole crew eating out of her hand. She's just what this studio needs right now to lead us back into the black."

"Yes, I can see that," Mayer's naturally grim mouth became even grimmer. "Just how well, Robert, do you happen to know this, er, this, ah, young lady?"

Cort sat up straight in his swivel chair. Alarm had already touched his face, exposing how young he really was for such a post. "What do you mean?" he said anxiously. "Do you have something to tell me about Angie Saunders?"

Mayer ran a hand over his nearly hairless scalp, smoothing the heavily greased sides even tighter to the sides of his head. For the first time, Cort realized that Arthur Mayer, the great Arthur Mayer, was both nervous and upset. "J-just tell me," Mayer said, shivering even though the whole building was temperature-controlled, "how well you know Angie Saunders, and your relationship to her, and then I'll share my information with you."

Cort glowered. This was a most unusual request, particularly from a man like Mayer, who was only too aware of the status and re-

quirements of each executive level within the studio. He was making a serious breach of the company's general etiquette in persisting in his enquiry. This fact, knowing that only something quite extraordinary must be in the wind to make the Staff Development chief act this way, led to Cort's almost gentle reply. "I expect Angie to serve as the hostess to my weekend parties at Whiteside," he said. "She's an exceptional hostess, and charming in conversation with both the executive and the artistic crowd. I must admit I enjoy her company at my house immensely, but I'm afraid I blackmailed her into serving as hostess primarily to introduce her to everyone." He paused and took a deep draught of his Scotch, and then turned to refill it. "Funny, you know, but now I get calls from people asking to come over for the weekend. That never happened before Angie. Tommy Scopes was telling me only the other day, but I thought he was joking, that everyone comes to meet Angie. He could be right." Cort turned his gaze back to the grey eyes, framed in rimless glasses, across the table from him. "We are not lovers, he said firmly. "Though it's not for the want of suggesting on my part. I think she likes me well enough, but it's pretty clear she's not the type that's usual in this business. I'd guess she'd have to be pretty much in love with a guy, even married to him, before she'd go to bed with him." He downed his second drink, and raised a quizzical eyebrow to the other man. "Enough for you?" he asked, his voice suddenly harsher.

"Oh ... oh, yes!" Mayer nodded, his troubled voice an odd contrast to his appearance. Then he fell silent, beginning a rapt perusal of an out of place thread on the knee of his trousers.

"Well, come on, man," Cort started angrily. "What've you got that I ought to know about Angie Saunders?"

"It's not her real name," said the other, worry still tinged in his voice.

"Is that all?" exploded Pacific's President, his voice full of incredulity.

"I think I'd better start at the beginning," said Mayer, almost in a whisper. He waited a moment until Cort nodded for him to go on. "I usually get tips that put me on to the kind of talent we want. Believe me," he grimaced, "it costs me plenty to pay off all the people who recommend ...."



"Who recommended Angie Saunders?" Cort interrupted to end what he felt might be one of Mayer's longwinded, roundabout, grumbling orations.

"Oh," Mayer's stream of thought was interrupted. "Oh, no-one," he mumbled. "I was passing through Vegas late but I didn't want to gamble. I only stopped in the place for a nightcap. They were doing that sketch where she was the dizzy, blonde nurse. It just knocked me out. I must have watched her for three or four weeks. I couldn't believe such a talent in such a place. And what legs!" He broke off to complete his drink, his eyes downcast, obviously ruminating on some private scene of Angie's loveliness.

Cort waited, his irritation growing. "Then you recommended her to us officially," he prompted.

"What?" Mayer's preoccupation was so unlike him that Cort had begun to feel very uneasy. "Yes, that's right," Mayer went on. "And you bought out her contract." He looked back at the loose thread on his pant leg. "And you broke up a pretty fair cabaret revue of its kind."

"So what?" said Cort indignantly. "It happens all the time. It's show business."

"But one of that group, the leading singer, Cathy Lord, was still smouldering when I talked to her at the Red-and-White yesterday," said the talent scout.

"The Red-and-White?" Cort frowned. "I can't say I know it."

Mayer smiled, shocking Cort. He had never seen him smile before and the icy smile on the thin lips gave Mayer a sly, predatory look. "It's a club a cut below the Pearl City," he said. "Cathy wasn't one of Ray Storey's favorite people, it appears. He took advantage of the break up of the group to fire her."

Cort shrugged. "So, some bitter ex-friend of Angie's has a story for sale."

Mayer nodded. "Three years ago, Jean Rodriguez hired on with the Pearl City Revue when their principal dancer left to get married.

They kept losing girls that way. It was Jean who brought Angie into the group. They'd worked together in revues about Chicago apparently."

Cort frowned. "So what are you going to tell me? I know that this Jean Rodriguez woman is sharing the house Bessill leased for Angie. She's got her kids there with her, hasn't she?"

Mayer appeared hardly to hear. "It worked out fine, really. All the girls had glycerin implants of one size or another."

Cort's smile was filled with relief. "So you're trying to tell me that Angie's been pumped up a little. There's nothing wrong with that today. Even the public accepts that kind of operation."

"Pity she didn't have a more radical operation," said Mayer darkly. "You see, Mr. Cort, Angie Saunders' real name was, and still is, Angelo Rodriguez."

Cort sprang to his feet. "What the hell are you trying to say?"

Mayer removed his glasses and rapidly began to wipe them with a grey, silk handkerchief. "Cathy Lord plans to sell a story on how Pacific was hoodwinked into making a film in which its leading female star is, in reality, a man, living, in fact, with his wife and kids, right here in this city, next door to the studio where he flaunts his fake breasts, pretty legs, and beautiful miniskirts in Pacific's top production of the year." His curled lip of distaste matched the disgust in his voice.

Cort choked on words that wouldn't come. He slumped back into his upholstered chair. Stinging ants seemed to be tearing at his gut. He could hear his heart starting to pound. He brushed his head with his hand. It was damp. Oh, what a mess, he thought, just as everything had been going so well. He could have brought Pacific to the black — and all the while, that goddamned thing had been laughing at him behind her, no behind his, back. Red waves of rage passed through him and he began to smash upon the glass top of his desk with his fists. Across from him, Mayer sat open-mouthed, petrified by the sight of the President of the third largest U.S. film studio throwing a tantrum.



The object of Cort's well-based fury was at that particular moment hopelessly entangled within the arms of his wife. Their emotional needs satisfied, they were at present exchanging gentle petting in anticipation of their untangling with restful sleep to follow. Jean's fingers caressed the appreciably longer and thicker hair of Angie's neck. As Angie sighed and moved nearer, Jean lowered her head and gently kissed the nipple of Angie's swelling breast. Angie's body went rigid with shock.

"Don't," he whispered. "Oh, please, don't.."

Jean giggled in the darkness. "Why not?" she murmured. "Let's face it, girl, you'll enjoy it more than me."

"Please, Jean," Angie tried to sit up. "Please don't call me 'girl'." He freed himself and sat up.

"What's the matter?" Jean put her arm around him and tried to pull her husband down beside her. As he resisted her, she lay back and pulled the sheet up about her. "I'm sorry, darling," she said softly. "I guess you don't find this whole business as humorous as I do."

Angie swung his long, slim legs onto the bedroom floor, slipping on his high heel mules. He reached into the bed, found his Baby Doll panties, and slipped them on. He then moved away from the bed to sit in front of the mirror. Putting on the dim bedside lamp, he picked up a brush and began to brush out the misplaced curls about his forehead.

Jean looked across at the slim, feminine figure in front of the mirror. No vestige of masculinity could be seen. He had even learned in the last five years to brush his hair in a very feminine manner. In a short time, the curls were in place and his new hair style, with short bangs either side of his forehead were in place. Angie then found the top to his pyjamas, slipped it on, and came to sit by the bed.

"Jean," he said, in the familiar husky tones she had spent so much time teaching him. "Can we talk now?"

Jean smiled. "We can talk anytime, darling."

Angie's voice was urgent. "No, I mean about us and how all of this is going to end."



Rita-Brazil



Roberta OH-2-F



For a moment, Angie sat and considered. "But I have to go back. I must, if only for Cam's sake." The words had a desperate edge to them.

Jean sat up now, alert. "Look, Angie, do you remember how I got you into this?"

"It was my fault," Angie whispered. "I got you pregnant. It was only fair that I took the job to keep it open for you."

"But I forced you, didn't I?" said Jean. "I had to keep that spot open at the Blue Note." She moved to sit beside Angie so that she could put her arm about his shoulders. "Well, my stage career is over now, and if you really want to, darling, you can end yours, too."

Angie half-turned, and kissed Jean fully on the lips. Surprisingly she felt wetness on his cheeks. "Thank you," he said huskily. "We'll

"Oh, that again," said Jean with annoyance. "Do we always have to talk about that. Let's just live life as it is, Angie, and take our good fortune as it comes."

"But, Jean," Angie seemed close to tears. "Can't you see how you're cutting me off from the kids? Every day Cameron asks some question about his daddy, and now, since we've got a stake together, what with Bessill arranging for the pre-payment for both of the films I've worked on, I think it's time for us to split and give up this masquerade."

Jean looked over the feminine creature seated so demurely on the end of her bed. "You really mean it, don't you?"

The blonde curls nodded emphatically. "I don't know how you can be so casual about this." There was puzzlement in Angie's voice. "Aren't you at all worried about how dressing and working as a woman might affect me? Most women would be worried sick."

"Ah, but they don't meet you here in bed," Jean reached over to take Angie's hand. "I know how much of a man you really are and how much you need me. Besides," she said, squeezing the well manicured fingers enticingly, "after five years, could you go back to living as a man? I've watched you at work and you can't tell me that you don't enjoy being a girl."



skip out as soon as I can get our money together. Then we can go back to Rivers Hospital to have the implants removed." As the tears began to flow freely, they clung tightly together, until at last fatigue overcame them both and they fell into a fitful sleep.

On the following day, Angie slept quite late and was in a sombre mood when he finally arose. Quite unlike himself, he spent much time in front of the mirror studying his face before making up. Jean was surprised to see him powdering and rouging his cheeks, something he rarely did on a non-working day. Today, however, he even put on his false eyelashes and dark eyeliner with heavy eyeshadow and highlights about his eyebrows. Jean could hardly believe it when he put on the long fall which permitted long golden strands to cascade over his shoulders and down his back like a great lion's mane. The "wetlook" lipstick completed the glamorous look that Angie for some reason seemed intent on producing for that day.

Angie had put gold chain earrings in his pierced ears but had difficulty choosing any other clothing for the day. It took him a while to settle on a black bra and black lace panties with an oldfashioned garter belt and dark tinted stockings. He paraded around like that for a while, looking at himself in the full-length wardrobe mirror, trying to decide upon a dress to wear. Finally he chose a dress with two tiny straps over the shoulders, low cut at the front but fairly short with a mass of petticoats gathered to a narrow waist. He looked ready for a cocktail party even though it was only midday, when at last he was fully dressed.

Jean was about to tackle her moody husband in regard to his dress when the bell rang, and she could see, through the porch window, that Robert Cort had arrived. Leaving Angie contemplating a number of perfumes, she went quickly to the door to admit the boss of Pacific Studios.

"Bob, how nice to see you," she said cheerily.

Bob Cort glowered at her so fiercely, Jean almost felt she had been slapped. No point beating about the bush, he thought savagely. "Is your husband in?" he spat out each word, the anger clear in his voice.

Jean stepped back, stung. She felt a hot flush pass right over her. He knows, she thought wildly. Surprisingly, her knees were shaking.

Her lips quivered as she tried to reply but no words passed her lips. Suddenly, with a look of contempt on his face, Cort strode past her into the small living room.

"Why don't you go get him?" he said, punctuating the "him" with a sneer. "I've quite a lot to say to you both."

Astonishingly, Angie just nodded at Jean's flustered report of Cort's entrance. Coolly he stood, smoothed out the blue silk dress, and taking Jean by the hand, led her down the short flight of steps to where Cort sat, frowning and sullen, at the far end of the living room.

Quite deliberately, Cort remained seated as the two entered, but Angie seemed hardly put out at all. Keeping a tight hold of Jean's hand, he led her to the loveseat opposite the one Cort had chosen to sit in. Sitting down, he casually and girlishly smoothed the back of the dress, causing a gentle rustling of the petticoats. Even as he kept hold of Jean's hand, he crossed one of his nylon stockinged legs over the other, again causing a distinctly feminine rasping sound.

Seeing Angie dressed so, Cort was shocked by the undiluted sex appeal of the "woman" who sat opposite him. It was next to impossible to think of such a glamorous object as a man. There was absolutely no masculine gesture or point of reference to give him away.

"Cathy Lord has let us know what gullible fools work at Pacific, and, in particular, what a fool I was." His words, intended to be harsh, sounded merely matter-of-fact.

Angie nodded. "She'd be the one," he said huskily, squeezing Jean's hand tighter. With his other hand, he flicked a strand of hair back over his shoulder, displaying his brightly painted red fingernails. His darkly outlined eyes looked at Cort for the first time. "Jean and I had already decided to quit this whole business. I guess you'll fire us first before we can quit."

Cort stood up. He found that his hands were shaking and he needed a drink. "Tell me," he said, his voice shaky even to him. "Why, for heaven's sake, should you be quitting now? You had everyone fooled up to yesterday."

Angie shrugged. "My son needs a father," he said. "That should be reason enough."

"So now you think you'll just pack up and go quietly," Cort had found the liquor cabinet and was pouring himself a double or triple rye.

"Why not?" Jean had at last found her voice. "You surely can't have any further use for Angie now that you know that he's ... that he's my husband."

Cort grimaced. "Spare me," he growled. He tipped up the drink, swallowing half of it, his guts beginning to settle as the alcohol burned its way down his throat to his stomach. "But it's not going to happen that way."

"What do you mean?" Jean was puzzled.

"I've just come from a meeting with the Chairman of the Board and the two major shareholders of Pacific and some decisions were taken." Cort's voice was grim. The two female figures watched him as he drained the rest of his drink. "First of all," he said, as he returned to sit opposite them, "Cathy Lord will be paid off for her silence about Angie Saunders with the guarantee of a number of parts in future Pacific productions."

"You'll pay off a blackmailer," Angie's voice was incredulous.

"Why not?" growled Cort. "As soon as she's appeared once or twice, she'll be in no position to do anything. Blackmailers go to jail, you know; and if any of this becomes public, we'll make sure she ends up there."

"And what about Angie?" asked Jean, her voice rising. "She, er ... I mean he, he wants out."

Cort smiled showing his excellent white teeth, but his eyes were hardly amused at all. "Some decisions were made about Angie Saunders' future," he snarled.

Jean felt Angie's hand tighten its grip on hers. "Well?" she whispered, almost afraid to hear what he would say.

"First," Cort's voice had a grating edge. "You're not quitting now that we're paying off Cathy Lord. You're staying and you'll have the lead in two Broadway shows we've bought up to film in the next year.



You'll get a piece of the action, a very small piece, with the guarantee of a quarter of a million at least for the two. But Bessill already knows that. We'd already worked that out before Cathy dropped her bombshell."

He paused and looked at them both for a short time, as they looked back uncertainly at him. "My principals were pretty upset when they heard about Angie and how close I came to wrecking the studio. Also, they don't trust you as much as they did. Somehow, the Chairman got the idea you might be about to skip out on us." He smiled grimly. "So you'll both move into Whiteside with me where I can keep a close eye on you and where you can carry on your marriage just as you have in the past, as far as I'm concerned."

"And what if we refuse," Jean was surprised at the ice in Angie's voice.

Cort winced. "Then we'll co-operate in the most fantastic publicity campaign you ever saw to make Angie Saunders the most celebrated freak of the century. I can't imagine then what kind of father Cam or Margot will have to look up to."

Jean tightened her grasp, in turn, on Angie's hand. "Darling," her voice was full of fright, almost to the point of panic, "do we have any choice? We can't let the media crucify you. Think of how it will hurt the children."

"And lastly," Cort had slumped into his chair now, his face showing great fatigue. "To protect Angie from undue gossip, my bosses insist that there will be a wedding arranged before the start of filming between Robert Cort and Angie Saunders. "No," he said, raising his hand at the looks on their faces, "it won't mean a thing. I'll be around to be a father to your kids, if you want me to, but I won't get anything else from this name-only marriage except to tie you to Pacific as securely as it's possible to tie anyone."

"B-but ...." Jean was still in a state of shock. Cort stood up and stumbled toward the door.

