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TRANSVESTIA

VOL. XVIII

For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 103



OUR COVER GIRL

VICKI

Publication Policy

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

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

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

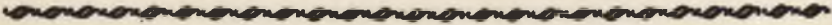
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



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For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 103

EDITOR : CAROL BEECROFT

FOUNDER AND EDITOR EMERITUS

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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

Your Editor Sez:

I thought that you might like to hear of a hobby that Norma and I have gone into - together. When we were at the Tri-Sigma National Convention in New Orleans , we saw some very pretty 'collectible' type DOLLS. Now it so happens that Norma especially likes dolls and the actual collecting of such things is very feminine. Needless to say, we talked it over while there and jumped right into collecting dolls while in New Orleans. We managed to pick up at least four pretty dolls in New Orleans and have added another six or seven since we returned. We even ordered several dolls from the Sears Catalog.

The doll that I chose from the catalog was the CUTEST and CUDDLE-EST, pretty, little girl-doll that you have ever seen. And it was dressed in such a pretty pink dress - and well, I just had to have it. After all, I have five daughters and so I have special feelings about little girls. YOU can have the boy dolls, I'll take the girl dolls! They're cuter and more huggable.

Before long we are going to have a picture taken of us with the dolls around us. It certainly very feminine to collect such pretty things and it is something that we can do TOGETHER. Why not do the same with YOUR wife?

I should mention that dolls of the collectible type are not cheap. The larger ones average about \$45.00 and the smaller ones about \$25.00. We have some of each. But really, girls, collecting dolls is just like being a little girl and it gives you a nice soft feeling inside.. Come on out and see my collection. I really love the hobby. If you're a good girl, I'll let you hold one of the dolls.

Lastly, I thought that I had some help when Eve came to town. She started helping me with the Tri-Sigma work, but problems have caused her to leave. Now that she is gone - and I'll miss her - I am looking for a retired sister who would be interested in moving to Tulare and settle down (and help me in the Tri-Sigma office.) The pile of mail that arrives each day would astonish you. So if any of you girls are retired and want to move to the central valley of California, just drop me a note.

Carol Beecroft



Our Cover Girl

One might say that Vicki has had two births during the course of her lifetime. The first being her genetic birth as a male almost 42 years ago, and the second, was the birth "out of the closet" some 36 years later.

Now this is not to say that she waited all this time before realizing what she was. Like a majority of Tv's, she had an early attraction towards female clothing and especially high heels. This had manifested itself around age eleven. At first I experimented with my sister's shoes although she never was aware of this unusual habit of mine. The same can be said concerning my family -- no one else apparently knew of my interest in clothing belong to the female members of my family.

That is, with the exception of my mother! During grade school, and high school, for that matter, I was largely an introvert. I still am, I suppose. Anyway, during my school years although I was very interested in the young ladies around me, I apparently was too shy to ask them out. My mother made the remark that perhaps my high-heels were a real substitute for a girl friend. And, I suppose, to a great extent, she was right.

My mother never really objected to my wearing nylon hose and high heels in her presence but she strongly recommended that I NEVER let my father catch me that way.

As we lived in the country we had little to fear from our neighbors nearby, the nearest family lived at least half a mile away. My father held down two jobs -- farming and railroading, which meant that he was gone a great deal of the time. Of course, this gave me lots of opportunities to wear my shoes in rather

secure circumstances.

Probably the best reason for not allowing my father to know of my "unusual" desire was the fact that he was from the "old school" and just would not understand such things. But, unfortunately for me, he DID discover my interest in pretty girl's shoes later on and under some rather adverse circumstances -- which I shall go into later.

Towards the end of my years in elementary school, the newspapers featured the story of Christine Jorgensen. At that time I had not heard of the term "transvestite" or "transsexual." There was just never any information available, either on radio or television, or even in books or magazines, concerning either of these phenomena.

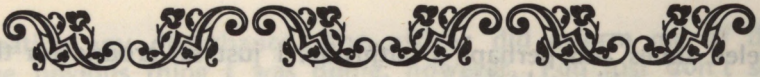
In addition to not knowing just "what" I was, it really didn't make much difference to me whether I was the only male around that liked articles of women's clothing or that there might have been thousands like myself. It just never crossed my mind -- I just kept enjoying wearing my pretty shoes whenever possible.

At times, and rather infrequently, I would try on a slip or bra and possibly some dress or skirt and blouse combination. And I never got involved with cosmetics until some years later when I came out of the closet -- completely!

Upon graduation from high school I was confronted with two choices -- either enlist in the army or be drafted. The former appeared to be more attractive since I could join the air force and get placed where I wanted to be. So I was soon shipped off to basic training in Texas where a private life just didn't exist for about twelve weeks. It was a shame but I had to leave all those nice pretty shoes at home. But the service kept me very busy and there wasn't much opportunity to think about any crossdressing.

But once that I was assigned to a more permanent station, I resumed the collecting of pretty shoes. While off-duty, I could wear a pair of nice high heels while driving around the countryside. It was in this area that I remained until my discharge some six years later.

While permanently stationed and before being discharged, I met my wonderful wife to whom I have been married for 21 years. It was shortly after we were married that I informed her that I liked to wear high heeled shoes. But, surprisingly, she was not shocked -- only stunned with amazement. She said that she had never heard of anything like that but if I enjoyed doing it, well, then, I was free to go ahead. So everything went along fine for the next few years. When I would come home from work each evening, I would slip into some nylons and pretty high



heeled shoes and perhaps a bathrobe. I just sat around for the evening, watching television.

Two daughters were born to us and the next year, 1963, I was discharged from the service. The position that I had held for awhile had required that I report for work about 4:30 in the morning. Being married, I was allowed to live off base in town -- some 15 miles from the job. The bright idea of slipping on a dress, shoes and a headscarf appealed to me for the purpose of stopping along the way to obtain a newspaper from a corner news-stand. I even went into several 24 hour laundromats to get some change. Naturally I would do these things ONLY if no-one was around and at that time in the morning there were few people around.

Had I confined myself to a neighborhood area I might have been all right. You see, each time I "got away with it" I got a little more bolder and finally I decided to take a stroll in the down-town area. And for a few mornings it went fine - until that one fateful early morning.

I had just parked the car along a side street with my male clothes in the back seat. This would allow me to change back into my male clothes before getting to work. Anyway, as I was rounding a corner on the almost deserted streets, there was a police car. I was some distance from my car and just plain froze - I couldn't move! Finally I turned and walked back in the direction I had come from. But, evidently my walking was considerably erratic because the patrol car began following me.

Slowly they eased past me and pulled over to the curb at the next street corner. What could I do but continue walking towards them! There was no place to run and I had already probably given myself away by showing my fright at seeing the patrol car.

One of the officers got out of the car and came towards me. He asked if I was feeling all right and from the tone of his voice he probably thought that I was a woman. The street lighting was rather poor so 'passing' as a woman was accomplished with little effort under such conditions. BUT, having to stop and SPEAK to someone was an entirely different matter!! The jog was up so instantly I confessed that I was a male at which point I was escorted to the squad car and taken to the station.

Once inside the station, I was interrogated by the officer in charge, who said that about all they could charge me with would be disturbing the peace. But that would have been hard for them to prove as I was not making any kind of scene out on the streets, nor was I bothering anyone and I was certainly not

creating any disturbance. The officer did inform me of the one obvious thing I was doing, however. You just don't see a woman, unescorted on a downtown street at 4:00 in the morning. THAT was my undoing!

After a few minutes they called my superior officer on the base. He eventually came and took me back to the base. From then on it was just a matter of some paperwork until I was discharged.

When I was back on the base, the first thing they did was to pull my security-pass. I had to be escorted everywhere I went while on the base. Only a very few people knew what had been done and most of my friends were amazed at what had happened.

Previously, I had been sort of a model soldier - not causing any kind of a problem for my unit. My commanding officer wanted to give me a general discharge and I had the option of accepting his decision or going for a court martial.

I elected to take my chances with the Court and this must have bothered my commanding officer. No doubt it would have been quite an embarrassment to him to go before a military court with a case involving a transvestite.

My superior officer, a First Sergeant, said that he had never heard of such a situation in the 20 years that he had been in the service.

After a few days the commander called me into his office to give me his decision. He had changed his mind and would recommend an honorable discharge under Air Force regulation 39-16. This states that anyone coming under that category was "unfit for military service." This does not usually carry an honorable discharge with it. Frankly, this was about the best that I could hope for, even with a court martial. They could not have given me more and there was a very good chance I could have gotten considerably less.

I agreed to this as it allowed me the full pay and other benefits afforded anyone who got out under normal circumstances.

The whole ordeal was quite a strain on my wife who stuck by me throughout the whole episode. Fortunately the children were very young and did not know of what was happening.

With my service career behind me I decided to move back to my home state and begin a new life as a civilian.

I had been back home a little over a month when the whole thing was exposed to my parents - as to the exact reason for my discharge.

Earlier in this story I had mentioned that my father was from the "old school" and did not "take" to this information.



But my mother was much more understanding, having known of my crossdressing when I was at home as a child.

At first, my father wanted to leave his hometown. He made no effort to listen to any facts about transvestism and, for that matter, I really didn't know of any such facts to present to him. He did make an appointment for me to see a "shrink" - total waste of time, as far as I was concerned. The Doctor knew less about transvestism than me.

Working as a common laborer proved to be getting me no-where so I put my "second self" aside "for the duration."

I attended a trade school for a year and landed a good paying job that I have held for the last fifteen years.

My third child, a boy, was born just before I started school, so with three children to raise, the money was the new job was most welcome.

By this time my daughter was getting old enough to go to school and we thought it best to shelter her, and the other children, was seeing me in any kind of women's attire.

Looking back, it would be hard to tell if this was the right thing to do but it seemed best at that time -- especially since we lived in a small town.

For several years I didn't even wear my shoes in front of my wife. So she thought that I had "gotten over" my need to crossdress. I'm sure that most of us realize that this just does not happen to a real transvestite.

In late 1974 I was looking over some magazines in a book store. I had noticed some magazines that dealt with female impersonation and I eagerly purchased several. Inside were stories and articles as well as photos about how men transformed themselves into "females" and that whole conception of impersonation completely captured me. There were even advertisements dealing with books on make-up and accompanying instructions. I even sent away for several of these books on "how to" to see what they were like.

When the books arrived I used them to help me to completely learn how to use make-up. I started taking photographs of myself after I learned about how to makeup my face, although they were initially taken in black-and-white film. But this gradually gave way to color film. I felt that I was doing a fairly good job of looking "for real."

Fortunately, I knew several girls whom I trusted and who were quite liberal-minded. I asked their opinion on how I looked. They would take a good deal of time, analysing my pictures and pointing out refinements and improvements which I would soon employ when I made up my face.



One of the girls, was a professional beautician and, as luck would have it, was also my next door neighbor. She continues to 'do' my hair, free of charge, and has even given me several new wigs from time to time. The other girls is a nurse and has been acquainted with transvestites so very little disturbs her. Both girls are wonderful people.

After six months of working with makeup, clothes and wigs, I felt that I was ready for the BIG STEP - appearing in public. This called for traveling some distance to a large town where there would be little chance of meeting anyone that I might know.

Talk about being nervous! I certainly was in a dither when I left the motel room. I had forgotten to use my perfume and almost overlooked my nail-polish.

As I left the room in the early evening I met two young boys on the stairway. Trying to act as cool as possible, I casually walked past them as if I had done this hundreds of times before. As we passed each other, they continued to talk among themselves and paid absolutely NO attention to me. It was a relief that the first hurdle was over with! Within a few minutes I was in the midst of all sorts of people at a crowded shopping center. No one paid any attention to me so I guess that I was doing everything all right. The large store windows made good mirrors to see who was passing by me and I would pretend to be looking at some merchandise in the window display. It gave me an opportunity to observe whether any heads were turning in my direction. Oh, a few did, for an instant, and then they would continue on their way.

Finally I got bold enough to stroll through a brightly-lit store where I could just be another shopper looking over the pretty clothes. Again, most everyone was so pre-occupied that they really never noticed me.

After an hour of this I thought it best to return to my motel room where my wife was waiting for a full report. She was much to frightened to accompany me on my adventure. Thus I had to go by myself this first time.

Probably the main factor in "going out" anywheres is how you act in front of other people. The biggest way to draw attention is to be doing something different from what others are doing. And, of course, avoid acting suspicious. And, trying to "hide" something is the quickest way to be spotted as a cross-dresser. If someone should be persistent in following you, then the crowd becomes an advantage. It is much easier to get lost among a lot of people as opposed to just a few.

For a transvestite, speaking to someone presents a new set of problems. One should listen to "how" women talk. No-



tice how their pattern of speech differs from that of the male - even if the women have low voices.

By now many of our sisters are familiar with a Paula Lenko, an English antress who has made a number of commercials. She probably doesn't realize it but her exceptional voice has done more for Tv's than most of us realize. If everyone has accepted her voice as "female", then think how much easier it will be for a lot of us to get away with talking in our "female" voices. As for me, the voice development required as much or more practice than any other facet of female 'impersonation.' There have been a number of occasions when I have had to talk to salespersons, waitresses, etc. While some gave me "disbelieving" stares, others paid little or no attention. I have yet to contact any person who has asked point-blank if I was a man "in drag." The majority of people won't stick their necks out but, then again, most do not care.

I have been in places where it was very important that I "passed". As an example, there was one time when my wife and I and my beautician friend all went to a country and western bar. That is one place where you can't afford to make any mistakes. A couple of other times we went to a disco where I was asked to dance by other guests although, naturally, I politely refused.

Generally, I enjoy shopping for wigs, clothes and especially high heeled shoes. I also feel more comfortable being dressed while shopping for cosmetics. Dining in restaurants while doing my "second self" is a favorite activity. It doesn't bother me at all, now, to give my order to a waitress. I have even passed people that I know who didn't give me a second glance.

Vickki has come a long way in the past few years since she emerged from the closet. Having done the many things that females take for granted has proved to me quite satisfying. I am no longer up-tight about having to "prove" my femmelf. The novelty of "passing" has given way to simply just enjoying being a girl. However there have been 'tight' situations where I wished that I had been other places. As an example, there was a large shopping center in a town far from here and where a young boy followed me, making rude remarks in a loud voice. As it was, there were several of us in the store, so I wasn't the only one being ridiculed. It was unfortunate that I didn't have the time to educate this young fellow concerning transvestism as it was obvious that he knew nothing about the subject.

Great strides have been made in order for transvestites to be free in expressing their 'second self' but a lot of work remains to be done before the transvestite is completely free. In the

meantime, I enjoy getting out in those places where I can express my femme self. At the same time, I continue to expand my shoe collection which comprises the largest part of my wardrobe. I have more money tied up in pretty shoes than all other articles of clothing. A conservative estimate would be an average purchase of a pretty pair of high heels every two weeks. At this time, I have over 500 pair of shoes. Small wonder that I hardly wear any shoes for more than a few times. Since I can wear an 8 or 8½ in a woman's size, I am able to take advantage of the many shoe sales in my home town.

An interesting experience occurred to me recently which bears telling. I was shopping in a large mall when I noticed a cute pair of 4 inch heels, black ankle-strap sandals, and I asked the salesgirl if they were available in size 8½. She said that they were so available and went to get that size for me. Upon her return, and since I was not "dressed" at that time, I asked if I could take them to the back of the store and try them on. I explained, also, that I was a transvestite. She just wasn't prepared for this type of situation and said that she would have to ask her manager. However, he was evidently more interested in the sale than anything else and allowed me to do so. So , the three of us, the salesgirl, the manager, and myself, walked to the rear of the store where I calmly slipped off my male shoes AND socks, exposing a foot with painted toenails and nylons. The shoes fit perfect. The manager and the salesgirl looked on with much interest and remarked how nice they looked on me as I took a few steps in them. As I paid for the shoes, I gave the girl a picture of myself while crossdressed.

Things are getting better for transvestite as evidenced by an experience I had in a town about 40 miles from home. I phoned the police dept and asked them about the crossdressing laws, if any, and was told that none existed. They even told me where transvestites congregate. Needless to say, I was most happy to be able to go to a city and be Vicki and not have to worry. Without having to be concerned with laws prohibiting crossdressing, I can concentrate more on being Vicki.

I'm always ready for an outing as Vicki but, like many women, have difficulty deciding which dress or wig to wear. I hope that more sisters will have only that type of a problem to be concerned with as they get ready to go out on the town.

LOVE, VICKI

IL-48-M

ARTICLE



RUTHANN STRAIGHTENS THEM OUT

The following letter was written to the ISTHMUS, a local paper in the Madison, Wisconsin area. The very capable writer was Ruthann (WI-14-M), a leader of the Tri-Sigma work in her area and one who has helped in developing a brochure which is sent to all inquirers; She also has helped develop a newspaper release, one that is sent to newspapers all over in the hope that such papers will accept the material concerning transvestism for publication.

Dear Fred: This is just another letter on your effort to cover the gay scene in Madison in ISTHMUS No.42. It has to do with some apparently off-handed comments, made in your "Making The Paper" intro article - about the six foot drag queen who "just moved out of the room adjacent to the ISTHMUS Press Suite..." I am still trying to figure out what you meant by this comment. Even given the context of the paragraph in which it appears, I am not sure whether you mean to say:

(1) that it is especially not surprising to discover that this "drag queen" is gay, since we all know that all crossdressers are: or

(2) that even this "drag queen" from whom you'd least of all expect it, turns out to be gay.

If you mean the latter, you deserve huzzahs for your awareness of the characteristics of the crossdressing para-culture's members. However, I fear that you meant the former, or at least that most of your readers took you to mean this. Assuming that my fears are justified, I feel that some clarifications are in order.

First and foremost, the view that crossdressing is unique to gays is a stereotype, and - as stereotypes are wont to be - is grossly inaccurate. It IS a powerful stereotype, one that is damaging to the crossdresser's own self-understanding, as well as to the public's understanding of the phenomenon. For, as it turns out, research has found that something like 85-90 percent of all crossdressers are HETEROSEXUAL (in their primary sexual orientation). The corollary stereotype - that all gays are into crossdressing, at least to some extent - in hence patently off-the-wall as well.

Second, crossdressing is common to a number of markedly behavior patterns. There are classic transvestites (TVs), drag queens, transgenderists, (pre-operative) transexuals, sado-masochists, and others who crossdress, and each has a different purpose in doing so. For now, it is important for you to understand the differences between "drag queens" and classic TVs.

