

# Transvestia

\$6.00

## FICTION

Showtime  
More than Talented

## ARTICLES

Transvestite Liberation  
Closet Variety  
Dainty Digits

## COMMENTARY

"Grandma" Rides Again

## HISTORY

Out of the Past

## VIRGIN VIEWS

The Transcendents

Volume XVI No. 95

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



### THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



### A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

# *Transvestia*

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FICTION

SHOWTIME

Dee Raymond

The show was obviously failing. Not even Joe Dubilow bothered now to give the dancers a hearty goodnight. "I guess that means we've had it!" exclaimed Cindy Brenner to the little group following her.

David Rennick glanced in through the stagedoor-keeper's lodge window. Dubilow was reading the entertainment section of an evening paper. There'd be a review in there somewhere of "The Great Shoot-Out," damning it with the faint praise that had been the show's lot since Baltimore. "Old Joe always knows," said David softly, slipping his arm through Cindy's. They'd been going together since the second day of rehearsals, over six months, and all the "kids" recognized them as a pair.

"Where're we going tonight?" asked Marty Salter. He was the kind of male dancer whose slimness and smooth features made people raise their eyebrows and smile knowingly. Yet, he too was paired, to Sally Rader, a striking, big-busted girl, who stood taller than any of them in her high heels.

"To Fatima's!" shouted Cindy, pointing up the Great White Way. "Our taste buds deserve it!" Her shoulder-length red hair was blown all about her laughing face as she turned out of the alley into the street proper.

"Besides, it's the only place you still have credit." Ace Demanski's growl only made the group laugh and giggle more. You could always count on Ace to be glum and serious even when they were all trying to be jolly, and, as well, it was true that money ran through Cindy's fingers like water.

"Seriously though," said David, when they were seated on the brown, leather-covered benches that Ali, the proprietor, called "booths," "our being here is as stupid as this show we're trying to fob off on the public."

"Tush, child," Rosalie Hammond, the pert Eurasian, put a green-tipped finger on her dark lips. "Don't ever bite the hand that feeds you."

"Feeds us!" Now, Ace was joining in, too. "Look at the pack of us. We twelve keep that whole show going, and look who's on the percentages. Not Nadine or any of the backers. Oh no. Not Miss Congeniality. Ugh!"

David hadn't wanted to get Ace started again, even though he could sympathize with him. They all felt it, he was sure. The very unfairness of the system wrangled. They'd had nothing to do with setting up the show, but the demands of Director Nadine Boorman that they be actors, singers, as well as dancers, on stage almost constantly, even for costume changes, were adding up to be too much. And now, with the last pay day missed, all the "troupe," at least they were together in that, all they could afford was coffee at this second-rate diner, while listening to last year's hits on the jukebox.

"Come on, Dave. Let's dance." Cindy had his hand, pulling at him, and he followed her willingly. Ali didn't have a license but he didn't object to them dancing in the small space behind the machine. The girls were good, and the boys were sometimes better. Ali would beam and say it was good for business, though nobody ever gave them more than a second glance. David cynically guess that Ali was just trying to be friendly enough to get them to stop calling the Bazaar-am-Baal Coffee House, "Fatima's."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We lack élan," he returned to his theme later as he and Cindy prepared for bed, in the bed-sitter, they shared in the boarding-house.

"Oh, David," she said, tired and snuggling down into the soft mattress. She'd heard him go on about this topic before.

"We don't do anything that isn't predictable," said David, slipping

in beside her, his warm toes on her cold ones. "We're all talented, sure." His arm went about her, pulling her body against his. "Marty and Babe are even really great. It'd all be fantastic in support of one eye-catching or heart-stopping idea."

"Yes, David," murmured Cindy. She closed her mouth over his, realizing that it would be the only way to stop him once he was in flow. He yielded reluctantly, but her mouth was insistent and her body inviting. Soon he was responding nicely and they melded together. It doesn't matter how the lousy show works out, thought Cindy. I've got you, David, and I would never have even met you but for Nadine's idea for the show.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the one thing that had never happened yet, thought Nadine savagely, and now it had to happen! Of the six boys and six girls who made up the show, Johnny "Babe" Corbin was the youngest at 19, there had never been three ill for one show. And, just on the night when two of the show's backers were in town to decide whether to pull the plug or to keep the show on for a while longer in the hope of re-couping some of their losses, three girls were out.

Nadine bit at her elegant, red fingernails. She could not afford another loser. Three in a row, and this would be her third, would be the "out" from directing for her. They'd gone on before with five pairs, even with four, but never with three. It just wouldn't be a show with three. Oh, damn Jackie, Shirley and Danielle, she thought savagely. It just couldn't happen that three girls would go down on the same day.

She looked about the stage. The set and the performers were in place. From the orchestra pit, there came the sounds of tuning up along with a few practice riffs from the two or three numbers from the show that were already well known. Ace Demanski, in top hat and tails, glared at her from the doorway to the "Roaring Twenties" speakeasy. Jackie should have been there in a long, black evening dress, her flapper costume concealed beneath the gown. They would have to fill in for her, which meant an awful strain on the three girls. It would be tough on the others, too, trying to give and receive the right cues, and make the whole show a polished one. But they were all good kids . . . . If only she had another girl!

Nadine's eye swept over the group, checked their costumes. Marty Salter never looked butch enough, she thought angrily. If only he could be as tough a man as he was agile as a dancer .... She stopped, suddenly, a mad thought chasing through her mind. Marty looked back at her becoming nervous under her staring. Why not, she thought savagely. At least, it'll give them a show tonight. Nadine Boorman may be failing, but she'll go out with something for everyone to talk about.

"Come with me," she snapped at Marty, heading off stage towards the dressing rooms. She waved Farrell Prior, the only male black on the cast, to take over Marty's position. Sally Rader wouldn't mind, she thought fiercely. Farrell would make that pairing work much more attractively to the "liberated" audience they usually got at their performances.

Marty followed her very reluctantly down the narrow passage. He didn't know why he'd been pulled off the stage. Of all the dancers—they still thought of themselves that way despite what they were called upon to do—he was the most versatile. He'd done every role on the road, and he could pick up and do sections of others when they were missing, even for the girls at rehearsals. He was more versatile than anyone else, save for possibly David, who was a study of the show itself. Better for Nadine to leave out the inexperienced Babe, he thought miserably, not Marty Salter.

"Come on! Come on! We haven't got all day!" Nadine snapped at him and turned into the girls' dressing room. The dresser, Millie, looked up anxiously at the director's invasion of the room. Marty stopped at the door, the top hat twisting nervously in his hands. "Get Jackie's things ready!" ordered Nadine.

Millie blinked. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. "She's better?" she asked.

Nadine's mouth smacked in annoyance. She turned and eyed Marty. Millie's eyes followed hers and came to rest on Marty, who stood now stiff with shock and fear. Slowly, Millie began to smile.

"Use a shoulder-length wig, with heavy bangs," said Nadine curtly. "And long gloves. Gloves for all his skits. Short, black lace ones underneath. You'll have to stuff her out everywhere, too. Cotton-wool if you've nothing more realistic. And really heavy on the makeup."

"I-I'm not going to do it!" Marty had at last found his voice.

"Of course you are!" Nadine descended swiftly upon him, seized his arm, pulled him into the dressing room and slammed the door. "The livelihoods of over one hundred people depend upon you! You know the part and you know that we need four pairs out there!"

"But I'm not an impersonator!" he cried, sinking onto a soft chair. All about were the other girls' things—their street clothes, their lingerie, even the makeup kit Sally had "liberated" from him. "I don't have a voice!"

"I'll do that myself from an offstage mike," hissed Nadine. "Now, get your clothes off and let Millie go to work."

\* \* \* \* \*

David was sure that the show would be cancelled for the evening. They were already ten minutes past curtain time and Nadine had not returned to the stage. He had wandered over to swap cues with Farrell, now in Marty's spot on the stage.

"No sweat, man," beamed Farrell, his arm resting lightly on Sally's waist, while she seemed happy to have it there.

"If we go, of course," said David, catching Cindy suddenly waving to him. He turned. Nadine was bearing down on him, a dark-haired girl behind her.

"In your places," Nadine snapped, glowering at David. "And you're off tonight, Mr. Corbin." She didn't even look as Babe's worried glance disappeared while he slipped away. Nadine turned to the girl. "Come on!" she snapped. "You know where to start!"

The girl was wearing Jackie's long black evening gown, finding herself having to mince just like Jackie to get into position. Even the necklace and long, silvery-tasselled earrings were like Jackie's, but she also wore white evening gloves, the only real difference to the girl whose spot she was taking. It was hard to see if she was pretty because of the amount of stage makeup she wore—even over her throat and upper arms. She certainly was attractive, at least as good a looker as Jackie. Nadine had swept away imperiously and the

curtain was going up just as David heard Ace's muffled expletive, followed by, "Marty, how could you do it?" in a tone that sent chills up and down the spines of each performer so that their first number was likely the low point of the evening.

David found it very hard to play to Marty, either in the long gown, or in the short, flapper dress with the black garters and flowered slip showing. It was disturbing to watch Marty do the "chorus" dances with the other girls, not missing a step and doing every action so girlishly and prettily. Then, with Nadine's voice coming out in place of Marty's, when he and David did Jackie's piece as a hooker, it made the whole scene so real that David quite forgot that it was Marty and he ended the dance as usual with the kiss he gave Jackie at the finish of the scene.

"Oh, David," said Cindy in a tiny, fake-sobbing voice as Ace and Sally took the limelight. "Is she taking my place? How was it for you? Does she turn you on more than me?"