"It'll be a white wedding, of course," he said bitterly. "And you can expect that wherever I go, I'll expect my wife to be, dressed or undressed in the latest fashion, as the case may be." He opened the front

door and looked back at them. "You can talk it over, like how you'll arrange things at Whiteside, but that's the way it's going to be, or, like me now, you'll find your lives hardly worth living from now on." He stepped out of the door and was gone.

Dazed, Jean stood up and looked down at her husband, sitting still cross-legged, displaying the slimness of his well-formed, beautiful legs. "We can't leave, Angie," she said. "We should quit but think what that will do. If you think you can't possibly go through with it, just say so and I'll understand. We can split anyway and try to find somewhere to hide. There might be somewhere we can go if we put our minds to it."

Angie shook his head, his earrings jangling. He yawned and stretched his bare arms above his head, causing his breasts to tighten and rise up within his dress. "Don't worry about it at all, Jean," he said, smiling and running his tongue over his shiny lipstick. In as sultry a voice as Jean had ever heard, he murmured, "It sounds like a lot of fun."



"Thanks for everything, doctor. I'll let you know how I'm doing at Vassar the minute I get my transfer from Yale."

TRUE STORY



## THE LADY AND THE LAW

Frances ME-1-G FPE

I arrived at the big motel south of Rochester, N.Y. early Sunday afternoon. I had been to my 50th college reunion and was on my way to visit friends in Rochester but they didn't expect me until Monday afternoon. I looked forward with exciting pleasure to the precious 24 hours to dress in the feminine clothes I had brought with me.

In the air conditioned room I quickly bathed, shaved and started dressing. First my nylon support hose (I am 71 and like the extra support), over which I wore black Shin-Shams and patent leather pumps with four-inch heels. Then my custom-made well-boned girdle and my long-line bra with built-in falsies. Now, tingling with excitement, I pulled on a well-made panty girdle equipped with hip and fanny pads and then my form-fitting slip. My foundation complete and pleased with the reflection of my figure in the mirror, I was ready for make-up. I tried not to overdo it but I'm afraid my lipstick was too red for a woman of my age. I chose a black and yellow cotton print dress that zipped up the front to my neck. The skirt flared out in voluminous folds over my hips coming down to just below my knees. The bodice fitted tightly around my well-corseted twenty-nine inch waist and over my bosom accentuating my falsies very nicely. With my wig in place, earrings, necklace and bracelets on, wearing smooth black kid gloves and carrying my new black patent leather handbag, I was sure nobody would recognize the little old man that had checked in earlier.

Now, handbag on arm I stepped out to get something out of my car. A young woman with a child was just checking in the room next door. She smiled a pleasant greeting and I nodded and smiled back and went about unlocking my car and getting the things I wanted. I could see she was observing me from her reflection in my car window.



I'm sure she thought my pencil-thin high heels and leather covered legs were a little out of place but there was no indication of suspicion that I was anything but an eccentric little old lady. I am only five feet five and wear size seven ladies shoes.

Back in my room and wanting to go for ice, I took off my high heeled pumps and zipped on a pair of black leather boots that had three-inch chunky heels and came above my knees. After the young lady's scrutiny I decided the chunky heels would not look so out of place. I passed several people on the way to the ice machine and there was an elderly man getting ice ahead of me who offered to fill my bucket. I was still wearing gloves and carrying my handbag. I nodded and smiled my thanks, not daring to speak lest my voice came out too low. On the way back to my room I was delighted to pass two other women wearing boots and although their heels were not as high as mine they made me feel less conspicuous wearing boots on this warm June afternoon.

Back in my room I opened the curtains on the large picture window that looked out on the lawn and different walks to the pool and the lobby and dining room. I made a drink and sat in heavenly relaxation watching the people come and go, oblivious to their curious glances in my direction. The afternoon flew by and though I didn't need to, I made several trips to the ice machine just for the excitement and pleasure of doing so.

Now, anticipating a waiter from room service, I changed back to my high heeled pumps and shiny black vinyl leg coverings, touched up my make-up and called room service. The operator said they were short of help and that I would have to pick up take-up service at the dining room. This, I didn't dare to do lest my voice give me away. I have lost the use of my higher voice which in the past allowed me to pass successfully. And those were the days when they would slap you in jail for wearing specially made high heeled shoes and not necessarily feminine looking shoes either. I know because it happened to me. The police didn't care that I wore women's silk underwear trimmed with lace and boned back-lace corsets which I have worn most of my life. They didn't show. But to wear anything that might be construed as feminine that showed, you were in trouble. But apparently times have changed.

I got in my car with a written take-out order for a sandwich at a diner but there was a sheriff's car parked there and I lost my nerve and



Charlotte-WI



Margo-N.Y.



went back to the motel. There were several people near the door of my room who greeted me politely as I searched in my handbag with gloved hands for my key. In the best voice I could muster I returned their greetings and was relieved that they appeared not to notice me and went on talking as I opened my door and went in. I poured a drink and sat trembling for quite a while. Then I realized I had spoken to them and apparently had passed.

It was still light so I ventured out around the grounds and the pool, passing people and smiling back at their pleasantries. I found the dining room was off the lobby and the back entrance was near my room, but I dared not go in since I had to walk through the lobby. I went back to my room, watched TV both on the set and in the mirrors, and went to bed without supper.

The next morning, dressed and made up, I called and found there was still no room service. This turned out to be a good thing. I got up my nerve and went to the dining room in my yellow and black print and with black kid gloves and handbag, wearing my over-the-knee, high heeled boots, was seated by the hostess. My waitress took a second look when I ordered in my husky voice, but didn't notice me much again except to ask if everything was all right. I thoroughly enjoyed having breakfast like a lady. I only wished I had on nail polish. Many people walked by my table but paid little attention to the little old lady. I paid the cashier and walked leisurely back through the lobby. I passed several kids with their folks and as they stared at me I was scared to death, but had no trouble. Now I was thrilled.

As I was going into my room the young lady from next door stopped me, and my heart. But she smiled and said she hoped her baby's crying hadn't disturbed me. I smiled and answered that I hoped my TV hadn't disturbed her. She said no and that she didn't even know there was a TV around and walked on. I was thrilled. I had passed! But later when she saw me loading my car in male clothes she did look a little bewildered.

I drove on to Rochester and left my wig to be restyled at a hairstyling center. They were surprised but pleasant and cooperative when I told them it was my wig and what I wanted done.

After spending two nights with wonderful friends in Rochester, I put on my feminine underwear, nylons, shin-shams, corsets and all, except for my falsies, and drove to Albany arriving at the Holiday Inn in mid-afternoon. I shed my men's outer clothes, put on my make-up, my



lovely reset wig and dress. When all was in order I went for ice. Although I realized my slim high heels as well as my form-fitting tight dress were rather bizarre for a June evening, remembering the confidence I had gained in the dining room in Rochester, I put on my black kid gloves and with pocketbook on arm, flounced to the end of the building to the ice machine. I say flounced because my dress flared out and bounced over my padded hips. I passed lots of people. Most smiled a good evening and I nodded and smiled back. They all looked me over, which I thoroughly enjoyed, and I came back to my room with more confidence. How good it felt to walk delicately in heels and corsets! I had passed other women wearing high heels including one with platform shoes and six-inch heels, so I didn't feel quite so bizarre looking.

Now my confidence zoomed and I drove out for gas and had my car washed. There was a large shopping plaza near and I decided to drive in and do some window shopping. I couldn't find a parking place I liked though I tried several. *And then it happened!* A police car noticed my erratic driving and while I was stopped wondering what to do, drove near me and the officer called, "Any trouble, Mam?" I panicked and mouthed words without making a sound. He hopped out of his car and came to the window and said, "I couldn't hear you, Mam, what's the trouble?" I answered, "Nothing. Just wondering where to park, Officer." He said, "Well, there are plenty of places. I've watched you try several of them. Could I see your license and registration please?" I said, "Certainly," and after some fumbling produced both with my gloved hands from my pocketbook beside me on the seat. He looked at my license and of course there was the "Jr." after my name and my sex male. Then he said, "Just sit tight, Mam," and started back to his car, I'm sure to radio, when I called, "Officer, just a minute. I have something to show you."

He came back and I showed him my TVIS identification card. He looked at it and said, "You mean you are a guy?" I nodded and he said, "No kidding, really?" and I said, "Yes, really." He said, "O.K., just sit tight, Mam," and went back to his radio. I was scared out of my wits. I thought to myself, "Here it is — arrest, a night in the police station, arraignment in the morning, publicity, reputation ruined, etc." And I thought ruefully some guys get paid for dressing this way!

I had a cigarette in my cigarette holder and was about to look for my lighter in my purse when he returned. "Please step out, Mam, and face the car with your hands on the top." I did as ordered and he frisk-

ed me, feeling lightly over my padded hips and corseted waist. Then he said, "O.K. You can turn around."

I still had my unlighted cigarette in my hand and started for my handbag in the car to get my lighter, when he ordered me to stand away from the car. By now at least six police cars, lights flashing, had converged around, and there I was standing in my thin high heels, all dressed up, and of all things, my thought was that I was glad I had my wig reset in Rochester. I was confident it looked professionally perfect and I thought if I was going down to ruin, I would go like a lady.

"I just want to get my lighter out of my pocketbook. I'm nervous," I said.

"Just stand away from the car. An officer will give you a light. What do you like to be called, Ms, Miss or Mrs.?"

I said, "I would like to be called Miss but unfortunately I am a male."

"O.K. Miss," he said and asked another officer to give me a light. "Just stand easy, Detective Gervasi is on the way. He has a few questions."

"Can't I have my handbag? I'm lost without it," I pleaded.

"You'll have it after the lieutenant examines it. Just stand easy, Miss."

With all those cops and onlookers the police cars had attracted, it wasn't easy to "just stand easy." I started to lean against the car but was told to stand away from it. I was thankful for my lighted cigarette and shifted from one foot to the other, acting as feminine as I could while the officers conferred and stared at me. One looked dismal and just stood looking me over from head to heels without movement or expression. I thought to myself, "I wonder if he despises or envies me."

The lieutenant arrived, looked over my papers and started to question me — Yes, I was married and had four grandchildren. No they didn't call me grandmother. Yes, my wife knew of my urge to dress up, etc. He looked through my pocketbook thoroughly, had the first officer search the car and asked me to open the trunk.

"No guns nor illegal possessions?" the lieutenant asked and when the search was over went to confer with another officer who had been talking on his radio. Meanwhile an officer smiled and handed me my handbag, which I gratefully hung on my arm. Then came the surprise happy ending. The lieutenant came to me and said, "Look Frank, I want you to do me a favor, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," I answered noting this was the first time I had not been addressed as Miss.

"Please go back to your motel, change to your male clothes and go out on the town and have a good time. If you go out dressed like this and had to go to the toilet, which would you use? If you used the Ladies you would shock them. If you used the Mens you might be harmfully assaulted."

Although I didn't say so, I could tell he had never been in a ladies' room. I have, and not for any other purpose than natural, and found there is more privacy in a ladies' room than a men's room.

I couldn't believe I was free to go. I thanked the lieutenant and promised to go right to my room and stay there. When I got to my room there was a State Police car waiting near. After I was safely inside, the car drove away. I still could hardly believe my luck and thanked God for my identification card and the information from my sisters on what to say on such an occasion.

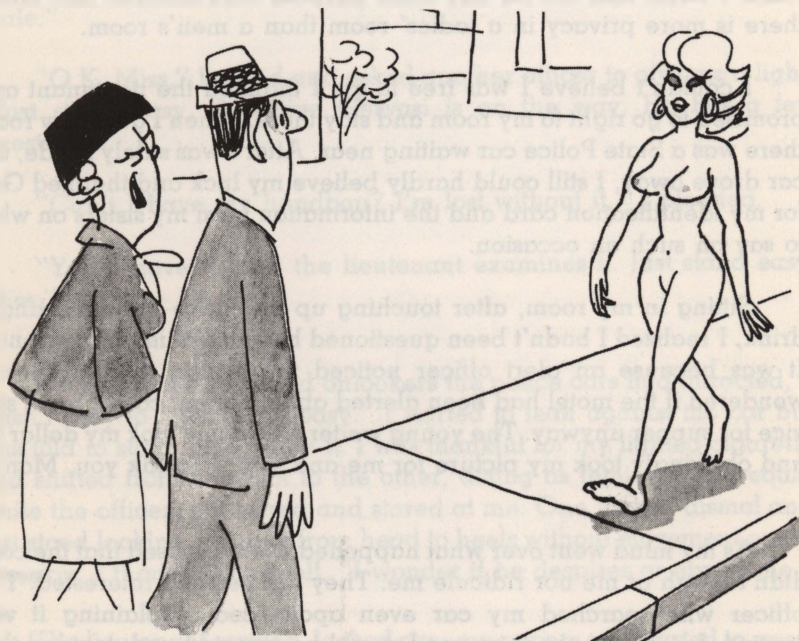
Sitting in my room, after touching up my make-up and fixing a drink, I realized I hadn't been questioned because of my appearance. It was because an alert officer noticed my erratic driving. Now I wondered if the motel had been alerted about me but called room service for supper anyway. The young waiter who came took my dollar tip and obligingly took my picture for me and said, "Thank you, Mam."

As my mind went over what happened, I was pleased that the cops didn't laugh at me nor ridicule me. They just seemed interested. The officer who searched my car even apologized, explaining it was routine. I had thought of course I would be arrested and decided that as long as I was all done up as a woman of questionable age (they were surprised I was so old), I would think of and enjoy my feminine apparel: my delicate gloves, my slim high heels, the feel of my corsets and falsies and even the jangle of my bracelets. Now, alone in my



room, I almost wished the experience had lasted longer. I enjoyed being the object of everybody's scrutiny. Now I relish the experience and the pleasure of having those sweet young officers calling me Miss and lighting my cigarettes.

Though I was due home the next day, I went to a motel in Lawrence, Mass., where I dressed up again. This time I wore a red dress that showed my figure to advantage. When I was dressed to my satisfaction, I called for room service and again got an obliging waiter who took several pictures for me. The motel was large and busy and I spent a pleasant evening walking around the grounds and driving out for gas. No one seemed to read me even when I spoke.



"Oh, that's just our neighbor, Mr. Blithers, walking in his dreams again."



## RETRIBUTION

Sabrina Black

Gloat. Definite and unrepentant gloat. There is no other way to describe the look on Betty Clapper's face as she passed my desk on her way to the elevator that would take her to the fifty-eighth floor. She walked with her desk blotter cradled in her arms and all her desk-top paraphernalia piled on top and clattering joyfully. Betty Clapper was on her way to become an executive private secretary.

I have learned, dear reader, that there are only two ways to succeed on this planet. One, be creative, imaginative, and clever, or two, if you are none of the above, find some jerk who is and steal his work. Watching Betty Clapper leave that airplane hanger full of drafting tables called the fourteenth floor I realized just how big a jerk I had been.

I'm a graphic designer, someone who develops trade marks and the like for anyone who feels a deep need for such things. In all modesty I must say I'm pretty good at it. I am sort of the star of the graphics department at the advertising agency of Kohlmar, Kohlmar, Saxerby and Smithe. I'd been the star of said department since I joined the firm after finishing college four years earlier, but as of late the wonderlust had me dreaming of that glass-walled Olympus: The executive offices on the fifty-eighth floor. In short, I was itching to become an account executive and show them all just how it should be done.

I was not alone in my desire to elevate myself (pun noted, but not apologetically). There was also one Betty Clapper who felt fate had greater things in store for her. Dear Betty was a slight figured red head with bright, but unquestionably shifty eyes that could take one look at you and estimate your lifetime earnings to within ten dollars. Miss Clapper was an inhabitant of the secretarial pool, a place from which

nameless stenographers are assigned to nameless slobs like myself who don't rate a full-time secretary or even an office for that matter. But Betty Clapper knew she was better than the other fish in the pool and she longed to be a private secretary up in those cloud-bound chambers on the fifty-eighth.

Betty had taken what I had foolishly assumed to be an honest interest in my little bids for an account executive's position. These bids took the form of my designing campaigns., on my own time, for some of the agency's clients. Campaigns no one of any importance ever saw because no one on fifty-eight ever actually *spoke* to anyone working below the forty-seventh. But Betty, dear Betty, came to my assistance by offering to take one of my practice campaigns with her on one of her occasional calls to the fifty-eighth. Once there she would leave it on a strategic desk where the right eyes could see it. I am nauseated as I remember the base gratitude I expressed when she offered to help me up the ladder of success in this fashion.

I gave her my proposed campaign for one of the agency's less important clients figuring that they'd be more willing to take a chance on a minor account. Betty took it and told me not to worry as she turned and walked toward the elevators.