The "drag queen" is gay and his crossdressing tends to be other-oriented, primarily a vehicle for attracting a male sex partner (perhaps helping to ease the potential partner's guilt over being gay) and/or as a pimp on society and its stereotype of gay men as limp-wristed effeminate types (another gross distortion). On the other hand, the classic TV is straight and his crossdressing tends to be much more self-oriented, primarily a vehicle for expressing the feminine side of his personality (which he and most other men learn to bury during childhood). The "drag queen" is more apt to be out in public and, not especially into being mistaken ("passing") for a woman, is more apt to be recognized as a man. The classic TV tends to remain in the privacy of his own home or in the seclusion of a motel room, and tends to venture outside only when he feels accomplished enough at his dressing to believe he can "pass." So with most people's contact with crossdressing being via the "queen," it is not unreasonable for them to assume that all crossdressers are gay. Yet it is equally important that this assumption be de-bugged.

This matter is personally quite important for me, as I am part of the crossdressing para-culture. Though we are not as visible (yet) or as large as the gay community, we - like the gays - are engaged in a struggle for OUR civil rights, for public understanding and acceptance, and for self understanding and self acceptance. Ours is a movement that is growing. On a national level, we are developing our own internal organization and strength, and hope to gradually begin going more public. In the

Madison area, we are hoping to establish a local chapter of the Society For The Second Self (a nationwide TV support group) in the next several months. Everywhere we will be hoping to enlist the media's aid (and the aid of others, too) in telling the truth - and in curtailing the spreading of distortions - about crossdressing.

I hope that ISTHMUS (which I have generally enjoyed reading, and which seems relatively progressive, as far as media go) can aid us in our struggle. For now, it would help if you could clarify or retract the aforementioned statement/suggestion made in ISTHMUS No.. 42. RUTHANN (WI-14-M)

**Editor Carol Beecroft
Announces New
CONTEST
"PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE BEST WRITERS"**

One of our readers wrote and suggested that your Editor offer a prize for the best TV story of 1981. It seems like a very constructive suggestion and thus I shall not only offer a prize for that category but also offer additional prizes for other types of contributions submitted. I am offering a TWO-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION to TRANSVESTIA for the best contributions in the following categories:

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

It is felt that this contest will encourage our sisters to exhibit their writing talents as well as their creativity. This contest will last until December 31, 1981. All material should be typed and double spaced although I will accept contributions from those who do not have access to a typewriter and, as a result, have to write in longhand. Typewritten materials are preferred however.

To

Start A New Life

Jaye (TX-202-R)

Ten weeks later, after the highly charged scene in the judge's chambers, after the decree had made him a divorced man against his will, Anthony Adams sat in the park, musing. Ten weeks.....already his loneliness was a fact, already his resignation to the facts that his wife had sued for and won a divorce on the basis of incompatibility - already the hurt was fading.

With growing resolve, Anthony looked at the shopping bag on the park bench. It contained, he knew, a real change in store for him. This divorce had been a really crushing event for him. He had always been optimistic, even in spite of frequent set-backs.

A small person, just over five feet and under 120 pounds, Anthony was accustomed to being passive in many circumstances. Someone his size could hardly be a bully. "Bully!" The thought brought a smile to his face, for nothing could be further from a description of his personality. Gentle things, soft and smooth, were more to his liking as well as fine music, art, theater and beautiful scenery.

Speaking of scenery, the park at noon was a scenic place with all the office workers on lunch breaks. He watched with consuming interest every young female who passed, noting in careful detail, her every feature. Fortunately, Anthony had been granted a generous award in the divorce settlement - a substantial bank account, investment portfolio and ready cash. At least Angelia had been fair with the 50/50 split.

Money Anthony had! Time, he didn't! Lunch was long since over and all the pretty girls were gone from the park and the streets and would not appear again until after 5 O'Clock. Quickly he picked up the shopping bag, strode across the park, past the Goodwill box already buldging with much in the way

of donations, across the street and into the brownstone with walk-up flats. Unhesitatingly now, with a resolve he had not known before, Anthony entered the building and finally opened the door to Apartment 3B, where the simple name card read "A' Adams."

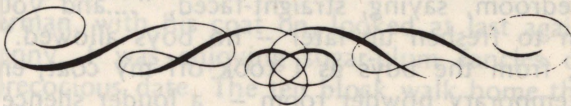
Entering the small flat, Anthony looked around before he turned and securely bolted the door. A smile spread over his face as his resolve finally was set. His plan would be carried out!

Anthony carefully washed and shaved, taking care to remove all unwanted hair, not that he had very much. He casually glanced at the discarded clothing he'd only minutes before removed. He walked firmly over to the bed now, removed the new articles of clothing from the shopping bag, turned and refilled it with the discarded clothing and turned his attention to his dressing.

The Goodwill box slammed shut with a metallic clang. Inside, lay Anthony's contribution in his shopping bag. On the outside, high heeled shoes clicked along the walk as office girls once again filled the square. Inconspicuously in the crowd of attractive women "Toni" moved gracefully along the way toward the familiar brownstone apartment building. Arriving there, Toni's purse yielded a key to Apt 3B and it was just a moment before the door was open and Toni stepped inside. Toni was quite attractive and stood 5' 6" in heels and weighed a dainty 118 pounds.

A smile with a sigh of satisfaction spread across her face in the mirror reflected the view. Toni saw 'Toni' in a blue sweater and skirt - all turned out to perfection. Slowly, before the mirror, she began to disrobe, for fatigue required retirement soon. But, first, her things had to be changed. Off came the sweater and skirt. Under it were the sky-blue bra and panties. Off came the hose. Choosing to keep on her bra and panties, Toni moved to the dresser and extracted a shimmering pink "babydoll" nightie - and when the gown was in place, Toni was ready for bed.

As the light went out, the era ended. Tomorrow the Goodwill truck would take what remained of Anthony Adams away. Remaining would be Toni.



Trop De Jeunesse



SUZANNE

REMEMBERED FONDLY: At 12 years of age, a sudden Halloween party invitation at the last minute. Desperate family confab on what I should wear and that obvious and too-easy solution (if one has a sister), ".....could wear a dress and stuff of mine!" The mildest-ever, but to be expected, protest on my part, melted to nothing by:

Sister's -- "Anyone your age can be adorable in a cute dress!" (and) "As you like little girls so much you'd be sure to like yourself."

Mother's -- "Sis, do a squeaky-clean shampoo on our new little girl, tease it, do up a fluffy urchin on(sly, smiling long pause).....HER!" and "It WAS an all-boy party -- up to now."

Then.....enough faintly-tinted lipstick, just enough rouge and powder for that girlish glow of health, enough light floral perfume to make a girl's presence known. A modestly party-ish satin-sashed eyeley cotton frock with skirt starched to a constantly-swinging spread. Precocious nylons to soften leg bruises. (Mother: "You're such a tomboy!") The last minute phone-call to the party giver, mother saying, "You can expect an unknown young lady -- do invite her in." Motherly last-minute instructions: "A young lady must always be conscious of her skirts."

When I at last entered the party room and my hostess let me put my coat, purse and lacquered, ribboned sailor hat in her bedroom, saying, straight-faced, ".....and you may use this room to freshen up later -- no boys allowed." Silence, suddenly, from the boys as I took off my coat, entering my hostess' temporary powder room -- a louder silence as I came

out for their gaze, plucking my stiff skirt for uncalled-for-greater fullness.....nervously! The boys whispering together in obvious disapproval - and I'd thought I looked so hopelessly attractive!

A change in attitude when my hostess introduced me, "Little Miss Suzanne, but if you look closer you'll see it's really Jeff Watt." Nervous laughter, changing to real laughter from the boys, facetious whistles, and 'wows!' and 'Howdja do it?' all of which I took as complimentary, wonderfully comforting. The usual boy's party took over from there, sometimes raucous, sometimes downright athletic. And a tomboy CAN forget her skirts, almost, and become one of the boys, almost. But I needed several trips to the powder room to 'freshen up!'

In spite of my wholehearted participation, I did sense a continued remoteness, a separation from the boys - not unkindly of them. Clothes do make the girl; I was certainly a different specie from the boys in skeleton, Superman, clown and ghost costumes. Some, according to backgrounds were leaning over backwards toward me while others were unusually solicitous. Superman was asked to serve me my cocoa and cookies while the rest had to get their own (and I didn't spill anything on my pretty frock) and I sat there, loving the extra attention given me. The "louts", in discreet corners where the hostess wasn't around, asked to see more of my underthings than were casually visible, EVEN my garters, but I refused - modestly....sometimes haughtily. The "gentlemen" asked if I'd learned to dance yet, and if I could curtsy. Curtsy I'd learned only an hour earlier but my hostess nixed the dancing (thank goodness!).

Then party over and my hostess's "Who will walk the young lady home?" - dangerous for little girls this time of the night (it was all of 10:00 O'clock). Allowed my choice, I chose Superman with his pure rag-content buldging muscles -- he'd been nicest to me that evening. My hostess kissed me on the cheek in my private powder room when I went for my coat and hat, making a bow of my fragile scarf about my neck against the October cold, whispering conspiratorially, "Your presence made the party so much less raucous! Thank you, dear, and thank your mother."

Superman, with his coat on, looked at last again like my friend Kenny. I was enjoying sugar-plum fancies of looking like his precocious date. The ten block walk home through the shaded busy streets of our little home-town wasn't eventful - but

it was memorable. I remember my leg-consciousness, the acceptance of cool breezes by my skirt, the vulnerability of my thinly hosed legs made me so aware of my being a girl for the evening. I remember, pleurably, Kenny's polite assumption of the streetside male role. I remember with a positive thrill his asking to call me Belle - he felt dumb calling me a boy's name and, anyhow, if we ran into anybody it'd be less confusing.

(My hostess, that night, had said to me, "Well, you can't help but be the belle of the ball this evening." So being called Belle confused ME less, too.)

Kenny said some satisfying things to me like, "...makes me feel grown-up, walking a girl home" and "Wish Andria could see me with you - she'd be jealous" and still ".....'d like to take a girl who looks like you to the movies."

I murmured little, almost silent, "thank you's", surpressing encouragement. Halloween came only once a year. Darn it.

Close to my home, Kenny blurted, "Would you like to visit my sister some evening? She doesn't like boys but I know that she'd like you -- I mean if you DON'T come over dressed up like a boy. I could walk you over!" (He LIKED the grown-up dating feeling I was also enjoying.) I felt free to "I'd love it" on that one - I needed a real girlfriend after that nearly all-boy evening. So many questions had come up in my mind.

There was an awkward moment at the doorstep, as we said goodnight, but I covered it (graciously, as my curiosity-peeking sister later described things) by shaking hands, touching only - really - and with my LEFT hand. That seemed so much less "heartly-good-ole-pal" like

One thing Kenney said that evening that stayed with me..... "You know, Belle, when you first came to the party, all the guys were whispering and lookin' kinda mad, like they didn't like you." And I interjected a "Yes, but I thought that I was so...." and he continued, "That's just what the trouble and their talk was all about. They'd been promised it was a party for boys only. Just boys. Then you showed up, all....well, like you are. They thought for sure a girl would spoil the party, until they leaned who you were."

Them with a certain smugness (he was thirteen) - he said, with proud superiority, "They're all so young!"



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

Hi everybody! This is just a short piece to let you all know that I am still alive and kicking and give you an update on what has been happening.

Things have gone along rather well since I returned from Africa and Fantasia Fair last fall. I always seem to have so much to do that even when I cut something out of the schedule (which should allow me more free time), it immediately gets filled up again. It's kind of like time-quicksand. I have been spending a lot of time in the Biomed Library at UCLA ferreting out material for my planned book on 'The Origins of Humanness' or 'How Did We Get Here From There?' There are several articles for professional journals that need attention, too. There is so much to learn, organize and integrate that it seems that I will never be able to sit down and say 'this is it.' But I have had several interested comments from anthropologists and Psychologists, so I suppose that I have something.

Then, too, I have taken a number of extension courses at UCLA on China and Cosmology, on the Negev Desert in Israel, on Evolution and anthropology as well as Current Tension Areas of the World....So you can see my interest is spread over a lot of territory.

I also took a weeks extension trip to Baja, Calif., We then flew to La Paz and boarded some boats called pongas which are something like a large rowboat with a powerful outboard and took off up the Peninsula to a large island called Espiritu Santos, where we dumped things out on the beach for several days of swimming, hiking, snorkeling, etc. Then we loaded up and visited another island and stayed at two different camps there. Each time the first thing I did when I got ashore

was to go and stake out an area behind some bushes or rocks and away from most of the rest where I could have a little privacy. I really didn't want to shock the entourage by letting them discover that whereas Virginia had signed up, Charles had come along. But all went off well. With an air mattress and a sleeping bag we were pretty comfortable. The mattress was important - even though it had a small leak - I had to blow it up a couple of times each night. For those of you who have never slept on sand, it doesn't differ too much from concrete. Regardless of how soft it is when you walk in it, it gets mighty hard about three in the morning.

Because of my skin condition, I sunburn very easily, so I took the precaution of buying and wearing a pair of lightweight white pants and took one of Charles' old white sport shirts out of the back closet and wore that whenever I went in swimming or snorkeling. However, I didn't use my head to realize that the weave in the thin white material was very open relative to the wave lengths of ultra violet light; so, in spite of the shirt, I got a good red back - enough to cause everyone else to comment when I took the shirt off. I hesitate to think what it would have been like without the shirt. When you snorkle, you paddle around on the surface of the water with your face, with mask attached, face down in the water in order to observe the fish and coral on the bottom. It's all so fascinating and interesting and the water warm enough that you could stay out there all afternoon. However, your back and the back of your legs are exposed to the sun all the time.

But I survived and we had a marvelous time and some great cookery, especially of some of the fish that were caught. There were the usual campfire song fests, story telling and drinking bouts, but we all became good friends and some of us even learned a few things about the birds, beasts, fish and plant life of the Baja area.

After attending DREAM in Oregon, I will be going to China for a trip which will take 35 days. It will not be just the usual tourist trip to the costal cities of China, but, instead, it will include a long trip deep into the interior of the country. (3200 miles west of Peking, as a matter of fact). I will end up onyly about 400 miles east of Alma Ata in the Soviet Union, where I was in 1975. This area in Simkiang province is the most landlocked place on earth. That is, it is furthest from the ocean in any direction you might point. Since I am interested in

archeology, anthropology and man's origins, this will be a most interesting trip because it was from this area in central Asia, that the ancestors of all of us originally came. Some experts say that the peoples of the Iaralian plateau moved over the mountains into central Asia and the plateau of Tibet. There they stayed during the ensuing ice age. When it warmed up, their increasing population drove them back over the mountains to the plains of Iran and then into the middle east, Egypt and beyond, on the one side, and out into the broad areas of what is now southern Russia and into central Europe. So my trip will get back to the area where we all began. Sufice to say that it is going to be a marvelous trip.

You will be interested to know that we have been admonished to wear dark colored slacks and to avoid bright colors and too much jewelry, as dresses, bright colors and self adornment are not standard practice in China, particularly in the more rural areas where we will be going. They further advise that we do not wear high heels and forget evening dresses. What a dull place for a TV!

Before I sign off, I have to tell you of an amusing experience I recently had. I went into a hospital in Santa Barbara to have a little surgery on my upper lids. While I was at it, I talked to the surgeon and decided to have the point shaved off of my Adams apple. Well, although the eyes could have been done in the office, the larynx had to be done under general anesthesia so I wouldn't swallow during the cutting. This meant the hospital. I entered and was checked into a room for two patients. The bed next to me was occupied by a woman of perhaps 50 or 55. Since the surgery didn't take place until later, I was lying there perfectly conscious and it soon came to nine O'Clock. I asked my room-mate if she would turn to channel five as I would like to watch Phil Donahue. She said that was fine, that she liked to watch him, too. Then she asked me if I had watched the show when they had the transvestite as a guest. Well, I had watched Ariadne Kane of Fantasia Fair fame, when she was on, and they had a couple of Ts's on, too, which the public is likely to mix up with Tv's. So I asked her about the person who was on the program. "Oh", she said, "he was dressed up like a lady and he and his girl friend went out shopping and they went into the ladies room and everything. My

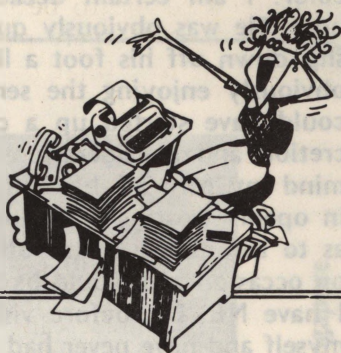
daughter told me to be careful the next time I went into the powder room as there might be a man in there dressed like a woman." "Well, what of it," I asked. "Everybody is in their own booth." After that the conversation drifted around a bit but I couldn't help thinking about the heart attack she would have had if I had nonchalantly replied "well, I don't see what is so unusual about going shopping with your girl friend. After all, I do it all the time and even go into hospitals for surgery. In fact, there is a Tv in the bed next to you - right now!" But needless to say I just played it cool.

When the nurse came to give me a shot to knock me out, I was wearing a pair of briefs under my hospital gown and she said that I would have to take them off. But I pointedly replied, "you just pretend that you never saw them because they are staying on." I guess that she forgot because nothing further happened. I got woosey, they transferred me to a gurney and took me down the hall to surgery, but things were so delayed that my bladder got full and had to ask the nurse for a bedpan. Naturally she brought me the type for females and it was very difficult adjusting it under me since I was very woozy from the injection. But I managed, the anesthetist managed and the Doctor managed and about in the middle of the afternoon, I awoke - but blindfolded because of the eye surgery. The next day the bandages were removed and I was able to get around well enough to drive home. So, today, I have wider, open eyes, and an Adams apple that doesn't make such an obvious point when I talk.

Well, that's '30' for tonight, as they say in the newspaper world. Have fun, stay solvent, be happy and enjoy. As ever, Virginia.

**THERE IS A TV NAMED LORETTA
WHO IS ALWAYS DRESSED IN A SWETTA
THREE REASONS SHE HAD,
STAYING WARM WASN'T BAD,
HER OTHER TWO REASONS ARE BETTA'
(I HOPE THAT WILL HOLD YOU, LORETTA.)**

The Editor's Mailbag



Dear Carol: As you've purchased Virginia Prince's books, I suppose that somewhere within we are kindred spirits. It was through the pages of *TRANSVESTIA* that I became aware that there were others with similiar orientation. This, in itself, released me from the doubt and guilt I had previously known.

