

Scisto
H077
T73

Transvestia

\$6.00



FICTION

Showtime
More Than Talented
Viridiana

TRUE STORY

The Thrill of Shopping
Man in His Sixties

ARTICLE

Changing Interests

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Transexuality Revisited

Vol. XVI No. 96

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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

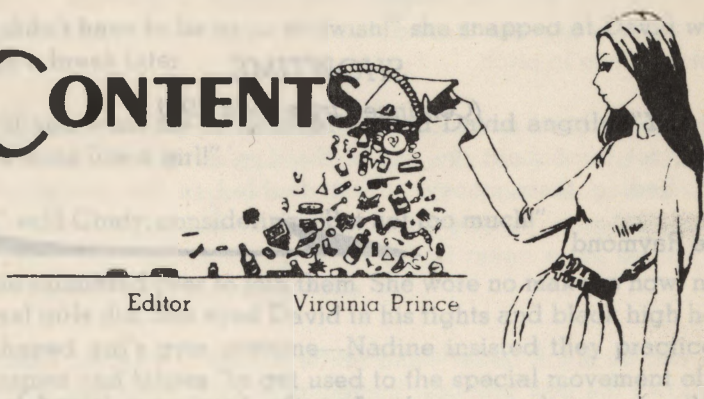
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

CONTENTS



Editor

Virginia Prince

- 2 Showtime—Fiction
- 19 More Than Talented—Fiction
- 41 Man in His Sixties Shops Openly—True Story
- 51 Letters to the Editor
- 59 The Thrill of Shopping—True Story
- 67 Viridiana—Fiction
- 71 Signs of the Times—Changing Interests—Articles
- 75 Virgin Views—Transsexuality Revisited

Copyright 1978 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.



SHOWTIME

(Continued from TVia #95)

Dee Raymond

After two performances by Ace, the boys were joined by a new dancer in their dressing room. She came in, in an orange mini-skirt and dark-blue, see-through blouse. When she took off her top, she embarrassed the boys by stripping off her bra, to show her real, full breasts.

"Oh, it's all right," she said, as she began to make up for the extra rehearsal Nadine had called. "I'm a guy just like you. This is just the hormones at work." She glanced knowingly at Marty and Babe, both with sick looks on their powdered and painted faces. "You'll be on them soon, won't you, dears?" she added with a smile. She took up a black bra and got Ace to fasten her up. She was so genuinely female that the boys were embarrassed to be in the same room as she donned tight sweater, hose and tight pants for the rehearsal.

"Lisa is going to understudy your parts at first," Nadine told them on the stage. "She will be able to take over from anybody who can't do the job." She look menacingly at Ace who glared right back at her.

By now, the girls were used to the boys taking their parts. With Lisa hovering daintily in the background, they were particularly vocal in their advice to the boys on how to project themselves more femininely. "Come on, David," said Cindy, after her partner had blown a pirouette. "Swing your tail, like I do!"

David glared at her. In the next attempt, he exaggerated his walk

and kept his hands and wrists moving daintily—which drew compliments from Nadine and made Cindy flush.

"You didn't have to be so ... so swish!" she snapped at David when they took a break later.

"How'd you want me to behave?" asked David angrily. "You told me to be more like a girl!"

"Yes," said Cindy, considering. "But not too much!"

Rosalie sauntered over to join them. She wore no makeup now, none of the real girls did. She eyed David in his tights and black high heels in his shaped girl's gym costume—Nadine insisted they practice in their waspies and falsies "to get used to the special movement of the sex." David flushed and turned away.

"Who's that lovely creature?" asked Rosalie, a chuckle in her voice. She nodded her head towards Lisa who was smiling as Nadine talked to "her," and Babe Corbin, who watched Nadine in fascination, a fixed smile on his made-up face. Babe had a ribbon, too, in his blonde wig.

"David," said Cindy sharply, taking his hand. "Who is she?"

David Rennick was angry and frustrated. He felt silly in the girl's warm-up outfit. He looked at all his friends, Marty so clearly a woman, standing laughing with Sally, Babe Corbin, his skin so clear and wearing makeup all the time now, beaming at every feminine flattery turned his way. Even Farrell wasn't immune. He was standing with Ace Demanski, trying to show the big fellow how to push out his skirt with his hands to show off his nylons and pretty legs in their "duet." Clinton had, as usual, almost faded into the background. In a black costume, between Danielle and Jackie, he wouldn't have been noticed as different from the other two girls.

David took his time before turning to Cindy. She had folded her arms and her mouth was a thin line. "Lisa's really a man," he said at last. "But she'll be anything you want her to be—male or female. She's ideal for Nadine. If only she could get the rest of us to be like her."

For the first time, David was glad to see the fear in Cindy's eyes. She was looking at him with genuine apprehension. "Come on, dear," he said to her with an exaggerated wiggle of his hips. "Come and show me how to make those divine doe eyes." He had raised his voice a notch or two in pitch.

Rosalie laughed and after a moment Cindy joined in. But she was very quiet throughout the rest of the day, even after the boys were paid, finding their money almost doubled in the packets Nadine passed out.

"It will be much better—and Millie will do it for you." Nadine had laid down the new proposal immediately after Babe had entered the room in a tight-fitting skirt and sweater, dark hose and narrow, stiletto-like heels. Even the look that Ace gave him couldn't take away Babe's euphoria at having come from his apartment fully dressed in women's clothes. He was positively beaming as he wiggled over to his make-up chair.

"No wig for me tonight," he had sparkled at Millie, his eyes brilliantly blue in contrast to the excess of black eyeliner, eyeshadow and mascara he had used. "Rene did my hair." He patted the blonde kiss curls on his cheeks and around his forehead. Ace looked away, shivering in the dark blue evening dress he'd just had Farrell lace him into.

"I like this color, don't you?" Babe bubbled to the grim-faced Ace, his mouth white like the rest of his face under the pancake makeup he'd just applied. Then they all realized that Babe had had his hair dyed platinum-blonde and that he'd actually gone to a woman's hair stylist to have it done.

"It's a very good idea," said Nadine when she came in. "You've all got long hair—for men, anyway," she added. "It will be much better for you not to have to worry about wigs too much. I'll get Millie to set your hair for you for the first performance."

"You're not touching mine!" Ace had hollered, slashing his mouth with scarlet lipstick.

Nadine had stopped at the door. She turned, a sarcastic smile on her thin lips. "You didn't like the extra money, eh, Ace?" she asked.

Ace glared back at her, the eyebrow pencil working overtime on his eyebrows.

Nadine looked over towards Lisa and Babe. "If you don't want your hair done," she glanced down the line of partly-clad, feminized men, "any of you, darlings, I have a few more . . . uh . . . persons to interview tomorrow about replacements. Besides," she paused, found Clinton's anxious face, and was suddenly serious, "it'll mean more money for you all if you do." Then she was gone.

Mille didn't have too hard a time with washing out and setting the boy's hair in curlers under driers. Ace, as usual, objected to everything so that his manicure was not a success. Not even David Rennick, however, expected to lose almost all of his eyebrows. After Millie combed out the hot perm, he couldn't believe his eyes. The two changes had altered him almost beyond recognition. Even without makeup, he was a girl. He looked at the others, and saw that they were the same.

While Babe giggled on about how beautiful they all were, even Lisa was quiet and nervous as they got ready for the first show. As they moved along the wings, David heard wolf whistles from the stage hands, the first he'd ever heard. When he dropped a glove, a husky electrician came running over to pick it up for him. The big worker smiled at him. "You look great," he said, giving David a wink.

With the boys giving their best and most authentic performance in the two Saturday shows, the girls as boys seemed to give their worst. Even Rosalie, usually so wicked, so leeringly convincing as the misogynist-chauvinist, had no zip. Her pinches on David's derriere were just gentle pats compared to the way she usually liked to taunt him.

"What's wrong?" David asked Cindy as the two sat on a swing—her arm about him—his hand cuddled onto her shoulder just like an attractive girl.

"You're all so . . . so . . . real!" David felt a tear touch his cheek.

"Hey!" he said, trying not to interrupt Babe's new number, the one

where Babe stripped off his white, silky gown while Danielle, Shelley, Jackie and Rosalie, the "boyfriends," treated him as the sexy glamor girl he appeared to be. "Hey, Cindy. It's me, David!" he exclaimed.

"Are . . . are you sure?" The words came out very slowly, as Cindy's arm came around David's narrow waist and she pushed him out to join the other "girls" on re-dressing Babe so that they could go on to a modern, up-to-date dance.

As they left the stage, David held onto Cindy's hand. "Let's go for a drink," he said. Cindy turned and looked at the thin bobbed nose, slender eyebrows and thick eyelashes in the soft-skinned face. David's hair was parted down the middle and then swept back down both sides, very thick and curled at the nape of his neck. Gold circles swung in his ears.

"With you looking like that?" She tried not to be bitter. "Maybe we'd be better to just sneak home instead."

David shook his head, feeling the earrings now and realizing how he must seem. "I'll get ready quickly," he said, moving as fast as his high heels and tight skirts would lead him.

He met a violent Ace at the doorway, Marty and Lisa hanging on to the big "man" trying to hold him back. "Just let me get at her!" Ace was raving in a deep, bass voice. Strands of blonde hair lay across his face, his black eye makeup screwed up in rage. He was wearing the very tight, black tubular dress of Sally's and, like her, could hardly move.

"What's up?" asked David, pushing at Ace, who scratched at him, with long, pointed fingernails.

"That woman!" screamed Ace, allowing David to push him back a little, into the dressing room. "She's taken away all our street clothes!"

"She thinks it'll help us all, said Marty wearily, "if we wear drag all the time. We'll be more feminine."

Behind David, Babe Corbin began to giggle again. "It's true, darlings," he cried. "Look at me! We can all be more feminine."

There was a strange kind of snarl from Ace Demanski and suddenly David was thrust aside. He had a ringside seat to the punch that caught Babe flush on his pert, little nose. Then, Ace was on top of the platinum blonde, punching away. Farrell came in and with the help of all the others pushed Ace away.

Babe lay on the floor whimpering. Blood came from his nose and ran across his thickly, scarlet-lipsticked lips. "My dress!" was all he could say, followed by, "I don't have any more pantihose," and then there were floods of tears.

Ace sat for a moment, breathing heavily, at his dressing mirror, staring at his reflection in the mirror. Then he stood slowly, ignoring the sobbing Babe whom Lisa was trying to console, Babe's head pressed against his large breasts. Ace stripped off his long evening dress, the slip and the stage underwear. He looked like a wiry, muscular man, his hair and makeup so strange with his body. Then he went to the drawer and took out a pair of blue, bikini briefs and put them on. He put on pantihose, a padded bra, a silky slip and a dark blue dress with a tight skirt. High heels and a purse completed his outfit. He turned then and looked at the others, moving so slowly and watching him with care.

"Goodnight, girls," Ace said pleasantly, swishing towards the door, and with a nod to a red-faced Nadine who came pushing in, he went strolling away.

Nadine looked after him, shock and surprise on her face. She turned back and saw Babe and the tissue plugs at his nose, the blood down the front of his dress. "What happened?" she barked out at the room.

Water lapped over Babe's black-painted lids as he looked down desperately at David, Marty and Farrell. David gave him an almost imperceptible shake of his head.

"I-I slipped in—into the table," said Babe, tears now streaking his mascara.

Nadine looked down at the stiff, tense backs of her other "male" dancers. She tried to grasp what was going on, but Clinton stood up and took out a pair of orange panties for himself from the drawer Ace had left open. He was blushing as he put on an "uplift" bra with

padded inserts. He had the kind of chest muscles that could be taped across to show "real" cleavage. He left as soon as he could—a cute, little brunette in a black miniskirt, black, knee-high boots, a tight sweater and a shaped leather jacket. The tiny gold crosses at his ears and the dark eye makeup made him far more attractive as a female than he'd ever been as a male.

It was clear to Nadine that whatever had happened was not going to be revealed to her right then. It was also clear that Nadine was going to wait until she saw them all into "street" clothes before she left. David exchanged glances with Farrell, who shrugged at him. When David had changed to a lacy, underwired bra, a minislip and dark pantihose to go with his dark miniskirt, Nadine came over and fixed his makeup, giving him extra white eyeshadow on the back of his lids. Smiling, she hugged him, his padded bra in the sequined blouse being pressed tightly against him. She smelt of musk perfume—just like he did.

"Keep those earrings," she said. "They really go with you, David." She frowned, smiled ruefully and shook her head. "We'll have to do something about that name, won't we?"

David picked a wine-colored purse, and stuffed in the money and keys that had been left on his table for him. He pulled on high heels, grabbed the little coat that matched his skirt and went quickly to the door.

"David, wait!" Marty and Farrell came tripping after him. They were dressed much as he was. Lots of shapely leg showing under little miniskirts. All had bouncing breasts and long, dangling earrings. "Let's go together," said Marty. He gave David Rennick a little smile that seemed to say—"now we're all girls together, and isn't it nice?"

They had to argue with an aghast Cindy Brenner at the stage door but Rosalie and Sally had seemed to expect them as they were, passing compliments to the men on their makeup, hair and clothes. A bunch of stage hands also wanted to take them all out for a drink. That moved Cindy and she agreed to go with all the "girls" to a local bar.

It wasn't as crowded as might have been expected, but it was late at night and soon they had a booth to themselves.

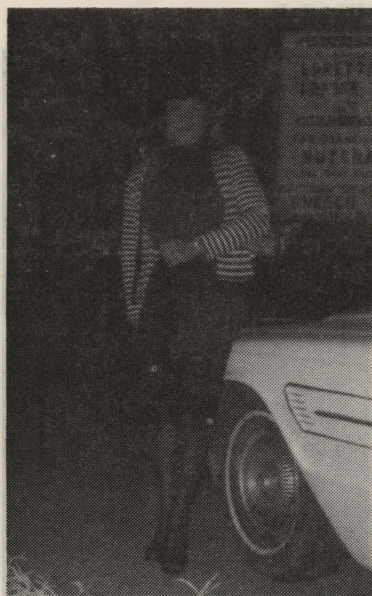


BETTY ANN IL-17-A





NICOLE—NJ

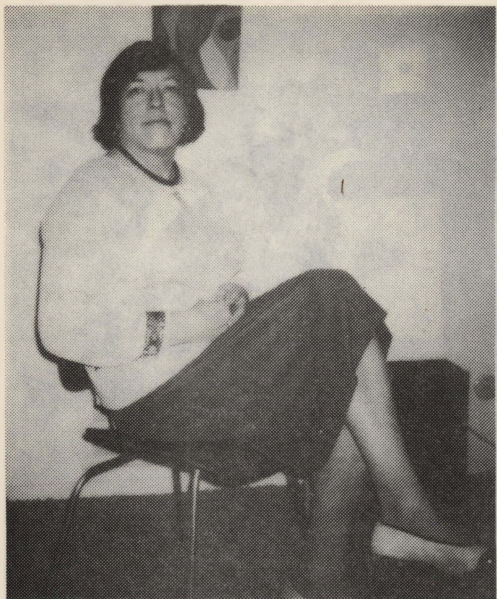


KATIE CA-45-T



ANGELA PA-2-R





EDIE ?



DOROTHY W VA-1-M

"How do you feel?" asked Cindy at last. David had taken her hand and now their hands lay together, each with long, pointed nails, David's red and Cindy's clear. Each had large dress rings on their fingers and bracelets at their wrists.

"You mean in a skirt, sitting here?" asked David quietly.

"And with all the lingerie," added Cindy. "You are wearing panties, aren't you?"