They had to join the others for an involved scene of partner-shifting so that David could do little to assuage his chagrined feelings. Still, he felt for Marty. He wondered how the others felt about the turn of events. At least, Marty was making a show possible, and it was turning out well, too. He was a much better "Jackie" now than was Jackie herself. In the "Can-Can," he was positively scintillating and the sparse audience gave him a special round of applause for his efforts.

The finale through at last, David was ready for a quick withdrawal. The house was small and they'd all worked hard, but Nadine had come on stage. *Oh, oh, here it comes, thought David. Now we close.* He pressed hard on the hands of Cindy on his left and Marty on his right. Marty breathed lightly, his bust, rising and falling, the equal of Cindy's, his mouth a painted-on Cupid's bow of red lipstick.

"This was a special performance tonight," stated Nadine directly into the mike, and everyone gave her their attention. "We usually have six pairs in this show, but tonight there were only four—because three of our girls were very ill and couldn't make it."

Marty's hand suddenly clasped David's very hard, but Nadine was going on. "Just to make a show for you, one of our male performers

has been a girl all night. I'd like to introduce him to you." There was an expectant hush. Marty was looking down at the stage, the extra thick, dark lashes hiding his eyes. Even to David's inexperienced gaze, Marty seemed flushed.

"Could you tell who it was?" Nadine was actually challenging the audience. There were cries of "no" from several sections. "Here he is, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Marty Salter." She turned and stepped over to Marty, leading him forward. There was applause like the troupe had never heard in that little theatre, or never had to that point, anyway. Ace, the next man in line, looked in amazement at David.

"Now, take off your wig, darling," said Nadine. Poor Marty, thought David. He could do little else but oblige.

It wasn't until they were back in their dressing room, Marty having gone with the girls, that David realized that the show's closing had not been announced. Perhaps she forgot about it, he thought, not daring to think that *The Great Shoot-Out* might actually be extended.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey, have you seen the reviews of Marty's performance?" Rosalie Hammond threw the paper onto the crowded lunch table at Fatima's.

"Have you seen Marty?" growled Ace, his dark glasses covering the ravaged appearance of his eyes.

"After the way you guys treated him last night?" Sally was still angry. The troupe had teased David and Marty unmercifully about the kiss in the hooker scene, Cindy being the worst. When she asked Marty how much he charged, and if he'd recommend David to Marty's new friends, Marty had finally had enough. He'd hardly said a word anyway after the show, or at Fatima's. But after Cindy's question, he'd almost run out of the coffeehouse with Sally chasing after him, leaving several nasty expressions about Cindy's parents behind her.

"It was all in fun," said David placatingly.

"Fun!" snapped Sally Rader.

"The reviews, kiddies! The reviews!" Rosalie picked up the paper and languidly let it go. "Marty gets a whole paragraph, and all of it good! Wanna bet there'll be a big house tonight?" Her tone was mocking, spiced with innuendo.

There was a stunned silence at the table. In the background, cups rattled as secretarial workers hurried off to their offices as lunch hour abruptly ended. "They-they'd be coming to see Marty," said Sally slowly.

"Oh, but he wouldn't have to . . ." Cindy began, but then she saw David's face. She took his arm and hugged it to her. "Oh, the poor kid," she said softly.

"Well," said David. "Be nice to him tonight, do you hear?"

"Yes," said Cindy and Sally in unison. They stared at each other and then looked away. Everyone seemed more than a little embarrassed.

"We're, uh, we're supposed to rehearse today," said Farrell.

"That's right, dearies," Rosalie gave Farrell and Ace a pat on their knees. "Let's all go and shake our tails." As she stood and made exaggerated progress towards the door, they all began to smile. No one could stay mad for long with Rosalie around.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nadine was in deep conversation with a little group of dark-suited men throughout the "rehearsal" so that it was actually Sally Rader, who had choreographed most of the dances, with no billing, who ordered them about. As a rehearsal, the time spent was wasted, as Marty wasn't there, and Jackie was just going through the motions — her voice quite gone with acute laryngitis.

At the end of the desultory session, Nadine left her little group and spoke directly to Sally. "Where's Marty?" she asked.

Sally shrugged. "I don't know," she said.

"Come on now," snapped Nadine. "You're living with the guy, aren't you? What's the matter with him?"

Sally was wearing a loose sweater and dancing tights. With her hands on her hips, and without makeup, she looked like a very tough, muscular woman—which she was. "You humiliated him last night," she said, giving the director a very cool look. "I won't be surprised if he never comes back to the show."

For a moment, Nadine looked a little stunned which made even David Rennick feel a little twinge of satisfaction. It took quite a lot to pierce "Miss Congeniality's" cool. Nadine had reached the stage through the beauty contest route, and each of the "kids" secretly cheered Sally on.

"Then, he won't get paid tonight," said Nadine frostily. "And neither will any of you unless Marty performs."

Sally was the only one not to show concern. "You want him to do his own part, or Jackie's?" she asked quite coolly.

Nadine's dark eyes flashed. "Jackie's part," she hissed.

Sally gave her a very long look. "All right," she said finally. "I'll talk to him. I'll let you know what he says."

Beautiful! David Rennick chortled inside. Sally was treating Nadine in just the same way that Nadine treated them. It was just great to see Nadine take some of the treatment that she liked so much to give.

\* \* \* \* \*

"He's in Nadine's office," Ace jerked a thumb at the wall behind him when David got into the dressing room that night.

"Is he going on?" asked David. He saw Babe sitting off in the far corner, only partly dressed, as if he knew he wouldn't be on at all.

"Why not?" Farrell chimed in, doffing his top hat at a very rakish angle. "She needs the bread as much as the rest of us."

"She?" Ace was disconcerted.

"He means Marty," said David with a grimace. "Come on, Farrell.

"That isn't fair. If Marty does the part, he'll put money in your pocket, too."

"Sure she will," Farrell grinned at David.

"Besides," said David, stripping off his levis. "What would you do if Nadine walked in here, and said that Marty wouldn't go on, and you'd have to do Jackie's part. Would you?"

Farrell cocked his head to one side and grinned wide enough to show his gold fillings. "Would you?" he countered.

David didn't have to answer that, for, at that moment, Nadine Boorman came in through the door. She was scowling fiercely. She glared at one dancer and then another until each was forced to look away, their throats suddenly dry. It was hard, David found, to swallow.

"Marty tells me what a bad time you guys gave him last night," Nadine's voice was raspy, as if she'd been doing a lot of talking. "What a bunch! After he saves the show, and gives me one of my greatest ideas ever, you guys put him through hoops." She glared at Farrell. "Well tonight, I'll have you know, we have a full house." She paused to let those words sink in. "Yes, a full house, gentlemen. And all to see Marty. But we're going to cross them up tonight." She glared anew at David Rennick. "We're going to lip-sync all the parts with the Baltimore tapes, so that the performers only have to dance and act. What's more," she'd shifted on to Ace Demanski, who glowered back at her, "your parts tonight will all be done by somebody else."

"After about thirty seconds of uncomfortable silence, David finally asked, as Nadine gloated at them, "We're all tired?"

"Perhaps," Nadine's tone was mocking. She turned and spoke to someone just outside the door. "O.K., Millie, bring them in."

Millie, the grey-haired old woman who dressed the girls, pushed in a rack of sequinned, glittering dresses and costumes. "Take off your top hats and tails, fellers," she was grinning. "The girls need 'em in the other room."

"You mean . . ." There was a desperate, sinking feeling at the pit of David Rennick's stomach.

"Yes," Nadine Boorman was crowing. "We're going to reverse all the roles tonight. It'll be the biggest thing along the block in years!"

As she spoke, another woman came into the room—a woman, at least, at first glance—but David recognized Marty with a second look. It was hardly the Marty Salter whom he knew. Marty's hair was long and styled in feminine fashion about his bejewelled ears. His face was made up, too, his cheeks rouged, his nose powdered, his eyes mascara'd, his lips glossed. He wore a two-piece suit, green, with a pleated skirt. A soft green, silk blouse complimented his outfit as did the dark stockings and green high heels. A faint smile, apprehensive, played across his pink lips.

"Marty, is that you?" Farrell Prior mimicked in a high, unnatural voice. He flipped a wrist limply at the feminine figure. Marty blushed and bit at his lip. He was forced to look down, showing the blue eyeshadow on the back of his eyelids. The other guys also looked away, embarrassed both by Marty's appearance and by Farrell's remarks.

"Farrell!" Nadine was enraged. For a moment, it appeared that she might attack the black actor-dancer, who for the first time, looked a little abashed. With an effort, Nadine regained her self-control. "Millie," she said curtly, turning to the smug dresser. "Help the girls," she snapped the word out, "into dresses for their first number. Those that aren't dressed and on the set in twenty minutes can leave right away—without pay!"

As soon as Nadine had left, Millie's face broke out in a big smile. "O.K., girlyes," she snickered. "Into your panties first!" She held up a pair of red, bikini briefs.

"Give 'em to Marty," said Farrell savagely. "You're not gonna get the rest of us into them!"

Millie was somewhat taken aback. Marty sat down daintily on the chair in front of his mirror. He took off his jacket showing a surprisingly feminine bust through his soft, silk blouse.

"I'm not gettin' tarted up like her!" In moments of stress, Ace reverted to an English, working class accent, though he hadn't seen London since he was a child.

Marty flushed and glanced at David Rennick beside him. Rennick immediately looked away, not daring to look into his friend's feminized face.