My transvestism is totally heterosexual. I've known, consciously, that I have been a Tv since age 5 even though that I never had a name for my feelings. At that time I was forcibly attired in girl's long stockings and sent off to primary school. Though I suffered from the ridicule from the other children, inwardly, secretly, I knew that evermore, I wanted to be so attired. Only, when would I be grown up so that I could wear a pink all-in-one foundation and seamed sheer rayon stockings, like my aunt did

By the time I was ten or eleven, I was adept at putting on my mother's sheer rayon stockings without getting a run in them. But, when would I be able to have my OWN heavy, pink Jacquard Foundation garment, with six heavy pink hosiery supporters? And so its been ever since. Although a confirmed crossdresser, I view the whole thing from the viewpoint that I would like to wear feminine things, openly, as a male - possibly a throw-back to childhood! But perhaps there are a few others who think like this.

I recall being a tourist in Japan in 1978. There was an obviously American young fellow, in his twenties, very well dressed, and my eyes nearly popped out for I am certain his ankles were adorned by Ward's sheer support nylons, suntan

color. I am certain because I often wear the same identical nose. He was obviously quite open about it - he let a moccasin slip down off his foot a little and stroked his ankle and heel, obviously enjoying the sensuous feeling. How I wished that I could have started up a conversation with him. Anyway, discretion and considerations of other's feelings cautioned me to mind my own affairs. But, how I envied his calm nonchalance in openly wearing his nylons and I day dreamed and speculated as to the nature of his other underthings. I come to California on occasion and would like to meet you. My main reason is that I have NEVER before visited or talked with another such as myself and have never had the opportunity to be at ease in this role with another person. (Marjorie, Canada)

Dear Carol: Thanks for sending along TVIA No. 101. I am thoroughly impressed with it. It has a fresh new look and a nice variety of content. The new logo is very attractive. This should improve our readership and increase awareness among the membership. Congratulations on a fine issue.

Imagine my surprise when I opened that issue of TVIA to find that you had published a piece which I wrote 15 years ago and sent Virginia anonymously - or under the name of Sharon Anne. The piece I am referring to is on page 54, entitled "An Exciting Adventure." It is indeed a true story, an account of my first foray out into the public - dressed. I have vivid memories of that time. It was in the spring of 1965. I was living in Overland Park, Kansas and finishing my last year in law school. At the time I had been married less than a year and had just discovered that my wife's clothing fit reasonably well. I was studying for the bar exam and my wife went to visit with her family in Missouri. The idea was that I would have the whole apartment to myself and get more studying done. She was away for two days and while I did get some studying done, I also did a lot of crossdressing.

It was during this two day period that I wrote the account and mailed it to Virginia. The Plaza shopping area referred to in the story is the Country Club Plaza in Kansas City, Missouri. The other shopping mall is at State Line Road and Ward Parkway. I can't tell you of all the tender memories which this little story brought back to me. It must have been buried all these years in Virginia's files. Thanks for publishing it. Sharon Stuart (N.Y.)



Jean in California



Lucy in Singapore

Dear Carol: I have just received Transvestia No.101. I note that you have now purchased the magazine from Virginia and, without doubt, you will continue to be a s good and trustworthy as Virginia has in the past 20 years. I have subscribed to Transvestia since issue No. 4. I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all the luck and success as owner and Editor. G.B.S. (Gloucester, England)

Dear Carol: I have just received your first issue of Transvestia, No. 101, and I think it's very good. Similar to the previous format but sufficiently different to make it individual and not just a slavish copy. My congratulations to you. Joy, Surrey, England)

Dear Carol: I served 13 months in the infantry in Vietnam. I'm not a sissy, but I do enjoy wearing feminine clothing. I had been crossdressing long before I was drafted into the army and I'm still doing it. Actually, I'm scared at times - almost as scared as I was in Vietnam. But I'm not ashamed of what I do. Some of those in my family have found out about my crossdressing. Unfortunately, one of those was my wife and because of this we have separated. She took the children and left, although we see each other about two times a week. She says that she can put up with my wearing panties but she cannot take nightgowns, pantyhose, bras, dresses and so forth. I wonder if most women act this way. C.C. (Phoenix, Az)

Dear Carol: I would like to request some assistance and information from you. I have been a crossdresser for several years. I feel so good when I can get into dresses and pretty, soft things. There is only one other person who knows about my crossdressing and I store my clothes with him. But he is 'gay' and does not get the same feeling as I do when I walk around his living room. I have periods when I think that I should give it all up and feel rather guilty. Naturally this produces a lot of anxiety. The two worlds become difficult to face . My wife and son are not aware of my dressing and it would hurt me deeply if they were embarassed after learning of my 'strange' desires. Thus, I go to great measures to keep them from finding out about me. The interesting thing is that my wife and I are similar in size, so when she leaves for her teach-

ing position in the morning, I lag behind and enjoy her clothes. However, this only lasts for about 15 minutes. One of my goals would be to spend a while day or even a weekend as a woman. That would be wonderful. Paul (Los Angeles)

Dear Carol: I have just received my latest order from Chevalier and haven't stopped reading since. I especially enjoy the short novellettes. Your choice of materials makes it extremely interesting and a pleasure to read. I am thankful that I found Tri-Sigma Sorority. I'm sure that the other girls appreciate what you're doing for us as much as I do. Janet (Madison, Wi)

Dear Carol: I just cannot conceive how you can do it all; The new Transvestia is excellent and the Femme Mirror is better than ever. I don't see how you can come up with all those cute cartoons. After all so many years here without another Tv sister known to me, there are now no less than two others who live nearby and we have been visiting each other at our homes. They are Ellen (NY-11-J) and Joan (NY-9-F), both members of Tri-Sigma. Both are high class people and are quite advanced in their crossdressing - both are able to go out in public without problems. Joan visited me for several hours on Saturday and several hours again, on Monday. My wife and son were both here and visited with her. Eileen has also visited several times, too. We took photos of each other. As for me, after Joan's visit on Monday, I left, all dressed up, to do the usual shopping for groceries and several other errands, as I often do - and in the rain at that. That particular excursion took four hours and was about average. It included visiting a lady cousin in the hospital. I recently discovered that the outside "Control Top" pantyhose, such as "Big Mama", in addition to stretching to cover my long legs, can be worn two-at-a-time without any girdle at all and will act as a panty girdle to hold me firm. This combination is much more comfortable than a girdle and permits much more freedom.

I also discovered that I was wrong in assuming that it is necessary to wear a panty girdle with at least short legs so as to prevent the possible escape of a portion of the genitals out the bottom. I now wear a short 'brief' panty girdle over two pairs of regular panty hose. (I have no leg hair but do have a lot of dark scars from my early motorcycle racing and hillclimbing

days) I purchased a Playtex '18 hour' brief panty girdle, and, believe me, they are not kidding when they say that one can wear them for 18 hours. I never would have believed it if I hadn't tried it, for I have been using numerous styles of girdles for many, many years with all sorts of discomfort, but never before a brief, because I simply assumed that that it would not be practical on the male anatomy. The one I purchased is a high-quality one and cost me \$13.00. It is a real bargain in both price and comfort. I spend so much time 'enfemme' and out in public that I could not put up with uncomfortable and/or hot girdles.

If it appears that I am dwelling too much on the subject of girdles, it is due to two reasons. First, I have had a lot of discomfort from many girdles and have done a lot of testing of different kinds. I take no pleasure in being all laced up tightly, like some Tvs. I have to be active such as getting in and out of the car, much walking, etc. If too tightly restricted, I could not walk freely and in a feminine manner. I don't want to be stiff-bodied like a lot of fat women in tight corsets. Second, and this is more important, No Tv can feel very feminine when a portion of her genitals are esposed down under her skirt! A properly fitted brief panty girdle can hold the genitals up in front of the lower abdomen in such a way that it is concealed and so comfortable that one is not even conscious of its existence. With pantyhose under the brief-girdle, the appearance is 100 per cent feminine. The effect is so convincing that I would not hesitate to lift up my skirt if my sex were questioned. Of course, I have other forms of proof, including a good female-type voice and no beard, though I do have to wear a wig. So why should so many Tvs feel that a sex change is needed? I believe that the pseudo transsexuals could forget about the operation if they would use the above clothing. The beard can be eliminated only at a great expense of money, time and some pain. The voice is a problem that can not always be helped. Felicity (N.Y.)

Dear Carol: I am a 33 year old Tv, single and living alone. I work for a plant in upper N.Y. in a professional capacity. My first encounter with crossdressing happened when I was six. I am an only child, my father was seldom at home and I grew up with two female cousins. I can remember the urge to wear



MONIQUE (FF-1-M)



PHYLLIS (CA-19-M)

female clothing at that early age. but never dared. Finally, when I was 13 I borrowed one of mother's slips and tried it on - I was hooked. In my senior year in high school I purchased my own lingerie. After graduating from the University of Houston, I went into the service but just before leaving I found myself in a book store in Houston. I purchased a book on transsexuals and discovered an address in the book for heterosexual Tvs. Unfortunately, I waited until I was shipped overseas but eventually heard from a Sally in Houston. We wrote many times and she invited me to many parties. However, I never got around to attending any of the activities but finally, after another four years, I decided to write Sally and go to one of the meetings. But before I could go, I was transferred from Houston to Rochester, N.Y. I lived with my patents after that and my Tv activities came to a halt. Now that I am living by myself I find that the urge to crossdress is very strong and I have spent untold amounts of money expanding my wardrobe. I must admit that I have all the latest styles of clothing in my closet as well as lingerie.

Well, the old urge to meet others is again knocking on the door but much louder this time. This is how you might be able to help me. I have tried to contact Sally at her last known address but have not heard from her. I desperately need to meet other Tvs. So far no other living person has seen me dressed and I have no idea if I could pass in public. Could I be screened for membership in Tri-Sigma? I would like to meet others like myself. Kay (Pittsford, N.Y.)

Dear Carol: I'm not sure how to go about this, as it has been one of my closest guarded secrets for some time. I am now and have been for some time, a transvestite. I don't know when I started wearing women's clothes. I remember snitching my mother's lingerie when I was home alone. I enjoyed being feminine and would get up late at night, when everyone else was sleeping, and go to my secret treasure, get dressed, stroke the silky material, look at myself in the mirror and wish that I could be a pretty girl. This scared the heck out of me since this type of behavior was frowned at in my family. But I continued in these activities for the next several years, when my mother caught me. I still dressed at times thereafter and several years I met this girl and was rather taken by her. We had been going out for some time when, one evening, she began telling me

about her brother and how he used to dress up and that she would help him. She appeared pretty open-minded about it and so I confessed my own crossdressing desires and it wasn't long until she got me a dress and some lingerie as well as shoes and took me to her apt. She asked me to take a shower and when I got out and dried myself, she had all those pretty things all laid out on the bed for me. She told me to hurry up and get dressed and when I finished she came into the room and shaved my legs and made my face up with cosmetics and even curled my hair. We did this several times and I feel that I didn't look too badly. In fact, my girlfriend gave me a number of compliments. She said that I looked better in a dress than did she. She indicated that she did all this for me because it made my happy. But, unfortunately, down inside her it started to bother her. I really loved her so I quit asking her to dress me up.

We have since married and I've joined the army so I have had to keep my feelings buried deep down inside. But, recently, she has been asking again if I want to dress up again. I love her very much and I do not want to see her that upset again. I now realize that there is a part of me that needs attention. I very much enjoy dresses, high heels and being pretty and feminine. But I want to share this with my wife and I want her to be a part of it. I know that she could break loose and accept my occasional crossdressing but some 'dumb-assed' psychologist is preventing her from accepting my feminine inclinations. I am still in the army but I need to meet other people like me who enjoy being pretty once in awhile. When I go out and see girls in dresses I wish that I could be one of them. I don't feel that this is wrong and I like being a woman very much - on occasion. If there are any chapters of the Society near me at Ft Bragg, N.C., I would like to join with them. R.J.B. (S.C.)

Dear Carol: I had written to you just a few days ago and because of the people around me when I was typing the letter, I had to keep it from looking as though I was a little strange. I guess that I could be called a closet Tv, but in other ways, I am not. When I was between the ages of 5 and 7, if I misbehaved as a boy, my father would see that I was dressed as a girl. This meant wearing a dress, panties, slip and shoes with anklets. I usually cried when it happened but when I had settled down and behaved myself for a period of time, I would be taken out of the clothes and told not to misbehave again. As I grew older,

I would sneak into my sister's rooms and wear one of their dresses. When I was in Jr High School, I often found excuses for not participating in family functions so that I could be home, wearing my sister's dresses and making up my face.

When I graduated from high school I joined the navy and was able to purchase material pertaining to crossdressing and finally learned that I was not queer but merely had another side to me that needed expression. I actually went about four years without crossdressing, then the old feelings came back and the next thing I knew, I had purchased several dresses and was just satisfied, wearing them in a hotel room. Later, I found myself with a complete wardrobe and several wigs. At first, I stayed in my apartment. One day I decided to buy a new dress and went to a dress shop to see what was available. I told the lady that the dress was for a costume party but she saw through me and asked if I would like to try the dress on in the shop. I went into a dressing room and when I had the dress on, the lady asked me to step out and let her observe me. My legs were rather hairy and she remarked about that and said that with the right foundation, the dress would look nice on me. So, I went home and shaved my legs, put on all my other pretty things and decided to go back to the shop and show the lady what I looked like. I got to the door, but 'chickened' out but not enough to get completely undressed. I slipped on a pair of pants and a shirt, put many of my feminine things in a bag and drove to the store. I must have looked a sight, with false eyelashes and make-up - and with men's clothes. I went in and asked to use the dressing room and got dressed for her. When I stepped out of the dressing room there was a couple in the store and I became rather nervous. I finally relaxed. The couple left, mentioning to the lady that I looked nice in the dress. I was estatic from the compliment and decided to drive home as a girl.

After that experience, it was all that I could do to keep from going out as a female but each time I went out, I acquired more and more confidence. Then conditions changed and I had to stop my crossdressing for awhile - that is until I came to Jacksonville, Florida, when I REALLY got into it. I bought a Wig, while dressed. I eventually located a bar where crossdressers were welcome and went there when I was out dressed. I met a lady who accepted me for myself. I was able to visit with her as Jennifer and we were both comfortable. I had surpassed my fears of being identified as a male in 'drag'. Soon, I had to

leave on manuevers and had to leave those pretty things at home. I married in 1979 and was divorced a year later since my wife could not understand my need to crossdress. I have not cross-dressed since the divorce but I am now looking forward to going on leave and will spend a week of it as a female. I do plan on acquiring a nice wardrobe to retain this time. I am tired of society telling me it is wrong, when I feel so RIGHT about it.
Jennifer (Montana)

Dear Carol: I have been a transvestite since I was young. When it was possible I would impersonate a female with makeup and all. Once I even went out in public, shopping, going to a movie and to a bar, where a man asked me to dance. Needless to say, I was scared silly for fear of being found out. I do not go out now, because I am completely terrified, although I do wear lingerie and panty hose under my male clothing. Fran (Bethesda, Maryland)

Dear Carol: I am writing this letter for my boyfriend who enjoys wearing female clothing. He has enjoyed this for the last several years, but only dresses indoors and when I am to help him.

His wife could care less or be shocked at his behavior. Thus, I am not writing from her viewpoint but for him. He seems to have come to a standstill and needs to make friends with new people who feel the same as him. He needs to associate with these new friends and go out with them. He needs to dance, attend parties and social functions to really make him feel good. I read the letter in FORUM magazine and decided to find out where 'she' can find help and a chapter of The Society For The Second Self. I really get 'turned on' when 'she's' all dolled up. W.F.F., Parma Ohio

Dear Carol: I am a heterosexual male transvestite that has had a very hard time - I guess like all the rest of us. My new wife is the most wonderful person in the world and understands and helps me with my crossdressing. I would be most willing to help someone out in the New Jersey area. I have a very responsible position in my community. (J.H. in N.J.)

Dear Carol: I am a 21 year old heterosexual Tv and have an A.A. degree at a military school in another state. When I was about 5 or 6 I started to wear my mother's clothes. I don't know why I still do it but I just like to wear women's clothing.

I am writing this letter wearing high heels, panty hose, a slip and dress and feel most comfortable dressed this way. As you know this attire is not approved by our society. I have been caught by my parents three times. They were so embarrassed that they did not tell anyone else and figured that it was just part of growing up. I wish that I could locate a female in my area that I could go to for assistance and talk to concerning my interests in wearing female clothing.

As you can see by this letter, I am rather nervous just writing this letter. This is the first time that I have sought help about my crossdressing. I have this great fear of being associated with 'gay' people since I am definitely not that way. I like who and what I am and only need some help to enable me to deal with my crossdressing. Sometimes I think that I am off my 'rocker'. Your help and understanding will greatly be appreciated. God, please do help me. (Chuck, Fort Worth, Texas)

Dear Carol: Thanks for your letter and literature, which has been enjoyed not only by myself but also by Angie. We read it from beginning to end. It is so nice to discover that there is a TV organization here in America and, of course, I want to become a Tri-Sig girl!

I am lucky enough to have a wife who helps me and unlike back in England, I have absolutely nothing to fear, even if my second self was disclosed. Being a Tv has never been a problem with me but only with the outside world possibly discovering by tendency to crossdress.

To me, being a transvestite is a very personal thing. It is for this reason that I seek the company of other Tvs and feel relaxed in the knowledge that they feel much like me. I am not gay or a transsexual and I am not into rubber-wear or leather or bondage, female domination etc.. I am just a plain run-of-the-mill hetero transvestite. My feelings are similar to Woody's of Niagra Falls in your mailbox in the Femme Mirror. I have a deep admiration for the feminine world and my feelings is the same when I see myself in the mirror. I can only trace my interest in crossdressing to the fact that at an early age my father was dressed & brought up exactly as a girl. Perhaps it was catching. Anyhow, I was in my twenties when I developed an interest in dressing up.

I am a photographer and process all the work myself which means working until the early hours of the morning. I had a darkroom in the spare room in the house in England. One night between houts under the enlarger I was having a drink and a

smoke and spotted a pair of old nylon stockings belonging to Angie together with a tiny garter belt. For some reason they turned me on and I just had to try them on. That first experience was 'out of this world' - everything fitted so snug and the feeling was so sexy.