"Of course," he said. He had to think. How did he really feel? Strange. Yes, there was that. But it was nice, too, to feel the nylons on his legs. He knew he had shapely legs and it was good when Rosalie told him what he knew to be true. The slip stretched across his thighs was soft and different. He did feel very feminine, from the constriction of the bra and the tight sweater. He wasn't upset about it. In fact, he was rather looking forward to making love to Cindy later and he could sense that much of his pleasure came from his clothes and from the perfumes he wore, as well as the fact that she was no longer as certain of him as she'd always been. It was going to be nice proving to her that it was the real David Rennick in these clothes.

"I feel all right," he said lamely, looking her in the eyes. Farrell was flirting with a waiter trying to con a date for a drink but the young guy wasn't having it. Farrell looked very pleased with himself as the waiter walked away.

"Did that feel good?" asked a smiling Sally. She seemed happy for the first time in a long time.

Farrell was shocked. He'd hardly realized what he was doing. "It's all right, dear," said Rosalie, touching his arm. "Come home with me tonight."

Farrell nodded. He bit his pink, glossy lower lip. He too had no eyebrows to speak of and with his fluffy Afro and small, sleeveless dress with the plunging front, he looked like an African princess, particularly with the slave bracelets on his arms and the gold at his ears. He stood and smoothed his skirt. "Let's go!" he said hoarsely, his eyes on Rosalie, who stood up with a great, beaming smile, and took his hand.

The waiter looked after them in disgust as they went skipping out. "Lezzies!" he said, the word carrying the length of the bar.

Back in their flat, David didn't wait to change before he began to make love. Cindy responded just a little. She kept asking him to change, but soon she melted into his arms, and in fact, undressed him herself. She left on his bra and panties, though, and wouldn't take them off, even though her hands explored each part of his body.

"No!" she was quivering as she pulled away. "I'm not going to make it with another girl!"

"I'm not a girl!" David Rennick was affronted.

"You just smell, taste, look, dress and feel like one," retorted Cindy. She pulled away and went off to the bathroom, and even though David changed to his pygamas, she wouldn't snuggle up to him for a long time.

"Your hair," she said after a while. "It's so soft, and it smells like my sister's." As David moved closer to her, she ran her fingers over his face, smoothing down his thin eyebrows. She sighed. "I suppose you couldn't join another show?"

It was time to tell her. "I've been trying for the last two weeks," said David, letting her run her hands through his hair and over the earrings he'd forgotten to remove. "I was offered a few dates as an impersonator. But I'll never work on the real stage again, nor will any of the guys."

Cindy stiffened. "But . . ." she began.

"We're stuck with Nadine's show," he whispered. "If we quit, we'll never be employed as dancers again. Even Ace knows it."

"I saw him leave," Cindy shook a little. She let David begin to make love to her. "I shouldn't have asked you to stick it out for the money." There was a wetness on her cheeks.

"No matter," said David, biting her ear. "It's not so bad as it might be—so long as you're here to accept me as I am."

"Or whatever Nadine turns you into," Cindy was saying.

"No," David was definite. "I'll never be like Babe—or Lisa." He shuddered and it was Cindy's turn to hold him tight. "Anyway, look at Marty. He's dressed like a girl for years and he's still a man. You've got Sally's word for that."

"Yes." Cindy began to kiss David, tasting the face powder and feeling the liner which he'd hardly removed from his eyes. He had so much yet to learn about being a woman—so much that Cindy could teach him. She wondered what she should call him when she dressed him in the morning. "David" just wouldn't seem right for the woman she was going to create.

* * * * *

"I'm sorry we had to let Babe go," Nadine was saying to the two backers. "But she was just too much."

"He was too much," one corrected her.

"Yes, that's what I said." There was a frown on her thin face; her red lips were pursed.

"I didn't follow it all," said the other.

"The Senator's wife was threatening to divorce him unless he broke off with Babe. She intended to cite Babe as the 'other woman,'" said Nadine. "But David Rennick's come along really well, now he's adjusted to being dressed all the time. He'll be a really big star after this new review."

"You still want to call it *Cross Currents*?" asked the second, fatter man.

"Or *Crossover*. Which do you think is best?" Nadine sounded anxious.

The fat guy shrugged. "David Rennick?" he asked. "Can't you come up with a more suggestive name than that? Peaches or Bubbles or something?"

"He isn't a stripper," said Nadine angrily. "He's a true artiste." She buzzed the intercom. "Send David in," she said to Alice, the secretary who had worked with her through all her failures and her present success.

The girl who came into the room had long hair halfway down her back. It was all waved out from the center parting, with many blonde streaks. She wore huge earrings and very little makeup save for a little brown eyeshadow and a touch of pink on her lips. She wore a tight, black, leather dress, which ended several inches above her shapely knees, and dark stockings with black stiletto heels. The front of the dress plunged to show a spectacular cleavage. Her waist was narrow and her hips wide. She wiggled in the tight skirt across the office and pouted at the men, turning and stretching, her breasts thrusting tight against her dress.

"You—you're David Rennick?" gasped the taller, thinner guy.

"Yes, darling," the voice was a low, sultry contralto.

"David always has been a complete actor for whatever role he has to play," Nadine put in anxiously. "David can sing in his own voice, too," she added, overselling the sexy product in front of their eyes.

"She still needs a girl's name," said the fat man. David turned to him and flicked his long hair over his shoulder, bare save for the thin straps that went over his shoulders and behind his neck. "Have dinner with us tonight, David," said the fat man to the beautiful girl, who smiled and nodded.

She minced and wiggled her way back to the door. She gave them all a big smile and a little wave of her slender hand with the big engagement ring and long, pink nails.

"David's married, of course," said Nadine huskily as both men stared open-mouthed at the door. "To what?" croaked the thin man.

"To Cindy Brenner that was," Nadine was gossiping now. "Or Cindy Rennick as she is now. She's expecting, too, in three months, which is why she had to quit, and David has to work."

"Cindy," said the fat man, sitting up. "That's a good name."

"It's Marty Salter's femme name, too," said Nadine apologetically. He'll likely be in the new show.

The thin man snapped his fingers. "It might be even better to leave her as David Rennick," he said. "Yeah, that's it!" He was excited. "Get all of the photographs you can of him like he just was—as sexy and femme as you can. Hey! We got a really great idea starting out here! We can make this David Rennick into one of the most talked-about personalities on the stage in years!"

.....

David didn't enjoy the photo sessions as much as he enjoyed the interviews with the reporters. It was different being sexy and female for a single photographer who was as straight and disapproving as he could be of David and the strip he did down to a little polka-dot bikini. In a white, strapless evening gown, cut up the side to expose his fishnet stockings, David's newly bleached and lightened hair a man over his bare back, David felt relatively at ease in putting on the reporters with outrageous lines. As well, he was a hit wherever he went—escorts provided by the show's backers—usually male though not always.

Cindy was the only person he allowed as his dresser. Now that Jason was born, they'd gotten into a little routine before his shows. He had his own dressing room, and though Cindy still wouldn't let him make love to her when he was in drag, she would pet and caress him and let him do the same to her. Sometimes, when he went out to do his act, he was physically shaking with repressed sexual feelings, and usually Nadine told him that those were his great nights. Cindy had it all worked out, too. She knew how long David could keep going before they had enough money to do just what they wanted for Jason, and the rest of the family they planned.

David's chorus line, that went out with him quite often, was much more subdued than he. Marty (or Cindy as he preferred to be called), Clinton (also known as Debbie), Farrell (now called Diane by everyone), Ace (or "Ellen" as "she" preferred now that she was on hormones and developing at an alarming rate) and Lisa, of course, all would go out with David who was the only one still to use his real name. But "the girls" felt themselves to be overly treated as "freaks." They were uncomfortable and afraid of letting go even in private parties, save with each other and their own "girl friends."

David Rennick, however, was not inhibited at all. He was like a butterfly burst from a cocoon. Sooner or later, he knew, he would crash down to earth, but for the time being, he tried to take advantage of the star billing of the new show Nadine had created specially for him. It was a tremendous show. Not a real girl crossed the stage despite the show's title.

David Rennick had even posed for the portraits that were scattered all over the city—a picture of himself in a black, lacy bikini—all feminine curves and shapely legs, hair cascading over his bust and shoulders. The caption was very simple. It just said—"David Rennick is 'A Woman Of The Future.'"

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! GOOD NEWS

For a long time readers have been asking about new stories. They haven't been forthcoming principally for financial reasons but also because we didn't get any both long enough and good enough. But now we have a great story—a real femmiphile type of story. It is titled *Ideal Marriage* and is the story of an understanding wife who becomes non-understanding and then works out a very pleasant denouement and relationship. The story is by Dee Raymond who has written a lot of shorter material for *TVia* and wrote this one somewhat to my prescription.

It is a long story so it is printed in three parts each of which is priced at \$4.50. So send in your order to Norma—Chevalier Publications, Box 194, Tulare, CA 93274, and she will get them off to you. Please remember that it has become necessary to raise the postal surcharge of 15 percent of invoice to cover the recent increases in postal rates.



FICTION

MORE THAN TALENTED

(Continued from TVia #95)

Dr. Samuel Aaronson hadn't quite known what to expect. Some kind of freak, he thought. He hadn't expected anyone quite like the woman who had been on his doorstep when he answered it. She sat in his study now like a queen. No, that was an unfortunate choice of words. She was a woman, a lady. That was obvious.

She was sipping on the sherry he had proffered to her, quite nervous looking about at his many-volumed library. She had crossed her legs, the dark-striped pantsuit she was wearing quite mannish, as were so many modern fashions. Her hair was meticulously curled, dark and brushed under at her neck line. Must be a wig, he thought, his experienced eye failing to be convinced that any woman could take so much trouble over her hair these days.

Her fingernails were long, pointed and clean, yet unvarnished. She wore little makeup as if she was deliberately trying to downplay her attractiveness. yet, despite that, she was definitely attractive. It had been a long time since Dr. Samuel Aaronson, as his dead wife had always referred to it, had had his 'juices' stirred. But this person, he must try to think of 'her' as that, was doing it to him.

Her blue eyes, fringed by long, very dark lashes, were watching him as he fussed about with his drink. Finally he had to sit down opposite her, and look into the smooth, unlined face, at the pert, little nose and at the soft, feminiely shaped mouth.

"You are Angelo Rodriguez?" Sam Aaronson asked doubtfully.

In reply, the woman gave him a California driving license. It was made out to 'Angie Rodriguez' and in it, she had long, blonde hair,

and her makeup was well done. He wanted to look at it longer. There was something familiar about her, but she recovered the license quickly and tucked it away in her long, black purse.

"You do remember me, Dr. Aaronson?" she asked anxiously.

He nodded. "You were a man then," he said as gently as he could. "Are you still one today?"

Her hand made an odd, nervous gesture as if she were going to reach for a cigarette from her purse. But she didn't. "I ought to say no," she said in a very low tone. "But I Am. Still a man, that is." Her blue eyes came up, glanced at him and then looked away quickly.

He found that hard to believe just looking at 'her.' "You're wearing a wig," he said. She was startled, her hand reaching up to touch her hair. "No one else would notice, I think, except someone like me. Someone in the business. Why don't you take it off?"

She hesitated, and then gave a wan, little smile. "It is very hot," she said at last. She stood and moved gracefully over to the only mirror in the room, and took off the brown wig. Her blonde hair had been piled up on top and her head secured by tight bands. Now, she released the hair and it cascaded down over her shoulders. And Sam Aaronson had the shock of his life as he finally pinned down the identity of the shapely blonde in his library.

"You're Angie Saunders!" He spoke hoarsely, his whole body tightening and constricting.

"Yes," her voice was smooth and confident. She eased out her hair from its bands. A quick shake and all of her hair was loose, but in need of arrangement. She reached for a comb and a brush from her purse. It was then that Sam Aaronson studied the beautiful face about which he'd often dreamed. He was struck by her sorrowful expression, how truly sad she appeared.

"I didn't know what I was doing to the men of America, did I?" he jibed, and was rewarded by a look that showed so much pain and sorrow in the blue eyes that he was forced to look away.

"I didn't want you to do it," she said softly, a catch in her voice.

"Did you ever have the other surgery after I finished with you?" Dr. Aaronson was succeeding in putting the conversation on a less 'cozy' footing.

She shook her blonde curls. "No," it was only a whisper.

"You only had the breast implants," his tone was incredulous. "But you must have had hormones."

She shook her head again.

"I'd like to examine you," he said, "but you know I'm not in practice any more. I can't do any further surgery on you. Nothing as complicated as what you're after."

The blue eyes regarded him blankly for a little while. Then, understanding dawned in her eyes. "Y-you think I want you to make me more of a woman!" She was clearly astounded at the thought.

It was Dr. Aaronson's turn to be puzzled. "Well," he said harshly. "Why else would you be here in my study?"

She took a deep breath and headed back for her chair. "I want them taken away," she said in such a low tone he was hardly sure he'd heard correctly. "I want you to remove the implants," she was going on hurriedly, looking at the books, and showing him the exquisitely feminine profile of Angie Saunders. "I want to be a man again."

"You want to be a man again!" Aaronson couldn't have been more amazed. He had never heard such a request in all his years as a plastic surgeon, and he'd heard plenty of strange ones. Here was the most beautiful movie star in America, and she wanted to be a man. But the thought that really jolted him the most was the lingering idea that the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen was already a man!

"I'm not wearing dresses any more," Angie was going on in a very unsteady voice. "Nor feminine lingerie either. I'm wearing pajamas at night time, and I'm trying not to use makeup." She still wouldn't look at him. "Though I have to sometimes. I have so little of my eyebrows left. It's going to take a while to grow them again. I-I'll have to use false ones I-I think for a while."

"You'll cut your hair, too?" asked Dr. Aaronson, trying to be as calm and professional as possible.

She turned to face him, her dark lashes brushing against soft cheeks. "Yes," she murmured. She opened her eyes. There was real hurt in them and Aaronson felt a compelling need to reach out, to comfort her, to hold her close. "As soon as you get rid of my . . . my female appendages, I'll cut it all off," her hand caressed the blonde locks in a wistful gesture. "Then, I suppose, I'll have to dye it."

There was a silence while the two regarded one another for a long moment. She held his eyes, her small chin thrust forward in determination, looking very much like a spoiled little girl, pouting to get her own way.

"All right," said Aaronson finally. "I'll have to examine you. You'll have to take your blouse off."

"Shirt," said Angie, as she undid her jacket buttons and slipped it off. It was clear then, as even Sam Aaronson could see, that she was indeed wearing a pink shirt.

"If you so much want to be a man again," Aaronson asked, "why are you still wearing mostly women's clothing?"

She smiled and the whole library seemed at once lit up in femininity. "The suit's as mannish as I can find," she said. "And it's a pretty effective disguise."

She slipped off the shirt. She was wearing a pink slip over her bra. Aaronson nodded at her unspoken question and went for the bag he always kept in his desk drawer. As he turned back, she had taken off the short slip and the bra, but she still kept an arm across her breasts. She bit her lower lip in her nervousness.

"Oh, come on," he growled. "We're both men here, aren't we?"

She gave him a funny smile and took her arms away with an awkward, nervous gesture. Her breasts were full, firm and luscious. Aaronson realized suddenly that the view he was looking at would have been worth millions to any movie maker, a frontal, bare-breasted look at Angie Saunders. And it would have been worth every penny of the money, thought Dr. Aaronson.

He hardly knew how to start an examination. But her very narrow waist, her soft, hairless skin, and the general development of her upper arms and breasts were so womanly that he was sure she was playing some elaborate joke on him. She was quite agreeable to the complete examination he suggested. She was over her initial embarrassment, though she wouldn't look at him directly. She slipped off the nylon panties that she wore and she was exactly as she said she was, the Doctor found out. Angie Saunders was definitely a man.

Jean Rodriguez wouldn't let Glen Lincoln ride with her in the cab to the hotel, not even when she knew he would go to the same hotel and take a room as close to her as he could. Despite his attentions, she found a pay phone booth, closed the door, and made a long series of calls from the hotel lobby, while the detective sat impassively in the center of the hotel lounge, clearly keeping her under close observation.