A few days later the floor was charged by the news that one of the underlings had been promoted to account executive. Some mere worker on some floor even lower than ours had submitted an experimental campaign to the fifty-eighth floor and "snap" he was in. I took this to be a good sign for me. I reasoned, if one guy can do it, why can't I? Then I found out the details of this unknown co-worker's test campaign. It was mine. The overnight success was due to a campaign identical to mine.

I began a frantic search for helpful Betty, but was told by one of the girls in the secretarial pool that Betty didn't splash around down there anymore. With a sigh of envy the girl told me that Betty had been lucky enough to be chosen by the newly-installed account executive to be his private secretary. Lucky indeed. I may be a jerk, but I'm not stupid. It didn't take too much time to figure out just what had happened. Betty had seen the potential in my modest efforts and had decided to feather her own nest by offering the campaign to some slob to submit as his own on the promise that if he made it good, she'd get a free ride as his choice for private secretary.



And there wasn't a bloody thing I could do. In this business possession is ten-tenths of the law. If I made a noise the downstairs slob would turn to his faithful girl friday and Betty would confirm her boss's creativity. So I sat there, like the jerk she proved I was, and watched Betty Clapper ascend to the wood paneled wonderland that is the fifty-eighth floor. I had been taken advantage of and hungered for revenge, but I was powerless. The elevator doors closed and Betty Clapper was lifted upward by my hard work. I wanted to ring her pretty little neck, but I am a civilized man and civilized men don't do such things. So I sat there like the civilized jerk I am and proceeded to break all the pencils in my pencil holder by snapping them in half, one at a time.

\*\*\*\*\*

By the time I reached my small, overpriced apartment on the west side my mood had darkened further. My outlook was not helped by finding I had left the air conditioner running all day and therefore burning kilowatts like they were going out of style. I turned the machine off and looked out the window. Through two brown buildings I could see a thin slic of green which was the view of Central Park the apartment had been advertised to afford. It was clear to me that if I didn't get out of the apartment and myself I would go silently nuts. I picked up the phone and called Arnie Spore.

"Hello?" Arnie's voice called to me from the background noise of the six o'clock news.

"Arnie, it's Greg. Look, would you like to take Bobbie out tonight?" I asked.

"I did have something penciled in for tonight," he answered.

"Could you erase it? If I don't get out of here I'll freak," I returned.

"Okay, we can go out for drinks. Can you meet me?"

I told him sure and we elected to meet at a nice little place on the upper east side. I thanked him, hung up and started walking toward the bathroom shedding my Robert Hall off the rack sports coat as I went. Arnie was doing me a favor and I wanted to look extra pretty.

Once out of my clothes I indulged myself in a steaming hot bubble bath. I had taken the first step to leaving the Greg portions of myself

behind and with them my problems. I was going out with Arnie and I was going to have a good time.

Arnie had saved my neck on a number of occasions. He had been my roommate all through college and all through college he had known about Bobbie. The discovery was made one Sunday afternoon when the two of us got back from rough-housing our way through a no-holds-barred softball game. I was on my bed, collapsed, when Arnie walked in after his shower looking for a towel. I was tired and it didn't dawn on me that he was looking through my dresser. He didn't find a towel, but he did find Bobbie's clothes and make-up. I wasn't cross-dressing at school, but I had no intention of leaving my girl things at home to be discovered. Arnie held up one of my sheer pink nightgowns and asked an obvious and innocent question.

"What's this?" he asked.

I looked at what he had in his hand and sat up in near panic. Then in the next second my mind said, "Good, he's found it. Now you can tell him." Arnie and I were pretty close and I felt guilty about keeping such a large part of my character from him. I told him to sit down and I'd tell him all about it. He sat down and I gave him a breakdown and explanation of my cross-dressings. I let him in on who Bobbie was and how important a part she played in my life and I told him how I hoped he would understand. When I'd finished the lecture I sat back and waited to see what his reaction would be. He was quiet a moment then he nodded his head and said, "Yeah, man. That's cool. I can dig that." What would be from someone else the spouting of tired and cliched idioms was from Arnie a true indication of how he felt.

Arnie and Bobbie got to know each other after that and Arnie was always understanding and never condescending. With Arnie I was able to do something that had always made me very nervous; going out in public as a woman. Arnie took me out on dates combining the thrill of going out with the security of having someone to cover for me should my femininity ever be questioned. He was never nervous or embarrassed on these dates because he was completely willing to accept me as a woman while I was dressed as one.

Arnie has been Bobbie's and my best friend since that first year of college. He was always around when I needed him. He was there to help me the first time I ever told a real girl about my cross-dressings. I liked the girl in question a great deal and had hopes of building a

relationship with her. But when I told her, in all fairness to her, that I was a transvestite she was quite abusive and cruel and it hurt deep and long. I went back to the room and started to cry. Arnie came in and asked what was wrong. I told him a girl had rejected me because I was a transvestite. He looked at me and said, "Cripes, she was a *Republican* and you didn't make a stink about it." That night Arnie did the town up right with Bobbie at his arm.

Arnie went out with real girls, of course, and so did I. We'd even double date from time to time, but his dates with Bobbie were special. After college we both found ourselves living in Manhattan and still managed to see a great deal of each other. Sometimes I was Greg, sometimes I was Bobbie, but Arnie was always Arnie, thank God for that.

Once out of the tub I shaved, dried and powdered myself, then returned to my bedroom. I pushed the sliding door of the closet aside and was greeted by the faint trace of my perfume. I decided to wear my short silver sequin dress. I am an absolute maniac when it comes to sequins. The dress in question is sleeveless and has a round neckline perfect for giving the illusion of a soft, full bosom. The important thing about my little silver number is that it's cut a good six inches above the knee and does a bang up job accenting my long legs which are probably my best feature as a woman. I enclosed those terrific legs of mine in panty hose with just a few traces of silver in them. I put in my contact lenses which serve the same purpose as the metal frame glasses I wear as a man. Then I dressed, put on my make-up, false fingernails, bracelet, rings and wig. I then stood to check myself in the full-length mirror hanging on the bathroom door. A very attractive young blonde, ready for an evening on the town, looked back from the glass. I smiled at the knowledge that the woman in the mirror was me.

As I put on my thin gold watch I noticed the time and realized I'd have to hustle if I was going to meet Arnie on time. I put on a pair of silver evening slippers, transferred my money and keys to my evening bag, wrapped my six-foot white feathered boa around my shoulders and was ready to go. Stepping out of the elevator I crossed the lobby, past the doorman who knows who I am and thinks I'm no more unusual than the lady on the eighth floor who talks to her poodle when she takes him for a walk, and moved out into the neon-laced night.

When I first started going out as a woman I would be charged with a near electric form of excitement. My heart would race and my ears



would ring just from the "concept" of my going out in public in the clothes of the opposite gender. That almost mischievous sense of excitement was slowly replaced by a wonderful calm. It was natural and good that I accepted and expressed the feminine aspects of my personality. And this acceptance and expression have brought to me a remarkable serenity that has helped me survive the past twelve years. As I walked to the restaurant I watched the people around me, not wondering how many could tell I was really a man, but wondering how many of my sisters were out that night.

As I walked into the restaurant I saw Arnie standing by the bar. He saw me and came over to where I was standing.

"Evening, Bobbie," he said smiling. "What are you drinking?"

"Whiskey and soda," I said in the slightly hushed tone that I use as a woman.

Arnie ordered my whiskey and a martini for himself. We then made our way to a booth in a far corner of the dark room. I thought I had left Greg's frustrations in the apartment, but apparently some had stayed with me.

"Something bothering you, Bobbie?" Arnie asked.

"Nothing," I said in an effort to bravely, vainly dispel his concern. "It's just been a very long day."

The drinks came, I took a sip from mine and looked up to see Arnie staring at me. He looked deeply into my eyes as if looking for something. Then I realized what he saw in my eyes. He saw Greg. I was going to say something, but Arnie spoke first.

"Just who am I out with tonight? Bobbie or Greg?" he asked.

"What difference does it make? I mean really."

"Well, if I'm out with Bobbie I'm in the company of an intelligent and attractive girl. If I'm out with Greg I'd just as soon be playing handball with him."

I sighed and told Arnie about Greg's rotten day and the story of how Betty Clapper went over my head by going under my feet behind

my back. After I'd finished my sorry tale Arnie took the olive out of his martini glass, popped it in his mouth and chewed it as he chewed over my story. Finally he spoke.

"I don't see why you should fume over it," he said. "Why don't you get together with Greg and do something about it?"

"There's nothing that can be done. The political make-up of an organization like the one I work for is less stable than that of your average South American banana republic. I have no real internal recourse. And anyway, how could I help Greg?" I returned.

"You know, that's your problem right there," he said. "You separate too much."

"I what?"

"You separate too much. You treat Greg and Bobbie as if they were two separate people."

"Well, they are."

"Of course they are, but not exclusively. They are two different people, but they are also parts of the same person and in your case the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Q.E.D. Get it?"

I shook my head and said, "Nope."

"All I'm trying to say is that you have the combined capabilities of two people in you because you've realized your full personality. You've got something over those who can't express their whole self. Greg and Bobbie should get together and apply their combined talents to getting even with Betty and the Creep. In other words, two heads are better than one."

Slowly, the logic of Arnie's observations seeped through. I had been wronged and it was perfectly normal for me to seek some form of retribution. There's nothing wrong with revenge. Without it where would Shakespeare have been?

"You require payment in kind," Arnie elaborated. "You were hurt by the greed and selfishness of Betty and the Creep. It's up to Bobbie

and Greg to use that same greed and selfishness to bring the crooks their just deserts."

"Turn that office on the fifty-eighth floor into the last act of a circular Greek tragedy?"

"That's the ticket," Arnie said, snapping his fingers at the thought of the theatrical metaphor. "Fate, the infernal machine, brings the usurpers to their richly deserved ends. Fate with a little help from you. The two of you can do it. Greg has the sort of mind that could construct a perfect plot for revenge and Bobbie has the bravado to pull it off."

Something clicked in my head. Arnie could see the conspiratorial glint in my eye and smiled.

"That's the ticket," he said. "That's my Bobbie."

After dinner Arnie and I walked slowly back to my apartment. Even though I was ready for Greg and Bobbie to link up I still had to come up with a suitable plan for revenge. Of course I had no wish to really hurt either Betty or her Creep. I just didn't want them to profit from my work.

We walked slowly along Lexington Avenue without saying much. Slowly Arnie put his arm around my shoulder. It felt nice to recognize in me the twin desires that are in everyone, the desires to be protected as well as to protect. Arnie was right in saying that I was two separate people as well as being one. As Greg I could walk down this same avenue with my arm around a girl. Softly surrounding her and protecting her. But just as I needed to be with a woman in that fashion, so too I needed to be a woman and feel that same security. The two sides of the coin, the protector and the protected. Greg and Bobbie, combined to make one complete me. I sighed and put my arm around Arnie's waist. At the restaurant Arnie had picked up the check. I'd have to remember to give him the money for my half.

\* \* \*

Once Arnie had left me off at the apartment I got ready for bed by slipping into my lacy white baby doll pajamas. In bed with the lights off I started thinking about just what my seeking revenge would entail.

I knew I didn't want to really do grievous harm to anybody. I just



didn't want to be taken advantage of and be walked all over. I had chosen to seek retribution, that was for certain, but I still had no concrete plan for obtaining that "payment in kind."

One thing was patently clear; before I could even begin to plan with any detail I would need to know a great deal about that unknown Creep who threw his lot with Betty and the purloined campaign. As I turned over in bed I could think of no better source for that information than Betty Clapper herself.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning I phoned the office to tell them I was tottering on the brink of death with a mild case of the flu. Once that was done Greg and Bobbie began the first step of what would become their master plan. While I knew nothing of the haunts and habits of the mystery man Betty had latched onto, I did know a good deal about the Modus Operandi of Miss Clapper herself. I knew that dear Betty lunched everyday on one of the benches which dot the concrete plaza in front of the agency building. I decided that it would be at lunch that my well-planned "accidental" meeting with Betty-poo would occur.

Once more I stood before my feminine closet, but this time I wasn't choosing an ensemble so much as I was selecting a disguise. A half-hour later I faced the mirror to see just how effective my choice had been. I was dressed in a long-sleeved, brown knit dress that was so short that it gave the appearance of a moderately long sweater rather than a dress. I wore sheer panty hose and street shoes with three inches of heel. My hair was ashen blonde and cascaded over my shoulders. Total effect: A really cute secretary "type"; just what I wanted.

I went into the kitchen where I put a spoon and a half-pint container of cottage cheese into a brown paper bag. I then returned to the bedroom, picked up my shoulder bag and was ready to "bump into" Betty Clapper at lunch.

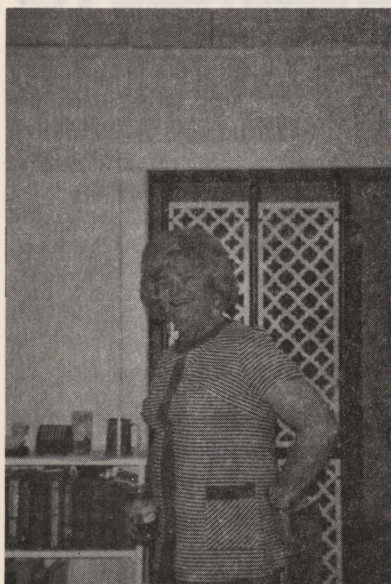
I felt almost unnaturally good as I walked along Madison Avenue toward the agency building. There was a mixture of pride and freedom in my heart as I made note of the men eyeing me as I walked along the street. I felt them checking me out — legs, bust and backside — and liking what they saw. I smiled. Sheer ego to respond to this sexist inspection, but I love it. There was a time when I noticed someone looking at me and worried if they could know there was really a man



Lu-CA



Vicki-IL



Lena-AK



Dorina-NV



behind the make-up. Now I don't care. Maybe some do read me as a man, but it doesn't matter. I am at peace with myself and perhaps they should try it themselves before they start to smirk.

Looking ahead I saw the plaza that led to the entrance of the agency building. The plaza was a half-block expanse of white concrete with four sets of four benches forming the corners of an imaginary square. The four benches of each set were set up to define another square with a single dwarf maple tree darting through the cement at the center of each little square. The trees were meant to brighten up the plaza, but the image of those four lonely maples stuck in the concrete with the grim gray glass face of the agency building as backdrop was nothing short of pathetic.

Drawing closer I could see the conniving Miss Clapper seated on one of the benches. There she sat, dejectedly eating a container of yogurt and damning the day she first heard of cholesterol. I moved closer confident that she wouldn't recognize me without my glasses let alone the fact that I was sure the last thing she expected to see that day was Greg, the jerk, dressed as a pretty girl.

I plotted a direct course for Betty Clapper's bench and sat about three feet to her right. I took the cottage cheese and spoon out of the paper bag and started to half-heartedly poke at the small white curds with my fork. My hope was to forge a low-calorie link with dear ole Betty, a woman who lived in never-ending terror of bulges. We sat there for a moment in dietetic silence.

I sighed. Not too loud, not too pushy. Just right to get her interested, which it did. She looked up from her yogurt to inquire as to the source of my sigh. I looked back at her, our eyes met and I saw no trace of recognition.

"I *hate* cottage cheese," I said and could see in an instant that I had connected.

"So do I," she replied. "Almost as much as I hate yogurt."

"And skim milk."

"And grapefruit. How I hate grapefruit!"

"It never tastes ripe."



"Right, right," Betty chimed.

"You really don't look like you have to keep all that close a watch on your diet," I said.

"Well, neither do you," she said, giving me the once-over. "I'd do anything to have a figure like yours."

I smiled and told her I'd almost be willing to chuck my dynamite figure for a small mountain of mashed potatoes. The idea of indulging in such a sinful activity as eating mashed potatoes brought Betty Clapper to a level equivalent to Nirvana. I had her now and could milk her for every ounce of information I required. As far as Betty was concerned, my interrogation would be no more painful than chatting with a girlfriend.

"I work over at Senke and Sempke," I said.

"I'm with Kohlmar, Kohlmar, Saxerby and Smithe," Betty returned.

"I'll trade you my figure for your job."

"I do have it pretty cushy," she said. "I'm a private secretary to an account executive."

"How nice. What's your boss like?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a sweetheart. Not to say he doesn't have his little idiosyncrasies. These creative types can be a little hard to handle."

Creative? Ha!

"But overall, Moxtone is a joy."

"Moxtone?"

"Yes, Schyler Moxtone, my boss," Betty answered.