The next time I felt that way, I found a pair of Angie's shoes and, surprise, they fitted exactly. They were white, open toed, sling-back, high heeled shoes and together with the stockings, garter belt, etc the feeling was even more outrageous. When I eventually told Angie she wanted to know more about my feelings and did not reject me. In fact she became involved with my crossdressing. As I realized that most of Angie's clothing fitted me I wanted to go further and discovered the lovely, beautiful world of transvestism.

I couldn't believe the comfort of the feeling that comes from wearing women's clothing and there came one day that I went 'whole hog'. I dressed completely from head to toe as a girl and WENDY was born. I felt so happy and discovered that I had another identity, not to other people, but to myself. It was uncanny - so comfortable and relaxing.

The top of the icing on the cake came when I decided to go out and mix with the public. Angie couldn't understand but helped me all the way. With a shortie black fur coat and black shoes and gloves, I hit the town at a local seaside resort. I felt terrific and not one single person guessed my true identity as I mixed with the crowds in the street, did my share of window shopping, and walked along the beach. I daringly went into a restaurant for tea and cakes with Angie doing the talking and I even went to the ladies restroom.

Since then, my life has been one long, lasting excitement and even now, I usual change into female clothing when I get home from being out in the working world. I have worked in the garden, dressed in my bright green summer dress. Here I am, carrying on here without thinking of you. I hope that this is not boring you. I had hoped to have written this letter before this weelend because I am going to become a woman again over this holiday weekend. Angie is going to take photographs of me.

I go even further now. I couldn't stand fiddling with false fingernails so now I let them grow untrimmed for a couple of weeks as I have done lately. This can make you cringe at first, but it soon becomes natural to pick something up even with the long nails. I varnish them and they are my own. Sometime

ago I attempted my own method to develop my breasts and it left a permanent bulge but not enough to be called breasts. I would love to have the real thing and even now do special exercises to help the bustline. God only knows what I'd do if I ever developed any!

This weekend I'm removing my hair on my legs so they look more beautiful under my stockings. I've done it many times before and the feeling is fantastic. Angie doesn't like it when the hair on my legs starts to grow - it is rather rough. I would prepare myself rather well for a meeting of the Tri-Sigma chapter in the La area. It is an unwritten law with me that I would never meet another sister unless I was dressed and I expected the same from my sister Tvs. So, now you know much about me. I expect you receive letters like this from most who first contact you and pour their hearts out but this is how I feel although I usually only divulge such things to close friends who are Tvs. (Wendy, Yucca Valley, Ca)

Dear Carol: My name is Greta. I saw the article in FORUM and wanted to write right away. I was an officer in Vietnam and saw combat while there. Even though I have a rather masculine background, I still like to wear feminine clothing. But I can not locate any Tvs here in this city although I am able to share my feelings with my beautiful and wonderful understanding wife. What a blessing she is in this respect. She helps me locate clothes that will fit me and even gave me my name. I hope to hear from you soon. I want others to meet Greta. My wife, Annette, is only a few points away from Sainthood. But I would like to join Tri-Sigma Sorority. (Greta, Santa Barbara, Cal.)

Dear Carol: This is a new experience for me and I don't exactly how to handle it. I am 55 years old and started dressing just five years ago. I have progressed from a single experience of wearing a nightgown to full dress with makeup. It has become a part of my life that I cannot control nor escape. I have been in the military service for over 27 years and saw action in three wars. I do not understand why I engage in this activity but it is necessary that I do. My wife knows of my crossdressing but does not like it. I have tried to talk to her about it but with no success. I have a lovely home, excellent job, four grown children, three in college, and everything going for me. I have become very depressed about my 'habit' at times but still, I cannot help

myself. I have just about read everything on the subject and have determined that clinical help has not been successful for most Tvs. I want to get involved with a chapter for the purpose of a further understanding of crossdressing. Also, I want to try to help my wife understand transvestism. I don't feel it is a problem any longer, but it is a situation that I must deal with so I can live without daily anxiety and frustration. (Fred, Columbus, Ohio)

This is one of the best books concerning Transvestism and is especially valuable since it is written by a professional in the field. It is very up-to-date.

For those who like the scientific findings about Transvestism, it is suggested that you get a copy of this new book. It is enlightening, easy to read, satisfying, vindicating, and sheds much light on what has been done, research-wise, over the years regarding Transvestism.

**Transvestism:
A handbook
with case
studies for
Psychologists,
Psychiatrists
and
Counsellors**

A noteworthy quote: "It seems that in Transvestism, we have a fairly uncharted area of human behavior. It is a condition that appears to be by no means rare, but because it is essentially secretive, it is usually practiced or perhaps 'suffered' in privacy. There is nothing to indicate that Transvestism in itself can be properly regarded as an illness or neurosis..... On the contrary, it looks as if the weight of present evidence is towards Transvestism being associated with achieving and able individuals rather than the reverse."

This book can be published through CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS at \$15.25. Use the order form in the rear of this issue. The writer is H' Brierley, a Consulting Clinical Psychologist.



SANDY in California



LYNN in California

THE SIMPLE CASE!

Dee Raymond

PART 2

"Take her down," he said to Seivers. "We'll hold her as a material witness first of all." He turned to the girl. "Take a change of clothes with you and give those clothes to Dave over there. Al will take you downtown to my office where we can have a long chat."

The relief in her eyes changed to something like guilt, and she began to tug once more, in that mannerism, at the hem of her short dress. Bud had to leave her there as there was a sudden commotion at the doorway. The big brass of the Department, represented by Captain Len Moltz, Lieutenant Fred Matek, and, surprise of surprises, by Chief Warren G. Dwyer himself, had arrived.

"Christ, Buf!" were Matek's opening words. "What did you get yourself into here?"

The sheer gall of the statement left Bud speechless for a moment. He was conscious of the young Chief's eyes on him, but he could think of no comment that would not come out as a bitter reproach. The phone rang as he stared at the little group, each waiting for some kind of response from him.

"Hey, quiet down!" Al Sievers yelled from the phone. "I gotta hear this!" The hubbub in the room dies away. Candy quickly changed to a midi-length grey skirt and pink blouse, stood quite still at the entrance to the bathroom - the torn, white mini over one arm.

"Yeah, go ahead," said Sievers. He listened for a while

and then turned as white as a ghost. "Yeah," he stammered, his voice trembling. "I'm sure you did all you could." He put the phone down and looked about the quiet room. There were tears in his faded blue eyes. "Jimmy didn't make it," he said softly. He turned away then so that the rest of the group would not see a fat, jowly, middleaged detective make a fool of himself by crying for a dead friend.

Bud felt someone touch his arm. "Hamilton." Dwyer spoke firmly and precisely; yet he was careful enough, Bud noted, to avoid any rank designation that might later cause him difficulty. "I want the murderers of Detective Walsh apprehended immediately. You'll be the officer-in-charge of the investigation. If it was Jack Buck or the Mob behind this, I'll want them prosecuted. I don't just want to know who did it -- I want the perpetrators in prison -- after a successful prosecution of this affair." Behind the Chief, Bud could see the looks of relief that Captain Moltz and Lieutenant Matek exchanged.

"I think that you got the right man for the job, Chief," said Len Moltz quickly.

"Oh sure," added Fred Matek. "Bud's one of the best in the Department."

"Thank you for your confidence, gentlemen," replied Bud drily and was glad to see that his irony was not entirely lost upon the Chief.

(Later)

"There was no need to bring me here," Candy was immediately on the attack as she sat, crossed-legged, opposite Bud in the office he was allowed to use when Matek wasn't there.

"Why not?" asked Hamilton, signalling to Joanie Bryan to join them in the office.

Candy caught his signal and looked back over her shoulder to see the policewoman moving in. "No," she said, suddenly and firmly. "If you want to talk to me, it'll be just us, unless we agree on a deposition I might make. So, keep her out."

Bud stepped over to the door and closed it. He signalled to Joanie through the glass and then returned to the desk and sat down. He watched Candy very closely again and was struck once more by her composure. She had brushed her hair so that the curls fell over her ears and hugged at her neck. She had clearly tried to subdue a little of her glamor, but it hadn't worked. Bud was quite sure that every man in the place had watched her all the way into the office. Even the early hours of the morning hadn't dimmed her attractiveness. While several

of the detectives in the large squad room looked quite haggard, Candy's skin was clear and unlined. She looked fresh and ready for work. There was a hint of perfume in the office, the aroma of which Bud couldn't quite define.

"You killed three men tonight and probably wounded others," Hamilton said firmly.

A trim eyebrow was raised. "In self defence?" There was amusement in her tone. "Justifiable homicide?"

Bud tapped on Matik's empty desktop. "The coroner will decide that," he said, adding, "with help from us, of course."

Candy relaxed, uncrossed her legs and then crossed them again, smiling at Hamilton as he appraised her carefully. She was very shapely, with a narrow-waist, while her legs and ankles were enhanced by the high heels and skin-toned stockings that she wore. "What do you want from me?" she asked, breaking into his inspection.

"Who killed Jimmy Walsh?" he asked, looking into her painted eyes.

She shrugged. "I don't know."

Even as Bud looked at her in disbelief, there was a tap on the door. Joanie Bryan had a sheaf of papers in her hand. "Answers to the enquiries you had transmitted," she said, smiling at Bud, and looking curiously at the glamorous Candy.

For some reason, Candy was quite uncomfortable under the policewoman's scrutiny. Bud read through the reports while the two women waited for him. Then he wrote on a memo pad, which he took from a side drawer. "Let me know what there is in anyone's records about this person," he said, handing the note to Joanie, who nodded and then left.

Bud settled back in his chair. "The gun you used on Buck's mob was taped. So, there aren't any fingerprints on it." Candy smiled prettily at him, relaxing still more. "You're probably expecting that I'm going to talk to you for awhile about Buck and Bassaglia, but then I'll have to let you go. But we lifted a good set of your prints from the bathroom door." Candy tensed up, her mouth straightened into a pink line. "Everyone worked overtime for us on this one -- even the army. It says here," he tapped the manuscript from the telex machine, "that the prints we sent out belong to one Michael John Russell." He looked hard at Candy now, and could see the fear in her eyes. "So when I let you go," said Bud, watching her hands twist together in anxiety, "you'll just become a MAN again, right, and neither Buck nor I will ever find you, right?"

Candy smiled weakly at the Acting Lieutenant. "Something like that," she said. Hamilton was unable to tell that the tone she used was anything but a female one. She was now very nervous. She glanced at the windowed door as if assessing her chances of making it through the squad room.

"You were Bassaglia's bodyguard," stated Bud Hamilton.

Candy shifted on the hard chair. There was a rustling of feminine clothing at which she blushed. "Just that," she mumbled, not able to look directly at the detective.

"Tell me," said Bud, in as grim a tone as he could muster.

Candy sighed and rested her head on her hand. The long, polished fingernails went with the soft, platinum hair, thought Bud. "I was in the army with Lou," Candy's voice had dropped into a husky, almost neutral tone. "I was so good with small-arms that he wanted me to join his mob when he got out."

"And you did??" asked Bud Hamilton.

The female figure looked up at him. "No," she said. "There was this about me that I'd never have let anyone like Lou know about." She looked in desperation at Bud. "I'm a transvestite. You'd probably call me a drag queen. I've been doing it since I was in school. I tried to make a proper living, but it didn't work out."

"So, how did you happen to join Louie Bassaglia?" Bud asked.

"He came looking for me," said Candy. "I was dressing in private when he just happened to drop by. When he stopped laughing at me, he said he had this great idea."

"And you became Candy," Bud interjected.

Candy shuttered. "Not all at once. I wouldn't choose this wig or these clothes if I didn't have to."

"How much did he pay you for the job you did for him?" Bud cut in.

"Twenty grand," said Candy, looking Bud in the eyes. "And he paid all my expenses - my dresses, the apartment, and the rest."

"And you learned all about Bassaglia's organization?"

The platinum hair shook vigorously from side to side, as did the dangling earrings. "No, it wasn't like that at all. I was sent to powder my nose whenever Lou has business to discuss."

"You were just his girlfriend?" Bud found it hard to speak about 'her'.

"Lou said that we had to put on a show in public but that was all!"

You must have known about Louie's challenge to Jack Buck," Hamilton was emphatic.

Candy gave a little shrug. "Lou told me about Jack Buck," she said, returning to the female voice she'd used earlier. "He told me that I had to keep him alive against that one."

"And when Buck's mob attacked the apartment?" Bud asked.

Candy looked down at her long skirt, her false eyelashes fluttered again. She smoothed non-existent wrinkles down the sides of the skirt. "I told Lou to stay in the bedroom, but he was too angry. He had some of his own mob on mattresses in Seventy-Third. He wanted to bring them around and take those guys from the street."

"You did hear the shot from the alley?"

"Oh, definitely," the platinum hair bobbed up and down. "It wasn't silenced. I didn't do a very good job of keeping Lou alive, did I?" she added ruefully.

"You knew the men who attacked the apartment?" Bud sisted with his questions.

Again Candy shook her almost-white, shiny hair. "Lou just said that it was Buck, and dashed for the bedroom. I held them off, and joined him when I could."

"Buck's boys must have seen you firing at them, then," said Bud.

Candy gave him a grim, little smile that did not change her feminine attitude one bit. "The ones that saw me aren't alive today," she said quietly.

"You wounded one at least," said Bud. "My boys outside saw that much."

"It must have been with some of the shots I fired through the wall," said Candy. "Only three of them actually got inside."

"And you killed all of those," stated Bud.

Candy took her purse from the desk in front of her. She took out a pack of cigarettes, used a small lighter and then, once the cigarette was lit, laid it on the extended ashtray. There was no hint of nervousness in her manner. "Yes, she said finally, looking at Hamilton with candid blue eyes. "I killed them all."

(Later)

The apartment to which Candy took Bud Hamilton was in a 'low-rent' district of the city. The second floor apartment had its own private entrance from the alley between that building and its neighbor. Bud took Sievers with them up to the apartment. The door opened into a very neat, feminine room, brightly patterned, frilled curtains at each window. Candy moved across to the large window and opened the drapes to let

the rays of the early morning sun light the far wall.

"Search the place," Bud ordered. "Look for anything that could be used as a weapon."

Seivers looked at Bud in surprise. Then, he glanced at Candy, who had now 'wilted' a little after the long interrogation in Matek's office. As yet, Bud had told no one of the results of that questioning, and so Al Seivers still regarded Candy as a woman.

With Bud and Al working together, the search was concluded rapidly. "All right," said Bud to his subordinate, after searching in vain, "you go down and wait for me in the car."

Seivers hesitated for a moment, shock on his face. He looked hard at the Acting Lieutenant, who had sat, easily relaxed, upon the room's only sofa. Seivers glanced at Candy, who was standing, staring out of the long window, her arms folded. With a shrug, Seivers picked up his hat from the coffee table and stalked out of the room.

The moment the door had shut, Bud said, "Change. I want to see you as a man."

Candy turned to look at him. "You can't order me about," she said quietly. "Your search and your presence here are both entirely illegal."

"You're right," said Hamilton, smiling at her. "So, I'll ask you nicely. Will you please go into your bedroom and change into the clothing of your true sex?"

She looked at him strangely for quite awhile, dark shadows now beneath her eyes, her lips still pink but no longer glossy. "You won't like me," she said softly. She tossed her head. "But, all right." As she stepped away from the window, she put a slender hand up to her hair and removed the platinum wig.

Michael John Russell had his own hair cut like a girl skater's with heavy bangs which fell naturally over his forehead. Even the removal of the wig did not change his feminine appearance. He looked hard at Bud for a reaction. but there was none, and so he moved gracefully over to the bedroom in his long skirt and high heels and closed the door gently behind him.

In blue jeans, a faded sweater and without any makeup. Michael John Russell liked like a girl of about eighteen. Even without the false eyelashes, he had a dark fringe above his eyes that, with the wisp of shaped eyebrows, made his face that of a coed. His manner of standing was feminine, as was his walk. He had lost many of Candy's curves but the narrowness of 'her' waist was still evident.

"This is as butch as I can be these days," the young girl

smiled wanly at the detective. Her eyes were even bluer as the hollows of the eyes became darker with fatigue.

Hamilton nodded brusquely and stood up. "I'm going to have this apartment watched, front and back," he said. "Give me a key."

The young girl sat in a chair and crossed one leg over the other. "Will you please give me a key to you apartment?" asked Hamilton with a crooked grin. "We may need to get in fast."

Michael Russell straightened up, showing a very flat, masculine upper body through the sweater. "I'm in no danger," he said in a lower, more neutral voice than Candy's. "Unless, of course, you tell Jack Buck....."

Hamilton nodded. "I may do that," he said, smiling as the usually calm eyes became more than a little troubled. "But for now, it's Louie's boys who may be after you. You're one of the spoils of war, you know, Candy, or didn't Louie tell you that?..

The blue eyes had become icy. "I can handle that," Candy said firmly. "By the way, I'd prefer that you call me Michelle, and not Candy. That was just Lou's way of belittling my ... my aberration."

Bud nodded and took the key that she offered him. He smiled at the long, still painted nails and 'she' smiled back at him. "I won't cut them," she said softly. "Not even for you."

Downstairs, at the car, Al Sievers huffed with disapproval as Bud slipped into the seat beside him. Both men were now showing signs of the long shift they had put in without sleep. "despatch called us," said Al grumpily. "You're to meet with the Chief downtown in half an hour."

Hamilton sighed. He was beyond feeling sleepy now, but sometimes, weariness would overcome him as he was called upon to tackle jobs that were unnecessary to his investigation. "O.K.," he said. "Drop me off, and then go over to the hospital. You'd better get some shut-eye yourself then while I get Pezanski and Owens to tackle Buck and his friends."

"How about you?," asked Seivers. "You've been on as long as the rest of us."

"Oh, I'll get some rest on a cot in the office," said Hamilton, but then remembered that one of Dwyer's 'innovations' had been to remove the old army cots from the detective rooms, and to set up a new dormitory on the fifth floor of the Police Bldg., right next door to the gym and weight room.

When he got to Chief Dwyer's office, however, he found that it was unnecessary for him to go chasing after Giovanni Buccarese. or Johnny Buchanan or Bucari, Bucaresi, or at last, Jack Buck - his name deliberately varied in typical old country Sicilian fashion. The mobster was sitting in the Chief's office,

his lawyer, Franklin Curtis, who handled no other affairs but Buck's, exchanging pleasantries with the Chief of Police.