The arrival of a stone-faced Robert Cort the following day did little to give the detective any further clues upon the disappearance of Angie Saunders. Robert Cort took the detective's report impassively in the suite Lincoln had reserved for him. "Very well," said Cort at last. "I think that I will take it from here Lincoln."

The detective stared at Pacific Studios' President, "You mean that I'm released," he asked, stupefied. "I can go back to California?"

"That's exactly what I mean," stated Robert Cort, stalking over to the door of his suite. "I shall go and see Jean now. Please submit your itemized expenses to Arthur in California."

Cort didn't know or care whether the young man would follow his instructions. He strode quickly along the passageway to the room that Jean had taken. He expected that the young detective would return reluctantly to California. After all, Pacific's business was not to be lightly disregarded—and humoring the President was something that Lincoln would know that he had to do to keep his retainer.

"Well, Jean," he said to her shocked face when she opened the door. "So you do know where Mrs. Cort is, after all."

Jean had never been good at concealing her emotions. Despite her greatest effort, she knew that her face was telling Robert Cort all he wanted to know. Desperately, she looked away from her husband's husband.

"Well," Robert Cort said testily. "And where is she, my wife and your husband?"

Jean Rodriguez tried not to answer. The tall man stood in front of the door, however, his hands on his hips. Just as she had thought of a lie that might be convincing, the phone rang. Cort beat her to it.

"Mrs. Rodriguez' suite," he snapped. He listened and then said, "Go ahead, Mrs. Rodriguez is working for me in this matter. You can give me the information directly." He took out a silver-topped pen and wrote quickly on the pad beside the telephone. With a growing sense of dread, Jean saw the name of Aaronson appear on the notebook.

"The phone number's unlisted?" Cort's tone showed his surprise. "No, never mind," he added. "Mrs. Rodriguez and I will go over to see Dr. Aaronson directly at the Clinic. By the way, what was the doctor's specialty when he was in practice?" He waited a moment. "Plastic surgery," he repeated, and then lowered the phone. He looked at Jean bitterly. "So?" he asked. "Just what is she up to this time?"

Jean's hands twisted nervously. "I think," she said unsteadily. "I think that he's going to . . . to become a man again."

For a moment, Robert Cort stared at her, shock rippling across his hard, predatory face. Then amusement began to fill his dark eyes. He threw back his head and let out a wild guffaw. "Angie Saunders?" He sneered. "That queen becoming a real man?" Then he began to laugh convulsively. He laughed so hard that he had to sit down on a chair to recover.

"What's so strange about that?" Jean asked indignantly when Cort's "unseemly" laughter had subsided a little.

"He loves it!" jeered Robert Cort. "He loves to be a woman. He loves every outlandish costume I have the designers put him in. He loves every frill, every touch of feminine finery, all the kisses and hugs he gets from his co-stars. He likes dresses, and women's lingerie. You've seen the look on his face when I bring him a new present and



MARY ANN—N.M.



RITA MD-10-MC



CAROL—II



MICHELLE—OH



JACKIE—MA



CHI CHAPTER MEETING
CAROL—CO-LEADER OF TRI SIGMA IS IN THE MIDDLE OF CENTER ROW

he shows it off to us. And look at all the handsome men I put her," he sneered with that word, "next to in all her films. She's got her every feminine fantasy fulfilled."

"He wants more," whispered Jean in contradiction. Tears were coming unbidden to her eyes. "He wants to be a real father to Cameron and to Margot."

"They've got along fine enough without him so far," said Cort harshly, his humor entirely gone. "Now, don't start blubbering. I don't care if he has any more operations or not. That's not going to make my marriage any more real, no matter what he does to himself."

Jean opened her eyes wide in an expression of sheer fright. "You don't think . . ." she began wildly.

"What else?" asked Robert Cort gruffly. "After all, Angie's been living the life of the sexiest women in America for the last three years at least. Stands to reason, he's going to want to start returning some of those kisses he's been getting."

"But, . . ." Jean began, shaking her head.

"You just don't want to face up to it," said Cort, smiling as he cut her off. "This Aaronson, he's the one who fixed up all your breasts, right?"

Jean nodded. Robert Cort was wrong, she was sure, but doubt kept nagging at her. Angie had been so funny lately, and she could hardly remember the last time they'd been to bed together, for other than sleep, anyway. And he'd grown so feminine. There wasn't a man who didn't try to paw him all over. Oh, what a fool Jean had been, she thought bitterly. She should never have encouraged him to be a female impersonator in the first place. She knew he'd liked women's clothes—but now see what she'd done. She was losing her husband, she now realized it all seemed true. He must be changing into a real woman.

* * * * *

Samuel Aaronson, after years of living alone since his wife's death, was not used to having a woman, or even a pseudo-woman, about his house. It hadn't taken him long to persuade Angie that he needed 'her' close by to be available for the results of the tests he was having made. But it was rather disturbing to have her moving gracefully in and out of his familiar rooms. Her blonde hair and trim figure erased any vestige of maleness that might have lingered in Aaronson's mind after the examination. Despite her statements that she was going to dress like a man, Angie no longer wore the mannish outfit in which she had arrived. She avoided pantsuits, and one evening, wore a 'movie' outfit for Aaronson. The silver lame dress was very tight, just wisps of straps over her bare shoulders. There was an open panel at her tiny waist to show off the jewel in her navel. The skirt clung to her legs save for the open slits that showed off her stockings and dainty high heels. She had painted her nails and wore the kind of makeup that turned her into the glamorous star that she was. Aaronson had found her too beautiful. What could you say to such a gorgeous enigmatic figure?

Today, she wore a soft, pink woolen-knit dress with a middle-length skirt. She was also wearing stockings. Aaronson had seen the garter belt on her bed when he had gone there for an errand he'd forgotten. She also wore black high heels. She wore lipstick, too, mascara, eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow but not heavily. She was so much a woman, and of course, with or without a bra, 'she' was disturbing in that part of her anatomy, the sudden bounce of her breasts bringing on all kinds of disturbing thoughts to the doctor.

He was just wondering how he could approach her upon the results of some of these tests when he heard the sound of a car in the driveway. She was sitting in the library armchair, her feet curled up beneath her, in an unconscious feminine mannerism. She put down the Jacqueline Susann novel and glared at him anxiously.

"You're expecting someone, Sam?" she asked. Her voice devastated him. The films she had made had not exaggerated her femininity and living with her only accentuated that low, sexy voice, and the self-deprecating smile. Well, male or female, Sam Aaronson wasn't sure that he'd be able not to make a 'pass' at 'her' very soon.

"No," he said shortly, waiting. The bell clanged heavily. It could be heard in any part of the old house. "You stay in here. I'll see whoever it is into the living room."

She nodded, following him to the door. Then, she turned off the library light and left the door just slightly ajar as he went down the hallway.

Sam didn't recognize the young man who stood there. "Dr. Samuel Aaronson?" asked the young man. Even as Sam nodded, the man was presenting him with a California private investigator's license. "My name is Glen Lincoln. I have been hired by Pacific Studios to find a certain person. I have reason to believe that she is here."

Lincoln had already stepped past Dr. Aaronson without an invitation to enter the wide hallway. "I don't know what you're talking about . . ." the old doctor began, pulling at Lincoln's sleeve, but the detective was already off, strolling along the hallway, glancing into the living room, the music room, and up the broad stairway.

"Is she upstairs?" asked Lincoln. "Or . . .?" he turned and indicated the closed door of the library.

Samuel Aaronson had always been a forthright man, and deception was largely beyond him. "Young man," he began firmly, after a momentary pause, intending to tell the detective to get out of his house immediately.

But Glen Lincoln had already turned the knob on the door of the library and entered, despite Aaronson's sudden objections. The detective had to fumble to find the lights switch. He's have recognized Angie Saunders anywhere, but she had made the task so easy, so lovely did she look.

"Miss Saunders," Glen said formally, but he also gave her his best smile.

"Y-Yes," she had retreated across the library floor to a dark, leather armchair. Strangely, she seemed frightened. She shook her long, blonde hair at Aaronson.

"This is atrocious!" the older white-haired doctor was shouting. "You can't invade my house in this manner!"

Lincoln glanced over his shoulder. "You want me to leave with this

story?" he asked, a crooked grin at his mouth. "And the lady's husband just a few minutes behind me? Should I go to the nearest phone and call in a newspaper photographer?"

"No, no," it was Angie who spoke finally. She and the doctor were exchanging glances. "I don't think we want any publicity at all. I don't want to hurt anyone."

Lincoln was surprised at her coolness. He knew that the old man was a plastic surgeon. He was supposed to be retired. Was there something about Angie that wasn't as real as it was supposed to be? Still, as Lincoln looked her over, he knew that that wouldn't matter at all. Even if she had undergone surgery, Angie Saunders was everything now that he had ever wanted in a woman, and he knew that most men would agree with him. "I'm here to make sure no one gets hurt," he said grimly.

Angie stared at him. She sat down again, smoothing her dress behind her. "And why are you really here, Mr. Lincoln?" she asked with a frown. "I don't know you at all."

"Your husband, Mrs. Cort," said Lincoln pointedly. "Is very worried by your sudden disappearance. Not to mention the Board of Directors of Pacific Studios. Everyone is worried about you and afraid that something terrible might have happened to you." He glanced at Samuel Aaronson. "If it's not too rude a question, why are you here?" he asked Angie, watching the doctor's stony face, angrily refusing to help Angie with an answer. "Why didn't you tell anyone where you were going?"

Angie was very tense. "Those questions are very personal," she said quietly, crossing her legs, showing her shapely thighs to Glen with a flash of garter, "and my answers are personal, too."

Lincoln nodded. Well, he'd done his job, more than his job, if Cort's words of the previous day meant anything. Now, he supposed he'd have to call in the man who had employed him. It didn't seem right, not at least without offering her his help. "Your husband knows where you are," he said, observing the nervous way she bit at her pink lower lip. "He'll be here soon." He paused. "I work for him. So, I have to phone him." He shrugged, seeing the blankness in her blue eyes,

made to look even bluer by her makeup. "If you're running away from him, I can let you get a head start to wherever you're going."

Again, Aaronson gave Angie a look of disgust and she looked back at him as if on the point of saying something. "No," she said at last, her slim hands with long pink fingernails brushing her hair over her shoulders, "We all have to face up to it some time or other. Call him to come over."

Robert Cort had not been able to track down Dr. Samuel Aaronson, nor had Jean been able to find out more than that an "A. Rodriguez" had checked out of a motel in Mallory Park two days before. Despite Lincoln's message, Cort raged at him for ignoring the order to return to California.

"Very well," said Lincoln calmly. "I'll have to leave Aaronson's right now to make a plane."

"You wait right there mister," Cort snarled back. "Since you're there, you wait right there until I arrive."

Angie Saunders refused Lincoln's suggestion that she might wish to change for the arrival of her husband. At Lincoln's use of the word "husband," she would glance at Aaronson, who glowered back at her. But apart from being enry, Aaronson now kept his thoughts and opinions to himself.

Robert Cort did not come to Dr. Aaronson's alone. "Jean!" exclaimed Angie when the blonde-haired woman came in. Jean looked at Lincoln quickly, and Lincoln felt sick. Angie paid attention to the woman and greeted her warmly, but she ignored Robert Cort. Cathy Lord was correct, Lincoln thought bitterly, Angie Saunders was a lesbian.

"Very well, Lincoln," Cort was as abrupt as ever. "You can leave now. Jean and I have a lot to talk over with Angie."

Lincoln nodded, accepting his dismissal as a matter of course. He stalked from the library without a backward glance. Angie stared after him in puzzlement.

"It was the way you greeted me," said Jean, the worried frown on her face easing, as she took in Angie's casual wear, and for Angie,

her almost lack of makeup. "Cathy told him we were lesbians and he probably thinks you confirmed it."

"So this is your husband, Angie," Sam Aaronson's tone contained the sneer he couldn't quite hold back.

Cort glanced at Angie. "How much does he know about you?" He demanded, understanding even before Jean the strained relationship between the feminine figure and 'her' doctor.

"Everything," Angie said softly, returning her husband look for look. "Dr.. Aaronson is the surgeon who gave me the breasts I have today."

Aaronson grunted. "Not entirely," he said. "Not entirely."

Angie's blonde mane swirled as she turned to him. "Wh-what do you mean?" she asked.

Aaronson settled back in his armchair. "How are you, Jean?" he asked. Jean looked at him, flushed, and then looked away. "Yes, I remember how you said it was all in fun with Angie. Have you had all the fun you wanted? Has he?" he nodded at the blonde 'woman' who sat back in an armchair, her hands with such long, feminine fingernails, clasped in front of her.

"I don't understand," Jean appeared confused. "What do you want with him again, Angie? Are you having trouble with your implants? Why didn't you tell me?"

Aaronson answered for Angie. "He wants to get rid of them," he said. The shock on Jean's face was followed by an angry snort from Robert Cort, who turned away to lean on a bookcase, his back to them. "But I can't do that, of course."

It was Angie's turned to be shocked. "You can't," she seemed about to cry.

"Someone, I presume it isn't you, has been feeding you female hormones," said Aaronson as bluntly as he could. "They have feminized you everywhere, from your hair and lack of beard to the rounding out of your figure. I could tell that from the moment I saw you, even from your arms and legs. You have a female musculature

now, not male. It's going to take a really long while, even doses of male hormones, to get you back to even a semblance of your true sex."

"No," both Jean and Robert Cort spoke at once. Then they stared at one another.

"So," said Dr. Aaronson. "I wondered which of you if had been. And now I see. It was both of you."

"But the dosages were very light," Jean protested, tears coming to her eyes. "You said so, didn't you, Robert?" She turned to the husband of her husband. Bob Cort gave her a grim little smile. "They weren't to harm Angie, you said, "Hysteria was rising in her voice. "They just helped her to be what she is." She quoted Bob Cort from memory.

"And what am I, Jean?" There were tears as well as a hurt expression in Angie's eyes. "Just what am I?"

"You're my wife!" Robert Cort cut in savagely. He turned from the bookcase, his eyes blazing. "My wife, whom every two-bit actor gets to hold and to caress on the movie set, but whom I never get to touch. You're my wife, the most beautiful woman in the world, and you insist that I treat you like another man. Well, I can't Angie," his voice was very unsteady and there was something wild-eyed and scary about the way he eyed Angie. "I can't treat you with kid gloves anymore. You can't possibly be a man. That's so obvious. But you can be a woman. You can go to the other extreme, and then you'll be a proper wife."

Jean was as scandalized as Angie. "Oh! How can you say such a thing!" She stood and looked for a moment like she might strike Bob Cort.

"Oh, Bob," Angie was again biting her lower lip. "Have we hurt you that much in this business?"

Robert Cort stepped away from the bookcase, eased around the sofa and sat down. He put his head in his hands. "Living with you at Whiteside is torture," he said huskily. "You float around the house in those negligees I make you buy, always just out of reach to me. You never let me touch you."

"You hold me when we dance," said Angie unsteadily in turn. "And we go to lots of dances. You even kiss me for publicity shots—and you've had me do lots. You always kiss and hold me when we have guests at Whiteside—or even when we go out."

"I kiss you," stated Robert Cort, looking up at 'her,' all his sureness gone. "You never kiss me. And when I bring you home, you always go off to bed with Jean. And you never think of me. Hell!" He stood up and strode back to the bookcase. "How could I have this kind of conversation with a man?" His mouth was twisted in self-contempt.

"You're having it," Sam Aaronson said into the embarrassing silence. "Now I don't want to intervene in your Hollywood affairs, folks, but I'll tell you plain, Angie Saunders, that your best bet in the future is to stay in your dresses. It'll be a lot of pain and hurt for you to try to change back to what you were, right now. Besides," he smiled, "You've been turning on even an old guy like me ever since you got here."