"You'll have to, you know," said Marty in a low voice. "She won't pay you if you don't—and you won't be able to do anything about it."

"Oo! Listen to 'er!" Ace made a limp-wristed gesture at Marty. His voice was high-pitched, but there was a touch of hysteria in it.

"Knock it off, Ace," said David quietly. Beside him, Marty had opened up a makeup kit and was beginning to work on his eyes.

Ace seemed about to make a furious reply, but Nadine came suddenly bursting back into the tense, crowded dressing room. "Ace," she said conversationally as if nothing else was going on, "I need you as a man tonight to make five pairs. Your costumes are in the other room. So, you can go there to dress."

Ace stood and gave the other guys a look of scorn. "See you, girlies," he said softly as he went out, bowing and leering, after Nadine.

"Damn it! I'm . . ." Farrell stood and hurled a large jar of cold cream against the door. It shattered and cream spread out in a great starburst before trickling down the wood in greasy rivulets.

"You can't do anything, can you?" Marty was touching up his eye-shadow. Then he stood, undid the zip at his waist and took off his pleated skirt. Beneath was the lower half of a white slip, gathered at the hem into little embroidered flowers. Marty began to undo his blouse. "I feel sorry for you all. But dressing as a woman isn't all that bad, really. In fact, it can even be lovely, if you're a transvestite like me." He nodded as he took off his blouse, showing the upper part of the slip and the bra straps beneath. He flicked his long hair behind his earrings. "You'll be able to stand it for a few performances, until the novelty wears off."

"And what will Nadine have for us then?" asked David fearfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cindy Brenner felt very silly in the top hat and dark trousers that David normally wore. It was lucky that the boys and girls in the troupe were so close in height and weight. But, the suit jacket was still a size too large, and besides, this idea of Nadine's was outrageous. She wouldn't blame the boys at all for not going along with it. She looked about at the others. Only Sally looked uncomfortable while Ace was positively beaming.

Cindy heard the rustling of the evening dresses before she saw the "girls" enter the stage. She heard Ace's guffaw, too, which didn't help any of them—not even the super-cool Rosalie, peering out past the props, her top hat at a rakish angle. Marty was the first one to come into Cindy's view. In the long black wig and the black evening dress, he looked just like he had in his previous performance as "Jackie."

A blonde followed Marty, so much like Jean Harlow in her white, sequined gown that Cindy's breath was taken away. It was only when the blonde turned in profile and went blushing to line up with Ace Demanski that Cindy realized that "she" was Babe Corbin. He looked so real, even in the sexy way that he walked on his white, high heels, that Cindy was intrigued.

The brown-haired girl in the dark blue evening gown, tight all the way below her knees, save for the flared little skirt just above her ankles, wore Cindy's dress in a nervous kind of way. She was forced to take small steps by the skirt, but she moved most woodenly. "David?" asked Cindy breathlessly. The brunette was very thickly made up, her heavy earrings and thick hair giving her an exotic appearance.

"If you laugh, I'll kill you!" David Rennick muttered from lips heavily painted with scarlet. Apart from the shake of the jelly-filled bra at his chest, his panties and tights were giving him a very odd feeling inside the soft but clinging dress.

"No," said Cindy, shaking her head. "You look all right."

But that made David feel even worse.

Nadine had already announced her "surprise" to the audience so that the burst of applause that erupted as the curtain went up was a shock to the performers. They didn't really recover from their first

wooden number but the audience didn't seem to care. The "Can-Can," with the boys showing their frilly panties, black garters and petticoats along with many high kicks, wasn't really up to the standard of the girls, but they received much more applause than the girls had ever received.

Nadine had the boys remove their wigs at the end of the session so that they could feel properly foolish standing before the audience in various stages of a woman's undress. The heavy applause didn't help at all nor did the snide remarks from Ace and some of the stage hands as they swished, wiggled or tiptoed back to the dressing room.

"Never again!" snarled Farrell Prior, throwing his Afro wig onto the table in front of his makeup mirror. He sat down in the loose-fitting gown he had ended in, the light-colored panti-hose and dark high heels making the most of his shapely legs.

Marty Salter took off his gown first and hung it on the rack. In bra, panties, nylons and garters, he looked disturbingly feminine as he sauntered to high table, a slight wiggle of his backside, a bounce at his chest. He took off the extra false eyelashes beneath his eyes, but left on his wig.

"Come on, Marty," said David Rennick awkwardly. He was sitting in slip and nylons, panties underneath. "At least, take your wig off."

Marty gave him a quizzical smile. David looked at himself in his mirror and could see why. His own hair was naturally long, and even though it was a mess, with long earrings and heavy makeup, he still looked like a woman.

Farrell was ripping the loose dress away from himself in frustration. A string of beads popped and beads cascaded all over the floor. In the white bikini panties, white stockings, garters and bra, Farrell looked just like a sexy, "foxy," black girl. Again, the lack of wig didn't hurt as the makeup changed his genderal orientation completely.

Babe Corbin was still in wig and long white evening gown, dabbing at his glossy, red lipstick. He made no effort to change his dress nor to take off his wig or makeup. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" he whispered to Clinton Hart, the sixth male dancer, a quiet, fair-

haired man, who was hurrying to change into his usual denim shirt and faded jeans. With his thick eyelashes, soft, powdered skin and lipstick, his naturally long hair pushed to one side, Clinton resembled a thin, not too well-endowed young girl.

David was the first to start work with the cold cream. Without makeup and still in women's underclothes, he looked very odd, but he changed quickly, slipping off the clinging hose. He felt so much better out of the tiny male bikini that Millie had given him to disguise his true sex to the audience. He felt somehow freer even in his tight-fitting jeans. But, beside him, Marty Salter had just exchanged his black panties for a pair of white ones. Marty was also adjusting his bra, and in front of him were pantihose and a white slip.

"I don't know how you can do it all the time," said David Rennick carefully, eyeing Marty's shapely legs as he maneuvered the hose over his painted toenails.

"I feel at home," said Marty in the feminine voice that David was now getting used to. "I've cross-dressed ever since I can remember."

"Nadine did you a big favor!" David was sarcastic, but he could see Babe Corbin standing, still in wig and evening gown, turning this way and that, looking with pleasure at his feminine silhouette in the mirror.

Marty shrugged. "She knew about me all right," he said hesitantly, "but if you all treat me as if I was queer . . ."

"You mean you're not!" David was incredulous.

There was pain in Marty's eyes. "Of course not!" he snapped in a very low voice. He fluffed out the dark wig and stared at his reflection in the mirror, dressed in the white, flowered slip and dark pantihose. "Sally and I get along great. I just have this thing about cross-dressing."

David was astonished by the revelation. He wasn't able to say much then for Nadine Boorman came in, a number of envelopes in her hand. She handed the top one to Farrell, dressed now in his dark suit, who snatched it, gave her a terrible grimace and then left hurriedly.

## Toupee, or Not Toupee



"Well," he said, managing not to blush, "we recently had a guy come in and buy a woman's wig. He went into our backroom, and when he came out he had changed into high heels, a dress, put on makeup and his new wig. He breezed out and went walking up Canon Drive."

"He was really very pretty," Mrs. Rike added. That did it. Picking up my notes, I ran out of the place. On the street I bumped into a girl who looked like Elke Sommer. "Out of my way, buster," I snarled, giving her a shove. If it was Elke, I apologize. But on Canon Drive, thanks to some people who can't leave well enough alone, you obviously can't be too safe.



Nadine looked after him, a cool, amused smile on her carefully made-up features. David took his envelope without looking at her, while Clinton, traces of eyeliner still about his eyes, shot away without a word. His wife, an ex-dancer, was expecting at any time, which explained much of his harried look lately. He really needed the money.

Marty's envelope was a little thicker than the others. He took it and put it in a little red handbag that David didn't remember seeing when he came in.

"Babe!" Nadine turned to the last of them. "I'm so glad you haven't changed. Our backers want to do the town tonight, and you can come with us and make a foursome!"

The look of pleasure on Babe Corbin's face was counteracted by the disgust shown by David Rennick and the relief on Marty's made-up face.

"I'd love to, Nadine," Babe said in a high-pitched voice that made nadine smile even more. She went over and took his hand. Babe was wearing the long, false nails Millie had left earlier—a bright, blushing pink to match the makeup he had re-done since entering the dressing room.

"Leave that dress on then," said Nadine, putting her arm about Babe's narrow waist in the white, sequinned dress. "Let's go right away. The men are waiting!"

When the pair had left, Marty let out a sigh even greater than the one released by David Rennick. "That woman!" he hissed, pulling up and fastening his green pleated skirt over his silk blouse. He took off his wig and took up a comb to style his own hair.

David Rennick wavered. Normally, he and Marty, perhaps with Ace and Farrell, would take the girls out for a drink on a pay-day. Now, Marty had become one of the girls! He didn't know what to do. "Well," he said awkwardly, "I've got to be going. Cindy's got to meet her sister uptown tonight."

Marty nodded with understanding. "See you tomorrow," he said

with a girlish smile. "Tomorrow we have a matinee show as well. Right?"

\* \* \* \* \*

In bed, later that night, after reassuring Cindy several times about his maleness—in the best way David knew of doing that—he told her how awkward he felt in the whole performance. With her sweat-streaked hair pushed back from her eyes, Cindy laughed as David related how the boys had struggled into different articles of women's underwear.

"But you know what a garter belt is," she insisted. "You've seen me wear one often enough."