"Hamilton is in charge of this investigation," said Warren Dwyer, rising to his feet as Bud entered. Still no commitment on rank, thought Bud sourly.

Buck and his lawyer remained seated, bright black eyes taking in the detective's diffident approach and casual manner, trying to assess how much trouble Bud would make for them.

"You came to make a statement about Louie Bassaglia's murder?" asked Hamilton gruffly, as he sat on the end of Dwyer's desk.

Both mobster and lawyer were startled by the direct question, and it was Jack Buck who recovered first. "No, no, no," he laughed. "A confession?" He shook his head, laughter making his fat neck shiver.

"Mr. Buccarese," said Franklin Curtis icily, staring with wide-eyed amazement at Bud, "is trying to protect the good name of his youngest son, Domenico." The 'young' Buck was a real punk, thought Hamilton, trying not to let the scorn he felt seep out through his tired eyes. "Domenico Buccarese has unfortunately been much maligned by several people to the Police Department."

"He has been arrested on five occasions," agreed Bud Hamilton.

"But never convicted," retorted Curtis.

But you and I know that you either paid off or had frightened away every witness to Young Buck's escapades, thought Bud. "So?" he shrugged at Curtis, knowing how much the fastidious lawyer disliked the slovenly approach.

"Late last night," said Curtis quietly, "Domenico and a few of his friends were invited to a poker game in the house of Luigi Basilio."

Hamilton didn't bother to correct the 'mouthpiece' to the police spelling of Louis Bassaglia. "Let me finish," Bud said with a sneer. "Young Buck" - he saw the old man frown at the use of the term - "ran into an ambush that was clearly set for someone else; somebody, perhaps, engaged in criminal matters but which Young Buck is definitely not a party to."

"As the son of my client was leaving the house hurriedly," Curtis went on as if he had spoken Hamilton's words, "he was fired upon from the street. One of Domenico's companions, a Roberto Simone, pulled out a gun and fired back at these new assailants. By this time, Domenico had passed out. His companions dragged him into a car and took him home immediately."

"Where is he now?" asked Bud curtly.

"At the Perpetual Grace Mission Hospital," said Curtis as roughly as he could, "where his doctors will permit no visitors. He was, after all, struck twice in the abdomen."

"His friends?" asked Hamilton harshly.

"Downstairs," said Curtis with a touch of a smile, "making depositions, I imagine, to Lieutenant Matek and other members of your squad."

"Roberto Simone?" Bud put the question, even though he knew what the answer might be.

"Ah," said Curtis, sorrow creasing his waxy, tanned face. "That young man, unfortunately, has not been seen since he fled from the car taking Domenico home. He got out somewhere on West Street."

"Good," said Hamilton briskly, standing up and rubbing his hands together. "Now, if you'll just make your deposition to Lieutenant Matik, too, and include where you both were last night from midnight on, your witnesses, and so on, you can go right on home - or to the Perpetual Grace Mission, if you prefer."

There was a stunned silence in the office for a moment. Even the Chief of Police was looking at Bud Hamilton as if he was a little bit crazy. "You don't wanna question us?" Old man Buck had recovered first.

Hamilton smiled. "With such beautiful, believable stories, who am I to question you further?" he asked, smiling again conspiratorially to the old mobster.

It was Curtis who finally jumped to his feet and led a very doubtful Jack Buck from the office.

"Hamilton," said Warren Dwyer, as soon as the two had left and he had called Fred Matek and told him what to expect. "You must have left something out of your report thus far to be so smug to those two. Don't tell me," he was quite skeptical, "that you've turned up a witness to the murders."

Acting Lieutenant Hamilton looked at his Chief quizzically. "Now," he said softly, "whatever put that idea into your head?"

Dwyer thought for a moment and then shook his head. "Bassaglia's girl? She may be vengeful now, but she won't testify in the end. That kind never do."

"My witness is male," said Hamilton quietly. "He may even have fired the shot that hit young Buck. We'll have to recover those bullets from the Perpetual Grace right away." He went for the phone. "If we can show in court that there was a war going on between Louie and the Bucks, the excuse for being there that the kid's trying to use will convict him in court. And that could be the wedge we need."

(Later)

Bud did not awake from his first sleep in over forty hours until early that evening. There was a message asking him to phone home at his earliest convenience as he entered the squad room and sat at his desk.

It wasn't until Clara's tight voice said, "Linda was here to see you," sneering as she said 'Linda', that Bud came fully awake and remembered where he should have been that afternoon.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, turning the battery-operated electric shaver off. She'd given it to him for his birthday. "What did they want?" he asked in a guarded tone, for Ray Pezanski and Al Seivers were talking in low tones at the other end of the office.

"How did you know that she brought her boyfriend with her?" asked Clara in surprise. Then she came suspicious. "Did you know all about this Clay fellow before, Tyler Hamilton? Did you?"

"No," said Bud, as surprised as his wife seemed to be with him. "I'm just with some other people -- you know?"

There was a pause on Clara's part. "Oh," she said. "Well, if you don't know now, I'll tell you. Linda," again that sneer, "has a boyfriend. She was most put out that you weren't here to meet Clay. You should have seen them." There was disgust in her voice. "She was behaving just like a girl, and that Clay," Bud could see his wife pulling a face just like she did when she saw something rotten, "he couldn't keep his hands off her. And Bud, she said he's her fiance."

Bud, remembering the sunny, bright, little boy who'd been his younger brother, from whom he's grown apart upon leaving home, felt his hair raising up on end. It's his life, he thought, trying to quell the feeling of rage that rose up within him. But he could feel the perspiration breaking out along his forehead, and the anger catching at the back of his throat. If it's his life, why must he keep affecting me so, he thought bitterly. Why do I let it bother me? It's not right, a voice from his memory told him, and you're the one to blame for the way he is. With a start, Bud realized that he was hearing his mother's voice and her persistent, quarreling tone turned against his father.

"Tyler, are you still there?" Clara sounded anxious.

"Yes, I'm still here," snapped Bud. He noted that Seivers and Pezanski had stopped their conversation and were now watching him.

"Linda wants you to call her at her apartment," she

said, the worried edge still in her words. "Don't go, please. Cut her loose, even if she is your brother."

Bud grunted, but that failed to appease her.

"Please, Tyler," she said. "Please don't go and see that -- that THING."

"Perhaps I won't," said Bud noncommittally. "I think I'm too busy anyway."

In the end, his wife hung up without a firm refusal on his part. Bud himself didn't trust his emotions enough to give a final answer yet on Alan/Linda. But, deep down, he knew he'd have to see 'her' and explain before he could do what his wife asked.

"Let's go and see Candy," said Hamilton as soon as he had put the phone back on its cradle. He fastened his tie and picked up his jacket.

Pezanski opened the door to let the others proceed him. "Lieutenant," said Al Seivers, and it took Bud a few moments, putting on his jacket as he strode down the stairs to the outdoor parking lot to remember that Seivers was talking to him.

In the car, Seivers tried to fill him in on the street talk about Bassaglia's killing. "Rumor has it that there was another guy up there in the bedroom with Louie and Candy," said Al with a deep frown on his face. "I heard from one of my straightest stoolies the word is out that you got this guy stashed somewhere and that you're going to get him off on the shooting of Buck's men if he gives you one of the Bucks."

Hamilton nodded. "How about you, Ray? he asked.

The young detective looked out of the window with mild interest. No one had yet officially said anything about his being out for coffee at the time of the shooting -- but he knew that he was under scrutiny, both for possibly pay-off and for possible incompetence. He's trying to be Joe Cool, thought Buck compassionately, trying to show that nothing will ever hurt him. "I heard much the same thing from Morrir, the shoeshine boy, this afternoon," he said. "Word was also out that there was a big price on the name of Louie's bodyguard. Even one of Louie's muscle could collect."

"How much?" asked Bud.

"Ten big ones, I was told," Pezanski said guardedly, looking back to Hamilton in the rear seat. His unspoken gesture said, 'but don't believe me, you know who I am.'

Neither Pezanski nor Seivers liked the idea of staying outside Candy's apartment and relieving the watch there, but Hamilton made it a direct order.

He rang the bell, and didn't have to wait long for the slim

youth to come and open the door. In a white T-shirt, jeans with a heavy leather belt, socks and oxford shoes, Michael Russell had resumed possession of Candy's body. His dark hair was plastered to one side with grease, though it was still too long to be called masculine. With a smooth skin, no eyebrows to speak of, thin, small nose, Michael Russell now looked like a young hustler, definitely queer.

"You don't have to say it," he said, when Bud was well into the room. Even his voice was 'fruity'. "I look bloody awful, don't I?"

"Yes," said Hamilton candidly.

The blue eyes relaxed a little. "Have you reported all you know about me yet to your bosses?" The neutral voice was tense.

"No," said Hamilton. He was pleased to see the slender shoulders relax a little. He accepted the offer of coffee and went to sit on the only rocker-recliner in the place.

Michael Russell brought the coffee on a small tray, not bending from the waist the way a man would, to put the coffee on the table, but bending his knees as if he was still wearing a skirt. As he handed Bud a cup, Bud saw that his nails were still feminine, though covered now by a clear polish.

"What do you want from me?" Russell was quite direct.

Without holding anything back, Bud Hamilton told Michael Russell all about his conversations with Jack Buck and his lawyer, and about the street gossip as reported by Al Seivers and Ray Pezanski.

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" said Michael Russell with a touch of bitterness. "You do have me tucked away in here, don't you? And if I don't cooperate with you, you'll throw me to the wolves, right? The press, the courts, everybody will have a field day when I go to court. Do you think they'll let me wear one of Candy's miniskirts there? That would really bring in the crowds, wouldn't it?"

"Probably," said Bud quietly, watching the other build up his rage.

Michael Russell turned his brilliant blue, enraged eyes upon the detective. He was about to say more, but he checked himself and Bud could almost see him take back control over his body. "So, what do you want?" he asked slowly.

"Justice," said Hamilton, having received his chance. "Justice for Louie Bassaglia and justice for Jimmy Walsh. One deserved to die, and the other didn't. But neither deserved to die by the hand of Jack Buck. He's the one I really want. He and whoever really pulled the trigger on the gun that killed Jimmy Walsh."

"And then you'll let me go?" Russell's question was in a most guarded tone, his dark eyelashes obscuring his eyes.

"Yes," said Hamilton simply.

"What can I do?" asked Michael John Russell.

"Nothing," answered Bud. It's Candy who does it all."

(Later)

Neither Al nor Ray was prepared for Candy's arrival at the stakeout car. The mink fur coat she wore covered a lot, but there was a lot left to see. Her platinum hair had been combed out into soft waves so that the hard, flashy edge she had sometimes had as Bassaglia's 'girl' had disappeared. Diamond earrings dangled just below the line of her hair which swept forward to brush lightly against her soft cheeks. She was not so heavily made up as before, and she looked much better for it, the mascara on her eyelids being enough to compliment the white and blue eyeshadow she wore. Her pink lips were not glossy as before, but were just as femininely curved. Candy's figure was concealed by her fur but the edge of her dress showed as did her shapely legs. She might have been wearing no stockings at all, so close to flesh tone was her hose. Her high-heeled shoes, more like tiny, opentoed straps, were silver like the long purse she carried.

"Bassaglia's apartment," said Hamilton curtly to Al Seivers who nodded, tore his eyes away from Candy, but then continued to ogle her in the rear-view mirror. Pezanski was quite tongue-tied.

At the apartment, Hamilton let Candy lead the detectives through a desultory question-and-answer session until they were interrupted by a young man in a dark suit. "Gussie," said Candy in her most girlish voice. "How nice to see you!" She turned to Hamilton. "See! I told you my friends wouldn't forget me!"

Bud Hamilton smiled sourly. "You're Louie Bassaglia's lawyer," he said to Angus Phelan. "Or rather, you were."

"Just doing a job for a friend," said Phelan glibly. "Now, I understand that you have not charged Miss, er Miss..."

"Ms Appleton," said Candy with a smile.

"Right," Phelan smiled back. "You haven't charged Ms Appleton with a crime, and yet you have her under police supervision. I must insist that you release her without any delay."

"She is a material witness in a multiple murder case," said Bud stubbornly. "She may also be in very grave danger from the killers of a policeman. If they've killed a policeman, you can be sure that the men we're seeking will stop at nothing to harm

Ms Appleton if she gets in their way.

"Do you feel threatened in any way, Candy?" asked Phelan.

"No," said Candy, her pink lips splitting apart in an attractive pout. "I saw nothing. I'm in no danger at all."

"Well, Sergeant," Phelan turned back to Hamilton and gave him a big toothy smile. "Either you must charge my client, or release her immediately."

Hamilton's face contorted in rage. "Get out of here!" he stormed. "Get out of here the pair of you! When she wakes up one night, counsellor, to find a large man with a large gun standing over her to wish her good luck in the next world, she'll damn and curse you to every living hell that exists on this earth!"

Seivers mouth dropped open even as the lawyer blanched. Only Candy, an enigmatic smile on her bright lips, seemed still in control of herself as Phelan tucked his arm through hers and led her out of the ravaged apartments.

Pezanski had also rarely heard Bud Hamilton raise his voice. He edged to the door and would have left, but Bud's calm voice interrupted him. "Where are you going?" Bud asked.

Pezanski looked to Seivers, who was also stunned by Bud's sudden change of tone. "To follow them," said Pezanski. "You'll want a tail on them, won't you?"

Hamilton shook his head. "Let them go," he said, giving them both a wry smile. "We don't want to crowd them too much." But he walked to the door nevertheless, supervised the re-imposition of the police lock on the door and then led the others downstairs to where the radio truck had pulled up to await them. "Bring the car after us, Al," he ordered the older detective while motioning Ray Pezanski to follow him into the van.

The technician on duty nodded to Bud as he eased himself into one of the chairs beside the large tape recorders in the back of the vehicle.

"She's very good," said the technician admiringly. "She hasn't tipped it to the guy, but we've got the route mapped out. They're on Bleeker right now, turning east at the lights on Sixty-Fifth."

Hamilton smiled. "Stay with her," he said, donning a pair of earphones to listen to 'her' conversation with Phelan. "This is one decoy we absolutely do not want to lose."

Later)

Of all the places Gussie Phelan might have taken her, Candy had not expected to be taken to a nightclub. She had to admire

that cool detective, Hamilton. He had practically forced Candy to wear that fancy dress with the thin straps and the low, low cleavage. Candy was glad she had used the adhesive to help keep the dress attached to her non-existent boobs. Still, it was better than being a sex-change freak like so many 'girls' she'd known before, Hamilton knew where Phelan would bring me, she thought, and now her confidence in him soared. She was glad that he was listening into the transmitter secured behind her left, liquid-insert breast.

Candy had never met Jack Buck before but she recognized him instantly from Hamilton's description. As he rose from his table to greet Candy, his face broke out into a beaming smile. His flat, sausage-like fingers squashed together, and the two heavily made-up brunettes, looking daggers at Candy, immediately left the dinner table. The three men with Old Man Buck also stood and waited while the old man hustled over to Candy, took her coat, handed it to the waiter and escorted the blonde to one of the vacated chairs. He took in Candy's figure with an appreciative glance and Candy was glad of the natural bounce that her inserts gave to her chest.

"I ought to have guessed it would have been you," said Candy naturally. "No-one else but the Bucks would have been interested in freeing me from the clutches of the police."

"Not Buck, please." Buck's dark, bushy eyebrows contracted. "I am Don Giovanni Buccarese, and this is my family." The wave of his pudgy hand took in the three hard-faced gunmen at their table as well as the rest of the carpeted, velvet covered walls and softly lit tables of the club.

"Don Giovanni," Candy agreed after a moment's silence. At Buck's motion, one of three men poured a glass a red wine and placed it in front of Candy.

There was admiration in the older man's eyes as he looked at Candy. "Lou sure had fine taste," Jack Buck said as he raised his glass to her. "It's a pity he's not here with us this evening."

Candy lifted the glass and took a small sip of the strong, red liquid. She tried to look back into the dark brown, almost bird-like eyes, but was forced to break away from the power of the old man's gaze. He bellowed with laughter and slammed his hand down hard on the red table cloth as Candy glanced away. "More wine," he shouted across the club to the ghost-like waiter and, in moments, a new, full decanter was placed at the table in front of him.

"Tell me, Candy," the old man was smiling, but his eyes were quite still. "Who else was in the apartment on the night Lou was killed? What became of the other man who was there?:"

Candy didn't look again into the dark eyes. She picked a spot on the bridge of Buck's slab-like nose and concentrated her gaze upon it. "No one," she said. "There was only Lou and I in the apartment."

"Aaaaah," Buck drew out a long sigh. Then he raised an arm and signalled from a nearby booth - a young girl in a white dress glided across the floor to join them. "My niece, Artemisa," said Buck by way of introduction. He pointed a thick finger at Candy. "She says there was no one else up there."

The dark girl looked at Candy with distaste; "Shots were reported after Basilio came out," she said. Her eyes were such a dark brown that Candy could not see the pupils at all. She regarded Candy with almost no emotion at all. A chill ran down Candy's bare back as she realized that this was Lou Bassaglia's killer. But more than that, the eyes were the eyes of Jack Buck. This one could calculate and would kill coldbloodedly, without passion.

Candy had to take her eyes off the slim, sallow-faced girl. For as much as she had taken in what this girl was like, so the girl was also examining 'Candy.' Candy felt the wig-hair touch the top of her bare shoulder as she moved. The earrings had been on too long and she longed to take them off, but she couldn't. She couldn't break the image these Bucks had of her.

"So, my dear," Buck's hand clamped itself onto Candy's thin, smooth-skinned arm, "We know that Lou didn't fire the shots that got Eddie and Dom. Which only leaves you in the apartment." He released his hold, Candy's arm now marked by large, red patches. "And we know that you couldn't kill anyone." He smiled. "Not a girl like you."

Candy moved her arm back to her side. She glanced at the emotionless Artemisia. "Women can kill," Candy said quietly.

Artemisia smiled, a sneer that didn't reach her eyes, crossing her thin, boney face. "Not a bimbo like you," she said softly, disgust on her face. "Whose bed are you going to warm to-night?"

Even as Candy felt herself going hot all over, her hose feeling especially tight and sensitive beneath the silky slip, Don Giovanni's face became enraged. "Artemisia!" he thundered, and beneath his anger. Candy could see something akin to real pain in his expression. But the image was fleeting and Jack Buck, cold and ruthless, was quickly back in place.