But Angie refused to smile. "I can't do it," she whispered. "I've got to make the break this time." 'She' looked at Jean. "You can understand why I can't let you talk me out of it this time. I don't even care if you expose me to the public for what I am." She glanced at Robert's tightly-held back. "You see what's happening. You've been feminizing me and I must have been feeling it, too. No, Bob," the long, blond hair shook and trembled, "I've only ever loved Jean and I don't want anyone else, male or female. I could accommodate you, let you hug me, return your kisses, or even let you pet me, but I get aroused too—and I don't think either of us could live the with consequences."

Jean came over and took Angie's long, slender hand. "We'll stop the hormone treatments," she said rapidly. "Just come back with us to Whiteside. Everything will be just as it was."

"No," this time it was Angie and Robert Cort who spoke together.

"Well, it's nice to see you people are agreed," Sam Aaronson grunted as he stood and ambled towards the library door. "You're all welcome to stay the night, and you can sort out who sleeps with whom and where. Angie can show you all where the bedrooms are." And with that, he left them all alone—even though they were together.

There was a considerable silence, which was broken in time by Angie. "We'll have to go through a divorce, Robert. After all, people think we're married . . ."

"It isn't necessary," Cort had returned to his sofa seat. "We can carry on as before." He looked at her evenly, all emotion drained from his face. "I'll still look out for Cameron and Margot as if they were my children."

Their conversation was interrupted by a persistent ringing of the front doorbell, which Robert Cort went to answer. He returned to find Jean and Angie locked in a tight embrace, both crying and kissing at the same time.

"It's the media!" Cort snapped savagely. "They've heard that Angie Saunders is here and they've come to see you and to take pictures!"

"Oh!" Angie kept one arm about Jean, and dabbed at her eyes. "I suppose I'll have to go and meet them."

"Not like that!" Cort was horrified. "You'll have to change into something more glamorous, and you need more makeup."

Angie shook her head. "But I can't . . ." she began.

Jean interrupted. "I'll come and help you," she said. "You have to show them what they really come to see." She stood beside her husband, comparing their slim, girlish figures, "Just think," she said wryly. "You're only bigger than me in one place and it's the only place that counts."

* * * * *

"Here she is, my wife," said Robert Cort, standing aside so that Angie could be seen by all of the reporters.

"Wow!" gulped one of the men, as flashbulbs popped. Angie smiled, fluttered her false eyelashes and moistened her already glossed over lips. Her red, silk dress, hugging her figure tightly, stopped just above her knee, so that when she sat on the sofa, the men were able to get a glimpse of her well-formed thighs.

Robert Cort sat beside her and took her hand in his, holding her hand up so that the photographs would catch her scarlet lacquered nails. He put one hand about her trim waist and she leaned back against him, comfortably adjusting her skirt, but not before all the men had an even better view of her shapely dark-stockinged legs and the dark garters that she wore. With the excuse of visiting an 'old family friend' who was needless to say very sick, Robert and Angie put on a display of conjugal happiness and affection that Robert didn't want to stop even when the reporters had left. In fact, he drew Angie more closely to him, and began to kiss and to caress her in a frenzied manner which had never happened between them before.

"Oh, Bob, please," said Angie, trying to take his hands to push them away, but 'her' husband was persistent. He pushed Angie down on the sofa and held her there easily. His lips found 'hers,' and he even seemed to be enjoying the struggle that Angie was putting up. With Jean upstairs and Dr. Aaronson probably awake as well, Angie didn't want to shout. With some reluctance, 'she' began to return the passionate kisses being poured onto her mouth and cheeks, and then on her neck. Robert held her even more tightly about the waist, pressing their bodies closely together. Angie put 'her' arms around his neck and held 'her' husband lightly. And when Robert became engrossed enough that his hands were smoothing 'her' skirt and pressing the soft hem of the nylon panties against her, Angie pushed hard suddenly and she was free. As she scampered from the room, tripping as the thin strapped high heels snagged in the carpet, she heard Robert Cort laughing—not his usual harsh, raucous laugh, but the honest laughter of someone rueing the fact that he'd been taken advantage of, by someone as clever as himself.

.....

Under great protest, she did the scene. She had to re-do it several times. She was able to look into the camera, sultrily push back her mass of blonde hair, and allow the man to open the back zipper of the tight dress. She was even able to kiss him and left him run his hands down her body, slipping the silk dress away from her. She was able to stand in front of him, to push him onto the bed, and to slide out of the black, silk slip in her most seductive manner. She could raise her leg and slip off her black high heel ever so slowly. She could even let the man undo her garter and take off her stocking. She did the other, caressing her leg as she did so. She could sit with her back turned to

him while he released her bra but then it became very difficult. As he kissed her, she had to remove the bra and let the camera and crew take a full view of her breasts. And she had to hand away the black pair of lace panties as she took them off, her only clothing being the flesh-colored bikini that covered her greatest of secrets. But, whenever the man's hand touched either of her breasts, she jumped or quivered and the scene was ruined. As for the thirty seconds of caress that the take called for, it was clear that it was going to take many attempts to get such onto film.

"It'll be all right, darling," Jean said to Angie as they lay together at the end of another frustrating day of filming on what the papers were calling the mose 'explosive' film of the decade to be shot in Hollywood.

"I don't think I can bear it," said Angie. She was still in the dark, pleated dress that she had worn to the studios that morning. "And he always tries to give me French kisses, too."

Jean reached over in sympathy and pulled Angie towards her. They embraced easily. Jean caressed Angie's waist and put one hand beneath the other's skirt, between Angie's thighs. Angie began to giggle most femininely but pulled his wife closer to encourage her to continue.

"He told that columnist," Jean said as she released her husband's dress zipper, "That he couldn't let anyone else do that to his wife in public. Is he any good otherwise?"

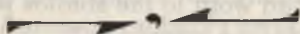
"As an actor, he's terrific," said Angie. "He's turning this into his picture, but he flubs the scenes deliberately, he doesn't care about going over budget, just so that he can spend more time feeling me."

"Poor Bob," Jean breathed, slipping the bra from her husband's breasts. "Fancy having to become an actor again just to touch you like this." Her hands caressed the beautiful breasts. She was glad he liked such feminine things as garter belts, and frilly panties. "Where is he taking you tonight?"

"It's a big party, fancy dress," Angie began to giggle. "I'll have to go as a football player or something. Give all the other men dressed as women a chance with Robert."

Jean reached over and dimmed the light. "Let's not talk about him anymore tonight darling. A beautiful woman like you has to expect to be treated well by men. You'll just have to put up with it."

But Angie was already too busy with Jean, removing her clothing. Since the hormone treatment had been cut back so severely, or maybe it was because of the all-day wrestling matches with Bob Cort, he couldn't get enough time in bed with Jean. And after he was through here, he'd have to dress in some fantastic, sexy costume a slave girl perhaps, but definitely feminine and glamorous, just so that 'her' husband could show him off to the rest of the film community. But then, he guessed, since he was a beautiful woman, he'd just have to put up with it.



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

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



CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

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

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

REGAL OPTICIANS

**2026 West 6th Street
Hubbard 3-3950
Los Angeles**

Courtesy parking 4 doors east at Union Service Station on 6th Street



TRUE STORY

MAN IN HIS SIXTIES SHOPS OPENLY FOR A FEMININE WARDROBE

Erika FCO-3-L

Grab-and-run as a means of equipping oneself with the accouterments of a woman is beset with disadvantages. It is bad enough to sneak off the rack a blouse and skirt whose size tags promise an approximate fit, only to find when one gets home that the alleged size 16 is either generously or illiberally cut, according to the maker. But it is ten times worse to snatch a girdle and bra in the forlorn hope that these wondrous garments will somehow accommodate their panache to the idiosyncrasies of the male torso.

A shopping excursion is commonly looked upon as one of the minor pleasures of life. But to the TV it ought to be one of the most thrilling adventures, second only to the actual wearing of the clothes, once bought. Now if, as is the fact, there are lots of women wholly incapable of putting together an elegant and well-fitted ensemble for themselves, surely the TV initiate cannot be expected to be competent in the choosing of clothes suitable for his own build and type. It's a job for a specialist, and specialists are easy to find. True, only one in five or six, perhaps, will be found more than willing to cater to a TV, but such a one, when found, is a great treasure. The telephone is handy, the Yellow Pages are on our side, and the first thing that is required is to drop one's inhibitions, select a name and number from amongst the several shops you will already have reconnoitred, and dial. Here is what happened to me when I did it, with one wonderful thing leading to another.

About a year ago I spent my vacation at home, resolved to do something about this shopping business. I don't like to buy things by mail-order, as I miss the pleasure of browsing and being waited upon personally. Again, I don't want to go in and buy stuff "for my girl-

friend," as lots of FPs do. I much prefer to be dealt with as the person who is actually going to wear the clothes. This gives the saleswoman an opportunity to exercise her sophistication; for it is quite an achievement to dress a man so becomingly in skirts that he is able to pass as a woman. I have referred to the pleasure of being waited upon; and a pleasure it is, for if you can kill your inhibitions and give yourself the green light, you will have the incomparable thrill of having a charming GG advise you about the different garments, and about your bosom, waist, and hips, so that when you have assembled an outfit you will have feminine curves in place of masculine straight lines. She will talk to you as if you were a woman, which, after all, you really are, and this in its turn will make you feel like a woman, which is what you want.

One morning I looked up the number of a corset and lingerie shop I had been reconnoitering for years, and dialed. I was all excited and a little out of breath when a charming lady at the other end picked up the phone, identified the shop, and asked if she could help me. I replied that I hoped she could, that my friends and I occasionally went to parties where the men wore skirts, and that it was a rule at these parties that everybody be completely dressed "en femme" from the skin out. Could she help me?

Her reply took me by surprise. She said, "Are you really going to a party, or do you want things to wear for your 'second life'?" I took a deep swallow, picked up my cue, and replied that yes, indeed, I wanted some pretty underthings for my second life.

"Very well, then," she said, "come in anytime when convenient and browse. If I am engaged with a client when you come in, say you would like to choose some things for your wife. Make a note of your choices and come in again the following day. Then, if I am not engaged, show me what you have decided upon. It will not be possible for you to try on, for obvious reasons, but I will do my best to make sure you have a proper fit."

Needless to say, it didn't take me long to get down there. The proprietress is a tall young woman in her earliest thirties, with a pretty face and well-favored in other respects, and I am ten to fifteen years older than I would need to be to be her father. Even so, I didn't get the chance to feel embarrassed. When I entered, she was seated in her little office at the far end of the shop talking to a customer. She

came through to meet me, I introduced myself as the person who had called an hour earlier and said I would like to browse. She told me to make myself at home and returned to her customer.

Well! there they were, all those lovely girdles and bras, in bridal white, feminine pink, flesh-beige, melodramatic black; and oh! those pretty french knickers with lacy flared legs and chemises to match, slips, nighties, peignoirs, garter belts, fishnet stockings, and heavenly dream-stuff of all kinds. I didn't experience the slightest embarrassment about handling these exotic fripperies, and after a while she called over to ask how I was making out. Shortly afterwards her customer left, and she came over to assist me.

"What length of skirt do you wear?" she asked. "Do you wear the new longer length?" "No," I said, "as a matter of fact my wardrobe is two to three years old, and before I buy any newer outer garments I would like to get fixed up with a proper foundation. At present I wear size sixteen, but I thought that a waist-cincher might make it possible for me to get into a size fourteen. What do you think?"

"What is your waist measurement?" she said; and on my replying that it was 30 she said that would be right for a size 16 skirt. "Now, what size bra do you wear?" "Well," I said, "I can wear either a 36 or 38, with B cup, but the 38 is quite roomy and the 36 just a little tight." "Very well," she said, "try to stay with a 36 bra with A or B cup. Now, I haven't got any waist cinchers at present, but I am ordering some from Germany, as they are a much better quality than those made over here. I will get you a waist-cincher to reduce your waist by two inches."

I chose a platinum-grey satin nightdress, floor-length, with straight-cut skirt, with pink embroidery on the bodice. I pointed out that a regular bra would hardly do with that, and asked if she had any strapless. To be sure she had, and she came up with a creation in flesh-pink which is the sweetest little bra I possess. Size 36A, with three pads in each cup, it gives a sweetly feminine contour to the bosom underneath the nightie, and although at present there are no nipples, I am given to understand that the bra manufacturers are taking steps to rectify the omission. It's nice to have something cooking!

Three or four weeks later I called to pick up my waist-cincher,

snowy-white and lace-dreamy. When wearing it at full-stretch my waist measures exactly 28, which isn't bad at all. I find that when wearing girdle, panties and slip over the cincher my skirts size 16 fit smoothly over my waist without any rolling or bunching of the fabric; they have a nice smooth outline. By wearing less underneath it is going to be possible for me to wear size 14 skirts, which is an improvement on size 16. Again, it may be possible for me to wear a blouse suitable for a bust 36; and I am looking forward to shopping for skirts and blouses where I will be able to try-on. You see, a FP friend has just located a dress-shop where the proprietress is very helpful; she is, in fact, enthusiastic!

But to get back to my lingerie girl, who, incidentally, has a part-time assistant. This girl is endowed with a peculiar penetrating charm, through the influence of which she is able to absorb the embarrassment and jitteriness often exuded by FPs on a first visit. I understand that they have about twenty FP clients, and the proprietress tells me that many of them have a preference for her assistant. On the several occasions when I have visited the shop I have had the chance to sit down in the office and talk with one or the other. I mentioned I had two wigs, but that I didn't know where to go to have them cleaned and styled. Wonder of wonders! There is a wig salon three doors along the street from the lingerie shop, and the lingerie girl often has lunch with a girl in the wig salon. It transpired that the wig girl was catering to a goodly number of FPs herself!—can you believe it?—so that very soon I found myself in a private room at the wig salon, the wigs being styled right on my head, with no embarrassment at all!

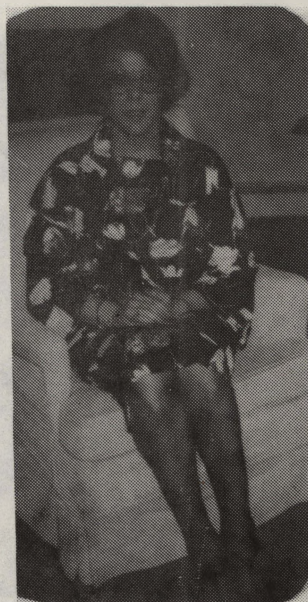
It seems to me that this isn't at all bad for a man in his sixties. But there is more to come. I have found it possible to get service here and there in shoe shops without any great pretensions to glamour; but I cannot persuade myself to be happy with anything less than the ultra-chic. In common, I am sure, with many other FPs, I have admired window displays in which the shoes were sexy, glamorous, and elegant, only to be informed over the telephone that they did not have large sizes. What usually happens in such cases is that one goes to a place where they have large sizes with perhaps three-inch heels, but oh, dear! and for goodness' sake! no REAL heels, and no glamour. It's a waste of money and frustrating, too. In order to enjoy my skirts I have to have the right footwear to go with them, and I mentioned to my lingerie girl that I was having difficulties getting really feminine



FRANCES IL-5-I



DELLA-FL-11-S



JOAN 32-F-5



JUANITA
FL-4-G





The youngest Senior Citizen in the crowd.