"What's so idiosyncratic about your Mr. Moxtone?"

"Well, he sort of feels threatened."

"Threatened?"

"Yes, you see Mr. Moxtone only very recently rose to the position of account executive and for some reason or other he questions his worthiness for the job."

I wondered why he'd feel anything like that.

"He seems to think someone is plotting against him," she elaborated. "He gets nervous when he sees people talking. He seems to think they're talking about him."

"That sounds a bit debilitating," I remarked. "How does he get any work done?"

"Oh, sometimes I help him," she said proudly.

Help indeed. I wondered how much force it would take to stick my spoon in Betty Clapper's nose.

"Those creative types are very delicately balanced," I said.

"Don't you know it. My boss depends on me a great deal. He doesn't like to talk on the phone. He thinks he's being recorded."

The portrait I was getting of her Mr. Moxtone was that of a paranoid field rabbit: just the type of personality Betty would select. Someone too frightened not to do just what she wanted. Betty talked on. She told me everything I needed to know about Moxtone and then some. Where he lived, what train he took to get there, the bar where he had his after-work drink, the location of his office, when he went to lunch and tons of other information poured out of Betty. Within ten minutes I had all the facts I would need for the next step of my plan.

Having told me all there was to tell Betty glanced at her watch and stood. She dropped the uneaten portion of her yogurt at the base of the dwarf maple at our back. She then turned to me.

"Thanks to you I didn't have a chance to finish that awful yogurt crud. Thanks for the company," she beamed.

"Thank you," I answered in all honesty.

Betty turned and walked back toward the building as I turned and headed for home as I thought. Moxtone's job paranoia was my key. I felt my brain hard at work under my wig examining Betty's information and considering the applications.

I passed a building under construction and one of the workers eyed me and made a rather suggestive observation about my buttocks. I stopped, looked at him and smiled. He smiled back and I made a highly specialized hand gesture I had learned from my uncle in the Merchant Marines. I left the hard hat gaping in the gathering plaster dust.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next day I was back at work as Greg and I caught my first glimpse of Mr. Moxtone. I fabricated an errand which required my visiting the land of the executives. Once on the fifty-eighth floor I walked about trying not to look as if I was loitering with any fixed purpose.

I ended up stationing myself behind a water cooler which afforded me a good view of account executive Moxtone's office. My first sight of Moxtone was through the glass water bottle of the cooler. It was a bloated, distended Moxtone who stepped out of the office. Through the glass and water I could see two nervous, watery blue eyes reflective of a near total lack of self-confidence. I moved my head to observe him without the impairment of the bottle. He didn't look all that much different. Those wide, worried eyes looking about, looking for anything hostile and finding it wherever they looked. My mental image of a paranoid rabbit returned to me as I looked at the man who had pirated my work.

Shakespeare crept back into my consciousness. I looked at this pallid young man who looked to me to be one of those people who never find clothes that fit them properly and I saw a new embodiment of Macbeth. A man who let pushy Lady Betty talk him into bumping off King Me with my own sword. "Sleep no more! Schyler Moxtone does murder sleep."

In looking for one word to describe Moxtone it's odd that I come up with the term effeminate. Effeminate in its derogatory meaning; the old, pre-liberation dictionary meaning of effeminacy. Effeminacy as in unmanly. Unmanly as in the absence of that which is manly. Defining womanly in the negative; not being manly. Effeminate isn't even



the right word because Moxtone was not only unmanly, he was un-womanly, too. He was nothing. He was less than nothing. He was buttermilk.

I felt a little guilty about hating this little man. In point of fact, I felt sympathy toward him. I guess the one thing worse than being taken advantage of by Betty Clapper was to have her as your benefactor. Moxtone must have sensed my glance because he darted back into his office much in the fashion a squirrel retreats into his hollow tree.

Returning to my floor on the elevator I almost chucked the whole plan. Then I realized that it only required a slight readjustment. A readjustment that would bring about Betty Clapper's richly deserved downfall without harming Moxtone, the Rabbit. In fact, if all worked out right, it might even do him some good.

\*\*\*\*\*

I came to work the next morning, but left at lunch after feigning ptomaine or some such disorder. I had come in only to make sure Moxtone was at work. He was and my part of the caper reached its end with the securing of that information. From that point on it was all up to Bobbie.

Four fifty-five saw me standing in the shadow of the agency building waiting for Schyler Moxtone. I have a visual mind, as one should have in my line, and I enjoyed mentally observing myself and my surroundings. I looked and felt exceptionally mysterious dressed as I was from head to toe in black. Calf length black dress, black cape, black boots and gloves. I peered at the world through dark glasses under my wide brim black felt hat which I kept at a mysterious angle. The only color came from my blonde hair descending my back and my deep red lips. Overall effect: Haunting. Essential Appearance: A fashionable woman who had, within the hour, stepped off the Orient Express and onto a steam obscured platform of some unidentifiable Baltic station. If Moxtone wanted to be paranoid, I would give that paranoia a constructive direction.

I stood perfectly still at the center of the sidewalk across the street from the agency. No one took any note of me as far as I could detect or perhaps they did, but they refused to show it. Perhaps this tall, mystery shrouded woman touched some fantasy within the men who passed me. I had selected a guise for myself that was far more dream than

reality; a specialized sub-genre of fictional womanhood. It struck me as interesting that it takes a man with my special inclinations to distill such a quintessential image of the female. No woman would look as I did on that sidewalk. Neither could any man. It required a balance. A harmonic mixture of the two to produce the flesh and fantasy that I am and represent.

\*\*\*\*\*

At three minutes past five Schyler Moxtone came out of the building and started walking in the direction of Penn Station all the time staying close to the buildings, ready at any moment to duck into an entrance way and hide. Poor little creep. I followed him from across the street. In point of fact I wasn't really following him seeing as I already knew where he was going thanks to Betty's little chat. Moxtone was headed for Penn Station to board the commuter train that would take him to his home on Long Island (a home, I might add, that he shares with his mother). Moxtone would get at the station at the height of rush hour, but he wouldn't go near the trains for at least an hour. The man hated crowds so much. He would spend that lonely hour in a small bar deep in the bowels of the underground railroad station looking into his vodka martini and hoping no one tries to sit at his table.

Moxtone didn't vary from the scenario Betty had given me. Once in the station he moved to the little bar which was tucked between two Amtrack gates and I followed him in after giving him a few minutes to get his drink and sit down. I pushed aside the glass door and stepped in to realize the place was perfect for my little one-woman show. The bar was dark, smoke-filled and inhabited by silent, gray-faced businessmen who used the place as an air lock between office and home. It was not pre-war Berlin, but, after all, I wasn't Greta Garbo either, so it would do for my purpose.

I lifted my dark glasses to see better in the subdued light. I saw Moxtone seated at a booth removed from the larger part of the bar. He sat alone, looking into his martini as if he expected something to surface from the bottom of the glass.

Very well. The time had come. I lowered my glasses and moved toward Moxtone. Now the hard part began. I walked to his table and let my gloved hand rest on the table top. Moxtone looked up at me and in that instant I knew that even without opening my mouth, the image I wished to project was the image he saw. I spoke in conspiratorial tones.

"You are ... Schyler Moxtone?" I asked, framing each syllable for maximum clarity as though English was not my first language.

"I beg your pardon," Moxtone replied in a sheepish, apologetic tone. His voice was the perfect mate for his body.

"I asked eef eet eez true zat you are Schyler Moxtone."

"I am but ..."

I sat before he could finish his sentence.

"I must spik wiz you. I have eenformation you must have. My time eez short, too short perhaps." I looked over his shoulder at nothing in particular and gasped ever so slightly.

"What is it?" Moxtone. He was buying the whole number.

"Do not turn a-round, Mizter Moxtone. He must not know you. Vere Gromeck to know you your life would become a very chip zing. Zo, I beg you not to turn a-round, please," I said, reaching out to touch his hand.

"Who must not know? Who's after you, miss?" he asked. He was scared, but thrilled. I sadly realized that this fiction was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him.

"My name eez of no eemportance. I am but a courier. A nameless courier. What eez eemportant eez zee eenformation I have vor you. Eet eez true, eez eet not, zat you feel zat zhere are people about you who do not have your best eenterests at heart? Zhis eez true, eez eet not?"

Looking at Moxtone I could see that I was confirming the suspicion of a lifetime, I was living proof of the anti-Moxtone conspiracy that had, in all probability, haunted him since grade school.

"Yes," was his only reply.

"You have been misled, Schyler Moxtone, most of zee people een zees vorld have nothing against you. Most of the vorld doesn't even know you exist and zhe handful who do, eye you with indifference rather zhan animosity," I explained.



"But you said there were people plotting against me. Why else would you be here?" he demanded.

"I deed not say zat zhere vere any number of people. I zed zhat eet zeems zhat vay. Een point of fact zhere eez only one person who does not, how do you zay it, treat you squarely?"

"Who?" he asked in a frantic tone.

"Zink a moment, Mizter Moxtone, and see eef you can't figure eet out for yourself. Who a-round you zeems to you to be zomething less zhan honest. Think, Mizter Moxtone."

I could see that he was thinking, thinking quite hard.

"Eet might even be zomeone who has done zomezhing outwardly beneficial to you," I hinted. "Who has helped you?"

It came to him and his eyes grew wide. He leaned over the table to peak to me in a whisper.

"You mean ..."

I nodded my head. He leaned back with the confirmation of another fear under his belt.

"And are you happier now, Mizter Moxtone? Has her deceit made you one small bit happier?"

His eyes fell again to his drink.

"No," he said. "I'm miserable. I think I was happier in accounting."

I was just about finished with him now. The chemical reaction had been started, it was up to nature now. But before I signed off altogether I had one last thing to say to Moxtone, poor creepy Moxtone.

"One more thing and I must go. Zhere eez more to you zhen meets zhe eye. Zees eez true of everyone. Zhere are powers and strengths within you zhat have never been tapped. Look to yourself and do vhat you sink eez right."

I stood.

"Wait!" he cried and took my hand. "Where will you go?"

"Back where I came from. Back eento zhe shadows. My job is done here. I have risked my life for you, Schyler Moxtone. Do not fail me."

He let go of my hand, I turned and walked away without looking back. I'm sure my not looking back added to the mystery. But the real reason was my not wanting Moxtone to see the way I was grinning.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was about ten the following morning when the news started filtering down to my floor. Something had happened up in the executive offices. There had been a full-blown screaming match between the new account executive and his private secretary. Reports were far from complete, but the fight was said to include such phrases as "Have you no integrity?" and "Integrity my Aunt Fannie's waffle iron!"

What was the fight about? It seems the new account executive had decided to return to his cubby hole in the accounting department. And that return to safe ground for Moxtone meant the ignominious return of Betty Clapper to the secretarial pool.

Tsk, tsk.

An hour or so later saw a red-faced Betty marching past my drafting table. Returning in defeat with her arms loaded down by the same desk top junk she had triumphantly carried upwards. She was back where she had started and I thought it only fair that I be the first to welcome her home.

"Back so soon, Betty?" I said as she passed.

"Ah, go suck on an egg," she snapped.

As she walked on I leaned back and crossed my legs. As I crossed them I felt a unique and reassuring sensation; I was wearing panty hose under my slacks. After all, Bobbie had the right to be at least partially present at Betty Clapper's downfall.

That's the ticket. That's my Bobbie — the two of us together are invincible.



Virginia Sue-N.Y.



Connie-Florida



Cynthia-England





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

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

**CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT**

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

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

**D. N. Morley—Regal Opticians  
2026 West 6th St.  
Hubbard 33950  
Los Angeles**

*Courtesy Parking 4 doors east at Union Service Station on 6th St.*

## **ELECTROLYSIS**

### **PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL**

**MODERN SHORT WAVE — COMFORTABLE — MEDICALLY RECOMMENDED  
APPOINTMENTS AT YOUR CONVENIENCE**

Convenient N.E. Philadelphia Location

**RA-5-5878**

Call for Easy Directions      Either "W" Bus or Car

**Mrs. Blossom C. Paster**

Near Rising Sun & Cottman      Near Verree & Rhawn

**PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. 19111**

**CROSS DRESS PARTY FIRST SATURDAY EACH MONTH. RESERVATION REQUIRED.**

**We Want To Talk To You About**

### **PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL**

**in your own Illinois home or office  
by professional electrologists**

**Contact our home office;  
phone: 219-872-1150, or write:**

### **PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL SERVICE**

**718 Cedar Street**

**Michigan City, Indiana 46360**



## ARTICLE

### *A BETTER PICTURE*

Amelia Allyte

Perhaps you've been thinking of submitting a picture of yourself. However, you've been hesitating since none of the pictures you have taken seem to do you justice. Or maybe you even sent in a photo at one time or other and were disappointed in the result when you saw the picture in print.

Well the fault may not be in your appearance or in the magazine. Maybe you just didn't take enough time to think about what you wanted to portray. Just standing off and have someone take a snapshot of you without regard to any other factors, in many cases is going to result in disappointment.

Possibly this article may give you a few hints on how to get better results from your camera. It is not designed for you photo buffs who have access to added equipment and the benefit of experience. It's just aimed toward the average individual who has a camera and likes to take a picture every now and then. It is pointed primarily toward taking a picture that is intended to be submitted for reproduction in a publication.

First, unless your picture will be reproduced in color, stick to black and white. There are several reasons for this, one it is cheaper. You can take several pictures in different poses and under varied lighting conditions for less than half the price of comparable color pictures. This will give you an opportunity to make a selection from several possibilities instead of a limited choice.



However the greatest advantage of black and white is reproduction. Before your photo can be seen in print, it has to be reproduced at least twice. First it has to be put on a plate or master of some sort, then it has to be printed on the paper used in the magazine. In many cases there may be intermediate steps requiring additional reproductions. Since the final picture will be in black and white, the process can "see" gradations in this medium better than a color print. In this regard, make sure the print you submit is as clear as possible. Every time a reproduction is made there is some degree of degradation of detail. Another point to consider is that in the final form the picture you submit will generally be reduced in size as much as half. This means more loss of detail. Also it always seems that if there are any flaws in the original picture, they are magnified during processing, never eradicated.

Don't be afraid to take lots of pictures. One good picture you can be proud of is worth the price of a roll of film. Try different poses, standing or sitting. How about different angles? There is no law that says you must show only a front view. Try some action shots, be walking, petting the dog or anything else that you can think of that you may feel will show yourself off to your best advantage.

Some added thoughts about posing. How many of you have seen photographs where the subject is standing at full military attention? Eyes staring straight at the camera, back erect so that you get tired just looking at it. Assume a natural position in which you feel comfortable, but don't ever, ever slouch. Don't stare at the camera. Remember the old phrase, "Look at the birdie"? Well in the old days there really was a stuffed bird held by the cameraman, generally slightly above and to one side of the camera so the subject did not stare into the camera lens.

Think about lighting. For most of us, picture taking will be indoors, probably utilizing a flash attachment. However you may be in a position to take your pictures during the daylight hours and utilize natural light. If you can this will be to your advantage. But if you cannot and must stay indoors, you may possibly be able to use it as an adjunct to the flash. The same use may be made of ordinary house lights. There can be a magnificent difference in the lighting of a picture by the use of, or elimination of side lighting.



There is one more advantage in the use of black and white film. Depending upon the type of camera you have, there is a better opportunity to get a wider latitude of film speeds than you can with color. Incidentally, film speeds indicate the amount of light necessary to take a picture. The higher the film speed the less amount of light needed. Of course you don't get something for nothing. The faster film has a bit more grain than the slower film. For practical purposes, unless you want to go into portrait work or make enlargements, you will never notice the difference in grain size.

Next check your background. Is there a lot of clutter that may prove distracting or contrary to the impression you wish to convey? Don't be afraid to move furniture, lamps or any other items that may get in the way of you getting a better photograph. Remember the picture you take should be of *you*. Not a coffee table hiding your legs or where you have to assume an awkward pose to avoid a light fixture. Incidentally, in many cases, the background may be an asset or liability in showing relative sizes and shapes. For instance, if you happen to be heavy set, don't choose a chair with close fitting arms so that you wind up with the appearance of overflowing it.

Now, we have you thinking about film, lighting and background. What else do you do? When you have decided that now is the time to photograph yourself, you take particular pains in preparing yourself. If you use make up, do it tastefully. If you don't, make sure that you will not have a shadow. I would recommend, at least for this one time, that you use a cover cream, be sure to blend it in. Remember a camera takes what it sees, and is quite perceptive to shadow areas that the human eye often overlooks. This care should be extended to clothes. Unwanted wrinkles or bulges show up with dismaying clarity. Also think about any body areas that you may wish to cover.