"But I've never worn a garter belt before," explained David. "Not with nylon stockings, either, with those stupid seams you have to get straight."

"Ah, poor darling," said Cindy, lighting a cigarette. "I'll have to give you lessons with my clothes."

There was an uncomfortable pause between them for a moment. "I told Marty you had to see your sister tonight," said David gruffly, taking a drag from Cindy's cigarette. "I didn't think you'd want to go out with him the way he was dressed."

"Oh, I wouldn't have minded," said Cindy seriously and David pushed himself up on an elbow to stare at her. "I had a long talk with Sally. She's in love with Marty, you know, and she's the one who does his makeup and buys his dresses for him."

"You wouldn't have minded!" David's voice was choked.

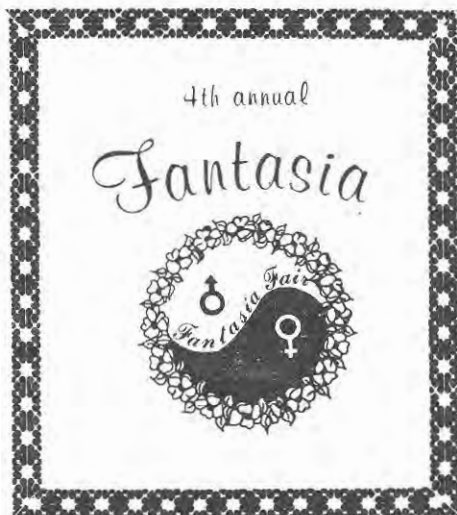
"Oh, not Marty," said Cindy, putting her arm about him. "You, I'd worry about, I suppose. But Sally's not worried about Marty. She says he's more of a man in bed with women's clothes than with men's. She told us all about transvestites. It's quite interesting really!"

"Cindy!" David stubbed out the cigarette, stretching over her. He dropped on her then and she protested—but not too hard.

"You know what Sally calls Marty when he's in drag?" she gasped, pushing out her arms behind David's neck. "She calls him Cindy—if you can believe that!" David's mouth closed over hers—but she got free. "What femme name would you like, darling?" she giggled into his ear. "Sally? or Davida? Or what about ...?" But by then David Rennick had already started something really interesting and Cindy wasn't at all worried about girls' names for her boyfriend.



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FICTION

## MORE THAN TALENTED

Dee Raymond

*This story is a sequel to the story, Talent, which appeared in #86. I received a letter about that story, from W.E.J., who asked if I would write another story about Angie, the "heroine" of that story. Believing that all letters should be promptly answered, I wrote back, "Sorry, but I can't think of any good follow-up to that first one. Besides, there are other stories I want to write." It was something like that, anyway. But as I was thinking about it, you can guess what happened. I started to think of this story. I hope you all like it.*

D.R.

Robert Cort was absolutely furious. Jean Rodriguez wished that the ground would open up and swallow her. She blinked back tears, thankful for the non-run mascara that she was wearing on her eyelashes.

"I don't know where she's gone, honest," she said tearfully.

Robert Cort's single-word expletive conveyed both his emotion and disbelief he had in her answer. "There is absolutely no way," he spoke harshly, "that one of the world's most famous and beautiful women," he stressed the last word, "could possibly be missing for the last three days. You must know where she is."

Despite his youth, not yet forty, Cort's hair showed grey streaks only along the sides. Yet, his moustache, which he'd only recently grown, and which his wife abhorred, was thick and black. With his face so angry and with his natural hawk-like nose and chin, Robert Cort was positively predatory as his dark eyes glittered at Jean.

"H-how should I know where she is?" Jean Rodriguez dabbed at the expensive makeup on her face. "I'm just her dresser these days. You're her husband, aren't you?"

"In name only." The bitter words were positively spat out of the hard, compressed mouth. "In name only, Jean. Don't you ever forget that!"

Jean quivered and even seemed to shrink before the president of Pacific Studios' forceful attack. Not since the wedding day of Robert Cort and Angie Saunders had she seen Robert Cort so upset. Not that you could have seen anything wrong in the picture on Cort's desk. Angie was positively ravishing as a bride in her white, lace dress. Her shoulder-length golden hair with the crown of flowers, the veil gently pushed to one side, gave her a sexy look even in her bridal wear. Robert Cort, the calm, fixed smile on his face, had not erupted until later, in the privacy of the bridal suite, where Angie and Jean had clung together, absolutely terrified by the dimensions of Cort's rage.

"Call your friends," Cort snapped. "She may be visiting one of your old friends from the Pearl City Revue."

Jean shook her head. "N-no," she stammered. "We've only seen Cathy Lord in the last couple of years. And that's only because she's been under contract here."

"I know that," Cort's manner was even more rude. He stood up and began to stalk about his dimly lit office. "We shall have to bring in a private detective," he said at last. "We can't have the studios' biggest star lost out there."

"But what will you tell them?" whispered Jean anxiously. "You couldn't tell them that..."

"No. Of course not," snarled Cort. "There are some things we can't tell anyone." He glared at her as he strode back and forth. "We'll have to tell the media that Angie Saunders is ill and won't be making any personal appearances for the next month. You'll have to confirm that she's with you out at Whiteside. Prime Cameron and Margot to say that, too, will you?" He scowled as he mentioned Jean's children, to whom he'd been a father over the last five years. He picked up the

calendar from the desk and glanced at all the appointments and interviews that Angie would miss over the next week—or even longer.

Jean was watching Robert Cort thoughtfully. "Publicity isn't needed for any of Angie's films, is it?" she asked.

Cort scowled fiercely. "There is some publicity which could wreck all our careers," he said in a very low tone. "But I don't know." He ran his hand through his short hair, and Jean suddenly realized how worried he was, too. "She could have gone off with a man, you know. She may have had an accident, and be in a hospital somewhere, a time-bomb, just waiting to go off in Pacific's corporate face." His expression darkened even more. "She could be off on a jag, or in the kind of hospital that does a special kind of surgery. We have to find her," he went on a touch of desperation joining the bitterness, "not for publicity's sake, but for our own."

Jean had begun to cry. "I don't know how she could do this to me," she sobbed.

Cort turned back moodily towards the dark window that looked out over the Pacific Studios complex. His eye was caught by the picture that the Publicity Department had put up on his wall. It was nearly a life-size picture of her, in a tight, black, evening dress. Tiny, silver straps over her shoulders held up the open front of the gown. A slit up the side showed off her beautiful legs and her open-toed high heels. She was smiling gaily at the photographer, her lips parted in fun, her eyes alight with mischief. The photograph showed well why Angie was the darling of the media. She was so attractively feminine and vivacious. She was everything a woman should be, thought Cort, angrily, of his wife. It was such a pity that Angie Saunders was really a man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arthur Mayer, recently appointed director of Pacific Studios, the "discoverer" of Angie Saunders, and long-time talent scout for the studios, had found just the man whom Robert Cort wanted. Glen Lincoln was only recently an exile from regular police and detective work. Eager for new and exciting cases, he had, however, been long enough on his own to understand the realities of the term, "private investigator."

"The job that Mr. Cort has for you," said Mayer quietly, "is a job that requires a fine sense of discretion." Lincoln nodded. He could be discreet if the price was right. "You will be very well paid. And, should you succeed, the company would be willing to extend to you a retainer so that your fine services will always be available to us."

Lincoln blinked and jerked his head. He was definitely intrigued. A permanent retainer! It was what he'd been looking for . . . No, what he desperately needed . . . since he'd left police work. He was about to subject Arthur Mayer to a barrage of eager questions, but they were interrupted by the sudden arrival of Pacific's president.

Cort stalked toward the shining, glass-topped, mahogany desk. Mayer leapt from the high, leather, padded chair, and scudded over towards the chair beside Lincoln like a sailboat at the approach of a high wind. Glen Lincoln took on Cort's tanned, muscular figure at a glance, the expensive sports shirt and well-tailored slacks. The grim set of the mouth and the quick glance from beneath the dark brows spoke of an unrestrained, relentless intelligence. The man must be a tireless worker, thought Lincoln. I'd guess that he drives his secretaries almost insane. Already Glen could feel the dislike rising within himself. This wasn't his kind of person. He wondered what a super-dish like Angie Saunders saw in him.

For his part, Cort was quite disappointed by Mayer's choice of detective. Lincoln was young, sandy-haired and apparently open and honest. Cort would have preferred someone older, greyer, more devious. He frowned, but remembered Mayer's success rate at discovering talent. Only Angie Saunders had fooled Mayer, but then she'd made the studios money on all of her fourteen pictures to date.

Cort sat down and looked directly at the pale eyes which were so busy sizing him up, too. "My wife, Angie Saunders," Cort stated flatly, "has been missing now for five days." Lincoln's face registered only polite surprise and Cort was put out. "It will be your task to find her."

"All right," said Lincoln calmly.

There was a silence for a moment as each man eyed the other coolly. "This will not be an easy task," said Cort. "You must not involve the police, nor the media, in this affair. And neither must you

convey to anyone that she is missing. You must phrase your enquiries to suit this purpose."

Lincoln's expression hardly changed. "Just how much do you want me to find her?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Cort snapped back.

"You're tying both my hands behind my back," Lincoln said bluntly. "If I can't even ask someone if they've seen her, how can I possibly make progress?"

"That's your problem," retorted Cort. "Our retainer will be very generous. We expect a very discreet level of performance from those who work for us. We expect the best—and we pay for it."

Lincoln nodded. Cort reached into his pocket and brought out a check. He slid it across the top of the desk. Lincoln had to fight to keep the emotion out of his face. It was enormous! He'd have had to work two years for the Police Department to make that amount of money.