Frances & Renee Carol—NJ
at Fantasia Fair



FRANCES ME-1-G



JAN VA-11-M



PATRICIA ME-3-W

girl-shoes with sky-high heels. I didn't have any hope that she would be able to help, and at the time she wasn't able to suggest anything exciting. Anyway, a couple of weeks ago I got a note from Virginia along with a couple of brochures about the Sorority for the Second Self, and I took both letter and brochures down to the lingerie shop with the request that they let their other FP customers see the brochures. When I went in, the assistant was there talking to a customer, so I handed her an envelope containing the letter and brochures, with the request that she look them over when she had time, and that she let the proprietress have them upon her return from vacation. Just as I was leaving she called me back and handed me a couple of business cards, saying, "This is where you can go to buy shoes." How they came to be in contact with this shoe shop I don't yet know, but on the same day I went around to have a look at the shoes. I didn't go inside, as I wanted to "case the joint" first. I could see the styles in the shop as well as in the window, and I am quite satisfied that I shall find here what I want; the styles are brisk. Upon returning home I telephoned the shoe shop and had a twenty-minute talk with a male assistant who picked up the phone. They have a salesgirl there who, I gather, has FP clients come to see her from over the border, they stock up to size 10 and will get larger, if available, when requested. The girl was busy with a customer when I called, so I left a message to let her know I would be calling to make an early morning appointment in about a month's time, when I shall be taking a week off work. When I go there I shall be wearing knee-high nylons underneath my socks, so that it will be nice and convenient just to remove shoes and socks for trying-on. I am looking forward to my visit.

So you see, if you can get over the hurdle of taking that first step, one wonderful thing leads to another. There evidently are quite a number of girls and women in the business of shoes, dresses, wigs and lingerie who find it a fascinating adventure to cater to an FP. It's nice to know you are turning somebody's work into a pleasure; but best of all is the thrill of sitting in the shop with your feet encased in nylon while a charming GG fits you with those oh! so chic and gorgeous shoes. I've tried it and I know, but I had to go a long way out of town. This time I shall be at home.



LEE'S MARDI GRAS ENTERPRISES, INC.

(Formerly Queens Publications)

565 Tenth Avenue (one flight up)

New York, N.Y. 10036

(212) 947-7773 (12 noon til 6 p.m. only please!)

HOURS: 12 pm til 6 pm (Monday thru Friday)

Late Night 12 noon til 8 pm (Thursday)

Come by and say hello we have clothes, lingerie, wigs and one of the largest collection of books and magazines on the subject of transvestism in the world. To our knowledge we have every book and magazine currently available on the subject from ALL publishers including: **MUTRIX, EROS GOLDSTRIPE, CHEVALIER, EMPATHY, NEPTUNE** and of course, **QUEENS PUBLICATIONS.**

Come by and save!

NOW OPEN ON SAT. !!

52 PAGE CATALOGUE \$1



"Dear Editor"

Dear Virginia:

I discovered your existence about three months ago when, without looking for it, I picked up a copy of Deborah Feinbloom's book, *Transvestites and Transexuals*, which you reviewed in *TVia* #89. Independently of this, I was asking another FP whom I met less than a month ago if there were any such things as hip pads, and I was recommended to try Chevalier. Well, I wrote to Chevalier, you replied, and all of a sudden the world has come into flower—after all these years! I am 63 years old!

To have burst out of a cocoon made of steel wool is your unique achievement; and this gorgeous butterfly you brought out with you, which we call transvestism, should not complain that the world at large has observed its emergence with fascination, astonishment, and awe; for we FPs are in touch with the Grand, whilst our critical observers are habituated to the humdrum.

It is certain that the dichotomy of gender is and always has been the grand inhibitor of social progress as distinct from the scientific. It is to be remarked that all the progress of which the world is so proud has to do with mankind's manipulation of matter of its—mankind's—own ends through science; whilst there has been zero noticeable progress in the field of art, which has to do with man's communication with the human spirit.

The heterosexual transvestite, properly defined, is concerned with the obliteration of genderal dichotomy by integrating the two genders through a process of synthesis. In this concern the interests of the human spirit are paramount. Let them that complain about us

invent for themselves a way of life compatible with the cultivation of the spirit—to their own taste, to be sure; but let that lifestyle be equally promotive of spiritual well-being, and we transvestites will undertake not to sit in judgment upon whatever it is they have a mind to do. Adibit social progress!

I have already sent in my request for application forms for membership in Tri Sigma and listing in the Directory. I cannot wait!

Yours,

Erika

.....

Editor's Note:

The following letter is characteristic of not only many Nancy has written to me but of letters from others, too.

They are too frightened to give any sort of name or address and thus I have no way of communicating with them. If I could I would tell them to get a Post Office box and an assumed name. I can understand their reluctance to reveal their true identity but I wonder why they never seem to think of the Post Office box idea. Perhaps some of them will read this and act on the suggestion.

Virginia

Dear Virginia:

I haven't written to you for so long that I hardly know where to begin. I think, though, that the last time that I wrote things had begun to get better for brother and me.

I spent so many years in a suitcase that I really don't know how I stood it. It was so confining and so uncomfortable that those years were miserable. How I managed to keep from breaking out I'll never know.

When I think about it, it is probably because the masculine is also

important to me. After all, my body has the shape and characteristics of Adam, even though my soul is configured like Eve's. I don't think that I could manage a full-time Eve, even though I frequently make sounds that say "I wish I could."

I probably have the best of all worlds right now. Brother's wife accepts me and I can come and go whenever I want. We still play a little game as if I were dressing to please her, a kind of home entertainment, but we all know that she is not the principal beneficiary.

I find, though, that even though I can do things today that would have been unthinkable five years ago, it is not enough. Each plateau in my growth as a woman seems to be comfortable for a while and then some inner sense yearns for more. This morning I am wishing that I could go outside and sit in my garden. I don't really understand why I can't, except that the neighbors would see me there and not understand. Really, I would like to go outside into the garden and be able to visit with the neighbors. I need other human and understanding companionship besides brother's wife. It's a need, and it scares me because brother has worked too hard to be able to risk misunderstanding or ridicule. His position is such that an image broken could destroy the life that he has built for us.

I read Feinbloom's book hoping that she would tell me that people of brother's professional and social stature belonged to Argus. She didn't, and I got a sense of a shoddy gathering, cheap and furtive.

As I have read *Transvestia* over the years, it has always seemed quite different. The pictures have been taken in pleasant and clean places and the stories and letters tell of mixed gatherings of FP's and GG's. It sounds honest and real.

I have also noted the absence of members from Tennessee and that is a concern as I begin to make the move to seek membership in the sorority. I am sure that there must be others here in Memphis, but I can find no evidence of it. If I could see even one picture of a Tennessee meeting, preferably Memphis, then I think that I could summon up the courage to tell you brother's name and address.

I know you can't help, but this letter-writing is therapeutic and helps me to organize my thinking about where I am and where I ought to go.

For the moment I am comfortable but I can feel the urge to move to the next plateau welling my breast and I want to be ready for it. Sometimes I am frightened by the ferocity of the feeling that overwhelms me when dressing is necessary and I need to avoid being totally consumed by that feeling at some point and acting precipitately and without planning. That would destroy brother.

As an example, yesterday I could feel the need for release from stress all day. In the late afternoon I finished my last obligation and set out for home, there to dress and relax. When the traffic got snarled and brother was stopped, I nearly died. I thought that I would go berserk. I pounded on the steering wheel amost the whole time that other cars blocked us and when finally we were on our way again, I kept pressing brother's foot closer to the floor so that we would get home sooner. By the time we got to the front door I was frantic and had brother forego eating until I could come out. Then we ate because I was more calm and ready to deal with whatever had to be met. That scares both of us.

So I need to be ready so that when the moment comes that I must move from the plateau, there will be a plan that is safe and secure for both brother and me. And I know that it will come—it always has. When I was first born, getting dressed was "sexy," and I always ended by masturbating. That lasted many years. Then came a period where there was no masturbation, but I always *felt* dressed. Now it is just a natural, warm feeling that all is right with me and the world. When I am dressed, I don't *feel* dressed, I feel right.

Enough Virginia, I must go. I feel better for having talked to you and I hoped that when I finally do let go that you will remember all the times that I have written to you—from many places and at many stages of my fem life.

Love,

Nancy

Dear Virginia:

After reading your book *Understanding Crossdressing* for 79 pages, assimilating all its philosophical and psychological ramifications, I finally hit the nugget in the paragraph saying, "Why shouldn't you and you and yes, even you look in the mirror when you look your prettiest and say out loud to yourself—'nobody made me put these clothes on . . .'" etc., etc., on the bottom of the page!

As I sit here at around 1 a.m., dressed in nylon panties, pantihose, padded bra, long coral-each satin nightgown and matching coat, gold slippers, wig and gold earrings, reading your book, I am inspired to toss of a few observations, so please bear with me.

On page 84, beginning with "Remember I'm talking about the . . . very reluctant wives," you hit the nail on the head again! Unfortunately, the reluctant wife, even after urging her mate to "come out of the closet," is usually unable to handle the result, and most of the time—splits! As I read your chapter entitled "Give Him an Inch and He'll Take It All," I can now see a number of mistakes I made that led to my impending divorce, and though it's certainly too late for me, I hope that this chapter comes to the attention of some of our younger FPs and saves them from the difficulties and heartbreak I've been through. There should be some way that this chapter alone could be published in some national magazine or newspaper, as a warning and an instruction to all FPs who are tempted to reveal their inner drives and desires to "reluctant" wives.

A number of years ago, I saw you being interviewed on a late night talk show that was hosted by Howard Miller on Chicago TV (what an ambivalent term!), and I thought you came off quite well, especially since he acted the part of an overbearing, know-it-all ass! I wondered then if enough people (considering his type of audience) seeing you and him in your dialogue, had the slightest idea of what you were trying to make clear, and how important what you were saying to us TVs was?

Virginia, I must say that I am fascinated by your book, and have already re-read several chapters. It seems to me, however, that at times you go overboard trying to prove a point, and end up throwing out the baby with the bathwater! In your chapter, "The Masculine/Feminine Game," where you quote from the book by Betty and

Theodore Rozack, and then write on page 60—"we found ourselves so impressed, stimulated, fascinated, amazed, excited—when we put on something feminine for the first time. Because we did find our own femininity and we found it in ourselves and it was good.—We were subconsciously prepared for its 'discovery' that first time in panties, etc.—It isn't that clothing really has any virtue in itself in spite of all the raptures FPs go into, etc.—It is what it represents."

Here I think you have gone astray, not in your assumption that we TVs or FPs are expressing and liberating the femininity that is in us, but that we select women's clothes merely as a "uniform." Do you really find cotton panties, cotton stockings, cotton slips, etc., a satisfactory or acceptable attire? I am sure that you would find them an abominable substitute for "soft silk," which is to say nylon, satin, etc., with a "froth of lace at the hem." As a little boy, I can remember that my "security blanket" was a piece of smooth satin that I held next to me when I went to sleep in my bed. As I grew older I came to realize that the only clothing made of silk or satin was girl's or women's attire, and as I had come to love the touch and feel of silks and satins, I found myself purloining silk panties and slips from an older female cousin's drawer, and keeping them hidden for use whenever I got the chance. I never did "cotton" to cotton, nor was I ever interested in woolen dresses, or linen, or denim, and women's clothes made of these materials have never "turned me on"!

Yet I adore nylons, satins, taffetas, chiffons, lace and polyester, all fabrics with a "silky" touch. The look of them, their sheen and shimmer, their rustle or their flow as one walks or turns, their caress on one's skin, and their cling to the figure, the softness at the finger-touch, etc., are all part of their attraction. And as these things are important, so too is the cut and style, the fashion of the clothes, in the sense that they must be obviously feminine. Unisex or "butch" styles are revolting and obnoxious to most true TVs or FPs! Factually, I have only two pantsuits and I seldom wear them, the real reason I got them was because the jackets matched a favorite skirt or jumper, with which I usually team them as a feminine suit. I have a few "linen look" skirts and two cotton skirts, but I always wear flagrantly "silky" lingerie under them so that my body will have the softness I crave next to it, and I always team them up with nylon or crepe or satin blouses to make them more "feminine" in appearance. Although some of my slips and outfits are tailored, they are definitely not "severe looking" and most of the time my choice is very "feminine," frilly, and sensuous looking styles!

Now if what I have said here has merit, is logical and reasonable, then your first dismissal of "silks" as the TV or FP choice of feminine attire, is erroneous. His own femininity is enhanced by his selection of feminine attire, and it inclines towards the fabrics that are exclusively "feminine" in fashion and style. He definitely "feels" more feminine in nylon panties, pantihose, padded bra, slip, in nylon or satin blouses, in skirts of polyester, taffeta, satin, etc., in silky formal gowns, in nylon or satin nighties, peignoirs, etc. And if it is in this choice of attire that he finds his "own femininity" and it is in himself, and it is "good" (to paraphrase your statement), then I say that this too, is good!

So Virginia, let's join hands and say to our TV and FP friends everywhere, dress up and live! Make yourself as lovely as you can, deck yourself out in your prettiest "feminine" outfit, and embrace all your fondest fantasies, remembering to "run no unnecessary risks" and not to "force your femmeself on others," but knowing that you are never to feel guilty or ashamed again, for the person in the mirror is you, and is "a real part of your total SELF"!

Very sincerely yours,

Teddie

Editor's Comment: Teddie takes me to task with a long quotation and then reads into it something I really didn't say and didn't mean. I made no mention of the material of the feminine wear. She makes an issue of cotton. I quite understand, and I am sure the rest of you do, too, her interest in the so-called feminine materials and styles. I have the same but that wasn't the point. I guess what got to her was the use of the word "uniform." Uniforms are usually made of heavy, durable and plain materials, but I wasn't using the word in that sense.

Whether a woman goes in for ruffles and skirts or tailored slacks her whole get-up, shoes, clothes, jewelry, makeup, hair, purse, etc. are part of the total picture by which we identify femininity as opposed to masculinity. I wasn't downgrading silk to upgrade cotton or wool—they are both part of the same "uniform"—I was just trying to emphasize that in getting into some portion of that total feminine "uniform" or picture if you will, we made it possible for our femmeselves to emerge and feel comfortable. Neither would be possible in men's clothing.

If males and females both wore no clothing but a loin cloth but the females used a pink body paint and the males a blue one, you can be sure that there would be some males who wanted to paint themselves pink. That's what I meant by saying "it isn't the clothing itself, it's what it represents," i.e. femininity.



— WARNING —

With considerable regularity I have asked in previous issues for more material to be submitted for this magazine. Particularly I need non-fictional items like articles, histories and personal experiences.

I need fiction, too, of course, but you may have noticed that one of our girls is a prolific writer and has provided a lot of the material. Her pen name is Dee Raymond and two of her stories finish in this issue. But neither she nor I want her to be the sole source of fiction pieces so send some of those in, too.

I thought I would have to omit four pages from this issue but I managed to piece it out. Think about this for a minute! *Transvestia* is not only the oldest and largest magazine in the TV world but the best and cleanest. You wouldn't have to be ashamed of it if someone found it on your coffee table. I know that most of my readers are my readers for precisely that reason. If they want pornography, fetishism, bondage, S & M, homosexuality, etc., it is easily available in stores and by mail. So if you are buying *TVia* it must be because you like what it provides. If that is so then you are presumably interested in its continuing to do so. And in turn, if you are, you must help make it possible.

I have neither the time nor the desire to "write" the magazine myself. It is *your* magazine, reflecting *your* interests and desires. I merely assemble it and make it a total attractive package, but to do so I *must* have material. So don't pass the buck by saying "my story is like many others." True, there are a lot of points in common to all of us, but each one is different. You have some ideas for an article, some poetry or some personal experience that would interest others. So please, sit down and write them up and send them in. If you don't, *TVia* will slowly shrivel up from old age and dehydration.