"I let you do th work I should assign to others," Buck rasped. "I do this to try to keep you in the family. But if you take advantage of me...." His shrug was so slight a movement that it chilled Candy and had an immediate effect on Artemisia as well.

"All right, Miss," Buck's slab-like face gave Candy its full attention, and there was no affability left. "Now you see why I'm doing the asking. All the kids, even my own family, want part of the action these days. And I don't want this cop, Hamilton, putting my boy away on a bum rap. I gotta know the bodyguard's name."

"L-Lou called him Ross," said Candy, trying to remember every detail of the story Bud had wanted her to plant on the Bucks. "I think it was his surname. He was in the army with Lou."

"O.K.," Buck nodded. He looked about the table ferociously until the three men stood and left purposefully. Only Artemisia, returning the old man look-for-look, stayed. Finally, he nodded to her to sit down. "Take Domenico's place," he grunted. For the first time, a gleam of pleasure crossed the girl's face as she sat down.

Candy took a quick sip of the wine. Her hands with their long manicured nails were in complete contrast to the roughly clipped nails on Artemisia's face as she sat down.

"What's this Ross laying on Hamilton?" Buck growled out the question. "What charge is the cop trying to trump up against Domenico?"

Candy considered. He hadn't wanted to be very frank with the old man but she could see no way out. "Hamilton's got your son pegged for the shooting of the detective who stopped one." She tried a demure smile at the old man, but two granite faces watched Candy as she nervously played with the stem of her glass. "He offered me a deal on testimony about him. He wasn't interested in anyone else." Buck swore and reached inside his jacket for another cigar. "Ross went down the steps after he stopped the guys in the room. When he came back, he said that the one he'd hit had iced a cop to get away."

"You told them that?" Artemisia snarled, her eyes glinting with fury.

Candy stopped her soft recital of all the cover story and bit demurely at her shiny lower lip. Buck laughed hoarsely. "She didn't tell them nothing. That's what she's sitting here so cool, looking like a flower. She knows where she's going." He paused. "O.K., Miss Appleton, you stay at the apartment above the club for a while." The dark girl whirled about to glower at her uncle. "You'll have to share with Artie, of course,." His serene smile did not reach his eyes. "Now, you go on upstairs with Larry over there. He'll call up a few ladies' stores for you, and you order whatever you'll need for a few weeks. Oh, and order some pretty dresses like that one. You and I are going to be

dining and dancing a lot." The closing of one heavy eyelid sent shivers of fear down Michael Russell's back. He found it very hard to stand as Candy would have, sway as 'she' always did -- a definite but not too pronounced wiggle, and mince over to the door where a giant scarface leered at 'her' as he opened the door to a narrow flight of stairs.

When Candy's feminine figure had gone, Don Giovanni turned to his niece. "Well?" he asked harshly.

"In her bra somewhere," said Artemisia in reply. She was every bit as cold as her uncle. "She was transmitting every word."

Buccarese frowned. "This cop don't have the airtight case he wants us to think he has," he mused.

A gleam came into his niece's eyes. "So we waste her?" she asked.

The slap that caught Artemisia full on the face and dumped her sprawling on the floor was heard throughout the club. Many turned, stunned. The guards jerked away from the door posts as to help the stricken girl, a thin trickle of blood leaving her lower lip. But one look at the stonelike Don, staring straight ahead, making no effort to help his niece regain her feet, kept every mobster at his place.

With a struggle, Artemisia got up, righted the chair, and sat down. Her face was stonelike, her eyes quite dry.

"Do not be as stupid as that again," said the Don in a deep murmur. "That could be what the cops want. Then he could have me, too! Remember, I told you and your cousin to leave Basilio to me. I could have taken care of him with one word when the police surveillance was off. But you kids," he was getting red in the face, "you don't learn nothing. You go riding in on him, all guns blazing, with the cops cooping right outside. Agh!!"

The girl sat quietly. She had heard her uncle's tirade before. She reached over to the decanter and refilled both his and her own glasses. "What you do now," said Don Giovanni quietly, "is set it up discreetly through Moscare, or someone like him, to have our cop friend investigated -- his finances, family, friends, hobbies, likes, dislikes, anything we can turn against him. But it's done discreet, remember?" The girl stood but her uncle took her arm. "Now I should give these instructions to Manny, you know, and he's going to be real sore if he learns I went directly to you -- so, you be discreet, Artie. You be as silent as the grave on this one."

(Later)

After a night of listening to Candy order every article of

female clothing, in every color, and for every purpose, Bud still wasn't ready for his brother, but he couldn't put it off any longer.

He rang the bell against 'L. Hamilton' on the intercom of the building. He winced just seeing the initial. It took a few rings before a sleepy, girlish voice said, "Yes?"

"It's big brother," said Bud. "I just got off the case we're on."

"Come on up," there was an eagerness in 'her' voice that belied the early morning hour.

When Bud finally reached the open door, he could hear the kettle whistling within. He sighed, recalling past lectures on safety. He closed and bolted the door behind him. Linda came tripping to meet him. She had changed her hair since last he'd seen her. Now she had auburn highlights, and it was thicker and longer, well over her shoulders. She was wearing a dark, nylon negligee over what looked like a very skimpy nightdress. Her white, flowered panties and bra could be seen through both items of clothing.

"Tyler!" she cried with delight, flinging both arms about his neck. Before he knew it, Bud was overpowered by soft, feminine fragrances, soft kisses on his ear and cheek, and the pressure of a female body, hugging him closely.

"Whoa," he said thickly. "I haven't done anything!"

"But you came!" Linda turned, kept one hand in his and led him into the little living room. "Clay was sure that Clara would persuade you not to come."

"Well....." Bud was at a loss for words.

"Sit down, please," Linda/Allan said briskly. "I'll bring the coffee in right now."

Bud took off his coat and threw it over an old battered armchair, one he remembered belonging to Mary at the other place.

Linda came in and sat down beside him on the chesterfield, putting the coffee in front of them. "Well," she said at last. "Do you see what's different about me?"

Bud looked his brother up and down. His toenails were varnished like his fingernails and he was clearly in fine shape -- for a girl that is -- his legs being particularly well-shaped. "You have longer hair and you've colored it," he said hesitantly.

"Oh, of course, You haven't seen it like this!" She touched her lips where a touch of dark liner remained to shape them in a fine curve. "No, it's something else."

Bud looked over his brother. Alan/Linda's face was much as he remembered. Thin, shaped eyebrows, dark, thick lashes,

a thin-shaped nose, pierced ears, now filled with gold sleepers, and soft skin, but he had always been pampered, even as a boy. As his eyes traveled down, Bud stopped for a moment at his brother's chest. It couldn't be! The mounds were moving as Linda breathed and the bra was only the softest webbing possible for support.

"Yes," Linda giggled. "I've got breasts. They're all my own!"

Bud reached for his coffee, averting his eyes for a moment. He had seen and worked with so many different transsexuals, transvestites, queens, queers, that he'd seen just about everything

- but on his own brother! It was as if he had violated himself!

"You're not pleased for me," Linda was anxious. She sat putting her feet on the carpeted floor.

Bud took a long drink before replying. "Should I be?" he asked.

The crestfallen look on Linda/Allen's feminized features made Bud feel like a monster. "I've always wanted them," said Linda quietly. "Now I'm complete as Linda Hamilton."

Bud took another drink. "I suppose that this is the end of the transvestite and the beginning of the transsexual, eh?"

Linda looked at her brother blankly. "What?" her full lips parted to show her fine, well spaced teeth.

"You have a boyfriend, a fiance, I hear," said Bud sardonically. "You know, of course, that's it illegal, even if not impossible, for one man to take another man as his wife,"

"Oh, Tyler," there were bright tears in Linda's eyes. "I see why you'd think what you do. But you're wrong. Let me explain about Clay, my fiance."

Bud drained his coffee. Linda had not yet touched hers. "Are you sure I really want to hear?" he asked, turning to her. "Look, I know there's an Alan in there someplace, underneath all that femme stuff. I'm Alan's brother, remember?" He was harsher than he intended. "And Alan's my brother, too. Remember that?" He was shouting.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-," Linda put a finger, topped by a long, pointed red-lacquered fingernail, on her pursed lips. She looked nervously towards the little hallway which led from the kitchen area towards the bedroom.

"Why should we be quiet?" shouted Bud. "Who are we going to wake up? Are you sharing this place with someone?"

As if in answer to the call, a tall, sandy-haired guy, rubbing at the sleep in his eyes, came ambling from the bedroom. "Who is it, Linda honey?" he asked, peering into the living room.

After a night of listening to each other every article of

"It's my brother, Clay...." Linda began.

"Who is just leaving!" shouted Bud Hamilton, striding past his brother's fiancée, who looked after him in shock as he wrestled ferociously with the locks on the outer door.

"Ty, you've got it wrong," Linda came after him, tears streaming down her face.

The door open, Bud stopped and looked back. "No, I don't have anything wrong," he said bitterly. "It was best for Mary to leave, I'll give you that. It was the best thing you ever did. But Clara's right. I don't have a brother any more. I just don't know what I have."

(Later)

Candy stretched out on the queen-sized double bed that looked as if it hadn't been slept in. There was only one bedroom in the apartment, but it contained queen-sized beds. Dressing, or rather undressing, for bed had not been the problem he thought it would be. It had been a fantastic night after the scary session with Jack Buck. Candy had tried on lingerie that 'she' had only seen before in catalogs. Now in bed, 'she' was wearing what could only be described as a 'passion rouser.' The main part of the gown came down to his thighs in thin strips of see-through and opaque materials, both pink and dark red. The bikini briefs hung into him only by the tight lacing of things at the hips. He's really have to watch how he got up in the morning. And his bra --Oh! If only he could have worn the tasselled pasties he'd been shown --- was also a concoction of thin materials and strings which had only just covered the inserts that he was using.

He had deactivated the wire tap, but had kept it in the same place. It helped to remind him of who he was and what he was doing, particularly when he eyed the spectacular wardrobe he had purchased with Jack Buck's money! His wig he had kept on. It would brush out easily enough for a day or so --- but he must get more wigs --- already there were a number on order for him, courtesy of Mr. Buccarese. But he kept the blonde wig on, tissue paper clipped around the ends to prevent it being too badly pressed out of shape by his sleeping, just in case Artemisia came back and thought his natural hair strange. Later he could show her 'Michael's' natural color.

He stretched his bare, shaven legs between the satin sheets. It was a glorious, luxurious feeling. He wondered if he should have left some makeup on his face -- but the cologne should be enough to reassure Artemisia of his femininity. He wondered where she was. The Club must have closed hours ago.

When he awoke in the morning, Artemisia was asleep in

the bed beside his, but, when Candy threw back the covers and swung her legs out to the high-heeled skippers she'd left beside the bed, Arte came awake in an instant and sat up. A sneer crossed her face as she saw the skimpy nightie that Candy had and said, "What were you dressing for? Did your party leave before I got here?"

Candy couldn't answer that. She took the flimsy nightgown she'd left at the end of the bed -- a long white, filmy negligee that was frilled at the neck, sleeves, down the front and around her ankles. She fastened the ribbony belt and went into the bathroom.

When she returned, her hair combed and fluffed out in tight blonde curls, her makeup in place, including false eyelashes, she found Artemisia examining her newly bought lingerie. "If there's anything you'd like....." Candy began brightly, but the dark girl whirled around from the drawer, slamming it shut and trapping a dark pair of panties in the process.

"There's nothing of yours I'd want!" snapped Artemisia, stalking off to bathe also. "Oh," she stopped. "My uncle sent a message. He wants you to breakfast with him in the Royalty Room." She slammed the door to the bathroom after her, which made re-dressing in his soft lingerie much easier for Candy.

The double knit dress Candy wore for breakfast has a loose, knee-length skirt but it clung to her figure everywhere above the waist. Jack Buck jumped up from his table to greet her in the same affectionate way that Lou Bassaglia had in public. Buck's arm went about Candy's waist as he escorted her to a place beside him.

Throughout the long, drawnout meal, Buck was lighthearted and almost cheerful. The arrival of a tall, gaunt, white-haired man didn't seem to make any difference to his manner. "Come on in, Frank," he said expansively. "Come and have breakfast with Candy and me."

Franklin Curtis scowled at the heavily madeup and scented blonde. He couldn't see what Jack Buck would want with Lou's mistress, though she was pretty. "I've got bad news," said Curtis roughly. "I came over to talk to you specially." He stared pointedly at the girl.

Buck leaned forward and ran his hand up Candy's thigh, appreciating the fact that she wore a garter belt and stockings. "Candy," he said gruffly, "Go powder your nose -- or something."

Candy rose gracefully and swished away to the Ladies Room at the far end of the bar. Buck growled lustily to Curtis as she walked away.

"You know who she is?" the lawyer asked doubtfully.

"She's a spoil of war, Frank," grinned the old Don. "A spoil of war."

Curtis opened his briefcase and began to speak directly. "The D.A.'s office is moving against Domenico this afternoon. They're going to charge him with the cop's death." Buck's face was a mask of vicious fury. "Hamilton has a deposition from the same doctors that Dom can be moved from the Grace Mission to the prison hospital without harming him."

"Stop it!" thundered the old man. His heavy fist smashed down on the covered table and cups rattled.

"I can't, Don Giovanni," Curtis' tone of voice was resigned. "There must be a witness we don't know about yet -- I hear that Sapora and Bennett haven't been in for two days at the D.A.'s and their cases have been reassigned. It looks like they're interrogating or guarding a very special source."

"Pezanski and Owens were taken off the duty roster," Buck's mood had changed again. Now he was all business.

Curtis nodded. "That confirms it. They have a witness. They'd be stupid to move on this one without an airtight case. Did you...." he coughed and mumbled, "er....did you investigate Hamilton's background?"

Buck grunted. "We can't get him through money and he has no kids. Brothers's divorced and that's being checked on. Don't look for help from that source."

There was silence for a little while between the two men. "This witness could put Dom away for a long time," said Franklin Curtis quietly.

"If he testifies," the dark, beady eyes glittered as the words came out of the slab-like mouth.

(Later)

Bud Hamilton was thoroughly depressed. He could remember having said to some cop sometime that transvestites were people, too. They had feelings, and should be respected for what they were. Such noble thoughts, he mused bitterly, and so obviously not true when they applied to family and sexual abnormality came really close to himself.

"Well?" he barked at Al Seivers in the back of the monitoring truck. "What's happening now?"

Seivers raised an eyebrow to the other operator. "She's at a fashion show now with Buck's niece," he said.

Hamilton glowered. There hadn't been a thing yet on the tape to show Jack Buck or his family had anything more than a

normal interest in Louie Bassaglia's death. The afternoon arrest Domenico Buccarese hadn't even started anything, and, apart from Curtis' visits, the Buck headquarters was functioning normally. He wondered if Buck could know that Candy was wired and was thus just stringing the police along. It was likely, but Hamilton hoped not.

(Later)

Dinner with Don Giovanni Buccarese was again a formal affair with Candy resplendant in a long, black, evening dress with a halter top and a very narrow skirt. Thick bracelets of diamonds glittered in her hair and at her neck, ears and wrists. She even wore a large diamond, courtesy of Jack Buck, on her ring finger. With no way of telling if she was wearing paste or a fortune, Candy behaved as if the diamonds were real. She kissed Jack on both cheeks for his lovely gift.

The conversation of the gangsters and their women was very stilted with lots of lines begun but then cut off with a quick look at Candy. After a reasonable amount of time at the dinner table, Candy stood and excused herself. "You have lots to talk about," she smiled at Don Giovanni. "And you can talk more freely without me."

The old man protested but gave in at last, though he did nod, unseen by Candy, to Artemisia to accompany the blonde to the apartment.

"My uncle's a fool!" exploded Artemisia when they were alone.

"Why, Artie! What a cruel thing to say!" exclaimed Candy as she daintily removed the jewelry from her ears and neck and put it in the box in which it had come.

"I'd have you shot!" snarled Artemisia. "I wouldn't play around with you and that stupid wire you wear!"

Candy stiffened as the zip of her dress parted and she was now free to step out of its confinement. "What do you mean?" she asked. "What wire?"

"What wire? What wire?" parroted Artemisia. "I'll show you," she added, crossing the room quickly. She tore at Candy's lace bra. "That one....."

As well as the fragile lace of the bra, the inserts came away, and Candy was left there, breastless as well as breathless. Her slip was torn, too, down the front, its black shiny decorations hanging loose, covering nothing.

"Your breasts!" There was laughter in Artemisia's voice. But as her scornful eyes surveyed the speechless, embarrassed

blonde, trying to repair the broken strap of her bra, her glee suddenly faded. "You ain't no woman at all!" She shot across the room towards a small picture on the wall, flicked it back and began to rapidly fiddle with the combination of the safe beyond.

Kicking her dress free and leaving the tattered remains of her bra, Candy went after the girl. The safe opened and the dark, metallic glint of a gun showed just as Candy threw herself onto Artemisia. She kicked out immediately at his groin -- but he was well protected there and he was able to hang on to her arm and pull her down on top of him. She was screaming with all her might and bit at his hand as he tried to close her mouth. He rolled her over with one leg and ended up on top but not before he had been bitten, scratched and punched in the mouth -- but he knew more about fighting than did she.

He managed to pin her shoulders to the floor with his stockinged knees and to sit on her stomach. Even as she pummeled at him with her arms, he tore off the hem of his lacy black slip and pushed it into her mouth. Even as she chocked and tried to spit, the rest of the slip went over his head and he tied it firmly about her mouth. Then, with just gargled sounds in the room, he was able to turn her over. He undid a garter and rolled down one of his stockings, It served well as a rope to tie Artemisia's hands. The other stocking he used to tie her legs. Then he lifted her straining body and threw her on the bed.

Heaving from his exertions, 'Candy' turned and looked at 'herself' in the wardrobe full length mirror. The wig was knocked askew and only his black, silk panties were properly in place. He'd lost one eyelash and there were red welts and scratches all over his body.

He took off the wig and shook out his own brown hair. With some brushing and combing, it began to look halfway decent, though he needed a visit to the hairdresser's badly.

He removed the other false eyelash and most of his flashy makeup. Some new mascara, a little eyeliner, brown eyeshadow and a touch of lipstick, and 'Candy' began to appear as she ought to be. She found a new bra, black and lacey. On the bed, Artemisia's eyes were huge but she was still and quiet as she watched the new woman appearing. Candy put on a new pair of black stockings, a black, silk slip and black, pleated skirt and a white top, rather sailorish, but serviceable.