"There'll be your expenses on top, of course," Cort's smile was amused and Lincoln hated him even more. It was enough to have to work for the man, but to have to know that the other knew how much he needed this job was downright humiliating.

\* \* \* \* \*

"She never did drive herself before," said Poole, the old, grey-haired black who manned the gate in the late afternoon at the studios, "which is why I remember her going off."

"Must have given you a surprise, eh?" Glen Lincoln chuckled.

"Why?" the old man bristled. "I seen them all, you know. I seen every big star come through this gate."

"Yeah," agreed Lincoln. "But how did you know it was her? Every girl in the world dresses like Angie Saunders these days."

"She stopped right here," said Poole, pointing at Lincoln's car. "And she still had her stage make-up on."

"Stage make-up?" asked Lincoln doubtfully.

"Sure," the gatekeeper smile, spreading his hands wide. "I went right over to her, and she asked me if it was all right to go out. Yessir, I looked right into that car. She was just wearing a little thing like a slip. Boy, you should see those legs, and her shoulders ain't bad, either." He laughed at his own witticism.

"She was wearing a little mini-dress?" Lincoln asked again with doubt in his voice. "But how about her hair?"

"All over the place. She's got a real mane," the old, black man laughed coarsely. "Just the kind I likes."

"We all do," said Lincoln with a smile.

\* \* \* \*

"Yeah, I remember the lady," said the motel owner. "Couldn't really forget her. Looked just like Angie Saunders, you know? Something wrong with her?"

Lincoln shook his head. "Not her, the car," he said. "The red Corvette. Her husband is being held on a hit-and-run charge up in 'Frisco. Supposed to have been that car. My boss wants him out as soon as we can. So, I got to get to her."

"Well," the motel owner shrugged. "She signed in as Rodriguez, see?" He turned the register to Lincoln. "She was pretty upset, you know."

"What?" asked Lincoln quickly.

"She'd been crying. Her eyes were puffy and red, you know. Still, she looked gorgeous."

"What was she wearing?" asked the detective.

"Oh boy!" the motel owner slapped the desk and grinned. "She had

this little dress that just came to here." He touched the top half of his thigh. "Silk-like, and was she stacked!" His hands made a gesture as if supporting two great weights on his chest. "She was showing me everything, even the frills on her panties, you know. I thought she was a high-class hooker at first—you can't be too careful in this business, you know—but, boy, she was too classy for that."

"You saw her leave the next day?" Lincoln was sure now that Angie Saunders, Mrs. Robert Cort, had stayed at the Golden Arrow Motel. But where had she gone then?

"Wouldn't have missed it," chortled the motel owner.

"Why?" asked Lincoln.

"Some of the construction boys from Sinclair came out and saw her," the man shook his head. "The comments they made were just downright crude. She was wearing a black skirt and black tights, I guess. She had this tight, black sweater, too. Oh, did it ever show her off!" His eyes closed as he remembered the sight with ecstasy. "And then she wore this kind of loose shirt over it as well. Her hair was just tied with a ribbon at the back. She could use makeup all right, too, but when Tommy, this big construction guy, says he wants to get into her panties, she just stopped and looked him up and down. Then she said he could wear all of her clothes if he liked. She just loved soft, sissy kind of men. Heck you never saw anyone as red as Tommy. He was the color of that Corvette! Then the guys started teasing him, too. She came over here, and gave me a wink when she paid me. I ain't seen anything like that way she walked back to that car to get in it. Man, I lie awake nights just thinking of that sashay!"

Lincoln laughed. He wondered how this guy would react if he told him who had really been staying in his roadside motel. The guy would likely to have a heart attack! He sighed. He must be discreet, Lincoln said to himself.

"But the car," he enquired at last. "Did you see where it went?"

"Sure did," said the man, pointing up the highway eastward. "Due east, on the highway. Looked like she was going a long way, too."

"Lincoln frowned. "Why'd you say that?" he asked.

"She had a raincoat attached on to one of her cases. I said she ought to put it away. But she said she'd need it soon where she was going."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sale price on the Corvette was quite a bargain. "Bought it from the original owner," said the proud salesman. "Only got 2,500 miles on its dash."

"Yes," said Lincoln. "It's the car I want. But how do I know that that mileage is correct?"

"I wouldn't turn the mileage back," huffed the car salesman. "It's against the law. Besides, that's what was on the car when it was brought in for sale."

"Can I check with the last owner?" asked Lincoln. "If I can, we'll have a deal for sure—if what you say is true."

"Well," the salesman was doubtful. "I bought it from this blond chick who was just passing through."

"Oh, yeah," Glen Lincoln was sarcastic. "Could be a hot car, then."

"Oh, no. She had a proper bill of sale," the salesman said rapidly. "I checked it out with the dealer in Los Angeles. It was her car all right. See!" He had been fumbling through some papers and he showed the bill of sale to Lincoln. "A. Rodriguez, and there's her signature. It's the same on both, or I'm a Dutch uncle."

"How did you know it wasn't a forgery?" asked Lincoln.

The salesman laughed. "I got the salesman in Los Angeles to describe the Rodriguez dame." He shook his head. "There can't be two chicks in the world with a figure like hers."

"A good figure?" Lincoln sounded interested.

"Man, you haven't seen anything like this doll," the salesman was warming up. "She was wearing this sweater, and she wasn't wearing no bra, see? And these white boots and a mini-skirt. I mean I was

biting the carpet when she talked to me. You know," he laughed, "she was a dead ringer for Angie Saunders."

"Angie Saunders?" Glen was very doubtful. "Oh, come on. No-one looks like her. She'd have to have been fantastic."

"She was! She was!" The salesman was becoming belligerent. "She was even better than Angie."

"So, didn't you try for her?" Lincoln was still very doubtful.

"Course," said the salesman. "But you know girls like that. Much too high class for the likes of us." His eyes flickered from Lincoln to the glass wall that showed his own reflection—and then came back again.

"Why'd she sell the car?" asked Lincoln.

The salesman shrugged. He was watching an older couple who were standing outside the window looking at the newer models on show. The husband was obviously trying to persuade his reluctant wife to enter the showroom. "How should I know?" the salesman asked.

Lincoln considered. "Well, I guess she didn't intend to stay around here if she sold the car."

"Right," said the salesman. "She said she wouldn't be needing the car back home—wherever that was."

\* \* \* \* \*

It hadn't taken Glen Lincoln more than a phone call to find out that the studio handout on Angie Saunders was completely false. She wasn't born on the day, or in the place, that the studio said that she was, nor even in that state. With Robert Cort locked into meetings with Pacific's Board, Lincoln took the opportunity to look over Angie's most recent film, which had been set up for a private showing to VIPs, critics, and friends, in the small theatre in Pacific's twin-towered administrative complex.

Within minutes, Glen Lincoln found himself absorbed in the

character that was Angie Saunders. Ostensibly, the role was simply a vehicle for the star and the studios to make money. Neither the sets nor the supporting actors or actresses approached the calibre of Angie. But then, it was hard for established stars to act with her, for she'd stolen every picture she'd appeared in. Despite her skimpy dresses and the magnificent costumes she wore, Angie rose above the lacklustre material she'd been given to work with. Whether dressing or undressing, she made of each movement, the taking off of an earring, the adjustment of a slip strap, or the fixing in place of a garter, a work of feminine art. Her dance routines, intended merely to parody Astaire/Rodgers, quickly turned into something more, and it was quite a shock to realize that the slim figure could dance so well. Even the vacuous, empty-headed blonde that Angie portrayed so easily was bestowed with characteristics, a frozen look, a twitch of an elegant hand, the pursing of her red lips, that showed the blonde to be aware, and yet trapped, in the role others had forced her to play. Her tragic death, so melodramatic with an actress of less character, and her puzzlement at the unjust fate she had received, carried off the show to a superb climax. Glen Lincoln left the theatre with a strange glow about him. He recognized now that Angie Saunders was more than talented. She was an original. He sensed this awareness in others about him, too, and was jealous. He had fallen in love with Angie Saunders, and he didn't want to share her with anyone else.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cathy Lord had obviously been working on a bottle of Scotch long before Lincoln arrived just before six that evening. In one of the supporting roles in Angie's latest film, she was often described as an "old friend" of Angie's. The way she was hitting the bottle, thought Lincoln, would soon make her fit the description of "old."

"Yeah," said Cathy unsteadily. "We're great friends." There were lines about her mouth and eyes that spoiled her generally haughty attractiveness. Relaxed as now, she appeared and even sounded bitchy. "Course she got the breaks, you might say, and the rest is history."

"Did you see much of her on the set?" Lincoln persisted in his attempt to tie down the relationship between Angie and Cathy Lord.

"Everyday," said Cathy, eyeing the decanter on the table.

"You knew her from the time she got started in the business," it was stupid thought Lincoln to even try to question a drunk.

"Oh, yes," said Cathy absently. "I was in the revue when Jean brought Angie in."

"Jean?" asked Lincoln quickly.

"Yes, Jean," said Cathy, suddenly giving him all of her attention, along with a wide smile that made all her lines and wrinkles disappear. "Jean Rodriguez. She lives with Angie and Bob out at Whiteside. Didn't you know that? She works as a kind of dresser-cum-secretary to Angie."

Lincoln was angry. Robert Cort had not mentioned this person to him, the one person in whom Angie might have confided if she had decided to run away from her husband. He rose to leave.