We are now properly dressed. We have selected our location, lighting and background so we're all set. Not quite. The camera must be located. For most of us this will require an accomplice to hold the camera. The position of the camera should be considered. In general, appearance of height or size can be enhanced or diminished by the location of the camera in relation to the subject. Do you wish to appear

smaller? Then have the camera located so it is looking down on you. Taller? Then looking up. Naturally extremes of either angle will result in a distorted picture. As a general rule, for the best perspective, the camera should be about eye level of the subject.

Don't be afraid to hold a prop. A book is excellent, a bouquet, anything that gives the viewer the idea that you have interests. Also think about action. Be doing something, wash the dishes— your wife would like that, powder your nose, play the piano. Anything that conveys the impression that you are alive and alert. However, unless you have a specific purpose, do not exaggerate a pose. Not only does it detract from the picture, but in many cases you may wind up looking rather ridiculous. For hints on this, take a look through the fashion pages of any large mail order catalog. Of course their prime purpose is to sell merchandise, but note that the models try to project a feeling of vitality and vivaciousness. I don't mean that you should try to copy their poses or expressions, but it may give you some ideas of your own.

Some additional ideas about lighting. There are many things you can do with just flash attachment mounted on the camera and a few lamps or lights. First, a flash is going to give frontal illumination, which for most photographs is excellent. But maybe you would like to try a little drama. Take the shade off an ordinary lamp and let it light you from the side or three quarter angle, lay a piece of old hose or nylon over the flash (watch out for the heat of the bulb) and try some shadow effects. Don't be afraid to experiment.

Here again, don't be afraid to take lots of pictures. If it is possible to take pictures frequently, you may wish to take a series of them with different poses and/or lighting effects. When you see the completed pictures, study them. You may note that in addition to getting ideas regarding better pictures, you may find areas in your clothes or make up that could be improved. It's surprising what a photograph detects. After doing all the corrective work, then take another series of pictures, concentrating on the poses and lights you feel shows you off to your best advantage.

One more thing, an over-exposed picture will result in a washed out picture, causing loss of detail. An underexposed one will result in a

dark picture obliterating shadow. Within limits you can utilize their effect to your advantage. Facial lines can be minimized in a bright or over-exposed picture, signs of body hair can be minimized in a dark picture. You will have to play that by ear to get the balance to suit you, since it will have no use if it is too much in one extreme or the other.

Be it understood that nothing will guarantee a perfect picture. However if after reading this article it does nothing except to cause you to take a few moments to consider the effects of light, background, pose and other factors you can control in the taking of a picture, then I hope it will help you.

*Editor's Note: While I hope that this article will help you all take better pictures and I appreciate Amelia writing it, there are, however, 3 items that she overlooked which ought to be mentioned. (1) When selecting the background consider the color of your clothes and hair. Against a dark background, dark hair just disappears. If you are wearing anything with red or pink in it, it will photograph as though it was black and will just melt into the background. (2) If you use clown white (or other white base) for street wear to cover your beard shadow you may discover that reflectance is such that it will make the beard area appear bright and shining. What is good for the street may not be good for the camera. (3) Amelia suggests that you be doing something in your picture. To this I say "great idea" but I strongly suggest (and request) that you be smiling. I don't understand why I get so many pics with straight faces — like FPia wasn't any fun at all.*

### SMALL ITEMS FOR FILLERS LIKE THIS

We could certainly do with more poems, jokes, special cartoons and other small items which can fill up these odd spaces at the end of longer pieces. So to make the magazine more interesting to all, how about making small contributions like the above story. Special hints and helps, addresses of cooperative businesses of various types, etc., will also be appreciated by others.





## WINDOW SHOPPING

Deanna Johns

Monday morning began as usual. The children came running into the bedroom, leaped upon the bed and woke up both my wife and me. After a little loving from the boys, Johnnie, the eldest, leaned over Marge and gently whispered, "Mommy, I need some pancakes!" So out of bed we got, and down to the kitchen all of us went.

But today was to be a little different. I had dreamnt about this day for years, and we had planned this particular day for a week. For today we were going to spend the afternoon house hunting and window shopping, just Marge and me, but only today Deanna Johns was to make her debut — in daylight.

I have been a transvestite since I could remember. My wife knew of my femme self when we married, and since the children have been speaking and asking questions my dressing has been limited to after their bedtime and days we can leave them at my mother's home.

After breakfast we quickly dressed the boys and drove them to my mom's house. When we returned, there was much to be done in preparation for Deanna's debut.

My wife had said that if I were going to appear with her in public, as Deanna, I was going to have to look like a woman. First there was a matter of tweezing my eyebrows. They had to be tweezed in such a way that they looked feminine, and yet not loose their masculinity, for tomorrow I would be returning to work.

After shaving my beard, I undertook a project that I had never tried before — I shaved my legs. I began on my own, but was soon ac-

accompanied by Marge. The two of us then spent the next half hour shaving, lathering, re-shaving, rinsing, re-lathering and again re-shaving up and down my legs. Starting at the thighs and ending at the toes.

I then went to the bedroom and put on my undergarments. I soon found myself in front of a mirror admiring my newly shaven, nylon clad legs. Forcing myself to leave the mirror, we then went about making-up my face. I have done this in the past, but for this special occasion Marge took over complete control. From foundation, to eye make-up to rouge and lipstick. Finally, a shoulder length, brown wig was gently brushed into position, bangs neatly placed above the eyes.

I then went to the closet to choose my wardrobe. I must have been beginning to live the role of my femme self because I just could not decide what to wear. I have a burgundy dress, but it is short-sleeved, too revealing for my masculine arms. For just a shopping spree, I could not wear my long evening gown. We decided upon a brown A-line skirt with a white, button front, long sleeve blouse. My shoes were black, half-inch pumps.

I filled my purse with what I hoped would be the basic essentials every woman would need — make-up, comb and brush money, keys, tissue paper, and my wallet. In case any trouble occurred, I would have proper identification.

As fate would have it, just before we were about to put on our coats and leave, the front door bell rang. It was the next door neighbor, a boy of sixteen, and he was asking for me. I had walked into another room, out of his sight, as my wife told him I was not at home — I was not there, for Deanna was now there.

Having checked the direction he walked and seeing that the "coast was clear," Deanna was about to step out in public. We have gone on drives in the past, but only at night. We even drove through a drive-in restaurant. But nothing as daring as this.

I walked directly to the car, not turning my head or looking around. I got into the car and waited for my "girl friend." Off we went to the main street and started towards the first development. Other cars stopped next to ours, but nobody took any second glances. We talked and conversed about work, houses, shopping, what to do the rest of the afternoon, and many other subjects. We laughed and smiled

and really felt relaxed. Nobody stared at us, for why should they? We were just two women with a free afternoon.

Then it happened — my first test. We arrived at the model homes and parked the car. To get to the model homes we had to walk through the main sales office. I wondered to myself — will I really pass? What would I do if someone stares at me?

We entered the office. A salesman approached and asked if he could be of some help. Marge asked where the price lists and floor plans were. I kept a few steps behind her, trying to be as inconspicuous as I possibly could. He showed us a table where they were; we gathered a copy each and went out to the models.

I had passed my first test, but I still wondered what was yet in store for me. We must have been the only people looking at these homes today because we did not see anyone else through all eight model homes. In one model I laid my purse down for a second, started out the door, and then realized its absence. I made a mad dash to retrieve it. We then continued on our way to the next house. We spent close to an hour there, even returning to one model we both liked, to get a second look.

We discussed what we would say if a salesman would approach us again as we returned to the office. Fortunately no salesman appeared. They in all probability felt it would be a waste of their time to talk two women, as these women, in most probability, were not about to make a purchase. We walked through the office, out to the car, and away we went.

Two interesting things happened as we returned to the car. First, my wife, who was driving, unlocked my door before going to the driver's side and open her door. I asked Marge why I was given this consideration and she answered that when she and her girl friend go out they extend this courtesy to each other. My wife was thus treating me as if I were another woman.

From there we went to a second development. I was feeling confidence in my femme self. I walked through the sales office without any reservations. I did not care who would be in that office, I was just going to be as feminine as I possibly could. I was actually disappointed to discover that there was nobody present. We picked up the floor plans for each model and continued on to the first house.



In there we met two other girls who were also looking at these homes. They left soon after we entered, but they were still in the second model when we arrived. I was becoming very courageous. I talked to Marge about the rooms and the way they were decorated.

I do not possess a feminine voice, so I just spoke softly. Evidently my voice did not give me away nor did they read me from my appearance (Marge did a very good job with my make-up). No stares! No glances; they thought us to be two women, as they were, house hunting.

We continued through the other three models, commenting to each other, within hearing distance of the other girls, about the decor, the prices and the homes in general. As we returned to the sales office a gentleman was entering from the other side of the room. He looked directly at me. I smiled. He walked on as if nothing was wrong.

The afternoon was drawing to an end. The sun was behind the buildings to the west. I asked Marge if she wanted to look at more houses but she preferred that we stop and look at furniture. I was soon to receive the greatest thrill of my feminine life. We entered the huge warehouse and walked down the corridors to the display floor. As we entered a saleswoman approached and asked if she could help. Marge replied that we had just wanted to browse around. A salesman passed as we walked down the first aisle. He said hello. I did not speak, but I did smile in return. (That smile of Deanna's is going to get her into trouble if she does not learn to control it.)

There were many displays and we freely discussed those that were of interest to us. Another salesman was walking down the aisles in the opposite direction as we. He passed us a few times and it must have been my conscience that made me comment to Marge that I thought he was trying to get a better look at me.

As we were leaving the last aisle and crossing the main corridor to the other side of the building, out of nowhere I heard, "How's it going, girls?" My face turned a few shades of red and a huge smile grew across my mouth. I wanted to shout out that I truly had been accepted as my femme self. Marge turned to me as if to say, "I told you that you could pass!" I needed no other assurance. The shock and the unexpectedness of it all had me soaring in space.

We walked some more but finally mother nature became too much to handle. I needed a rest room. I am a man and women greatly arouse my sexual drives, but I needed a pot, and I needed it quickly. Marge pointed down the back corridor. There was a ladies room. I said that I would not go in alone. So with Marge leading, I bravely followed her through the door and into the waiting lounge.

I then entered the lavatory and swung open the door to the first stall, took one look, and walked out. There, in the pot, was the worst mess I had ever seen, of such I have never visualized in a men's rest room. I proceeded to the next stall and successfully accomplished my purpose. Afterwards I fixed my hair, brushing the bangs in order, and out we went to continue our window shopping.

When another salesman asked, "Can I help you, ladies?" I just shook my head no, but Marge added that we had just come from looking at houses and wanted to compare furniture styles. As we walked out we decided to complete the day and stop for dinner. We chose a fancy restaurant near home, one neither one of us had gone to before. The hostess greeted us at the dining room entrance and inquired as to the size of our party; she probably figured that two women would be accompanied by their husbands or boyfriends. She then seated us at a table near the rear.

Being early evening, the restaurant was almost half full. People were seated at tables behind and next to ours. The waitress brought menus and poured water. But I had a problem, one so small true women do not even think about. I did not know what to do with my purse. Do I keep it on my lap? Do I dare put it on the floor and risk it being stolen? How about the corner of the table? I was quite uncomfortable as to what to do. I looked to Marge for help. She suggested we put our purses under our chairs, between our feet.

The waitress soon returned to take our orders. Marge and I had discussed ordering and when the waitress asked for our order I hesitated, so Marge ordered first. Then the waitress turned to me. I had never spoken to any other person as Deanna. A waitress speaks to people all day. Would she detect from my voice that I was a man dressed as a woman? As earlier in the day, I just talked softly.

We remained at the restaurant for over an hour. The waitress came and went many times. Either I had successfully passed as a



woman in my first attempt or she was being considerate and not asking any embarrassing questions, whichever the case may be I had had a very exciting, daring and satisfying adventure. We finished our desserts, left a huge tip, paid our bill and returned home.

I quickly changed my clothes, washed my face, removed my nail polish and departed for my mother's home to pick up the boys. I looked forward to the next Monday when again Marge and Deanna would be going window shopping.



I HAD THE JOB BETTY  
UNTIL HE ASKED ME FOR  
PROOF OF MY AGE.  
THEN I SHOWED HIM  
MY DRAFT CARD!

reel





## WOMEN DRESSING MEN

Ann Non

This article will pose more questions than supply answers. It is designed to reflect some of my thoughts on and experiences with TV, the hopes of soliciting thoughts from other readers concerning similar happenings.

The premise of my article, I suspect already known to other TV's, is that there are many women who enjoy either dressing men as women, or seeing them already dressed as such. We all have heard of the mother dressing her young boy as a girl because she ended up without a daughter. Yet later when the child reaches puberty and then adult status, why do some women still enjoy, for instance, making men up as women for a skit, or seeing boys in a dance line in a humorous musical production? Is this in some cases a carry-over from this "baby-boy-into-girl" phenomenon, is it simply a novelty, or could it be that some women get a sexual tingle by seeing or dressing a man as a woman? I do not have the answer to this question, quite frankly, but I do have some thoughts based on observations I have made. Some of my generalizations may be too sweeping, but I have not consciously intended any to be.

It is interesting to note the preponderance of boys' and men's dance or "kick" lines in various school and organizational productions around the country. Usually, these "lines" are supposed to be chorus girls, can-can dancers, or perhaps ballerinas. Once in a while, one will even spot a male "beauty contest" complete with evening gowns and bathing suits as required attire.

Look at the ones who invent, organize, costume, and seem to get the biggest "kick" out of these skits — women. Granted, men know it

might appear strange to their friends and peers if they themselves organized such ventures. Although, I suppose a few brave souls (some of whom could be TV's) have done so in the past, perhaps even on a regular basis for an annual production. But I think it can be safely said that, as a rule, it is the women who take the lead in thinking of dressing their husbands or boyfriends in feminine garb.

Some institutions have a "ritual" costuming. For instance, Harvard University's annual "Hasty Pudding Revue" is billed as a "transvestite revue," complete with male chorus or kick line. Not only is it overwhelmingly accepted on campus with packed houses nightly, but also the revue usually takes to the road to several cities or even outside the country after its regular Cambridge run is completed. Often this is rationalized in print as "a chance for the mothers and sisters of cast members to view the program." Note the inference that the women will enjoy seeing their men appearing as women. No doubt many of you have seen a mention in *Newsweek* and *Time* each year with the picture of a Harvard student "in drag" presenting a "Woman of the Year" award to some famous female dignitary. The makeup and costuming is always very professional.

Other forms of cross-dressing may be seen at fund-raising affairs, high school talent contests or pep assemblies (perhaps members of the football team in cheerleader outfits), and sometimes at collegiate activities, although I think college "dressing" is becoming somewhat passe for many of today's students. It does not seem as prevalent now as it once was. (Perhaps because everyone looks the same — long hair and blue jeans — one can't tell the boys from the girls on campus anyway!)

Look through high school or college yearbooks, or sometimes you'll catch it in a newspaper — a picture of a male chorus line. Notice how sometimes several of the boys are posing a little more "daintily" in their costumes. Or have a bigger smile. Or are dressed "the best" with the closest attention to detail. Have you ever wondered, like I, how many are "secret" TV's, or potential TV's? For some of these boys or men, it may be their first experience in women's clothing, albeit a "forced" experience, but one they may secretly find enjoyable. If you've ever been actively involved in such a skit, you have probably noticed some of the men are nervous. This may be over a fear of supposedly losing their masculinity or appearing "silly" in front of their friends (especially male) in the audience. They will use more crude language, or joke around more than the others. Sometimes they will

have a couple pre-show "belts" to build up their courage. The women in the dressing room area, meanwhile, will be all smiles, kidding the men, "don't you look pretty," etc. There is an overall feminine "buzz" as they apply the men's make-up, fluff up their skirts, etc. For the gals, it is something different and exciting — a novelty.

Being asked to be in such a dance line may be a "dream" for a TV, especially if it is his first skit "experience." I imagine many TV's, when viewing such a production as an outsider, feel frustrated that they were not asked to participate by the women organizers.