Hopefully,

Virginia



TRUE STORY

THE THRILL OF SHOPPING

Mitzi - NY

The thought of a week-long business trip to Detroit did not do anything to raise my spirits for the idea of doing everything alone for one entire week depressed me terribly. To further compound this depression, I knew that it also meant five lonely nights in a motel while I brought my femmeself out for the mirror to see. I have only been allowing my femmeself (Mitzi) to flower for about three years now and I have not progressed to the stage where I feel comfortable outside for the world to see. However, I steadfastly packed two bags and boarded a plane for Detroit early Monday morning with something less than the proper business attitude.

Upon arriving and checking into the motel, I laid out and hung up Mitzi's wardrobe in preparation for the night's activities. One of the problems that I always run into when Mitzi comes out is her nails. I feel that long, well-manicured fingernails lend more femininity and add a great deal to that well-groomed look. However, having real nails that are long and well cared for is difficult if you hold down a job every day. I have not had much success with paste-on nails because of their lack of durability so the paint-on nails are the next logical choice. Many products have been taken off the market which makes having long nails that are easily removable difficult to find. However, while scanning the *Detroit Free Press*, I noticed an ad for La Priti Nails, a salon nail lengthener which was now for sale over-the-counter. I decided to give them a try and after my last appointment for the day, travelled to the salon where I could obtain them.

I walked in and asked to see a sales clerk who could show me the application under the guise of being a buyer for theatrical makeup. In this way, I was hoping to see how the nails were applied so that

I would not have to undergo trial and error application later on. A very attractive beautician named Sandy met me and we entered into a discussion of the product and its appeal. She seemed to consider my request for a demonstration casually which allowed me to drop my defenses somewhat and I began to feel more at ease. She then asked if I would want to be the model or would I like to see them applied to another of her customers and at this point I decided to go all the way. I said that I was sure that a girl that was travelling with me would like to have nails applied and if possible could she set up an appointment at my motel for later that evening after she was out of work. I informed her that Mitzi would be an excellent model and also could test the durability of the nails for several days. Even at this Sandy did not flinch and said that out-of-salon demonstrations were commonplace and that if I would give her the address, she would be at the motel at 8 that evening.

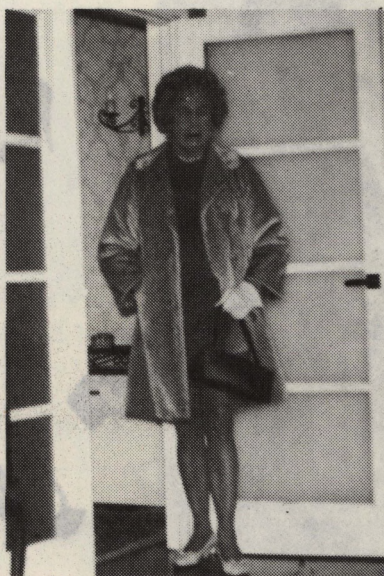
However, this did not stop all of my worries for I still had to get up the nerve to greet her at the door as Mitzi. It was while I was mulling this over in my mind while writing down the address for her that she levelled me with a statement that I barely recovered from. Casually, she said, "Are you going to be Mitzi when I get there or shall we give her the total beauty treatment after the nails are applied?"

During the next few seconds, which seemed like an eternity, all that I could muster was severe reddening of the face. She picked up on this immediately and said that she understood and that many of her customers were males who enjoyed feminine things and that she would see me at 8 and then we would give Mitzi the full salon treatment.

I left the salon somewhat dazed and very excited that tonight Mitzi would gain the recognition and understanding that she had wanted for so very long. The hours dragged on like centuries until promptly at 8 Sandy knocked on my door and I let her in. She was beautifully dressed and had a suitcase with her. We talked casually for several minutes and then she asked if Mitzi were ready to get dressed for the night's activities. I meekly answered yes, not knowing what to do or what to really expect. She first asked to see what Mitzi's wardrobe looked like and I went to the closet and withdrew what Mitzi was to be wearing that evening. She looked over everything and said that Mitzi had excellent taste and that the first thing we should do would be to give Mitzi a manicure. For the next 20 minutes, Mitzi was given



SONYA—YUGOSLAVIA



GYPSI—ENGLAND



DENISE—PHILLIPINES
FP-1-B



JOY—ENGLAND



ANTOINETTE

FMA-1-M

MALTA



a set of long, well manicured nails and two applications of enamel in a shade close to that of her lipgloss. Sandy then proceeded to apply Mitzi's makeup in a way that Mitzi had never seen before. She was constantly given tips on how to cover up unpleasant features, such as heavy beard and ruddy complexion and also how to flatter good features. None of the makeup was applied heavy and it was the first time that Mitzi did not look like she was going to walk the streets for a living. I then put on my bra and underclothes and Sandy then attired Mitzi in a Navy three-piece pantsuit, earrings and other jewelry. She styled my short brown wig to further flatter her makeup and then asked me to walk for several minutes in a pair of low-heeled pumps before I put on a pair of white, high cork-heeled sandals. She said that this would let my feet get used to wearing heels and I strongly recommend this to anyone who plans on spending several hours in high-heeled shoes for it makes the wearing of them much more comfortable.

After this hour and a half of preparation, Mitzi looked for a final time in the mirror and saw a Mitzi that had never been seen before. All Sandy could do was say how beautiful she looked and how flattering she wore her clothes. Needless to say, I was in seventh heaven.

Sandy then asked what we should do for the rest of the evening. She recommended several things, all of which meant going out in public. She noticed right away how uncomfortable this made Mitzi and then she recommended that we go for a drive and see some of the city. For the next two hours, Mitzi and Sandy drove the city and window-shopped in several shopping centers until Mitzi was dropped by the motel. Sandy said that seeing that we were both a size 12, she would come again tomorrow evening and bring some of the clothes from her wardrobe that she felt would be flattering to Mitzi. She said that Mitzi should get partially dressed and do her makeup and hair by 8 so that after dressing, we could have more time to try on clothes and perhaps again go for a drive.

That night I could hardly sleep and my thoughts were all turned to tomorrow night.

The following evening, Mitzi was partially dressed and made-up when Sandy arrived. She again had a suitcase with her and it made Mitzi feel as though she were on cloud nine when Sandy remarked how lovely she looked. From her suitcase, she began to extract some

of the most beautiful clothes Mitzi had ever seen. There were several cocktail dresses, a pantsuit and a black silk plazzo pant outfit with printed blouse that Mitzi could hardly wait to try on. Once on, the outfit looked as though it were made for Mitzi alone. The outfit was topped off with long earrings and a pair of black sequined evening pumps. Sandy then put the finishing touches on Mitzi's hair and then dressed herself in a long printed cocktail dress which made both girls look as though they were coming out for the first time.

Sandy then announced that they were going to a restaurant for dinner and then on to a show. By this time, Mitzi was ready and willing. For the next five hours, both girls had the time of their lives. Dinner was exciting and the show was excellent. Mitzi's uneasiness was soon dispelled mostly by Sandy's confidence and assurances. While driving back to the motel from the show, they stopped off at a local cocktail lounge for a nightcap and one which Mitzi will never forget. Back at the motel, Sandy somewhat sadly said that she could not be with Mitzi the next night because of a family engagement but that she would leave the clothes for Mitzi in hopes that she would be able to entertain herself for one night.

That evening and the next two simply added to the delight and the experiences of Mitzi until Friday was upon her and she knew that she would have to return to the business world again. One last tip that Sandy related to Mitzi is how to alter pierced earrings so that they would stay on the ear by pressure and how to apply a small brown dot with eyeliner to the ear to look as though the hole was there. She then gave Mitzi a present of the plazzo pantset and a pair of large hooped earrings for addition to Mitzi's wardrobe.

After a long period of heartfelt thanks by Mitzi, she said good-by to Sandy knowing full well that she would never forget her. Indeed, Sandy brought out more in Mitzi in five days than Mitzi ever dreamed of. Mitzi went back home knowing the joys of understanding and acceptance and the joys of the true freedom of expression.



FICTION

VIRIDIANA FLASHBACK

Sabrina Black

A week is not that long a time.

That's what David was thinking as he walked, hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, through the off-white tunnel that led away from the departure gates. The older you get, the lesser the value of the fraction; when you're five, a year is a fifth of your life, but when you're twenty-six, like David, a year represents a mere one twenty-sixth of your existence. Compared to that, a week was nothing and Maggie would be back from Detroit in a week.

He crossed the vaulted concourse of the air terminal with his eyes looking down, watching the tips of his shoes as he walked along the white floor. Still it bothered him to be separated from his wife for any length of time. They were close and liked it that way, but there were these few and far between business trips that took her away from him and left lonely rides from airports, a suddenly very empty apartment and no one to talk to in bed. A pair of glass doors slid open and David walked out into the prematurely cold October evening. He walked to the car and drove home with the radio on too loud in the hope of spooking off the blue.

The apartment seemed huge and his footsteps on the uncarpeted sections of the floor sounded much louder to him than they could actually have been. Ditching his coat he went into the kitchen where he threw a TV dinner into the oven and hoped he'd feel more hungry when it was ready.

Leaving the kitchen David walked through the living room, past his desk on which stood a framed photograph of Maggie in the dress she

wore to her cousin's wedding, and on into the dark bedroom. His hand found the light switch and the room grew bright. The top of the dresser was deep with cosmetics and colognes. On a chair, mixed together, were some of their clothes. Near the foot of the bed, resting on its side, was one of Maggie's shoes.

David moved forward, circled the shoe and sat on the foot of the bed. His eye still on the black open-toed shoe his memory pricked him. His sitting there alone looking at her shoe brought something else to mind. A film. A film he and Maggie had seen when they were away at college. *Viridiana* it was called and although his memory of the work was sketchy, one clear image did come through. That of a man whose wife had died, going through a trunk holding her clothes and holding in his hand, if David remembered right, a white satin shoe. It was an effort on the man's part to keep his wife with him, to remain part of her and while David's separation from Maggie was far less traumatic, the concept intrigued him. And from that filmic image, and something else in David's past, was born an idea for what to do after dinner.

He did the dishes by crushing the paper cup he had drunk from and throwing it and the aluminum dinner tray into the garbage. Next he retired to the bathroom and took a long hot shower. After the shower, naked and refreshed, David walked into the bedroom and stood at its center. He reached out and pulled open a dresser drawer containing Maggie's stockings and under things. He took a pair of red nylon panites and slipped them on. David was aware of an increase in his breathing rate and his mind went back to a time when he was twelve and left alone on a long August afternoon. As he pulled a pair of Maggie's coffee colored pantyhose over his almost hairless legs he remembered wandering into his older sister's bedroom on that distant summer day and the excitement he felt in his young heart as he, for no reason he could fathom beyond a tremendous and irresistible desire, began dressing in his sister's chemise and white party dress.

From the drawer he lifted one of Maggie's underwire up-lift bras and put it on. He filled out the cups with two more panties. It had never occurred to him before now just how similarly built he and his wife were; both slim hiped, thin and about five foot seven.

David moved to the sliding closet and moving aside some dresses and slacks he found what he was looking for, the dress Maggie had worn to her cousin's wedding. It was a short sleeved front buttoning

summer dress of a light fabric—white with an overlay of deep blue dotted Swiss.

Facing the closet, dressed in panties, bras and stockings, holding his wife's dress in his hands, he turned to look behind him just as he had that other day. Now there was nothing to see, but when he turned then he had seen his sister standing in the doorway. She was two years older than David and she was a most amazing person. She looked at her brother, dressed as he was in her things. He stood motionless, not knowing what to do. His sister opened her mouth to speak but a noise from the first floor of the house alerted her. An expression of concern mixed with fear flashed over her face and she quickly stepped into the room and silently closed the door behind her. That second, that act of concealment, for the first time David wondered if what he was doing might be wrong. She saw that concern in his eyes, and then David's sister said the most remarkable thing. She said, "Don't worry. I understand. It's all right."

"Don't worry. I understand. It's all right."

Those words still in his mind, David slipped into his wife's dress. He went to the dresser where he applied make-up with more skill than he thought he possessed. With his make-up done he returned to the closet and took down Maggie's light brown wig and put that on as well. Next he sat on the foot of the bed and put on the pair of shoes that had started his mind on the trail that led to this moment.

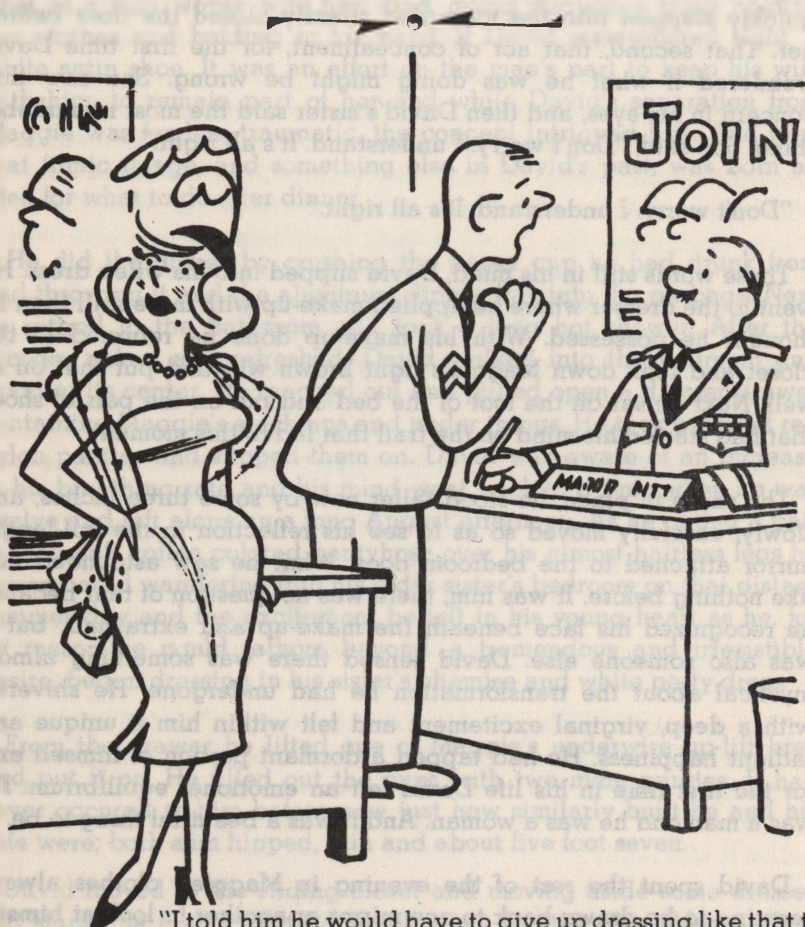
The shoes in place, he stood taller now by some three inches, and slowly, carefully moved so as to see his reflection in the full-length mirror attached to the bedroom door. What he saw astounded him like nothing before. It was him, there was no question of that because he recognized his face beneath the make-up and extra hair, but it was also someone else. David sensed there was something almost mystical about the transformation he had undergone. He shivered with a deep, virginal excitement and felt within him a unique and radiant happiness. He had tapped a dormant portion of himself and for the first time in his life David felt an emotional equilibrium. He was a man *and* he was a woman. And it was a beautiful thing to be.

David spent the rest of the evening in Maggie's clothes always seeming to be drawn back to one mirror or another to look at himself first with amazement, then with satisfaction, then with peace. He put

on Maggie's coat and took the trash down. Before he went to bed he changed into one of his wife's nightgowns.

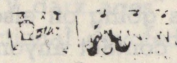
When Maggie came home he sat her on the edge of the bed and told her everything, trying in vain to verbalize the magic of his actions. He thought he had failed with the explanation. Maggie sat there, crossed her legs and smiled a little.

"Don't worry," she said. "I understand. It's all right."



"I told him he would have to give up dressing like that to enlist, so now he wants to talk to the WAC recruiter."

Signs of the Times



CHANGING INTERESTS



Virginia Prince

Everything changes and evolves. Not so, cross dress enthusiasts, you might argue, they are always the same! Well, yes, the dressing itself apparently is, but the attitudes and interests of those who indulge in this attitude *do* seem to change. Most FPs wouldn't be in a position to notice this, but my position as editor of *TVia* affords me some unusual insights into what goes on.