"There's more to that, you know," said Cathy Lord, carefully, "than meets the eye. We used to call Jean, Angie's wife, if you know what I mean." She smiled brilliantly at the detective.

Lincoln froze, his hand on the apartment door. He could feel the pulse beating intensely in his forehead. He was suddenly short of breath as if he had been kicked in the pit of his stomach. "You're saying that Angie Saunders," he snarled at the red-headed singer, "is a lesbian."

Cathy Lord opened her eyes in astonishment. Then, a wicked grin spread slowly across her face. "I've always felt so sorry for Bob Cort. Imagine never getting to sleep with the most beautiful thing in the world—even when you're married to it!"

With a snort of disgust, Glen Lincoln tore open the door and slammed out of the apartment. A friend of Angie Saunders, he raged. With a friend like that, Angie wouldn't need an enemy in the world. The more he thought of Cathy Lord, however, the more he recognized in her the jealousies that Angie must arouse in her competitors. It was truly amazing, he thought, the lies and deceptions, the failures would use just to justify their lack of success. Still, he'd go out to see this Jean Rodriguez. Funny how Angie had used that name in the sale of her Corvette. But the more he thought of Angie, the more he knew



"Quit dreaming, Paul. Hormones haven't been invented yet."

Cathy Lord's story for what it was—a pack of lies brought about by jealousy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile, the object of Lincoln's attention was nearly half a continent away, trying to make the nurse-receptionist clear about the request. "I'm sorry, Miss," the receptionist said at last. "Dr. Aaronson no longer practices at this clinic." She looked at the woman opposite her, trying to work out what was familiar about her. She had dark hair, thick and carefully arranged. She didn't wear very much make-up, seeming quite young. She was very pretty and her dark pantsuit didn't disguise her attractive, feminine figure.

"Oh, dear," she said softly, biting her soft lower lip. She was wearing a wedding ring as well as an enormous diamond as an engagement ring. "I particularly wanted to see him. He operated on me some years ago."

The receptionist was very polite. She knew Aaronson's reputation as a plastic surgeon but this woman didn't look like she'd ever had her face done. "Dr. Aaronson has retired now," said the nurse. "But we do have several fine surgeons here at the clinic. If you could tell me the surgery you had in mind . . ." The voice trailed away. The woman was shaking her head vigorously.

"No," she said. She stood and was about to leave the office when she stopped suddenly. "Excuse me," she said to the receptionist, who had just turned back to her typing. "Does Dr. Aaronson still live in Mallory Park?"

"He does," the receptionist was doubtful. "I could contact him for you if you like. His number is unlisted."

The girl hesitated, then considered. "Yes," she said softly.

"And who shall I say wants to see him?" asked the girl at the desk.

Again the girl hesitated. "Angie Rodriguez," she said at last. In saying the name, the nurse at last saw the resemblance she had been looking for. The girl resembled Angie Saunders, the movie star. And she even had the same name.

When the woman had gone, leaving the address of a local motel as her address in town, a very curious nurse-receptionist looked up the files on Angie Rodriguez. The surgery had been done over eight years before and had been a simple breast enlargement procedure. The intriguing and stunning fact, however, a talking point for the nurse and her friends for days after, was that Angie was short for the name "Angelo," and Angie Rodriguez was clearly listed as male in Dr. Aaronson's records, with "his," that is, Angelo's, profession listed as "female impersonator."

"And he's just fantastic," the receptionist told all her friends. "He even resembles Angie Saunders." Then the thought struck her that made them all giggle at the time. "I wonder what operation he wants from poor Dr. Aaronson this time!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jean Rodriguez did not like the detective or his questions. Her antipathy was matched by that displayed by Glen Lincoln. At her threat to call Robert Cort, the detective smugly told her to go ahead. It took awhile but she finally managed to get Robert out of a board meeting.

"What is it that's so important, Jean?" He was clearly angry at her call.

"Th-ther's a man here, a Mr. Lincoln," she stammered. "He says he's working for you, and he's asking lots of personal questions about Angie."

"Put him on," snapped Cort.

When Lincoln got to the phone, his smug expression soon changed, and Jean was pleased to hear Bob Cort's irate voice echoing from the receiver. "That's all very well," snapped Lincoln in return. "I know that she is your wife. But I have to know more about her to find her. You held out on me about Jean Rodriguez. Why didn't you tell me that her best friend was living here at Whiteside with you both?"

Whatever Cort's answer was, it was obviously to the point for Lincoln was shortly left holding a buzzing phone. He turned to Jean, animosity in his eyes. "Just tell me one thing," he said. "Are you sleeping with Angie Saunders?"

The expression of shock in Jean's eyes covered her thoughts. "What!" Her hands came up to her face. "Oh, however could you say such a thing!"

"I didn't say it!" snapped Lincoln, stretching the truth. "It's all over town. It seems that every one knows but your studio bosses."

"Oh!" Jean sat down in an armchair, her cheeks flaming. "Oh!" She stared wide-eyed at the detective.

Lincoln meanwhile was feeling cold chills again. Her reaction to his accusations was surprising to say the least. He had the feeling now, but he desperately didn't want to believe it, that Cathy Lord had been pretty close to the truth. It would explain Robert Cort's funny attitude, too. Suddenly, Glen Lincoln felt quite sick. He really didn't want any part of this at all any more.

Tears were flowing freely down Jean Rodriguez' face. "So that's why Angie took off," she sobbed.

"Yeah, probably," Lincoln's tone was sour even to himself.

"It's just for the children," said Jean, searching unsuccessfully for something to wipe her eyes.

Lincoln handed her a handkerchief. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Angie couldn't stand to have the children hurt," said Jean tearfully. "Not even by an untrue rumor!"

Lincoln started. "You mean she's not a lesbian?" he asked bluntly.

Jean was really shocked. "Whatever Angie is," she snapped through her tears, "Angie Saunders is not a lesbian."

"But she doesn't live with her husband," Lincoln took a shot in the dark.

"Well," Jean was mopping up her ravaged face now. "They do both live here, and they go out together."

"There's more than that to a marriage," said Lincoln pointedly. "By the way, where is home for Angie? And why does she use Rodriguez as a name to travel under?"

Jean stiffened. "Angie used Rodriguez?" she asked.

Lincoln nodded. "Where's home for her?" he repeated.

Jean looked confused. "Nowhere really," she said at last. "We've been just about everywhere through the Northeast and the Midwest."

She told the guy she sold the car to that she was going home. Now what would that mean?" Lincoln pursued relentlessly.

The effect of the last information upon Jean Rodriguez was startling. Her lips quivered and tears almost immediately began to spring anew from her red-rimmed eyes. "So that's what . . ." she sobbed in a low tone. Then she stood and between tears, she ushered Glen Lincoln to the great oak doors of Whiteside and pushed him out.

Glen Lincoln sat for a long time in his air-conditioned automobile in the long, tree-lined driveway. At last, reluctantly, he drove away. He soon found a spot, however, that concealed both his car and himself, but which Jean Rodriguez would have to pass either on her way to Pacific Studios or to the airport.

His wait was long and tedious. After five hours, a cab passed his waiting spot heading down in the general direction of Whiteside. He was rewarded a little later by a clear view of Jean Rodriguez' profile as the cab sped past him. He let the vehicle take a good lead, and would have lost it but for the fact that he knew its probable destination. As he had figured, Jean Rodriguez had an airplane ticket waiting for her at the airport. He barely had time to call Robert Cort's office and leave a message, before he, too, had to run to catch the plane for Chicago. Unlike Jean Rodriguez, he travelled economy class.

\* \* \* \* \*

Samuel Aaronson remembered Angelo Rodriguez. He had been extremely doubtful about what he had done for that young boy, but the girls he was with, what were their names? A Jean and a Cathy

among others, he remembered. Well, they were the ones who were so so insistent. There must have been six of them, he thought, or did Angelo make six? Anyway, he'd pumped them all up, given them all really nice boobs. But the boy. He'd said no a dozen times, but the girls had insisted, and the boy, he was pretty shy, but he'd gone along with it. Aaronson remembered how they'd behaved when he'd visited them all in the wards. Angelo, of course, had been in the same room as the women. And all dressed up in the sexiest of lingerie—naturally! You couldn't tell him apart from the others after they'd finished fixing his hair. He'd walked out of that hospital as a fine and attractive a young lady as any who'd ever come into the place. Samuel Aaronson had even forgotten all about it over the years until that call! Well, of course he'd like to see Angie Rodriguez again.

He called the number he had been given. A soft, feminine voice answered. "Could I speak to Angelo Rodriguez, please?" the old doctor asked.

"Speaking," said the soft voice of a women, and Aaronson was non-plussed. "Who is this?" there was a touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Doctor Samuel Aaronson," he said.

"Oh," there was relief in the voice. Then there was a pause. "Do you remember me, Doctor?" the soft feminine tones continued.

"Oh yes," said the doctor. "If you're the Angelo Rodriguez I gave a nice pair of round women's breasts, then I remember you." He tried to keep all of his feelings out of his voice.

"I-I'd like to talk to you," said the 'woman.'