I feel women fall into several groups as regarding their feelings toward cross-dressing by men in such skits. Some are "revolted" (as they might put it) by the sight of any man in a dress, no matter what the "humorous" circumstances. Others may enjoy seeing other men dressed, but not their husbands. Still others may take special pleasure (sexual or otherwise) from dressing "their men" or others as women, making them up, etc. Yet it is both interesting and sad to compare man-dressed-as-woman in a skit or dance line, as opposed to voluntarily walking down the street in a dress. The former is "legitimate" in the public's eye, the latter is not. Probably, the timing of dressing is a factor for most women. A man (perhaps her husband) on stage dressed in a ballet tutu and wig is very funny — a novelty that later, however, wears off if done "too long." In other words, she intrigued by her husband in such a get-up on stage. If he wears it at home it becomes "old" and perhaps alarming to her. The "innocence" has worn off.

Overall then (outside of those women sympathetic with TV), men "forced" into a woman's role in a skit or whatever are perhaps regarded as interesting and almost always "safe" in women's eyes. On the other hand, a man in a dress walking down the street is perhaps something to be feared. This is truly sad because it indicates the uphill battle for TV's in educating the public. Almost everyone in this world has a "skeleton in his closet." TV's as a whole have not completely thrown the light of day on their closets. I hope that someday transvestism may become as accepted a part of society as it is in the school dance line.

The medium of television provides many examples of cross-dressing. Some years ago, *I've Got a Secret* featured the performance of a "ballerina" dance troupe — a men's group that performed at charity fund-raising events, etc. The choreography, costuming, and such was done by the men's wives. Milton Berle in the early days of television would sometimes don a dress to participate in some skit. Jim



Bailey, in bringing the art of female impersonation to a new level of "legitimacy" by appearing on many network programs, top-name clubs, etc., has helped make TV less "shocking" through conditioning the public. Johnny Carson, perhaps several times, came out in a very short Shirley Temple-type dress for a skit with Ed McMahon. The audience was hysterical and McMahon could barely get through the bit without continuously breaking up. Later, however, Carson discontinued doing the character, admitting one night on his program that his wife "didn't like seeing me in a dress." Harvey Korman on the *Carol Burnett Show* plays women's roles rather frequently and does it in guest appearances on other programs. Flip Wilson's "Geraldine" has become a personality known in most every American household. These and countless other "name" stars on network television who sometimes cross-dress may or may not have the slightest tendencies toward TV. I am not inferring that they have. My purpose is to again illustrate how because the dress is being worn by a "star" in a "humorous setting," a legitimacy about cross-dressing, however momentary, is established in the minds of the public.

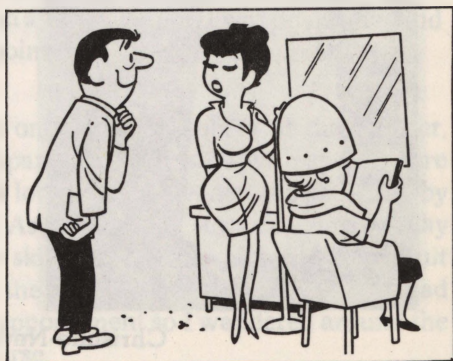
Some programs have always provided more cross-dressing examples than others. To illustrate the "fascination/aversion" phenomenon, and how ingrained it is in society, I recall an incident I viewed on *Truth or Consequences*. It was a backstage "hidden camera view" of a couple. The wife was trying to persuade the man to go on the program and participate in a skit. The husband was trying to tell her that he would not go through with it. The bit was based on the fact that each did not know the other had earlier been promised a prize if he or she would successfully maintain the respective stance. The opposing factions brought waves of laughter from the audience because the man was dressed in a very frilly "Alice-in-Wonderland"-type dress complete with long blonde wig, bow in the hair, etc. The wife was laughing so hard she could barely speak. But again, this combined reaction came into play. As she was admiring his pretty outfit, saying how cute he looked, wouldn't he like to win the prize by portraying an appealing little girl, etc., she was also saying, "Oh, I can hardly bear to touch you." (More laughter from the audience secretly looking on.) As with most women, the "shock novelty" of her husband in a very feminine dress was appealing ... to a point ... but a novelty she didn't feel exactly at ease being with.

One of my own experiences with cross-dressing has given me the opportunity to observe women and their reactions. As part of a publicity stunt, I was to don a dress and have pictures taken of my hair (a wig)

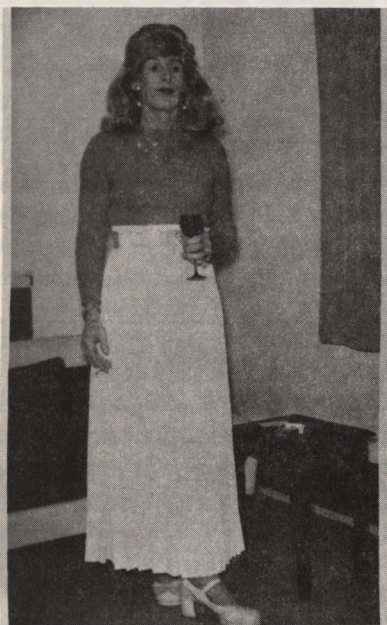
being "done" in a beauty shop. The four or five young girls who worked on me were amused by the situation, but the early 30's-aged woman who was in charge of the shop I am certain received a sexual "tingle" by the entire episode. She was the one who most encouraged me, got the biggest laughs, etc. It was interesting to observe the younger gals' enthusiasm build when we came to the finale. I was to get hit with a pie in the face. With their carefully readying me with a plastic cape and a bathing cap, "excitement" in the group was building to a climax. Another adult woman volunteered to throw the pie explaining with great enthusiasm "I've always wanted to do this to my husband!" Suddenly the young girls' enthusiasm also reached a peak, one carefully explaining to another that the flowers on the bathing cap must be to the front so they can be seen in the picture, etc. The pie was thrown, the novelty was over, and the first to lose interest were the girls. The two women had also reached the zenith of their enthusiasm, but I couldn't help but feel that they would like to participate in the entire episode again and agin. All thought it entirely "legit" and I'm certain no one later thought another thing of it.

It would be interesting if other TV's would offer their thoughts and experiences concerning "women dressing men." We can be appreciative of the fact that the high school boys' can-cans and fundraising men's ballet lines offer for the public a conscious or subconscious kind of "padding" against the shock transvestism may be to some people. It will be a wonderful day when there is no shame or hurt among people if men freely express themselves in more ways than just one. We are moving in this direction, but progress in some cases is slow.

"You brought your wife's wig in? Of course we can style it. But why are you so nervous? Mr. Smith here wears *his* when he comes in."







Christine-New Zealand



*"Dear  
Editor"*



## LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

I'm writing you because I have just been through what, to an FP, HAS GOT to be a most exciting experience.

This all occurred on the occasion of our last chapter meeting. As of late, this is the only opportunity I have for dressing.

To begin, I have been planning to go to a beauty shop and have my own hair, which is of moderate length and still growing out, styled in a feminine way. I had been trying for several months with no success at finding a shop. I think Bill's deep voice scared off what might have been some good prospects and so one day, using Jeanette's voice I called and made an appointment at a shop which I had reason to feel would not be overly busy at the time I desired to make my appointment. After talking to the manager of the shop and explaining that I did not wish a haircut an appointment was made. This was on a Thursday and I was on needles and pins until the Saturday of my appointment arrived.

On the DAY I arranged with one of the members of the chapter, Susan, to change clothes at her apartment. I dressed with special care and in about an hour and a half, a long time for Jeanette to get ready by the way, I left for my appointment. As it was early I stopped along the way to shop for some shoes and a new skirt, neither of which I found to suit me, I arrived at the store in which the beauty shop was located. I still had a good 45 minutes left before my appointment so I wandered around the store—dresses and lingerie, of course.

Finally it was almost time so I went into the beauty shop. The girl at the reception desk asked my name and I gave her the name I had made the appointment under, a bit of insecurity there perhaps but . . . , and waited for the police to come pouring in from all sides. After about five seconds I decided that at least I had better breathe or I wouldn't even be on my feet very long.

The receptionist checked the name off, asked me to wait a second and went back into the shop. "This is it!", I thought, but presently she reappeared with another girl behind her. She introduced the girl as the operator who would take care of me and went back to her desk. The operator asked me to follow her and we went into a small room with several reclining chairs and sinks behind them. There was one customer receiving a permanent seated in one of the chairs but she didn't seem to be very interested in Jeanette so I sat down as requested.

The girl asked me how I would like my hair styled and I said since I didn't really have any ideas—she should just see what she could do that would go well with my facial shape.

So far, so good, and now for the moment of truth. I had to remove my wig. Well, the best way to get wet is to jump in so in I went. I had brought a wig case and I put my wig into it and sat back in the chair. After she wrapped a towel around my neck and fastened a plastic cape around my neck over that, she proceeded to wash my hair. Now for you, Virginia, I imagine this is somewhat old hat but for those of us who have never "been there" before it was really something else. As a matter of fact by the time she was finished I found that all the nervous tension I had built up had washed away also. Next, out of the chair with a towel over my head and into the main room of the beauty shop. This was a large room with from fifteen to 20 operators chairs in it arranged around the side of the room and about the same number of dryers arranged around a central column and facing the walls.

The operator placed me in one of the chairs and proceeded to comb and set my hair. Needless to say I watched what she was doing with considerable attention. As she worked she talked, more correctly she asked questions and I did my best to answer them. It turned out that she had never worked on a TV before but a lot of hippie types had been in to have their long hair taken care of. I asked if she had expected a man or had only the receptionist and manager known about it. She told me she knew a man was supposed to come in but when she had first seen me she

thought the receptionist had been pulling her leg. I guess every one of us would have felt a sudden thrill of pure pleasure at that and I know I did. I tried to answer her questions as clearly as I could. She told me she was curious about my dressing and I tried, and I think I succeeded, in shining a bit of light on a very dim subject. After about a half hour she had managed to get about 35 rollers into my hair. In personal experiments to see if I could, I managed to get in about 20 rollers by myself but then I am no professional. Next I went to the dryer. There were some magazines at hand and so I started to look at them. About 45 minutes passed and the dryer shut off. I was a bit warm but since Bill, and hence Jeanette also, can concentrate on just about anything anywhere I hadn't really noticed the passage of time. Since my hair holds a lot of water I knew it wouldn't be dry yet and I was right, so back under I went for another half hour.

When the dryer finally shut off again it was back to the chair to have my hair combed out. With the rollers out I looked more like a brown haired curly top than anything and I was sure that I would end up having to resume my wig once I left the shop. As I said, my hair is only moderately long, average length about 7 inches. All the curl ate into the length very badly I thought. As she was combing my hair, back combing that is, and quite tightly at that, the operator asked if the dryer and the pull of the combing didn't bother me. In truth I was enjoying every minute of it and told her so. She said that this was the part of having her own hair done which bothered her the most, the back combing. I guess that for a female this could get to be a bore and perhaps for an FP also if one was exposed to it often enough.

Back combing completed, she began to comb and brush the hair into something more becoming than early Phyllis Diller.

When she was finished brushing, large amounts of hair spray filled what air I could force into my lungs, although to be frank that wasn't much as the reflection in the mirror told me I wouldn't need my wig again that day. She had managed a pretty good pagette with the hair above my forehead brushed into an upsweeping fore curl that came back down right next to my right eye. The net effect was both feminine and attractive and I was extremely happy. I paid her and gave her a generous tip for her efforts. I promised her that I would try and let the shorter hairs grow out if at all possible so that it would be easier to work with next time. As I was leaving I asked her if she would mind doing my hair again sometime. Her answer really warmed my heart. She said, "Of course, why not?" I took one of her business cards and left. As I walked out of the beauty shop I



had to stop in front of three different mirrors because I kept feeling that I had allowed my wig to become twisted.

By this time it was late as I had been in the beauty shop for 2 1/2 hours and since the meeting this month was being held in one of the member's home I called her up and asked if it would be all right to come over. As there was much work to be done to get the place ready she said yes but to be prepared for a good case of housemaid's knee.

When I arrived it was Len and Don I found hard at work preparing the snacks and in general getting things ready for the meeting. Then as for the rest of the evening I received compliments on my hair from all the members of the chapter who came that night as well as from some of the GGs who attended. The high point of the evening though was before the meeting, on my way out to my car, I met Cheryl's daughter whose first comment was, "Gee! Are you pretty!" I may never be the same again.

Finally at about 2:00 AM the meeting started to break up and it was time for Jeanette to disappear and for Bill to return. I hated to do it but I would have to go home to an F grade wife and convince her that I had been at a business meeting in another state all day and the last thing I needed was a curled, waved and professionally coiffed head. After a half hour of combing to remove the back combing, judicious use of water and a comb and the repeated application of a spray-on waterless shampoo my hair was back to its old masculine shape, or it would be by the time I got home as it was now 3:30 and it would be 5:00 AM before I got home.

Now, a week later, I sit down to write to you but yesterday I called back to that beauty shop and made an appointment for next month. Hurry up, month. This time though I will have company. One of the other Chi members, who is really beautiful as a girl, and who has hair down to her shoulders almost, will be going with me. She has an appointment for her first trip to the beauty shop a half hour after mine.

Well, I guess I've taken enough of your time but I just had to tell you. After all it is because of your efforts that I had the ability to appear in public as Jeanette and it was through your advice both when I have talked with you and in your "How To" book that I had the courage to try. Thanks Virginia, for everything.

Femininely Yours,  
Jeanette IL-3-Z

Dear Virginia,

I have read with great interest and enjoyment the many stories, both fact and fiction, the historic accounts and the theories of and about FPia and I have come to realize that I too have thoughts on FPia. I am a new subscriber to *TV'ia*, but I am a long time dresser. And, too, like many other FPs, I have married. Having made this step, I realize that I have additional obligations and duties other than satisfying my femme-self's needs. I have a wife I must satisfy. I must satisfy her as a man. I have duties to my children, such as not forcing any undue embarrassments upon them. They are too young to understand why "daddy dresses like mommy." They might eventually understand daddy's needs to be his femme-self, but not now during their childhood.

My wife married me as a man and she deserves to have a man. If she feels uncomfortable around me when I am dressed up, then I must limit my dressing to when she is not around. If she tolerates it to certain limits, then by all means I must contain my femme-self to those circumstances.

It is very exciting to dream about living our lives as our femme-selves, but what are we giving our wives. My wife is not a lesbian. She does not want to make love to another woman, nor does she want to live the remainder of her life with another woman. She needs to be loved; loved by a man the way only a man can satisfy her.

If she allows me to dress in front of her, I must be just a "girl" friend to her — not a lover. Our marriage is based on love and understanding for each other's wants and needs. If she understands my need to dress up, then I must be willing to understand her need to have a man.

Unsigned

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Virginia,

It has been a few months since I wrote to you, but I feel that I owe you a big thank you.

About five years ago, in an attempt to save a crumbling marriage — mostly because of TVism — I sent for your book on transvestism and wives. I never showed it to her.

The relationship between my wife and myself had fallen to the point where nothing short of a miracle would help.

I divorced her, spent a year feeling sorry for myself and began courting again and found a very pretty, young, well-educated and best of all, a modern thinking, broadminded girl with whom I lived for two years before once again entering the state of matrimony.

She had a pretty good idea about what I liked in the feminine world and seemed very open-minded to my feelings regarding girls' clothing. She also liked all the desirable trends that go with it, such as love of beauty, gentleness, etc., but I did not know just how to explain it all. One Saturday afternoon I climbed into the old attic, found the book and dusted it off and gave it to her to read. She was very interested and after completing the last chapter, told me that not only did she understand, but could see little wrong with it and would help me all she could.

I took some photos of myself and showed them to her as a means of breaking her in slowly. I was dressed as a cowgirl, just as you suggested, and her comment was that I made a good-looking girl, that she thought since we are about the same height, weight, etc. (Tom, 138; she, 136. I am 5'8½ and she is 5'8"), it would be fun to dress up together. I have recently undergone some plastic surgery and even look a *little bit* like her in the face.

Before giving her the book to read, I read it again myself and still feel that it is truly a wonderful piece of literature that would enlighten anybody with an open mind, making our case a solid and well-explained one.

Thank you with all my heart. Only someone like you can understand how much this means to me. And please, if I could be of any help in this one, let me know.

Yours truly,

Alice-Colo.

\*\*\*\*\*



Dear Virginia,

As you can see, I am busy already with F.P.E. activities. For now I am concentrating on getting to know the Wisconsin girls because I would truly love to see "Theta" as an active FPE chapter again. Perhaps I don't have the strong leadership ability of Fran 49-C-1, but I think I can match her love and dedication for and to F.P.E.

I am back now, back to FPE, and hopefully back to Theta and I'm back for good. I am older now and a much stronger human being. I know where my strength came from — most of it has come from you — part of it has grown from myself. I know that you will understand when I say "I love you Virginia." I love you as much as I have grown to love myself, both the Judy part and the Charles part. I am a whole person now, "the two are one" and I know an inner-peace which makes me smile at the strangest times.