"Well, Artie," Candy said, doing a little pirouette, enjoying the skirt twirling about her knees. "I may have no boobs, but everything else is in the right place, wouldn't you say?"

She crossed to the open safe and looked in. There was not

one, but fifteen, guns inside the safe . Each had a tag, a few numbers written on cardboard, attached to it.

"Now, why would you keep all these guns?" Candy put a finger to her own red mouth. "I wonder why?"

She left for a moment and searched among the debris of her clothes, scattered about the floor, for the 'wire'. The apartment room was clearly as soundproof as it would have to be - being above a night club, but sooner or later, someone would come to the room. Candy only hoped that the first one there would be Bud Hamilton.

He was actually the third. Uniformed cops burst in and had Candy under their guns before Hamilton came ambling into the room.

"You took your time," said Candy accusingly.

"It broke faster than we thought," said Hamilton, a tight smile on his face. He sighed. "At least we get you out alive, if nothing else."

While the uniformed men began to undo Artemisia's gag, Candy showed the Lieutenant the safe and the guns. Hamilton's face gave out a big, beaming smile as he took the plastic-covered forty-four from the safe.

"That's the date of Bassaglia's killing," he said, pointing to the second row of numbers. He turned to Artemisia, now panting heavily on the bed. "I'll bet she was supposed to dump all of these, fingerprints and all -- but she kept them -- to blackmail the old man, perhaps." The venom on the girl's face made his guess appear quite reasonable. "Ballistics will have a field day here! This haul could solve fifteen murders!"

Artemisia began to curse and swear as the uniformed men dragged her away. She swore at Candy. "That queen's your girlfriend, right cop!" She swore at him again. "Well, she's downright unhealthy now! She ain't got long to live!"

The door closed behind her at last. "Will I have to testify in open court!" Candy asked very shakily.

Hamilton was looking at a thirty-eight, encased in a tiny plastic bag. "I don't know," he said doubtfully. "I don't think so. This could be the one that wasted Jimmy. It would be the evidence. There'd be nothing useful that you could add."

Candy smiled thankfully -- a pretty, feminine smile. "I can go back to my apartment?" she asked.

Hamilton shrugged. "I'll probably want to keep you looked after for a while," he said. "But you'll probably want to move. A new I.D. even."

Candy considered. "You'd supply that for me?" she asked. "Another girl's I.D.?"

Hamilton looked her up and down, from her pert, short brown hair to her dark stockings and high heels. "It would have to be a girl's I.D., wouldn't it?" he asked gently.

A big, beaming smile crossed the 'girl's' expertly madeup face.

(Later)

Despite the lateness of the hour, Hamilton rang the apartment number again.

"Yes," the feminine voice was sleepy.

"It's me again," he said hoarsely.

"Oh," there was a quietness on the other end. Then the electronic lock on the door clicked. "Come on right up." The tone was guarded.

Linda was almost the same as she had been the previous evening, save that her negligee was a darker color, a shade of brown, coloring her body and legs to make them even more attractive.

"I'm sorry about last night," said Bud very quietly. "I really over-reacted. I'm sorry."

"Oh, Tyler," there was a sob in her throat. She threw her arms about her brother's neck and clung to him for awhile. He felt her eyelashes, long and wet, on his neck. She released him and led him into the living room.

"Let me explain about Clay," she said, sitting down beside him on the old chesterfield.

"You don't have to," said Bud.

"I want to," she said shortly. She took a cigarette from the box on the table. Bud picked up the lighter and lit it for her. She leaned back on the cushions and crossed her legs, a high-heeled slipper dangling from her upraised foot.

"Clay isn't really my fiancee," she began with a rush. "I'm not going to marry him, or anything like that. After all, he's a transvestite, too." She glanced quickly at her brother. "His parents are rich and if one word got back to them....well, they'd cut him off at least. Well, we're friends, Clay and I, and when I needed money for these breast enlargements, he had it and was willing to help me. When I need a man to escort me out, well, he's there, too. He gets a kick out of passing me off as his girl friend. He was here the other night, and I'd made him up as Carla, which he likes to be -- but when you came in, he took off his wig, his dress and his makeup. He's scared of you."

Bud smiled. "Scared of me," he said lightly. "And I'm such a pushover for a pretty face."

Bud nodded. "You've got your own life to live and neither Clara nor I should be interfering. I'll talk to her and you come over to see us soon for dinner."

"With my 'boy-friend'?" Linda asked, a little smile on her lips.

Bud considered. "If you really want to," he said.

Linda shook her long, auburn tinted hair. "No, she said. "But I have met a Girl. She's like Mary - but not really - if you can understand that. She really wants me right now, but, I don't know how things will work out."

"Well," said Bud, rising. "If things do work out, bring her over and introduce her to Clara and me."

Linda stood and slipped her arms around his waist. "It's so nice," she murmured, "to have an understanding brother like you."

"Well," Bud's voice was a little shaky, "that goes for me, too."



"Sorry, Mr. McVeeter, nothing short of being reborn will make you pass as a beauty queen."

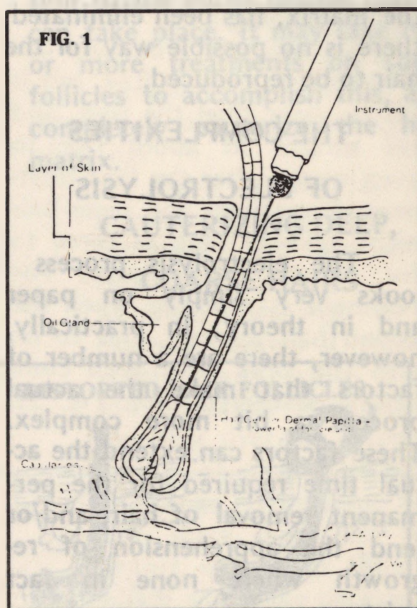
ELECTROLYSIS:

The ONLY Permanent Hair Removal Method

People have sought ways to remove unwanted hair for centuries beyond count; abrasives for that purpose have been found in Egyptian tombs, and historical rumor has it that Cleopatra herself, for all her beauty, fought superfluous hair. Until 1875 the only remedies available were temporary. That year, Dr. Charles Michel, an ophthalmologist, was working to relieve a patient suffering from an ingrown eyelash. His original method has been improved and modified a number of times, and today the electrologists use thermolysis, a shortwave, high frequency current, or radio frequency current.

HOW ELECTROLYSIS WORKS

The diagram shown here is the microscopic hair follicle, greatly magnified; examining it will help in understanding the process of electrolysis.



At the lower 1/3 of the follicle is the hair bulb and the hair cell, or the derma papilla. This is actually part of the skin, and controls the development and growth of the hair. Even if the hair is pulled out, the dermal papilla is still left, since it is part of the skin.

A very fine instrument

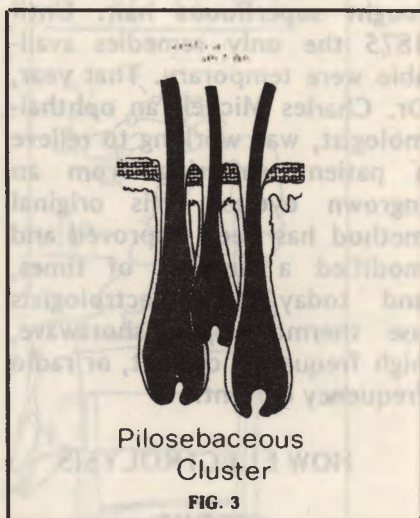
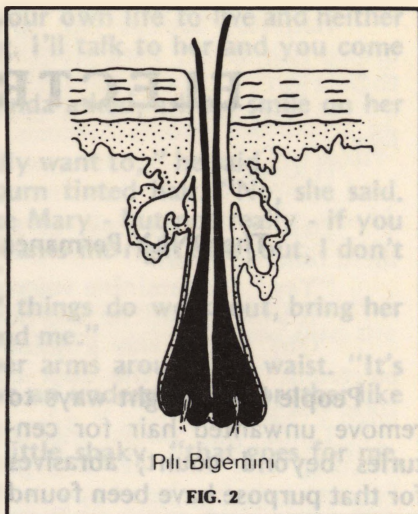
is inserted into the hair follicle, alongside the hair to the dermal papilla, and a short wave current referred to as thermolysis is sent through. This is the thermal heat action that will cauterize and render ineffective the papilla without destroying the outer layer of skin. The hair is then removed, or epilated, and will not grow again. Once the hair germ cell, the matrix, has been eliminated, there is no possible way for the hair to be reproduced.

THE COMPLEXITIES OF ELECTROLYSIS

The electrolysis process looks very simply on paper and in theory; in practically, however, there are a number of factors that make the actual process a bit more complex. These factors can extend the actual time required for the permanent removal of hair, and/or lend the apprehension of regrowth where none in fact exists.

What are they?

As previously mentioned, permanent hair removal may appear to be a simple procedure, but when the complexities the practitioner must take into account are considered, it is obvious that the permanent removal of hair requires a great deal of anatomical knowledge,



practical skill, and manual dexterity.

The electrologist must be intellectually prepared with a basic understanding of skin, in-

cluding the texture, the moisture gradient (i.e., dry or moist), the vulnerability (hypo- or sensitively) of the skin, and an understanding of the texture and nature of the hair, the age of the person being treated, the area to be treated, and a multitude of other constantly variable factors.

One can readily understand how all of the aforementioned would be important criteria for the electrologist to evaluate before beginning treatment - as well as throughout the treatment itself.

Other complicating factors that may be of concern to both the electrologist and the person having hair removed are the conditions of pilimultigemini, two or more hairs sharing one follicle (see Fig. 2), and multifollicular patterns, two or more follicles in close proximity to one another (see Fig. 3).

These conditions are not uncommon.

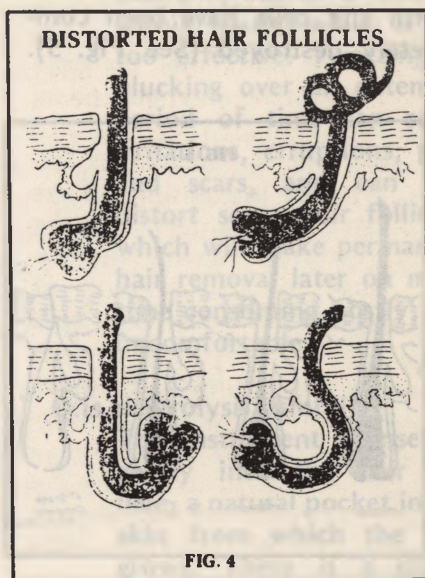
DISTORTED

HAIR FOLLICLES

Electrolysis would be a simple, straightforward process if all hair follicles grew as straight and clean as the one shown in Fig. 1.

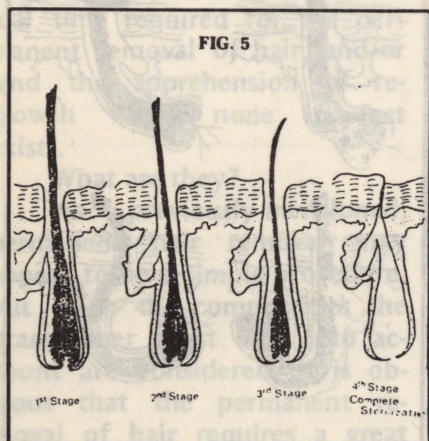
Unfortunately, they do not. The hair follicle unit is a tube-like depression of the skin which contains each hair. As can be seen from Fig. 4, the follicles may well be distorted, twisted, curved, spiraled, and even "L" or "U" shaped. Since the instrument itself is straight, these follicles have to be treated, and as a result, straightened somewhat, before the cauterization of the entire dermal papilla can take place. It may take two or more treatments on some follicles to accomplish this, and completely cauterize the hair matrix.

CAUTERIZING DEEP, COARSE HAIRS



Deep, coarse hairs cannot always be cauterized or permanently eliminated in just one treatment; to attempt to do so would invite leaving a permanent pit or depression in the skin. Breaking down the hair germ cells in a series of treatments allows permanent hair removal gradually.

The first treatment may only partially destroy the hair matrix, although the hair itself will be removed. The hair cell will produce another hair, but it will be finer than the first, and will surface in about five to seven weeks after the first treatment. Sometimes the same hair might take as long as three to five months to reappear. The treatment is repeated when the second hair appears, and so on until the cells have been completely destroyed (See Fig. 5).



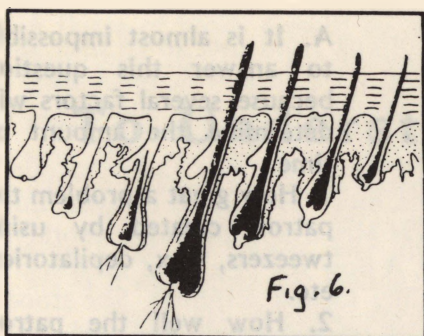
THE NORMAL HAIR GROWTH CYCLE

Hair on various parts of the body have different growth cycles. Eyebrows and eyelashes, as an example, grow for five to six months, and then are shed. The average human scalp hair grows for approximately two years before being sloughed.

Once the hair is shed, the follicle lapses into a dormant state, lasting for several months. There will be no new hair produced during this resting period, as the derma papilla, or hair cell, rebuilds its strength for the next hair it will generate, which in turn will grow for its usual cycle, and then be shed. It is estimated that at least 20% of the body's hair follicles are dormant at any given time.

Since it is only possible to treat hairs that are visible, even if each visible hair in the treatment area is permanently removed during the first six months, there will still be a large proportion of the total hairs scattered through the area that had been dormant (see Fig. 6).

Although this proportion is sometimes mistaken for regrowth it is actually hair emerging from dormancy and available for treatment for the first time. Electrolysis, therefore, takes from six to nine months to



remove every hair cell for most people, and can take as much as one year, or even longer in difficult and extreme cases.

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Q. What are the causes of excessive hair?

A. There are four generally accepted causes of hirsutism, which is how this condition is known in medical terminology:

1. **Heredity:** One can inherit patterns of hair growth that are excessive. For example, eyebrows that are thick and coarse and extend across the bridge of the nose could easily be inherited.

2. **Glandular disturbance:** endocrine imbalances or disturbances, such as Cushing's syndrome, for example, can generate abnormal, exces-

sive hair.

3. **Normal Systemic changes:** normal changes in hormone levels, such as occurs at puberty, menopause, or senescence for example, can signal the emergence of a new and disturbing crop of hair.

4. **Topical irritation:** such as can arise from the long incarceration in a cast, for example.

Q. Why is electrolysis better than temporary methods of hair removal, such as shaving or plucking?

A' First of all, for the obvious reason: they are temporary and have to be repeated frequently.

Secondly, shaving, as an example, leaves a stubble within hours, which is not too effective. Tweezing or plucking over an extended period of time can cause irritations, eruptions, pits, and scars, and can also distort some hair follicles, which will make permanent hair removal later on more time consuming, costly, and uncomfortable.

Q. Is electrolysis painful?

The instrument is inserted gently into the hair follicle, a natural pocket in the skin from which the hair grows. There is a slight,

brief sensation of heat. Some describe the sensation as a slight tingling sensation; whether this is experienced as pain or not, and if so to what degree, is difficult to gauge since everyone has a different pain tolerance.

Q. Is the removal of hair by electrolysis dangerous?

A. No. The amount of current used is infinitely small.

Q. Does electrolysis scar the skin?

A. No, if the electrologist is skillful, the skin will be left smoother upon completion of treatments because the hair and all the matter surrounding the hair is removed from the follicle.

Q. Will the hairs that the electrologist removes ever come back again?

A. Not if the patron follows the instructions of the electrologist, taking the treatments needed in relation to the amount of tampering with her hairs which the patron did before starting to have them removed permanently by electrolysis.

Q. How many treatments will it take before all the hairs are gone permanently?

A. It is almost impossible to answer this question because several factors will determine the amount of time.

1. How great a problem the patron created by using tweezers, wax, depilatories, etc.

2. How well the patron cooperated in following her electrologist's instructions.

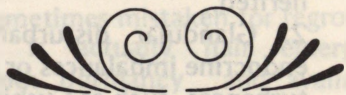
3. Frequency of treatments.

4. Tolerance of patron. Hairs within the tissue, not visible to view.

Does the frequency of treatment have a bearing on success?

A. Yes, definitely.

It is important for a client to participate in a planned program of electrolysis that is tailored to her individual needs. It is especially important in terms of hairs that require more than one treatment: for if the papilla is not cauterized as soon as the new hair becomes visible, the hair will build back to its original length, negating the effectiveness of the first treatment.



To Understand Women

BY LIL

"I'll never understand women!" my room-mate stormed when he came in. It took me a while to waken as it was after midnight.

"Who does?" I agreed, turning on a low bed lamp, staring at Gabe incredulously. I was startled by his appearance.

"Well, I should understand women more than most."

That I could agree to. He was notoriously good-looking. He merely had to smile and the coeds here would swoon. Gabe's repeated conquests were the talk of the campus. If being intimate with dozens of girls brought 'understanding,' he surely should have had it. But looking at him now, in utter amazement, I realized something major had occurred. I got up, wrapped a robe around my pajamas, offered him a cigarette, lit it for him, which only seemed proper under the circumstances, sat back where I could watch him closely, and asked him to tell me about what had gone on. Here's Gab's account:

You know the gal Trixie, that neat sophomore with the 40 inch bust that always seems ready to bounce out of her clothes? Well, she coolly invited me over to her dormitory. When we got there, she said everybody was out and led me by the hand upstairs. I imagine that I was the first man in twenty years to go up there. Once we got in their large "common" room, she calmly unbuttoned her blouse and took it off. Even with her bra still on she was the most..... but that isn't what I have to tell you about. Suddenly, nine or ten other girls, including the house-mother, sprang up from behind sofas and out of closets and even out of the door leading to the bathroom. I was so darned surprised that I didn't have a chance to struggle before I felt my wrists handcuffed with those little 5 & 10 handcuffs. I felt silly. Then, laughing like hysterical ten-year olds, they

took off every last stitch of clothing from me. When they got through with my clothes, ripping them in pieces, there wasn't enough left to use for a handkerchief. I was so stunned and embarrassed that I just stared blankly at them.