Dr. Aaronson considered. He was a year retired now. He ought to say definitely not. There was no reason for him to have to see a former patient. But he was intrigued. And Samuel Aaronson was nothing if he was not a curious man. "All right," he said. He gave the address of his Mallory Park home. "Come over and see me whenever you can," he said hurriedly, feeling guilty for reasons that he couldn't explain at all. He found his hand was sweating when he hung up the phone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jean Rodriguez waited in O'Hare quite a time before she caught the flight to Cincinnati. Glen Lincoln filled out his time by buying a photo magazine which featured nothing else but photos of Angie, or as the heading on the magazine wrote it — ANGIE!!!! There were photographs of her from all of her films as well as many 'candid' shots. There were pictures from her wedding day, being embraced by Robert Cort in what seemed at this distance in time to be a tight, tense embrace. There were photos of her kissing all of her leading men. She was pictured in bikinis, in ball gowns and in mini skirts, but never, Glen was pleased to see, was she ever in slacks, shorts, trousers, or pants. At the end of the article, there was an interview with Robert Cort, and his plans for Angie's future.

"In our next picture," Cort was quoted as saying, "there will probably be a frontal nude shot of Angie, from the waist up at least. The script calls for it, and of course, it will be most tastefully done. We haven't cast the actor's part yet, but I'm already jealous of whoever it's going to be. Angie and he will have to be very compatible, considering the days they'll have to spend working on the love scenes, if you could call them that. It makes me wish I'd never given up acting when I did eight years ago. Angie could do very well critically with this one, as will the right actor . . ."

Then Cort went on to discuss Angie's future in more general terms. It was his intention, he made it clear, to make Angie the next Marilyn, Brigitte and Raquel rolled into one. It seemed obvious to Lincoln that the whole magazine had been published to serve just that end. The posed pictures of Angie, in black stockings and garters, her long, blonde hair tossed carelessly over a bare shoulder, like another in the see-through blouse, tantalized in what it just didn't show.

Lincoln had become so engrossed in his magazine that he nearly missed the plane for Cincinnati. As it was, he had to scamper to make the lineup, and just as he reached the line, so did Jean Rodriguez.

"You!" she gasped, her hand flying up to her mouth.

Lincoln gave her a crooked smile. "Yes," he said lamely.

"You're following me," she hissed accusingly, as they passed ticket inspection together. Her eyes widened even more as she saw the magazine in his hand and its title.

He gave her the magazine. "What else could I do?" he asked. "I'm being paid to find her, and you know where she is, don't you?" He moved on quickly to board the plane. He was seated quite close to her on the journey. She spent almost the whole trip poring over the magazine and the photos of Angie.

*Continued in TVia #96*



**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  
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## LOOKING TOWARD TRANVESTITE LIBERATION

Sheila Sullivan

*Editor's Note: A reprint of this article was sent to me by a reader. Since it did not show the name of the magazine in which it first appeared, I cannot give credit to the source although the name of the authoress is given. It is reprinted here because it shows that others than FPs can perceive the nature of our life style and show some understanding for it. Although it seems in the beginning as though she didn't know the difference between hetero and homosexual cross dressers since she deals with gay attitudes, marches, etc, she really does know it and she later quotes Dr. Benjamin about it. So you can assume that she is using the words transvestites in its proper sense even in the beginning of the article. She makes some very perceptive points, many of which I have been making for a long time so it is nice to see someone else—and a GG at that—bringing them out in a different way.*

The presence, or even the thought, of male transvestites, drag queens and female impersonators provokes angry protestations in the feminist and other liberation movements across the country. During a rally in New York for Gay Pride Week 1973, for instance, it was "rumored that if any drag queens appear on the rally stage, the lesbian feminists will trash the place, as they feel drag's insulting to women, and that the gay genital-male leather-jacket-and-boots contingent will also riot, because they feel drag's insulting to men." (Burke, Tom. "Violet Millennium or The Invert Comes of Age," *Rolling Stone*, August 30, 1973, p. 58.) And only after a fistfight with the lesbians were the transvestites allowed to speak. In *Homosexual Oppression and Liberation* (New York: Avon, 1971, p. 149), Dennis Altman states that "The relationship between gay liberation and those who practice ... transvestism ... usually stigmatized within as well as without the traditional gay world,



"Hey mom, I make a pretty good looking girl."



"Your idea of separate vacations was an inspiration, Bill.  
I wonder how our wives are enjoying theirs?"

## CHANGE IN POSTAL SURCHARGE

It's happened to all of you so you know it has happened to Chavali-  
er, too. I refer to the increase in the postal rates. In view of this it is  
necessary to ask you to add **15 percent** to your order to cover  
postage, **UNLESS** you are willing to have us ship to you third class,  
in which case the surcharge can remain at 10 percent.

For your protection and peace of mind I have always mailed first  
class except to those who authorize third class mailings and we will  
continue with that policy unless you specifically authorize the  
change.

While 15 percent is slightly more than actual cost for *Transvestia*,  
it is less than cost on several other items so that it averages out. It is  
not possible to add a specific charge to each item individually nor  
would it be convenient to use some odd amount like 13.9 percent. So  
I trust you will understand and accept the need for the 15 percent  
figure.

### UBA'S FASHIONS

*A new store in the center of Hollywood*

*I am the only shop west of Chicago*

*serving the Transvestite community*

*I carry a complete line of lingerie, bouffant petticoats,  
dresses, shoes, wigs, and everything else to make  
the complete girl.*

*I specialize in satin, and velvet garments, maids costumes, adult  
baby clothes, very high heels and other items of special interest.*

*I can also make up items to your specific taste, size and  
specifications.*

*Write for information or drop in for consultation.*

*Security, privacy and personal attention.*

### UBA'S FASHIONS

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is one of the real challenges faced by the movement." In this article I attempt to accept that challenge.

Because feminists have done much to change the societal role of women, and because of the lack of a similar male movement, men have not enjoyed the same relaxation of sex-role expectations as women. Feminists themselves seem to find a female president much more palatable than a househusband, complete with his frilly apron, mixing spoon and cake batter, and their little girl playing with a chemistry set much more acceptable than their son rocking his Tiny Tears to sleep. So for centuries men who could not cope with such sex-role oppressions have developed their own methods of escape—one of them, transvestism.

Perhaps it might be felt that today such extremities are unnecessary and that "unisex" now offers a more suitable vehicle for shunning the world of sex roles and their symbols. But, in fact, the present day attempt to do away with symbols is in itself a symbol. "Unisex" clothing has become a cover-up and a dead-end toward the goal of bringing the sexes together onto the common ground of "human beings." The blue-jeans-and-shirt styles have left young people in a sort of non-committal limbo where no one knows exactly where their "common ground" is. Today's youth are still facing clashes of stereotyped male/female attributes. Masculine-designed jewelry and feminine-designed blue jeans have become symbols of the confusion of youth—"I'll wear earrings, but only one hoop earring," "I want to have freedom of movement by wearing pants, but I'm not going to sit like a clod!" ... Already the attempt at unisex has been separated into what is masculine unisex and what is feminine unisex. And our unisexed men are still afraid to cry, our unisexed women still seem obsessed in the search for their one and only knight.

The crux of the argument between the transvestite and the feminist seems to lie in this complex knot of symbols. The feminist would assert that the cosmetics, chiffon and jewelry, the delicate and flirtatious gestures of the transvestite, further and enforce the stereotypes of what women are supposed to be. Certainly no one would argue that lipstick and lace are *in themselves* bad ... but only when they trap a woman into believing these symbols are her *personality*, i.e., when she relies on them to shelter her from forming qualities not traditionally connected with these symbols, or when she become so dependent upon them as to fear their loss—and, thus, her identity.

Hence, symbols, per se, are not bad: they are *expressions* of ourselves. But when we allow symbols to *replace* or *limit* our selves, then they become harmful.

Because it has been a woman's role to be delicate and dependent, her clothing and accessories came to represent these personality characteristics and became identified as "feminine." These symbols helped to constitute the unreal image of women—its unreal aspect most purely displayed with its flawless adaptation by a man. And, just as the woman learned to employ these symbols, the transvestite learns to employ them . . . that is, the transvestite *separates* these symbols from the woman and incorporates them into his personality. Thus, the transvestite uses feminine symbols to liberate himself from his sex-role stereotype just as the feminist uses masculine symbols to liberate herself. To argue against transvestites by saying they are imitating women, and thus downgrading them, is to deny that *men* are soft, vain, emotional and frivolous, and that means furthering the stereotype of *men*. "The effect of the drag system is to wrench the sex roles loose from that which supposedly determines them, that is, genital sex. Gay people know that sex-typed behavior can be achieved, contrary to what is popularly believed. They know that the possession of one type of genital equipment by no means guarantees 'naturally appropriate' behavior." (Newton, Esther. *Mother Camp: Female Impersonators in America*. Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1972, p. 103.)