When I first started reading *TVia* and what you had to say I hoped and wished that you were right. I accepted what you had to say with an almost blind faith. I grew then to believing you were right. I took that belief with me the day I faced a psychologist for an hour. Almost the first words from my mouth (Charles' mouth) were "I am a self-accepting transvestite." I then told her about FPE and *TVia* and my feelings in general. I answered her questions and watched her nod in agreement with those answers. Virginia, I walked in there believing you were right and walked out of there knowing you "are" right. I tested you and I tested me. We both passed with our heads high and proud.

So now I can say "I love you Virginia, I love me (Judy and Chuck) and I love FPE." I know we are all right, I know we have the "Truth." What a beautiful knowledge that is.

I hope some day I can sit beside you in front of a television camera and say "I am male — I am a woman — I am content."

So where do I go from here? I am hoping you can answer that for me. I want very much to be a "working" part of FPE. I want to share what I have found with as many of my "sisters" as possible. How can I be of service?

Your loving daughter,

Judy, WI-10-B



## ARTICLE

### *DISCOVERING THE INNER YOU*

Clothes don't make the woman, they enhance her. What is it that they enhance? Surely not just a body, it's more than that. It's a total philosophy of life. Values of what is important and what is merely surface. My observation is that most transvestites are merely grotesque characterizations of women in the mental and emotional side of their personality. Perhaps some of you are thinking that I'm suggesting a transexual philosophy.

I think that transvestites and transexuals are the same on this level but the transexuals are mixing up physical bodily changes with deeper expression of the feminine. The former doesn't necessarily lead to the latter. It all boils down to evaluation of your real feelings stripped away from the excitement of feminine fashions.

Some people are born with one gender area in which they will feel success. Others, the twilight people, have two areas that require attention. The amount of attention to each area is different with each person. But these twilight people still have one personality.

There is one personality for each person. It is made up of all his experiences, aspirations, desires, values, and relationships to others. All the years of living experience plus all the things that he was born with. I don't think that he is two people — one male and one female, a brother with a sister. What he does is to emphasize one area (masculine) over the other area (feminine) during his growing up. So he ends up with unrealized desires and dreams in one area (the feminine).

Our society, parents, peers, and ourselves in particular have limited our experience to one type — the masculine. It was expected for us to play football, develop mechanical skills, sow our wild oats, and be the "men of the world." We overdevelop this area. The feeling of lack we experience now is the realization of the feminine side of our personality that has been with us since birth, but idle for many years.

Putting on a dress or wearing panties and a bra doesn't fully fulfill our longed-for desires. Dressing is one type of learning experience through which we can fulfill some of our feminine desires and aspirations. But if we just dress then we are in danger of limiting ourselves to one select type of experience (dressing only). I think that we need to broaden ourselves.

How? Try different things. Cook a meal once in awhile. Try to learn to sew or knit, then make something and wear it. Increase your sense of beauty by being more aware of it. Be sensitive to color, architecture, people and nature. See someone (a fellow worker or friend) with a new dress or just a flattering outfit and say aloud, "That's a cute dress," and then be able to talk intelligently (fashion-wise) about it to your friend. Follow the Women's Liberation movement and really understand it, then talk to others about it. Buy yourself some flowers and if anyone asks, tell them they are for yourself.

Feel the feelings that you've never felt before. Read a book or see a movie and identify with the female lead. Really try to empathize with her. Feel what she feels. It's a different gratification you'll experience, with some carry-over values for your daily life, too.

I really believe that if you will do these things you'll develop an inner happiness on a level that you've not felt before. That's because you're satisfying some of your feminine personality dreams and ambitions. Experiencing things from your feminine side.

This inner contentment and added self-confidence will be felt by others and they will respond to it. Your self value (total self-feminine side plus masculine side) will increase 100 percent. You'll start to complete yourself by expressing the missing experiences that will make your personality a total one. Your feminine side and your masculine side will both be developed and you'll discover the inner you.



*THE THIRD WISH*

Amelia Allyte

Harry North, thirty eight years old, six feet tall and one hundred ninety pounds was relaxing and enjoying a nightcap before retiring. He was sitting in semi-darkness, the only light was the rays of the full moon that were streaming through a window. While sitting there he was idly examining a small antique brass urn that he had purchased earlier that day.

Somehow it slipped through his fingers and fell to the floor, the fall knocking off the seal which had capped the vase. He reached down for it and suddenly halted. Fascinated he watched as a thin column of smoke emerged from the urn. It rapidly coalesced into a tiny genie, complete in every detail even down to the curl in the toe of the shoes.

The genie said to the surprised Harry. "Master, you have opened my prison under the light of the full moon. Accordingly, ere I escape fully I must grant you three wishes. However there are certain limitations. I can only grant one wish at a time and that is only under the light of the first full moon. Also you must state your wish within thirty seconds after I appear, else I can escape doing your bidding."

The suddenness of the appearance of the genie and his strange offer took Harry aback. While he was recovering from his surprise and taking stock of the situation and this strange turn of events, his thoughts were interrupted. "Please hurry, you only have fifteen seconds left."

Now for several years Harry North had enjoyed the habit of wearing feminine clothing in the privacy of his home. Because of his size and the trace of a beard that stubbornly showed through, even after the closest shave he had never tried to venture out in public so garbed, although he had often had the desire to do so.

Harry took a deep breath and said. "I wish I could pass as an average size woman in public."

"That is your wish?" Asked the genie. "You know of what you ask?" At Harry's nod he bowed his head. "Your wish is my command." He then disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

Harry North waited, nothing happened. He looked at the remains of his nightcap. Starting to finish it, he hesitated then put it down. "I've had enough. When I see little men it's time to stop."

The next morning Harry arose. Passing in front of a full length mirror he was halted by the reflection. Staring back at him was a stranger. The clothes designed to fit a six foot masculine frame, fell in folds about a five and a half foot feminine form. A quick perusal gave evidence that the reflection was really his. A more thorough investigation confirmed Harry's suspicions. Harry was now Harriet North in all aspects. "I told that imp that I only wanted to pass as a woman, not be one." He muttered.

"You said nothing about not wanting to be a woman and you won't have any problems passing as one. That was your wish." A tiny voice echoed in his mind.

After a period of panic and frustration, Harriet took stock of the situation. There were no clothes in the house to fit her satisfactorily. She had no identification or evidence to link her with Harry North. In fact if they found her here not only would they laugh at her story but accuse her of doing away with Harry. Her only sensible alternative seemed to be to get away and live a separate identity until the night of the next full moon and get her second wish from the genie.

She finally found some clothes that she felt would pass her by a casual observer without notice. She then took the few dollars that Harry had left in his wallet and abandoned the house.

Her first stop was a cheap clothing store where she could procure some apparel that was her new size. Almost all the money she had left went to pay a few days' rent for a cheap room in a shoddy hotel.

She then had to look for a job to secure enough money to last her until the reappearance of the genie. Without identification, references or background she could only secure menial jobs at disreputable business firms

that did not look too closely at a person's past. The wage she earned was barely enough for food and room rent. No money for fancy clothes or beauty shops that Harry North imagined that he could enjoy in feminine garb. In fact no luxuries at all.

Harriet North found out soon enough that being a woman was not all the bed of roses that Harry had imagined in his fantasies. She found herself accepting insulting and suggestive remarks and unfair treatment that she could only shrug off. She noted that other women seemed to accept it as a matter of course and she was forced to do likewise.

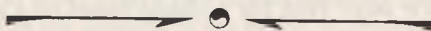
Her prior background and knowledge were all based on Harry North's past. Her emotional content was a new experience that Harriet did not know how to cope with which made her rather high strung and nervous. Living life as a woman was a new experience and since she was unsure of herself she avoided social contact. In any event her free time was devoted almost solely to ways of escaping the trap she was in. She spent hours in planning how she would word her second wish when the time came for the genie to appear.

Eventually the time passed and again the moon became full. True to his promise, the genie duly appeared. "What is your second wish master. I mean Mistress," after a glance at Harriet.

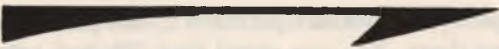
At that moment a mouse appeared and began scurrying along the floor. True to Harry North's idea of how a woman would act, Harriet became panic stricken. She leaped upon a chair, forgetting all of her plans of the second wish, and screamed. "Get that thing out of here! It's all your fault. I wish I had never seen you!"

Harry North, thirty eight years old, one hundred ninety pounds, was relaxing in semi-darkness enjoying a nightcap when suddenly a tiny genie appeared.

"Oh master, I am here to grant you your third wish."







FICTION



*GUTS*

Dee Raymond



Even in a mood as foul as the one possessing her now, Annette could not ignore the red light nor the wail of the siren behind her. Tears of rage sparked her eyes as she pulled over onto the shoulder.

"Lady, you must've been clocking eighty!" the speed cop's voice was reproachful as he tapped his book on the rolled down glass of the window. Annette looked up at him, trying to smother the frustration within her, but hoping, nevertheless, that the new non-run mascara of Jean's that she was trying out, would indeed hold up.

Sympathy came into the policeman's eyes as she flicked the tears with her gloved hand. "Can I see your driving license, please?" he said. Annette nodded dumbly and opened her purse. Luckily, the small blue wallet was there. She opened it and handed it to him.

"Annette Marshall?" he asked, comparing the blonde, pony-tailed girl in the photo with her waved hair now, cut level with the line of her chin. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" his voice was kindly.

"Devon," it was another 300 miles up the highway. "My mother," she began huskily, but the rage threatened to engulf her. How could you tell a highway policeman that you had just had a blistering row with your wife, ending with your walking out on her.

Seeing the woman in front of him bite her lip to keep the words back, as well as her brimming eyes, Officer Hale Mooney did what any other gentleman would have done in the same situation. He closed her license and handed it back to her, restoring his own book to his top

pocket. "Look," he said gently, "you won't get there in one piece if you continue like that. Just slow down. You can go on now. I'll drive a little way behind you."

Annette's brown eyes widened as the policeman handed her the license. He had gone back to the cruiser before she realized that he was not going to give her a ticket.

She flicked the indicator and pulled away quickly, but kept her cruising speed at two or three miles below the limit. The cop was as good as his word. He drove behind her until they crossed the Rampton County line, and then pulled off into a cafe.

Relieved, Annette relaxed back into the driving seat. Her thoughts almost at once returned to replay the argument she had had with Jean just an hour before.

You don't know how it is, Jean had screamed at her, to have a husband who's a transvestite. Every one of her favorite dresses was dirty and just put back on the rack, and, as for lingerie, she could never find any because her husband, she had stressed the word, was always wearing hers. In vain, Annette had tried to point to the fact that it was Jean herself who had put the lilac mini back after wearing it to the Foxton Car Rally. Jean had been past rationality, however. Get out of my way, you stupid, little queen, she had shouted at Annette. And that had started Annette off.

It wasn't easy being a transvestite, she had said. Just trying to get through one day without saying the wrong thing to someone was a feat in itself. Besides, Jean wasn't complaining about Annette in the bedroom. Go on, Jean had said. You always bring sex into it, don't you? Well, why don't you do something about it, she had taunted. You're just a little coward. You could be a whole woman, not just a part-time one, if you had the guts. At that point, Annette had fled from the house, jumped in her car and taken off.

As she drove along, she thought to herself. Could what Jean said be true? Was Annette's reluctance to go any further into womanhood a lack of guts, or, as she had always thought, because it would be wrong to do so? Tears blinded her eyes. She loved Jean, and that couldn't be changed. She was doing eighty again. Annette realized how dangerous her thoughts were becoming to her driving. She would have

to do something about it. She needed someone to talk to — someone to take her mind off Jean.

She had passed the Wesley turnoff, when she saw a lone figure at the side of the road. She braked and pulled over. The blonde girl came running up, her pack only over one shoulder. "Devon," she panted expectantly. Annette nodded and, leaning over, opened the rear door for the girl to deposit her pack on the back seat.

She hardly looked more than seventeen, yet she had a general air of sophistication about her. She wore a wide leather belt atop her cutoffs, her long, shapely, brown legs bare and exposed to sunlight to the top of her thighs. Her mocassins were old, tattered and dusty. She saw Annette glance at them and smiled prettily. "I like to be comfortable on the road," she said in a pleasant, musical voice. She stretched, the tight sweater lifting to expose her tiny waist and to contrast her body tan with the whiteness of the sweater. She wore little makeup, just liner and mascara about her eyes, which highlighted their blueness. Her hair was long, straight and brushed in the modern fashion. A thin pink knitted ribbon, the bow centered on the top of her head, kept the long hair behind her ears, giving her a girlish, innocent look.

"Do you live in Devon?" Annette asked.

"Not any more," she said quietly. "I'm only supposed to be going back for my sister's wedding, but I might stick around longer. I have to be a bridesmaid."

"My name's Annette Marshall," said Annette. "My folks live a little way out of town, past Latham."

The girl nodded. "My name is Tina," she said and hesitated. "Tina Holman."

Annette frowned. Holman, she knew that name. Yes, they owned the store on Lower Water Street. Jake Holman was reputedly an alcoholic, but, in his time, had been Devon's greatest baseball player. His eldest daughter, Marcia, had married into the Richards family.

"How is Marcia these days?" she queried.

The girl was shaken visibly. "You know my family," she said hoarsely.



"No-o-o," Annette chuckled. "I just remember that Marcia married one of the Richards boys. That was quite a splash. You must have been a bridesmaid then, too."

A relieved look came into the girl's eyes and she smiled faintly. "N-np," she said, a touch of nervousness in her voice. "I couldn't be a bridesmaid then."

A Jaguar screamed by their car almost clipping the wing as it pulled back sharply in front of them. Without thinking, Annette gave vent to her pent-up anger and cursed the driver and his car. She corrected her road position after the slipstream of the Jag had eased. Tina was staring at her, her mouth agape.

"Y-y-your v-voice," her stammer was pronounced. "Y-you're a m-man."

Under her breath, Annette cursed again. Well, there was nothing for her to do but to admit it with as good a grace as possible.

"Yes," Annette's regular voice was back in her throat. She cast a quick sidelong glance at the tensed figure beside her. "But relax, Tina. I'm not kidnaping you or anything. I really am going to my father's place. You might know it. They bought it, my father and mother, six years ago, from Roy Rennell."

The girl's expression indicated that she had heard of it. But, thought Annette, I won't tell her my family moved after my cross-dressing became such a scandal in Leamington. They drove on in silence for a mile. "Look," said Annette. "I'll pull over and let you out. Pick a good spot for yourself and say the word."

The girl considered. She relaxed, the tenseness dissipating. "No, it's all right," she said. Annette could feel her eyes examining the creature driving the car from head to toe. Her eyes were fascinated by the open-toed high heels which showed his painted toenails, and with the stockings that he was wearing.

"I like to wear stockings with a seam, and a garter or suspender belt," said Annette. "Then I can really feel the petticoats and I really feel pretty feminine."

Tina nodded sympathetically. "Me, too," she said.

Annette blinked. That could be interpreted in several ways. She thought about it for a while. "Er, could you explain your last remark a little more?" she asked, as they reached the Vernon Flats, and could expect thirty miles of dead straight, flat, country driving.

Tina's hand, polished but uncolored nails, flicked her blonde hair back over her head. "I have the same feeling when I wear petticoats," she said.

"Oh," said Annette, disappointed a little. For a moment, she had had a most unusual and unlikely thought.

"I couldn't be a bridesmaid before," said Tina carefully, "because five years ago, I was trying out for the Little Hawks baseball team and my name was Tommy."

Somehow, Annette managed to keep the car in a straight line. But she promptly dropped the speed to fifty. "You were once Tommy Holman," she said shakily.

The girl nodded gloomily. "It's a long story," she said, a touch of bitterness to her voice.

"I'd like to hear it," said Annette.

Tina looked at her closely. She nodded. "Yes," she said, "I think you should. I told you I was trying out for the Hawks, but that was only true in part," she sighed. "I'd never have made it, even if the other boys hadn't wanted me to play at all, which they didn't." There was a grim remoteness to her expression that told of a long, lonely childhood. "I was always the odd kid in the whole group, the lowest ranking on the pecking order. To the other guys, I was just funny and nothing I tried was ever applauded, encouraged or, least of all, appreciated." She displayed momentary interest in a passing Stingray. "I was left with my elder sister, Lois, she's the one getting married on Saturday, and her friends for company. I should have suspected them when they suddenly became all nice and friendly to me. They were usually pretty rotten, like the boys." She took one of Annette's cigarettes and lit it casually.