I never gave this much thought until I started putting this issue together. For two issues back now I have been asking for pictures for a picture issue. When I did this in the past I got enough pics to practically fill the issue. This time I got only as many pics as you see in these pages. Oh some of you who sent in pics sent in more than four, but I couldn't use more than four of one person as it wouldn't be fair to those who only sent in a couple. It's not the number of pics per person that I'm referring to, but the number of people who responded at all.

Having noticed this I thought back to the reasons why I discontinued the Clipsheet some years ago. Newer readers among you will not know what that was so a word about it. When I was "just another TV" 30 years ago I avidly collected all the magazine articles, newspaper reports and other information dealing with the subject of crossing dressing that I could find and so did many others. I made a scrap book of this material. Shortly after I began to publish *TVia* I got the idea that since a lot of people collected scrapbooks and nobody could find and gather together *all* the material, why not combine forces. So I asked people to send in their material and I arranged it on big cards and had it photo reduced to fit an 8½ x 14 sheet and printed it that way. Four of such sheets printed both sides with this

material made up an issue of Clipseet. It went through 39 issues before I just gave up because there weren't enough subscribers. What had happened, I realize now, though I didn't at the time, was that the whole TV scene is so much more open and up front today that the need to collect articles and stories about what was going on elsewhere, which, in those days, provided about all the contact anyone had with others of equal interest, just wasn't necessary anymore. Fewer and fewer people collected scrapbooks and my idea of making everybody's material available to everyone else no longer had enough appeal.

Now at the same time, and I suppose a symptom of the same isolation and locked room condition that so many of us were in, people were very interested in pics of other males in dresses and the rest of the "fixins." So seeing such pics was very interesting. It served the same basic function as the scrapbook, namely to reassure the individual that there were really and truly other males "out there" who shared the same interest. This helped in a small way to vicariously relieve the isolation and aloneness so many of us felt. We might not know anyone else in person, but we were assured that we weren't the only ones in the world with this silly interest in feminine clothing because every now and then a story about some unfortunate caught or exposed in his finery would turn up and that proved that we were not alone.

One corner of my scrapbook was devoted to stories of FPs who had committed suicide by one means or another while dressed. Such news reports were always accompanied by statements of bewilderment by the surviving parents, relatives, wives or friends. They couldn't understand such a bizarre way of ending it all. Police constructed some rather fantastic "explanations" of how it happened. I remember one case of a relatively prominent Hollywood writer who was found dressed from head to toe and hanging from the ceiling on his yacht. The explanation offered was that he was writing a story involving a despondent woman who was going to commit suicide by hanging herself and in order to try to understand how such a woman would feel the writer dressed himself in feminine attire, put a rope around his neck, tied it to a hook in the ceiling and then "accidentally" kicked the chair out from under himself. It was all very logical and unintentional. It didn't seem to occur to either the police nor the man's family that he just couldn't take it anymore—the conflict between the desire to dress and the difficulties, secrecy and guilt that accompanied the

activity. So he decided to end it all. But at least in death he could be the girl he wanted to be.

So the purpose of this little piece is to point out that whereas in the "TV dark ages" when there were no magazines or books serious or fictional devoted to the phenomenon of cross dressing, and when there were no groups where one could go and meet and talk with others or correspondence clubs through which one could share one's inner yearnings with understanding others, collecting clippings and photographs was about the only way one could relate to others. Today the situation is different. If I do say so myself I was the instigator of the whole thing in that I started to provide a magazine about FPs, then stories about fictional hero-heroines, then serious books about the subject—*The Wives* book, the *How to be a Woman though Male* and then *Understanding Cross Dressing*, and finally a social organization for such people. This gave the isolated closet cases something to compare with and to write to and meet others. Then in the late 60's when society itself began to become more tolerant of all sorts of previously taboo behaviours there began to appear other people's efforts in the way of magazines and education. Some of them were clean and helpful, such as *Turnabout*, published for about nine issues in New York. Others were plain and simply sex oriented and sick-type material. A characteristic one is that crumby magazine published in Pennsylvania which stole my copyrighted name, *Transvestia*, and tried to claim it was not plagiarizing my name because they put the word "international" in front of it. It is one of those sick magazines that show a lot of young males in lipstick, heels, brassieres and garter belts with their male organs in full view.

But regardless of type, they all contributed to more openness about most anything. Then when women's liberation got under way and women began wearing pantsuits and short hair and leaving off makeup, etc., judges all over the country began to declare laws against cross dressing unconstitutionally vague because it was no longer possible to say what kind of clothing belonged to which sex. So this too opened some more doors.

The end result of all this is what I said at the beginning — the general attitude of cross dressers themselves has changed as has the society around them. In earlier days TVs, homos, and TSs were ranked in that descending order. Today the order is TSs, gays, and TVs due to all the publicity about transexuals and the activities of Gay

Liberation. TSs get sympathy, gays get tolerance (in varying degrees) and TVs—get left behind. To the public there is no apparent logical explanation for such behaviour if you a) don't want surgery, and b) don't want sex relations with another male. Society can't handle that so we are on the bottom of the heap. But anyway by now you should all realize that you aren't as bad off as you might think and that things are vastly better most everywhere than they were when *TVia* #1 appeared about 19 years ago. Who knows where we go from here?

SYDNEY
FCQ-1-K





TRANSEXUALITY REVISITED

It has been a long time since I wrote anything on this subject and we have picked up a lot of new readers in the meantime. Since the subject is an ever popular one in the minds of a lot of FPs, I feel that some discussion is in order.

It has been my observation from talking in the past with a considerable number of "pre-op transsexuals" that once they have given themselves that designation it is virtually impossible to reach them with any sort of information, logic, or anything else. But there is always the period before a person puts himself in that category and it is at this stage that there is some hope of getting other points of view into his head. Thus, since a fair number of present readers of *TVia will*, in due course, get that idea firmly fixed in their self concept, I am hoping that perhaps I may say something that will give some one of you second thoughts and reconsiderations about the subject.

It isn't as though I write about something I know nothing of. I went through the same fantasy trip myself about 20 years ago. When Christine Jorgenson hit the papers my heart hit the top of my mouth. I was so excited and enamoured of the idea that I could hardly contain myself. After all those years of skulking around keeping anyone from finding out about my "terrible habit" of wearing girls clothes, maybe I could find the same escape that Christine did. How I envied her, how she could go forth in the world in all her glory wearing what she wanted when she wanted and nobody could stop her. Wow! What a fantastic idea. If I had had the \$5,000 necessary I am sure I would have booked passage on the next boat to Denmark. But at that time I was just getting my business off the ground and living on mighty little over the rent and car payment. My chances of making Denmark

were about like those of the proverbial snowball in the nether regions. So I tucked my fantasy back into the same little closet that I kept my terrible secret of cross dressing in, and went about my business.

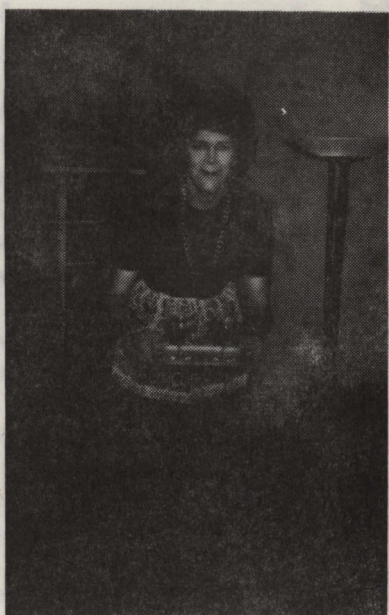
Eventually the business flourished, eventually I got married to an understanding girl and Virginia was able to come out whenever it suited her and things were on the up and up, so the idea of surgery was not only forgotten but contraindicated. I was happily married, making a good living with the business, could dress whenever I wished, so the heat was off. Well, over the years thinking back on it I realized that I had been lucky to be broke when Christine first made headlines as it prevented me from doing something that I am sure I would have regretted later. It is the only time in my life when I was glad to be broke. Having some money is definitely superior to being broke. So you see what I mean when I say "I have been there"—not to the surgery but through all the fascinating fantasy that goes with the idea, so I know whereof I speak.

Well, for those of you who don't know, let me briefly mention that after I sold the business and got divorced about 10 years ago I was in a position to run my own life the way I wanted. At that point I had the freedom and the \$5,000 and could have arranged the operation very easily but I didn't have any urge to do so. Since I was free I decided that I would live the rest of my life as Virginia and I have done so full-time since then. Fortunately, all the lectures that I had given to service clubs, medical schools and elsewhere about sex and gender had made the differences between the two so real to me that I could easily decide that I would settle for the gender change and forget the sex change. I did that, and as most of you know, I've lived happily as Virginia for the last 10 years, traveling all over and doing most everything that any other woman might do.

When you get right down to analyzing it there are only four reasons for wanting sex transformation: 1) it makes it possible to have intercourse with males in the biological way, 2) for a very small group that have for years resented the presence of penis and testicles for some reason, it finally solves that problem. But please note in passing this point that while the number of males who truly hate their penis is very small, the number of so-called "transsexuals" who say they do is almost equal to the number that say they are "transsexuals." That is, it is one of the things one should be prepared to say with conviction if



BEVERLY FCQ-4-C



CONNY NY-5-K



LOIS—NY



NANCY CA-116-W



PATRICIA NY-1-G





VIRGINIA PRINCE

(Note: I'm not being immodest in giving myself a whole page for one picture—many readers have asked for a picture of Virginia. This was taken at Fantasia Fair in 1977 at the Grand Ball and seems an appropriate picture.)

one is to achieve the surgery, so everybody says it. 3) It legalizes the cross dressing, the use of ladies rooms and every other contingency that one might get embroiled with legally, and 4) it both forces and enables the individual to rebuild her own self image as a woman.

For the relatively few of us "transgenderists"—people who live full time in the opposite gender to that expected of their anatomical sex—certainly reasons 1 and 2 are out completely. We have come to realize that in this day and time it is what you look like and how you comport yourself that determines whether you make it legally or not. We have learned that legality is really not a big problem if you look and act the part. Naturally if you don't do one or the other something might develop such as in using ladies rooms. But if you can't look the part without the surgery you surely can't look it afterward since the surgeon is not operating on your face. And moreover, if you could learn to comport yourself like a lady after you've had surgery you could certainly do it equally well before it—if you wanted to. I have, as many of you know, traveled to many foreign lands and done a variety of things in this country as a woman and no one ever threatened to lift my skirt up to see if I had a right to be wearing or acting as I was acting or doing what I was doing, etc. So surgery really isn't necessary for reason number 3 although I will admit that for some who really don't pass very well for one reason or another, having that "ace in the hole" (if you'll pardon the pun) may enable them to get the last laugh on the police when the matron informs the arresting officer that "this person is a female." But why not stay out of trouble in the first place?

So this bring us to #4, which is really the biggy ... the matter of one's own self image. As I have probably said before, I think a lot of people going through the surgery bit are male chauvinists. Now at first blush that sounds like a somewhat crazy thing to say and to those who are already committed to the procedure it will rouse their dander considerably, but think on it a minute. The one largest complaint that women, active in Women's Liberation, make about men is that "they treat us like sex objects." What they mean in simple and direct language is that since females have an orifice between their legs which is specifically designed to receive an erect penis, that is the principle utility females have for males. Oh yes, the males have to treat the females like ladies and go through various socially prescribe routines and to be acceptable as people in other ways, but when the chips are down that orifice is the basic thing that determines a

woman for most men. Actually, of course, it doesn't determine it at all—for a woman. But it does determine she is a female—female being the sexual-anatomic word and woman being the psycho-social gender word. But those set on surgery don't know the difference between sex and gender (and don't really want to learn). They see woman and female as two words for the same thing and since, being FP's, they want to live their lives accordingly, they feel that they could not do so without that orifice and without getting rid of their symbols of maleness. The chauvinism comes in because they equate womanhood with a genital orifice.

But for many such people this is sort of ridiculous. If they plan on going to one of the more legitimate gender clinics they will be required to live as a woman for two years. Of course there are a lot of doctors around the country who will perform the surgery after only a one hour interview with a psychiatrist. Since both professionals know that you can't evaluate anybody for much of anything in that short time, it seems highly probable that there is fee splitting going on and that the psychiatrist gets some of the money charged by the surgeon for the conversion. Sort of ganging up on the hapless patient—"Hi George, I got another live one in the office. I'll send him/her over to you for the usual once over lightly and then we'll do it next week. You'll get yours later. O.K.? Fine! Well keep 'em shrinking, George. Talk to you again when I get another prospect. Bye now." Why shouldn't it be that way? The patient is clamoring for the surgery, the surgeon can perform it (if he is in the business at all he has had a lot of practice in recent years), the perfunctory psychiatric interview is easily arranged so that the surgeon can say that the patient was "checked out" and voila! a new "woman."

But if they go to a place like Johns Hopkins or Stanford and a few others and do in fact live as women for two years, and work and support themselves in that role then they have already proved to themselves that they can do it, can be women in the world. What then can the surgery do for them but enable them to utilize the first reason—sex with a male. The surgery won't add a whit to what they have already been doing—working, living, passing and being accepted as a woman for two years. Who is going to know they have had the surgery unless she tells on herself? So in effect reason four was rendered inoperative by experience, thought it may still be much alive in the head, and this is where the trouble is. Most people have it so embedded in their concepts that man=male and that woman

=female that they can't digest and accept the idea that one can in fact be a male woman. That is what I have been for 10 years. A woman to all visible and social intents and purposes, but nevertheless still retaining the male organs. Of course I grew my own breasts which helps considerably. I guess most people just can't look at their naked bodies in the mirror and accept the presence of their male organs on the same body with female-type breasts, waved hair and lipstick. The incongruity is too much for them so they settle it by having the male organs removed. Fortunately I have been able to deal comfortably with that matter. I know I'm a woman since that is a psycho-social word, and other people treat me that way which validates my own persuasion.

What would-be transexuals never seem to stop and give much thought to is that whatever is in your head before surgery is still there after it. The surgeon does not perform a pre-frontal lobotomy on you. If their sexual attraction was toward males before surgery so it will be after it—they were gay in their heads before whether they ever experienced it with their bodies or not. Therefore they should have acknowledged that that was their interest and learned to live with it and enjoy it honestly and forthrightly rather than taking the cop out route to gayness by removing the penis and constructing a vagina. What ought to be understood is that, in any sort of sex act, the idea originates in the head and is only put into practice by the genitals. Thus "as a man (or woman) thinketh so is he (or she)" regardless of whether he or she puts the thought into practice or not. As a result there are a lot of people who are in reality homosexually oriented and who go through the surgery to make the genitals "fit" not realizing that their head orientation is what really counts.

This type of person sees homosexuality in terms of the genital anatomy of the two persons involved not realizing that before the genitals could perform the head had to decide. Thus gayness is a head trip long before it is a body trip and in some cases it never becomes a body trip at all—the head trip goes right on. In spite of loud protestations to the contrary by this type of person, the surgery is merely a way of making the anticipated sexual experiences acceptable to themselves as well as to others, because basically the whole idea is sexually motivated.

The other group are the former FPs who don't realize that nobody is going to lift their skirts to check them out and if they want to be

women then just go ahead and be one and forget the surgery. The lack of understanding that sex is not gender (female is *not* woman) is most clearly revealed in those formerly heterosexual males who have the surgery and then brag that they have become lesbians. How stupid can they be? Again it not the body that determines the classification, it is the head. All they are demonstrating is that before surgery they were oriented toward females as a source of their sexual pleasure and after the surgery they still are. Their heads have not been changed. Interestingly enough neither have their tongues. To be a decent lesbian you have to have a very active tongue and however active it may be after the surgery it was potentially equally so before the surgery since the doctor didn't operate on the tongue. All the surgery really did as far as sexuality was concerned was to remove the threat of maleness from the concerns of the true female lesbian partner. She would no longer have to worry as to whether this visually feminine partner with the active tongue might not on some other occasion want to use his penis on her in the way it is used by the other male animals (and humans). This might promote a better relationship with her but it is a terribly dangerous, painful and expensive thing to do just to relieve the partner.