A number of the girls were from the May Queen's courtgirls that we voted to be the most luscious on campus. But one gal really amazed me. It was Mrs Evans, the house-mother. Instead of wearing her hair up, it now fell in a great mass half-way down her back. She certainly looked different. She stood there in front of me, looking me up and down, and said, "So here's the great Gabe Casanova, the most seductive man on campus. So here's the guy no girl can resist. But we'll fix that. Go to work girls."

Accordingly, apparently, to a plan, these girls began shedding their clothes, flinging them at me. I was nearly smothered under great soft petticoats, bras of every color. Panties floated down on me like snow. Sheer hose draped my arms and legs. I must have looked as though I was just relaxing back and enjoying it. One of the girls brought out a camera and then flash-bulbs began popping. I don't know about you, but the feel of all that finery on me and all those luscious gals completely without clothes was so un-nerving that I know the pictures would show me with a foolish, happy grin on my face.

"Now, Mr. Casanova, we've got you. The next time you so much as glance at a girl on campus, copies of this scene will go to your parents, your home-town papers, some national scandal magazines and to the Dean's office. You'll probably be expelled. You'll be famous but not in the nicest of ways." All this from the house-mother.

Then the girls responded to her "OK, girls, next act." Physical torture would have been endurable but what they did was worst. Each girl, pink and white and warm, came to me, leaned over with out touching me and with half-closed eyes and full lips open, breathed their moist, perfumed breath at my eyes and face. Occasionally they's allow a full roll of soft hair to brush my shoulders. I can't imagine a worse torture.

"Look! I cried, I've had enough. What do you want of me?"
'.....just do as we want, and we'll let you go."

"Anything," I promised, and I meant it because they had those darn pictures. To my relief, they undid the handcuffs.

A flurry of hands pressed on my skin and I was rushed into the bathroom and into the shower. I had to stand under the hot, stinging spray, soaping myself at their insistence, with a lilac-scented bar that made lots of bubbles. Once through with rinsing, they worked some sort of a beauty cream all over me. And then I was led, kinds dazed, back into the "common" room.

"Feel your skin, Mr Casanova," challenged one of the girls. I ran my fingers over my arms and legs and noticed that my skin was rather soft-feeling.

"Now, get dressed, Miss Gabrielle Casanova!" snapped one of the girls, pointing to clothes which were layed out on the sofa. What choice did I have? The next thing I knew they had put on me a bra and panties nylons and the WHOLE works.

I had to put on one of the girl's shoes and then they sat me in front of the mirror, brought my hair down in sweeping bangs over my forehead, hair-pinned on a big soft-lookin' scarf and then they applied all kinds of stuff to my face. You know, lip-stick, eye-makeup and the rest.

Then they stood me up, and one of the girls said that I was to walk like a girl. "Swing those hips more," shouted another. "Sit down. Cross your legs, adjust your garters, take this compact and powder your nose." They had me doin' all sorts of stupid things.

But I noticed a change in the girls. They no longer giggled but stared at me with a warming friendliness as I became more and more 'at home' in my new clothes. Finally one gal, a red-head, burst out, "Gabrielle....you're absolutely adorable!"

Then they opened the front door and shoved me out into the night. I regained my balance, lifted my skirts above my knees and ran like the dickens. I was so glad to have gotten out of that place. I certainly felt different, walking home, dressed like a girl.

Gabe looked up at me. "I just don't understand women! First they were one way and made fun of me, and then they seemed to like me in girl's clothes."

"So, what are you going to do?" I asked in amazement at all this information I had heard.

I could hear the song of nylon on taut nylon as he uncrossed his legs, stood up and smoothed his dress. With his breasts high and hips twitching, costume jewelry sliding down

with a clatter to his wrist, he swayed to the door. Before he stepped out into the night he said, "To understand a girl you've got to be like one and live like one."

I listened to the sharp click-clack of his high heels as he stepped down the stairs and into the night!



Or: How A TV Sister Can Drive A Shoe Salesman Crazy!

TRANSVESTIC LITERATURE:

It's Purpose And Content

What is genuine transvestic literature? Only crossdressers, themselves, can REALLY give the correct answer; It is the literature showing how Tvs REALLY are -- their dreams and fantasies.

However, we do find literature which is CALLED transvestic but, in such literature, we find mingled themes of bondage, domination and much eroticism -- things that the normal crossdresser does not want to find in his Tv reading material. Such elements can completely ruin an otherwise good plot. Usually, we will find commercial motivations behind such slanted 'TV' literature. Transvestism, as we know it, is neither masochistic or sadistic nor is it full of eroticism. It is merely an independent way of life -- a NATURAL thing for us and the 'sound' Tv does not want to be dominated or whipped and any erotic emphasis is very minor.

The ordinary run-of-the-mill crossdresser enjoys, when possible, a feminine type of life and finds joy and inner pleasure when living as a girl. Thus, in reference to Tv literature, a Tv wants to see 'herself', 'her' dreams, and 'her' problems outlined in the pages of a magazine for crossdressers.

It is not really tormenting to Tvs to have to put on the clothes of a female. So when one reads a pseudo Tv magazine in which the main character has to be forced to wear women's clothing and bound and whipped, usually by a very dominate female, one can be sure that such articles are NOT written by crossdressers. It is very important to note, too, that the genuine crossdresser is not pre-occupied with images of sexual gratification, which so many pseudo Tv magazines emphasize as the real reason for crossdressing.

A genuine crossdresser is able to write precisely of the ways in which all crossdressers see themselves. On the other hand, a writer who is not a crossdresser, will give himself away by using those elements which are really foreign to most of us. How can a writer, a non-TV, know the inner feminine feelings of those who have the need to crossdress; Such a writer makes a mix of odd things, seasoned and spiced with elements of bondage or super-sex and then expect the TV to enjoy his writing. What is especially alarming is that such pseudo-TV writers destroy the chances, for future acceptance, of the world of crossdressing, as a worthy segment of our society!

Perhaps we might say that genuine TV writings contain stories and accounts that ONLY crossdressers enjoy reading and that others find boring and uninteresting.

So, what DO we like to see in our crossdressing literature? Surely we want to identify with the principle characters. Such persons must be like us - decent and ladylike, and full of feminine feelings and emotions. In such writings, it is the little things that are important to us. We like to read about the voluntary transformations from man to woman. The statement: 'Boys will be girls!' sounds like sweet music in our ears. We also enjoy reading of how a sister or wife or a mother cooperates and helps te crossdresser to 'switch' over. But deliver us from the corporal domination. This is not to say that we crossdressers don't enjoy an occasional story where a male is 'made' to crossdress if the emphasis is not lingered on and the subject of domination is not present. The sweet persuasive power of the female is a much more refined subject when the writer wishes to show how the boy or man first experienced the finding of his inner feminine self.

Another appreciated subject is the feeling of CHANGING IDENTITY. Fancy dress balls, amateur plays, Mardi Gras, etc., where the crossdresser experiences the joy of being a girl (and then continues to dress whenever possible), together with the feeling of no longer being a 'he' but now being a 'she.' A natural part of a fiction for Tvs is the description of the inner urge to try on feminine clothes in order to experience how it feels wearing such things. This inner urge, this curiosity and the envy, create a subject we may call the first thrilling experience. Under this category we also find the descriptions of using cosmetics, how to have the ears pierced, how to wear corsets, high heels, etc.

A related and interesting theme is the description of the training and practicing in order to adopt all the little feminine ways and mannerisms and how little by little the Tv learns and adopts the feminine ways to such a degree that they become a natural part of 'her' way of living.

An excellent subject is the boy who is brought up as a girl (but save us from the spanking and force), wanting to continue this femmepersonation when grown because, wearing feminine clothes is so natural.

Full details of an advancing feminization is always welcome, especially how long a TV dares going in such feminization. Descriptions of the efforts to be as authentic in appearance as possible belong to the appreciated parts of TV stories. We also have the descriptions of the daily beauty routine, beauty treatments and electrolyses, etc.

Regarding the plot, the writer can use fantasy as he likes, but a happy ending will be most welcome. As happy endings go, the final acceptance of the crossdresser, where he can now live continually as a woman, to be accepted as an artist always clad in woman's clothing, to work in a shop selling woman's clothing, and simply living a quiet life as an older woman, etc. - all leave something for the writer's imagination.

Crossdressers especially enjoy stories told in the first person. "I" always has an especial attraction, supposedly because it makes it easier identifying with the principle character. It also gives one a feeling of identity with the speaking person.

Many crossdressing themes are better expressed in a poem. For a Tv, it may be a fine aesthetic pleasure to read a nice transvestic poem which draws the reader into a dainty, sweet, feminine world - of which the Tv reader herself feels being a part.

The scientific story or fiction about the future may also be used as a TV theme. A utopian world where transvestism has been accepted by all as a natural way of living is the dream of most TVs. These stories may bewell done but it is important that the plot be not too fantastic and the persons too unreal. But, done with artistic sense, many of these science fiction stories surely can be relaxing for the Tv reader.

Quite another part of Tv literature is the true auto-biographical stories. This form is the most preferred. Here the Tv can read about others like herself. They are individuals of flesh and blood who tell their own story and the Tvs are , in their

mind, able to recreate similar experiences. Tv readers can get a wonderful feeling of 'belonging, and having sisters all over the world -- living right now -- having the same problems as the reader. Here, the writing, in the first person, has a strong effect.

The scientific literature about transvestism is always subject to much speculation but is interesting to many readers. It is natural that Tvs want to know why they crossdress. But science gives no answer. We learn of theories and do read of some particular cases, but little more. The readers of such literature always hope that such literature will give society a better understanding of crossdressing.

Transvestic literature is not the only subject of interest to Tv readers. Literature about feminine fashions, cosmetics and beauty treatments are always welcome reading. The way genuine girls transform their appearance by cosmetics, hair coloring, proper use of clothing, etc., is thoroughly studied. And this type of study is thrilling and instructing for a Tv who naturally in his thoughts makes himself the subject for these transformation. Tvs like plots where a plain, average little 'Cinderella' changes into a glamour girl by means of cosmetics and clothes. Tvs like to read about other Tv's first experiences with cosmetics, that first wig, etc.

Transvestic literature is a field where much can be done. Chavalier Publications has shown the way with much fine fiction and true autobiographies - all written by and for cross-dressers. Here we find OURSELVES, OUR dreams, and problems. The literature has been enriched and so have we. The tree of literature which was planted when people first learned to write, now has a new branch. Let it become thick and healthy with twigs and foliage under the shadow of which we can find joy and relaxation.

INSIGHT INFORMATION

Her Sorority sisters thought Joanne was nuts
For Giving her boyfriend HER pin.

That's reverse of tradition - but they didn't know
What Joanne had been dressing him in.

Lil

The STRANGEST

Story Of World War I

The Romance of "La Belle Suzanne."

The following, apparently true story, first appeared in an English magazine in 1940. Unfortunately, the name of the magazine is unknown.

Ehen the battle of the Somme was raging in 1916, one of the many thousands of soldiers who were reported missing -- was a young French Corporal named Paul Grappe. His widow, after some time had elapsed, obtained a pension; and the corporal's mother, who lived close to her daughter-in-law in Paris, was also awarded a small allowance.

The widow bore her bereavement with patriotic fortitude. "Paul dies like so many thousands, for France," she said. "The dead were to be honoured, not mourned for."

The elder Madame Grappe, on the contrary, was inconsolate for the loss of her only son. On All Soul's day in November 1916, she, like other pious French people, visited the famous cemetery of Pere La Chaise, to pray for the dead and to deposit wreaths on the tombs. Her grief was particularly poignant. Her son had no grave she could pray by. His body rested in some unknown morass. The poor woman broke down and went into the chapel to weep, where she was met by her daughter-in-law, still dressed in deep mourning, who was accompanied by an attractive young woman who was introduced to her as Suzanne.

The two young women managed to comfort the disconsolate mother; and Suzanne, who was an artist, strangely enough, like the dead Paul, told the elder Madame Grappe that if she had a photograph of her deceased son, she would paint a portrait of him in oils for her.

The poor mother was delighted, gave Suzanne a photograph and particulars of the colour of Paul's eyes and hair, which his widow supplemented, and in due course Suzanne presented her with a really striking portrait of the deceased Paul, to his mother's great delight.

Old madame Grappe was deeply religious, and when she found that her daughter-in-law and Suzanne went to live in a somewhat dubious neighborhood in the Quartier Latin, where they took a studio, she expressed rather forcibly her displeasure at the gay life they were living, quarrelled, ceased to visit them, and died shortly before the Armistice.

Paul's widow and her friend Suzanne paid for her funeral, and on her gravestone was inscribed, by her wish: "MARIE JEANETTE GRAPPE, Whose only son, Corporal Grappe, died for France, 1916, R.I.P."

The Armistice brought rejoicings to Paris as it did to London and every city practically in the world. Montmartre resumed its reputation for boisterous gaiety which not even the war had succeeded in dimming, and the fame of the young painter in oils, La Belle Suzanne, and the handsome young widow Grappe, was known far and wide over the Bohemian circles of Paris.

Suzanne became known as "The Breaker of Hearts," because although she participated in wild flirtation, she invariably, after accepting jewels and expensive presents from her many admirers, she invariably turned down all overtures and offers of marriage.

IN the meantime, she made a good deal of money by paintings of a riauque nature. So things went on for ten years.

La Belle Suzanne remained apparently unchanged and unwithered by time, like Cleopatra, despite her somewhat dissolute nights, spent in dancing and drinking; but her friend the widow Grappe, though still nice looking, began to show traces of age.

Then the French Government announced a general amnesty for military offenses. On the day that it was proclaimed,

La Belle Suzanne disappeared from the Montmartre studio and the long dead Corporal Paul Grappe painted at her accustomed easel.

Paris was amazed at the astonishing disclosure that La Belle Suzanne was not a girl at all, but the lawful husband of madame Grappe. The hero of the masquerade explained that he deserted in 1915 and made his way to Paris, where he and his wife hit upon his female disguise as a plan of concealment. When the Amnesty law became a fact and all charges of ordinary desertion by men who spent not less than six months at the front had been wiped off the slate. Paul Grappe decided to give up his high-heeled shoes and dainty undergarments for woolen socks and the freedom of a lounge suit.

So the caretaker of the house where Suzanne lived could scarcely believe her eyes when her former tenant left the place - this time attired as a man and wearing the blue beret of the French Chasseurs.

"I am no longer Suzanne Langlarde," the pseudo girl declared. "Henceforth I resume my real name of Paul Grappe, the rightful husband of Mme. Grappe."

Soon after he resumed male clothes, Grappe gave way to drink. Presumably his feminine clothes had deterred him from giving way to his worse nature. He exercised a strange fascination over women, and quarrels between him and his wife became frequent. He assaulted her and his wife shot him dead.

"I shot him because my child was screaming of fright, and I thought that my life and that of my child were in was the dramatic statement made at the child by Madame Grappe, when charged with his murder. "He exercised a strange fascination over women, and I think that he must have had dozens of lovers in his lifetime. I was angry when I shot him but I was also afraid. Even now I love him, just like all the other women who loved him."

The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and Madame Grappe was discharged.



Want To Change Your NAME?

Go To Germany And Legalize Your Femme Name!

The following information from Germany involves transsexuals but also has an indirect value for transvestites since many such transvestites are, or intend to, living fulltime as women. Since the article points out that it might be possible to have a name changed without actually having the sex-change operation, many in the United States and Canada would like to see a similar law in effect in these countries:

"Although it does not directly involve transvestites, a new law has been voted by the West German Parliament in June which might interest the readers of TRANSVESTIA. It is said to be the most advanced law ever to be pronounced by a Parliament in this matter. The new law was designed to help 'such persons that would like to change their GENDER status for physical or psychological reasons.'

In the near future, the transsexual living in Germany either can ask to have his (or her) name changed ONLY (the so-called minimum solution) or, ask for an official statement that he shall now be considered as belonging to the opposite sex (the maximum solution). Either of such decisions will be pronounced by a Federal Judge. In the case of the maximum solution, it will be necessary that an operation has been performed which changed the petitioner in such a way says the new law, that his external appearance now resembles closely that of a member of the other sex.

The law was voted on after several years of discussion and preparation. Even if the discussion in Parliament showed different points of view, the vast majority agreed that transsexuals live under great strain and severe discrimination, making it necessary to help them as far as legislation can go.

Petitioners that only want to change their name have to be 18 years of age or older; those that ask for the maximum solution must be 25 years of age.

All speakers agreed that the law as such cannot resolve all the problems of transsexuals (or transvestites). But it might help considerably to reduce the problems these persons encounter at their place of employment or in the community and especially with their relations with public authorities. At this moment we do not know when the law will become effective but most feel that it is a most welcomed approach and reveals a very positive concern of modern legislators."

RITA (FG-1-B)

I WANT TO BE A CLONE!

Science writer, Isaac Asimov, sings about clones.

Actually, said Asimov, although he wrote the last few verses, the idea of his song belongs to a fellow writer, Randall Garrett, who handed him the first verse and the chorus while Asimov was giving a talk on cloning in California.

What can one sing about cloning? Garrett, to the tune of "Home On The Range" offered the following:

Oh, give me a clone
Of my own flesh and bone
With its 'Y' Chromosome changed to 'X';
And when it is grown,
Then my own little clone
Will be of the opposite sex.



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A Place To Begin!

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

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

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

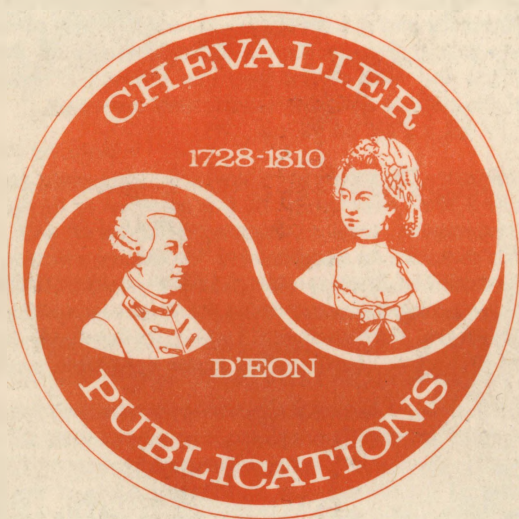
The organization is limited to heterosexual male and wives. Most members are married and have children. They have reputations to protect and the Society is concerned with being an organization that such people will feel safe and comfortable in belonging to. Interested persons should send 50 cents in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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Carol Beecroft

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