"I guess I must have liked dressing up as one of them. They called me Sylvia, which my sister knew I hated. They'd experiment with all

kinds of weird costumes and make-up on me. I went along with it, doing everything they said." She produced a rueful smile. "I was likely the greatest 12-year-old stripper in town, male or female. Those girls used to drool when I did my Sylvia Stripper routine. But then they did something terrible to me." Annette was shocked by the anger that had crept into Tina's voice.

"They didn't have to do it. Melanie Cody had some kind of hormonal imbalance. She was terribly worried about the hair on her face, I remember. The other girls could reduce her to tears in seconds by just mentioning 'hair.' I don't know who it was, Lois claims it wasn't her, but one of them got the idea of feeding Melanie's hormone pills to me." She was becoming very hoarse. "They had a devastating effect. I didn't know what was happening to me when my breasts started to swell, my waist to slim, and the rest of my body to soften. It became so bad that my school principal packed me in her car and drove me to Wesley to see a special doctor. They thought I was changing because of some natural imbalance. When I told the doctor about the dressing up, he told my parents they should hasten the change." She stubbed out her unsmoked cigarette.

"I stayed in Wesley for a year. I lived only as a girl and they pumped me full of drugs. Oh, it was heaven. The only truly happy time of my life." There were tears in her eyes. "I was treated as a somebody. I went to dances as a girl and the boys were kind. I was glad when they finally operated." She fell silent, lost in her own thoughts.

"So you don't enjoy being a woman," said Annette.

"It's absolute hell," tears flowed across Tina's cheeks. "After the operation, I had to go back to Devon. That was eighteen months ago. Everyone there thinks I'm the greatest freak since the world began. I left when I couldn't stand it any more."

"But no-one knows you in another city. It should be better anywhere else," said Annette.

"Not if you're like me," said Tina bitterly. "You see, I'm not a transsexual, a person who would change their sex, at all. I've found out that I like women. I'd like to marry, have a child, be a real father. But what do I have to look forward to now?" The words choked her. "I don't mind the dressing up as a woman. In fact, I rather like it, which is why I was such a confusing mess to the Wesley doctors."



"Surely," said Annette, trying hard to watch the road and Tina, "you can't blame them."

"No," she said, but her voice was vengeful. "I know who to blame and I know how to get even."

Annette eyed her nervously. "What do you mean?"

"My sister and her friends did this to me, and, on Saturday, my sister becomes the last of them to marry. Well," Tina's hand wiped away the streaked mascara, "I shall be the prettiest, most vivacious and attractive bridesmaid you ever saw, in my long pink dress and heels. Then," her voice was hard, "I intend to seduce every husband of that group. Oh, I know I can do it. I've had offers already. They know there'd be no likelihood of accidents with me, but all the benefits of a real, friendly girl." Her facial expressions was predatory. "So, when I get back to Devon, I'll be taking them up on their offers, and I'll show them all such a time that those husbands will come crawling to me whenever I so much as raise my little finger. I'll give every one of those girls as miserable a life as they've given me."

Looking at the curvaceous figure beside her, Annette, as stunned as she was, could well believe that Tina, formerly Sylvia and Tommy, would make good on such a promise.

It was with great relief that she finally dropped Tina off in the Town Center of Devon. The blonde girl had done little but contemplate the revenge she would take on the town of Devon in just a short time. Her intensity had been such that, when she had gone, Annette felt forced to stop and seek a quick drink before going on to Latham.

She pulled into the Royal Court Motel. Her make-up was ravaged and her hair needed a workout. After a few quick repairs, she stepped as lightly as she could from the car and went into the bar. The bar was not full and several men eyed her speculatively. She took her Sling and stepped back outside onto the pleasant veranda which overlooked the roadway.

A car screamed to a halt on the road in front of her. It was a familiar bright red Mustang. It swerved into the parking lot and a familiar figure, a tall brown-haired woman in a blue pant suit, jumped out and came running up the veranda steps.

"Jean," said Annette shakily.

Jean's hands were trembling. "Oh, Annette, thank heaven I caught up with you. I must have been off my head to say such a terrible thing to you." She clasped Annette's hand. "Come on and leave that," she said. "We must go somewhere private so that we can talk properly right now."

Later that night, his arm still under his lovely wife's neck, Annette blew her brown curls softly. Jean's head was pushing his bra into a most awkward position, but he was content, even though she only moved in closer. His night-dress was creased and wedged uncomfortably between his legs, but he was able to smile at it. He couldn't blame Tina for the revenge she was likely beginning that night in Devon. He was only thankful that he, Annette, had had the guts not to take that same unrewarding road.



"Ah! . . . George, dear . . . Why not let me lead for awhile . . .







## *MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS*

Since I am having to prepare this issue as well as the two preceeding ones here in May in the last few weeks before leaving on my long trip I am not only swamped with things to do but am sort of dry of ideas for the usual kind of editorial. Moreover, time won't wait while I think one up. However, there are several shorter matters that I've been going to write something about so I think I'll just do them all together here this time and leave the slate clear for telling you about the trip experience in No. 87. I trust you won't mind my handling it this way.

### *HORMONES*

As most of you know, I took a long course of hormone tablets (no shots) for about two years ending about three years ago. When I had achieved about a B cup, and having seen all of the paintings and statues of the great artists and sculptors of Europe on my visits to the Louvre in Paris, the Palace of the Medici in Florence and the British Museum, and finding that the ideal female form in all cases had about a D cup, I decided to quit at that point. So I stopped taking the pills and over the last three years have sporadically taken them for maybe three days and then would forget them for three months. In effect I haven't had any hormones to speak of for about three years. My breasts have not appeared to reduce any in size. However, in the beginning they were more firm and "new." Now that I've had them for about four years they are less firm and softer but about the same total size.

Well, I got to thinking the other day that maybe I ought to go back on hormones in order to firm them up and to counteract any tendency for them to reduce in size as they do with females after menopause. But since I couldn't make myself stay on any pill-taking routine I decided

that shots would be the thing as once it was in you, you didn't have to have another shot for sometime. So I made an appointment to see an endocrinologist here in Los Angeles who has taken care of a good many TSs and who is a good friend of Dr. Harry Benjamin.

I went to see him, told him my story and got the usual instructions: "Take off your clothes, to the waist." I did so and he felt the breasts very carefully. He found no lumps but did find some rather firm areas that he said were probably fibrous tissue but that he wouldn't want to do anything with hormones until he knew more about what was inside. So he referred me to a doctor for "Xeromammography." This is a special kind of X-ray onto a special kind of electrostatic paper and was developed by the Xerox Corporation. Unlike regular X-rays coming out as a negative film, this comes out as a positive print just about like the output of a Xerox copying machine except that it is on soft blue paper. It has the special characteristic, however, of showing up all the veins and arteries and other soft tissue in great detail. Soft tissue does not show on a regular X-ray except as a sort of haze and certainly doesn't show any detail.

Well, anyway I made the appointment and had the unusual experience (for a male at least) of having my breasts X-rayed. It was an interesting process. They put the breast on a sort of little shelf that is attached to the chair you sit in and which pivots around against your chest. You put the tit on the table as it were and the long, special X-ray tube comes in overhead. It has a long, conical shield in the end of which is a large balloon blown up and about half into the cone and half sticking out. This pressed down on the breast softly and also forces your chin, arm and other tissue out of the way so that the rays get the breast only. The very nice black lady that ran the thing asked me a number of questions which I answered entirely truthfully. For example, she asked me if I had ever had a baby and of course I told her no. She also asked if my period had stopped naturally or by way of surgery and I told her no, they had stopped naturally. (I didn't bother to tell her that they had never started naturally either.) Anyway, all went well and the \$60 worth of mammograms came out fine.

The reason I'm telling you all this is because of what I learned when I went back to the doctor's office for consultation. We discussed what was to be gained by taking the hormones and went over the several reasons that I had in mind, one of which was that I have a scalp condition that the dermatologist told me was sometimes helped by estrogen administration. The doctor then informed me that while the

mammograms came out fine with no indication of anything unusual there was a negative factor that I ought to take into consideration in making the decision. He told me of a research study done on older males with carcinoma of the prostate who had been put on estrogens for control of the cancer. It turned out that they compared a group who were given estrogen with a control group that was not and found a statistically different result between the two in terms of vascular disease. That is, those who received estrogen had a higher incidence of blood clots, strokes or cardiac problems. He pointed out that it was not just a miscellaneous few causes but enough so that there were two groups, those getting estrogen and those who weren't and that the results in the two groups differed in statistically significant ways. Obviously, the doctor was not fascinated with the idea of my taking anymore hormones.

Since I have gotten on famously for the last three years without any hormones and since it was really not a big thing to me to go back on the hormones, I accepted his advice and passed it by. My reason for writing about this is to alert those of you who are taking or considering taking hormones, about this matter. I know the urge well — I was there — but this new factor — which wasn't known when I began taking hormones — does add another negative factor to the equation, and one which you should give serious thought to. If you are seeing a doctor for your shots or pills, I think it would be wise to talk to him about it. If you think you are playing it smart and are acquiring hormones by non-medical means, I suggest that you stop and think a bit or consult somebody who knows. Clots, strokes and heart attacks can seriously lessen the pleasure of having those breasts (if it goes that far) or just of knowing that you have female hormones in you. Think about it!

### SECURITY

Security is a pretty important matter for a great many of you. I know it and I've tried all these years (15 of them now) to consider the security of my readers and of the members of FPE. Many of you have been very concerned when you first made contact with me for *Transvestia* about how the merchandise would be shipped and whether it could identify you as an FP, etc. Many of those who have joined FPE have been very worried about the application and their safety because of having made a written commitment on the application. In short, most everyone is concerned about their own security but sometimes fail entirely to recognize that other people are equally concerned about their's.



For example, some member of FPE will write me that he is leaving for some other city in a couple of days and wants to know whom he can meet there. Or he calls me long distance and says that he is in Cincinnati or St. Louis or somewhere and wants to know if I can give him a phone number to call because he'd like to meet somebody. I have to ask him how he would like it if he was sitting quietly at home in the evening and the phone suddenly rings and a strange voice says, "Hey, this is Susie. Virginia told me you were an FP and gave me your phone number. How about getting together?" I ask him if he wouldn't really flip under those circumstances and he gets the point.

Another thing that a couple of people have asked me to comment about is the habit of some people of assembling the names and addresses of all of their FP friends in some "little black book." This is all very convenient for the book owner but not necessarily for the correspondents. Various circumstances could come up such as loss, death or divorce which would compromise the security of those in the book. So I suggest that you consider how you handle names and addresses of your correspondents in terms of how you would like others to be handling yours.

### DEATH

All of us are getting older and some members of our sorority die each year. If a wife or parents know about the FP aspects of their husband or son, there is no special problem from the FP point of view if the FP dies. The wardrobe, literature, etc., can just be disposed of. But what happens when an FP whose wife doesn't know, dies in an accident or of natural causes. Somewhere — in a box in the attic or the garage or in a suitcase in the back of the car is the hoarded and secret "femmeself." It's bound to be discovered sooner or later. And what is the discoverer to think about the deceased? Obviously, he is beyond caring or being hurt himself, but if some sort of precautions aren't taken, the discoverer, be it wife or parents, or children or whomever, is going to be quite disturbed about the deceased and will surely think up some strange explanations.

On the other hand, if, when the hoard is discovered, there is also discovered a letter from the deceased addressed to the wife, parent, child, or "to whom it may concern," that "tells all" and puts the matter in a clear light, the upset to the survivors would be greatly reduced. Some of our members are quite well along in years and life being what it is may find themselves playing pink harps in the not-too-distant

future. Many of them, in fear of dying without being able to dispose of their secret wardrobe, condemn themselves to FP-less last years. I think this is unnecessary. When you are dead, it makes no difference to you who knows what. While you are alive you have an ego that is capable of experiencing guilt. It seems to me a poor bargain to give up that which means a lot to you while you are alive in the interest of your present, living ego's concerns for those who will remain behind. No one wishes to be thought poorly of, whether dead or alive, it's true, but it is after all the living ego that is involved. So why not compose a clear, concise, statement about yourself, what you like to do, *why* you like to do it, what you are and what you *are not*, ask for understanding about it, make it clear that you kept the information out of the reader's knowledge while you were alive out of concern for them, but now they know and you hope they will be able to understand, etc. This way you can continue to enjoy your femmeself up to the end knowing that when you do pass on, there is a clear explanation to the finder of what he or she has found. Don't sacrifice the real pleasures of life for the fancied ego feelings of death.

Several people have, from time to time, suggested that I compose such a letter, print it in *TVia* and then others could copy it and leave it with their things. I haven't done this for two reasons: (1) I don't feel in the mood for contemplating others' death, let alone my own, so I can't get down to that sort of task, and (2) if I did do so it would be written by me and found by *your* relatives and relating to you and it would not have been written in the way they would have expected you to write. I wouldn't sound like you, so to speak, and therefore would seem canned, corny and unreal. Better you should write it in your own way from your own heart and in the way your survivors would expect you to say it if you were talking with them. It would then be you speaking and they would be much more likely to take it at face value and accord you the understanding which you are asking for.

It shouldn't be too much of a task and if you are concerned about survivors' feelings about you after you are gone then you owe it to yourself as well as to them to tell them like it is, in death, if you didn't do so in life.



### *CARING FOR THE WEARING*

Lonnie longed for lots of things.

He loved what you and I do.

But as a bashful high school boy

Could not as he died to . . .

'Til he was hired to watch the stock.

The dress firm left him nightly

To care for all their lovely things.

Lon didn't take this lightly.

When asked just how he cared for them

He sighed, "Each gown I touch —

And that means every garment there —

I care for very much."

— lil



Stretch the truth a little!

What you've got make more of.

Life's too short, self-limited

To make a crashing bore of.

What nature gave you, add to

(But what too much of, whittle!)

To live a little, love yourself

And stretch *your* truth a little.



## PRICE LIST

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

Per Copy, Issues 61 and after (all are available) ..... \$5

Per Copy, Issues prior to No. 61 IF Available ..... \$4

Annual Subscription ..... \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Numbers 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 available.

Single copies ..... \$1.50

Any four copies ..... \$5

## SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4.50

"HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE" . . . A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing, jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status. \$7.00

"FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. Illus. \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. Illus. \$5

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. Illus. \$4

"THE BIRTH OF BARBARA" . . . Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. Illus. \$5

"THE TURNABOUT PARTY" . . . A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they MUST win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends, too. Illus. \$5

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

PART I "DOWN TO DEFEAT"	Illus. \$4
PART II "MARILYN MAKES IT"	Illus. \$4

"SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE" . . . Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girls' school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$4

"HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS" . . . Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie . . . and stays that way. \$3

#### MARTIN TO MARION — A novel in three parts

MARTIN DISCOVERS MARION — PART I	\$3
MARTIN GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II	\$3
MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III	\$3

#### *SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA*

Any 6 of back issues listed here.....\$20

The following back issues are still available: 18-21, 49, 51, 52. Every issue is new until you read it.

A few issues other than those listed here have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought when available for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need, put a hold on it — first come first served — and we will ship when it is available.



We have retained a lending library of 3 copies of all issues of TRANSVESTIA. They may be rented for \$6 per copy, \$3 of which is a deposit and will be refunded or applied to something else upon returning the rented copy. This way you can ready every issue from No. 1.

### MERCHANDISE

Item 1. **SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS.** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a poly-vinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

BRA and INSERTS \$6.50

Item 2. **JELLY KIT, FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals — one liquid, the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly-filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided suggestions for producing "cleavage."

JELLY KIT \$5

Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$5.50

Item 4. **MASTECTOMY INSERTS:** For those desiring a larger bust it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give, thus being more natural on a larger figure.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$5.50

NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks." That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness

and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

Item 6. "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two separate shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derrier to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only.

PER PAIR \$5

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline.

PER PAIR \$5.50

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 \$4.25

Item 9. A small front pad designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth, rounded feminine control.

PAD, EACH \$3

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS  
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

## Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

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.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. After having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues, having read them, and deciding that we are your kind of people, ask for an application to join. Acceptance into FPE is dependant upon approval of the application, payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in the FPE Directory of Members. Admission into local chapters of the sorority requires an interview with the appointed interviewer for that group. Five or more members may form a group and can request designation as a chapter.

### PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressees femmename and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted where appropriate.  
Ask for rates.





CHEVALIER Copyright

© Copyright 1972 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS  
Box 36091 - Los Angeles, California 90036

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.