So far we have discussed two kinds of people who seek surgery, the acutal potential homosexual (a chromosomal male who seeks other chromosomal males for sexual expression. Putting it in terms of chromosomes leaves the person the same before and after surgery, thus eliminating the surgery as responsible for anything new except for the anatomical possibilities) and the transvestic heterosexual male who seeks the surgery as a means of justifying his transgenderal desires (as distinct from transexual) and establishing a new genital foundation for his/her self identity. But there is a third class of people who seek the surgery and they are the only ones who, in my opinion, have much justification in seeking it.

These are the more or less asexual persons (particularly and especially males) who for anatomical, psychological or sociological reasons just never quite make it sexually with women or genderally as "one of the guys" and effective men. Such a person suffers life long from the large disparity between what is expected of him as a man and the level he is actually able to attain. That deficit in performance makes him a burden to himself and while not a burden on society at least a less useful and happy citizen than he should and could be. For

such people, sex changing surgery can often be quite a blessing because now they are not expected to perform either as males sexually (in the active pursuing role) nor as men genderally (in the sturdy, accomplishing, providing, in all ways capable, role). Thus, since less is expected of women than men, their lowered performance leaves a much smaller gap between expectation and performance (in fact possibly none at all) and thus there is lessened anxiety or none at all, the person is happier and society has a more productive member.

But this is about the only kind of "problem" that surgery solves. Unfortunately there are too many who have led rather complicated and unsatisfactory lives in one way or another and who feel that somehow in becoming a woman and a "female" they will escape from all that and life will begin again. It is a terrible and unsettling experience for them to come to after the surgery and find themselves in bed, as it were, with the same human being they have always been in bed with—themselves. The problems they had before are still there and while some of them may be more easily solved in the new role, others are just as difficult as they were before but now complicated by the fact that whatever solutions might be tried they have to be tried out by a new type of person—a woman who is not too sure of how to be a woman, let alone how to solve pressing problems that way. The result is in many cases a profound post-operative depression. The person realizes that she still has the same problems she always had but that socially speaking she is a non-person. She has no work record, a new name, probably a new kind of job, if she gets one at all, she has no past to talk about and has to be very careful in conversation not to refer to things and places that "he" did or went. She also hasn't had the long years of girlhood and intentional and incidental training for womanhood that girls go through so she is always walking a tight rope trying not to reveal by conversational errors of omission or commission that things are not (or were not) as they seem. The new construction between the legs may be a help in reestablishing a sexual identity, but it is of no help in the much bigger problem of establishing a new sense of oneself, a new self identity if you will. I have watched some of the ordeals that operated TSs go through and they run all the way from suicide, through promiscuous prostitution to "prove" their womanhood, i.e. their "femaleness" through serious and long-lasting depression, up to a sort of resigned acceptance of the fact that *they* are now different but that life isn't much changed and they still have to get along as best they

can, and finally to those that are happy, making a go of it and are successes as woman.

If anyone cares about my views and recommendations based on not only my own life experiences but knowing closely a number of operatees and having spoken and corresponded with many others, I would set them forth like this:

1) If you are married and a family man, forget the surgery at least until that situation changes. Fulfill your male sex life and your masculine gender role as best you can and confine your feminine nature to your cross dressing adventures. Try to get the best out of both worlds instead of trying to trade off all of one for all of the other. Learn to be androgenous (see previous Virgin Views articles) and be more expressive of your feminine side even though as a man. Show a little guts in this regard and don't be so macho as a man.

2) If you are not married and are contemplating a change of gender then consider carefully the economic aspects of it. You probably make more now than you will be able to make as a woman. You have some sort of a position that you have been in for some years, you have a work history, some sort of a reputation and ability. As a woman you will not only make less money but you probably can't make it in the same business unless you are presently self-employed as the owner of a very small business or a profession such as an accountant or a photographer, etc., in which the change wouldn't have much effect.

3) If you are determined to live as a woman with or without surgery, then arrange things in order. The first thing to accomplish is to get your beard removed now, before you start living as a woman because it is terrible having to allow it to grow long enough for the electrologist to get hold of it yet having to be in public as a woman with that much stubble. That will take you two to three years and two to three thousand dollars.

4) Aim ahead about five years when you will be financially better off, when electrolysis is out of the way, and when you can take up another line of work. This will take some careful planning, in most cases, to find a line of work in which you can make a decent living, be happy and productive, can get into it as a woman without having to go through insurance examinations, produce a lot of references and past work history, etc.

5) When you have worked this out and are clear then just get yourself a new apartment or house, put on your feminine attire and sally forth into the world. Live 24 hours a day as a woman, get acquainted with other women, learn what it is like to be a woman over and above wearing dresses, earrings and lipstick. **DO THIS FOR TWO YEARS AS A MINIMUM!** During this time consult an endocrinologist about taking hormones and do so under a doctor's care. They can and do have side effects that have to be watched for.

6) Now that you have been a woman for two years and have learned to function, to work, and to enjoy the role, stop and ask yourself what more could you get out of life with the surgery than you are presently getting. Be honest about it, make a list, put it down on paper. You will, if you are really honest, find that you have a very short list. Because as an FP you yearned to *be a woman* and now you are one. You know it, your friends, coworkers and neighbors know it. What else do you need to prove? If you go ahead and have surgery are you going to go to those same friends, relatives, co-workers and neighbors and life your skirts, pull down your panties and say, "Look what I've got now! Before I was just fooling you about being a woman, but now I'm for real, see!" Of course you aren't, nobody else has to use their genitals to prove themselves in the world (except for prostitutes). So these people wouldn't even know what happened. You could have been on a vacation or been in the hospital for appendicitis, hemorrhoids, or a hysterectomy yet for all they know. So how are you better off? Ah, your list has at least one entry—a) I can now have sex with a man. Big deal! In imagination this might even seem pretty great because "now I'm so real that he can put it in me." But after the novelty of that "proof of femaleness" has worn off, how often are you going to want to submit to that for his benefit since you won't get much out of it—the great majority of operatees no longer have sexual feelings in their genitals. You'll even get tired of squealing and breathing hard to "prove" to the partner that he gave you a real great orgasm. Men want to feel that they did that, you know—(remember when?) and if you don't put on a good fake show they get unhappy, suspicious—or friendly with another girl. But even if you should find the experience enjoyable there is still the problem of do you get it by just "sleeping around" like an unpaid prostitute or are you going to be orthodox and get married? If you take this path are your abilities as a cook, housekeeper, companion, etc., all that a husband would expect of a wife. Since half of all regular marriages end in divorce in spite of all the training girls get in homemaking,

what chance do you think an untrained "Jane-come-lately"-type of wife has of making a go of it?

I haven't said anything yet about the cost and the pain and the inconvenience. Both cost and pain are very high. The inconvenience of not being able to sit down comfortably for several months, of having to leave the stent (vaginal form) in place 24 hours a day and of changing it frequently are all part of the cost. Unfortunately people can't deal with pain in prospect. Anticipated pain doesn't hurt at all but I've heard a lot of them say that "I couldn't believe the pain, it was a lot worse than I expected!"

The most successful changeovers that I know are those that were in a kind of a job that they could and did just leave on Friday as he and come to work Monday as she—with adequate warning and preparation of others, of course. Some worked in their own business like photography or music scoring, etc. and they just told people and customers what was going to happen and then let it. As long as they continued to do as good work, of whatever kind it was as they used to, the customers couldn't care less. Well, if these people after several years of living as a woman still wanted surgery it was just frosting on their cake. One of my very good friends told me during this preparatory period, "I won't have surgery until I don't need it." That sounds kind of weird but there is a lot of deep sense in the remark because what she was referring to was the large number of people who have a terrible driving compulsion toward the surgery and who therefore generally have it when they really are not prepared for the consequences. When she didn't "need" it, would be a time when she could quietly and intelligently contemplate the whole thing and make a calm decision about it. I couldn't argue with that and in due course she did have it and her boss even contributed to the cost of same and she has worked as a man, a pre-op and a post-op in the same job with the same people and everyone respects her and she has a very responsible position.

Strangely enough even though I am not in favor of surgery for the great majority who clamor for it because I just don't think they want it for the right reasons and have a full enough understanding of the implications of what they are doing, four of my closest girl friends are all post-operative transexuals. True, they are all intelligent people which is one criterion but I think we as girls can be closer and better friends than we could ever have been if I had been Charles and they



JULIAN ELTINGE
Famous Impersonator of 50 Years Ago

what chance do you think an untrained "Jane-come-lately" type of wife has of making a go of it?



JULIAN ELTINGE



Fantasies Fulfilled

.....BY MAIL

YOU CAN BE A.....GIRL TOO!!
 NOT ONLY CAN YOU BE A GIRL, YOU CAN
 BE THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS AND YOUR FANTASIES.

APRIL ADAMS, A LEADING FASHION COUNSELOR
 AND MODEL, WILL HELP YOU REALIZE YOUR DREAMS.

APRIL'S SERVICES INCLUDE

MAKE UP CONSULTATION

SHOPPING SERVICE

FASHION ADVICE

CUSTOM CLOTHING

HAIR STYLING

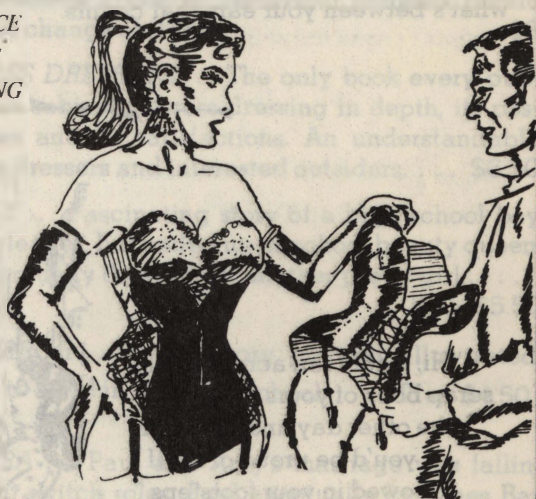
CORSETRY

LINGERIE

WIGS, COSMETICS

CUSTOM SHOES

T.V. SPECIALTIES



APRIL GUARANTEES STRICTEST CONFIDENCE, LOW
 PRICES, HIGH QUALITY, AND MOST OF ALL,
 LONG EXPERIENCE AND A SINCERE INTEREST IN
 YOUR PROBLEMS AND SUCCESSES.

FOR CATALOGUE SEND \$2.00 TO: APRIL ADAMS
 P. O. BOX 1624 PHILA. PA. 19105



had been John, Michael, Phillip and William. Men have a shell around them that they don't let others penetrate through, lest they should find within that shell some trait or interest that is slightly feminine and not adequately macho-masculine. But girls and women don't operate under that worry and thus as girls the five of us have nothing to hide—we have already revealed our femininity by simply being what we are and there is nothing further to be secret about or be ashamed of. But note that four of them have been through the surgery business and I haven't. Yet I'm absolutely just as well off as any of them. Their surgery hadn't done them any real good—beyond what they would have gained by just being themselves, as women I mean. So I am about \$5,000 and a lot of pain and discomfort ahead of them.

So, in conclusion, give yourself a fair chance to think over the benefits of being a transgenderist if you are really determined to live completely as a woman and to *know* that being a woman is truly a gender matter and doesn't depend on what's between your legs. It's what's between your ears that counts.

"Hi, Dad! I ran across an old scrap book of yours in the attic the other day and I thought you'd be proud of me if I followed in your footsteps."



PRICE LIST

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

Per copy, Issues 63 and after are available (except 65, 71) \$6

Annual Subscription \$36

SEPARATE BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$5.00

HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE . . . A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing, jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status. \$8

UNDERSTANDING CROSS DRESSING . . . The only book every published which examines the subject of cross dressing in depth, its possible causes, its problems and its satisfactions. An understandable explanation for both cross dressers and interested outsiders. . . . \$6.50

FATED FOR FEMININITY . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheerleader, but ended up as school beauty queen, most popular girl, and eventually the bride of another pretty girl. . . . Illus. \$5.50

TALES FROM PINK MIRROR . . . A long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. . . . Illus. \$4.50

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA . . . Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. Illus. \$5.50

I AM A MALE ACTRESS . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. . . . Illus. \$5.50

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

Illus. \$5.50

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM . . . A high school boy finds himself outclassed by a girl, wears her clothes as a penalty, required to maintain role by sisters, joins a sorority. Accepted by his family he gets job, meets girl, falls in love, reveals all, they become engaged. In two parts. Each part Illus. \$4.50

IDEAL MARRIAGE . . . A really good TV story with an understanding wife, business associates, etc. In three parts. Each part \$4.50

SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE . . . Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girls' school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$4.50

HIS AND HER EQUALS THEIRS . . . Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie . . . and stays that way. \$3.50

Issues 20 and 51 are available at a special close-out price, but 50 cents postage is required. Per copy, \$2.50

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

RENTAL COPIES

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

TO HELP WITH POSTAGE, PLEASE ADD 15% TO ALL ORDERS.

MERCHANDISE

M2 JELLY KIT, FOR INSERTS: Consists of two chemicals—one liquid, the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly-filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided, also suggestions for producing "cleavage." **JELLY KIT \$6**

M4 REGULAR INSERTS ALONE: For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own, the inserts can be obtained separately. **INSERTS, PER PAIR \$6**

M8 MASTECTOMY INSERTS: For those desiring a larger bust, it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give, thus being more natural on a larger figure. **INSERTS, PER PAIR \$6**

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

M5 "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two separate shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derriere to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. **PER PAIR, \$5.50**

M9 HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary, they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle, they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. PER PAIR, \$7

M10 FRONT PAD WITH A GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs up against the stomach. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. Wear with a lubricated sheath for greatest comfort. PAD, EACH \$5.00

M11 SMALL FRONT PAD: Designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth, rounded feminine control. PAD, EACH \$3.50

All items are sold on a cash in advance basis. C.O.D. and open account orders cannot be honored. Canadian subscribers should make payments in U.S. funds by postal money orders or bank drafts, not by personal checks.

Other foreign customers should pay by checks from their bank drawn on a U.S. correspondent bank and in U.S. funds. Allow extra money for postage and a credit slip for the excess will be returned with the order. Foreign postage is higher than the 15% applicable to domestic postage.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90036

Publication Policy

Transvestia is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be 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.

The Society for the Second Self

This is our social organization. Application for membership in the Society (more informally known as Tri Sigma Sorority) may be made after fulfilling either of two prerequisites: a) having purchased from Chevalier Publications *and read any* five issues of *Transvestia* or b) purchasing and reading a copy of a special booklet about the Society obtainable from the Society at the address below. Acceptance into the Society is dependent upon approval of the application payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in making your entry in the Directory of Members of Tri Sigma Sorority. Admission into local groups generally requires an interview by some member of that group. Five or more members may form a group and request designation as a chapter.

Mail Forwarding Service

A correspondence forwarding service is maintained for members of Tri Sigma so that it is possible to make contact with other members near or at a distance. Contact is made by the use of code numbers assigned to members and personal security is thus maintained.

Ads for *goods and services* are accepted for publication in this magazine where they are appropriate. Ask for rates.

TRI SIGMA SORORITY
Box 36091, Los Angeles, California 90036



CHEVALIER Copyright

© 1977 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Box 36091 • Los Angeles, California 90036

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