Surely the integration of personality traits denied and discouraged by society, and the adaptation of the symbols that express those traits, is a part of liberation for men and women. In feminist circles it is though "liberated" for a woman to wear jeans, T-shirts, boots, shoulder bags, etc., i.e., to in effect become a "male impersonator," although feminists vehemently deny this observation. Women are beginning to detach the rugged appearance of the masculine ideal from men as transvestites have detached the delicate appearance of the feminine ideal from women. It seems the main difference between the feminist and the transvestite, in this regard, is the degree of this detachment: the feminist dons a masculine appearance while retaining her female status (she is, as observed by others, a masculine-looking female), while the transvestite dons the feminine appearance to the degree of being mistaken by others *for a woman*. *The transvestite has not been able to integrate his femininity into his self-image as a man and for good reason: in our society it is nearly*

*impossible to possess feminine appearances and behaviorisms and yet retain a male standing. (Italics mine—Ed.)*

According to society, a feminine male—even a male who dares walk too lightly or laugh too enthusiastically—immediately gives up the sacred status of *being a man*: he is automatically in some neutral sexual territory . . . neither a man nor a woman. It is not difficult to understand why this androgynous state might present a terrifying, distorted self-image, especially for the heterosexual man. Men are so very oppressed by sexism that any deviation from the strict masculine code calls for ostracism from the brotherhood. Men can't even touch each other without the guise of "rough-housing" to make it "okay." A feminine *man* is not recognized as a reality. Even feminists decry men who are incorporating visual "feminine" symbols as trying to be, or demean, women. At the same time feminists deny emphatically that they themselves are trying to be, or demean, men. Men must be liberated from physical and behavioral stereotypes just as women. Conversely, feminists should be working *with* transvestites to obtain changes in laws and in societal attitudes, promoting acceptance of both the woman who desires traditionally "masculine" attitudes *and* the man who desires traditionally "feminine" attitudes. A man wearing eye-makeup and jewelry should be as lauded as a woman with a well-scrubbed face wearing combat boots . . . he is a brave pioneer in the world of man where even a minute change in the conservative dress style takes many cautiously manipulated years. Moreover, if women could *really* detach themselves from traditionally feminine attitudes and mannerisms, the transvestite could not possibly be furthering the stereotype of *women*, as they have been charged, but simply establishing themselves as feminine men. They themselves would be the only ones left to imitate.

In observing the feminine male, I have learned one important thing: "femininity" and "masculinity" are not natural to anyone. The feminine male is living proof that a man is not inherently forceful, unemotional and obsessed with his "superiority over women." A feminine male is *the* truly liberated man: he is the only man who *knows* women are no different than he and that he is no "higher" than they. He knows that a woman's supposed nature of being coy, flirtatious, delicate and receptive are only "other" ways of behaving: another way of sitting, smiling, walking, talking. And more effectively than all the volumes of rhetoric trying to prove and rationalize the basic equality of the sexes, the feminine male shows this equality.

Because of him I see it is not in my "nature" to be all "feminine" nor is it against my "nature" to be all "masculine." Because of him, I will never have to read or hear any more arguments whether a woman *really* is passive or just *seems* that way, or just *learned* that way, and now *is* that way, etc. And, possibly even more important, the feminine male has taught me that to possess "feminine" qualities is not a step up or down a ladder of human personality attributes. Being passive and receptive is not any better or any worse than being active and assertive—undoubtedly the clear combination of these qualities is the truly liberated and more complete personality for a woman *and* for a man. Thus, the man lacking the qualities of gentleness, emotionality, personal charm and grace is as unliberated as the woman possessing only these "feminine" qualities. And so it follows: the woman who masters a skill, determines her own life, is self-sufficient and in control of any situation is still an incompleter, oppressed and unliberated woman if she possesses none of the traditional "feminine charms."

Feminists, then, are barking up the wrong tree. By rebuking the transvestite, they are only attacking the very situation their own attitude toward the feminine man has caused. Feminists, by renouncing *men* in make-up, *men* in soft fabrics, *men* who flirt and fawn, are creating the transvestite. Feminists assist in the oppression of the feminine male and so assist in the pressure he feels to *pass* in society *as a woman*. Feminists are saying to him: you are a disgrace as a feminine man, you are humiliating to women and to men—you are only displaying your hate for women!

This type of reasoning plays a big part in the feminist attitude toward transvestites. This attitude may possibly be due to the misconception that all, or at least most, transvestites are homosexual, and this misconception looms large even in the gay world—but the fact is quite the contrary. "The majority of transvestites are overly heterosexual ..." (Benjamin, Harry. *The Transsexual Phenomenon*. The Julian Press, New York, 1966, p. 13), although the gay world seems to be the only world which even recognizes the existence of transvestites (hence my use of quotes from and about homosexuals concerning transvestism).

No doubt there are some transvestites who show signs of hating and fearing "real women," their transvestism being a defense against and a denial of the existence of female genitalia. But I would venture to

say that this problem certainly cannot be shared by the majority—the heterosexual transvestites. Furthermore, in "The Cross Dressing, A Case Study," (*Journal of nervous and Mental Diseases* 131, 1960, p. 149), V. Grant reports that the "view that the behavior of the transvestite may be seen as a defensive turning away—out of inadequacy feeling—from the male role, is . . . well supported by much of our data. Yet this data is equally consistent with a quite different assumption, namely, that there is an inclination, a turning toward, the feminine role. The positive aspect is as important as the negative. Our subject takes great and genuine pleasure in every item of feminine clothing. Not only does he want high heels, he wants to walk in them with the grace and poise of a woman. His wanting to be accepted in a feminine role is more than a defense; it has the flavor of a deeply gratifying experience . . . The psychoanalytic interpretation of transvestism as a defense from castration anxiety fails to fully consider this positive aspect of the experience itself. It may be a passion as well as a compulsion."

And so the feminine male, wishing only to be at peace with the femininity in himself he cherishes, is pressured into the dual life of the transvestite. "[Doctors] can't cure [transvestism] because the transvestite has found a part of himself that was stolen from him as a child, and he's not about to give it up. Suppose a prince had a treasure, and during the night, when he was a child, someone stole it and hid it somewhere in a cave. Later in life he found it. He'd say, 'No one will ever take it from me again.' That's the way the transvestite feels about his femininity, and why he's incurable. Society robbed him of a chance to be his full self by seeing it as a sickness and forbidding it. The clothes are a doorway. When you put on the clothes, they entitle you to behave a certain way." (Quote by Dr. Charles Virginia Prince in Karlen, Arno, *Sexuality and Homosexuality*, New York, W.W. Norton & Co. 1971, p. 368.)

Perhaps if men were allowed to behave this "certain way" without the "doorway" of appearing *as a woman*, i.e. without affixing breasts or altering other basic physical characteristics, there would be no transvestities. "Transvestites wouldn't exist if it weren't for the masculine-feminine polarizing of society. The kids are wiping out some of this, and I think transvestism may disappear in fifty years." (Ibid., p. 368.)

Therefore it is putting the cart before the horse to expect trans-

vestites to assist, or even participate in "unisex" or other socially acceptable avenues for the expression of male femininity. Society has made itself quite clear to the transvestite that he is freer as an undetected, disguised woman-man than as an effeminate man. Transvestites are victims of societal sex roles and until these roles become disassociated from one's actual biological sex, we will continue to produce transvestites. The sure sign of a totally role-liberated society will be the absence of future generation "transvestites" and the existence of healthy and free feminine men.



Yes, this is the most beautiful girl in the world, but you must have the wrong number—my name is not Roxanne.



Now get this Dona An. The next time you go up to that goddam mirror on the wall with that "whose the fairest one of all" jazz, I'm going to throw you into the salt mines with the dirty elves.



"Do you, or you, take this man, or woman, to be . . ."

## CUTE TRICK OF THE MONTH

GYPSI FL-1-L

Magic is everywhere. How many times have we seen a magician on the stage, transform an orange into a silk handkerchief? Yes, something that was created as one item changed to another. Now, we do that every chance we get. Taking our gruff brothers, and transforming them into our lovely, soft selves. But they don't call us magicians, even though we are filled with magic.

So I thought it would be fun, in each issue of *TVia* to print an amusing, entertaining, and easy to do, magic trick, from my large files of being a professional magician for over 30 years.

However, girls, I'm going to ask for security. Just as we are very careful with ourselves, please do not divulge the secrets I am going to disclose to you.

Your first venture into the world of magic is ...

### "THE MAGIC PINCUSHION"

**EFFECT:** A balloon is blown up by you, and tied so it stays inflated. You then proceed to stick three pins into the balloon, without bursting it. However, when anyone else sticks a pin into it, the balloon breaks.

**PATTER** (the story that goes with the trick): "While at my dress-makers the other day, she gave me this magic pincushion." (Show the balloon and blow it up.) "However she said it would only work for me." (show your pins.) "Watch how I can stick pins into it without breaking it." (Stick your three pins into the balloon.) "Now would you like to try?" (Have someone stick a pin into the balloon.) "Oh, it broke. I am sorry, but I told you, it only works for me."

**SECRET:** Prior to doing the trick, stick three small pieces of scotch tape on balloon. When inflated, stick your three pins into the areas that have the tape on them. Balloon will not break. When someone else sticks a pin into a non-protected area, balloon will break.

*THE CLOSET VARIETY*

Nancy MI-22-H

I have been a member of Tri-Sigma for two years and have read many *TVias*. Not all by any means, but enough to notice the calibre of readers and writers. The fictional stories and the factual stories are mostly in the same vein. That vein being the more mature or advanced female person. I would like in a short space to tell it like it is in the closet.

I am Nancy. I have been actually observed by only one person in this world. All of my life has been spent in the dark caverns of my brother's mind. My brother is wholly involved in the real world. He has many friends and acquaintances he does business and recreation with everyday. Not one, absolutely no one else knows about me. I have friends all over the country who know me but have never seen me or my brother.

I was born many years ago (my brother is in his late forties). And I am probably five years younger than he is. It was a pair of boy's sandals that brought me into the world. My brother was given a pair to wear for the summer and I got him to hide in the entrance way to the attic and tuck back the lower strap and tongue leading to the upper strap. Then just using the upper strap told him I was present within. He would often go to that place and give me my small moment. Years went by. Probably six or seven. He fought hard all that time to keep me buried. One day his mother told him to wear short pants to church. He knew that the short pants would increase my potential. At least the feeling of freedom in his legs I enjoyed. So he tried to sneak out of the house in long pants, but his mother caught him. She was really mad. She had him sit down in the corner while

she took the scissors and sewing machine to all his pants, long and knickers. Everything he had from then on were short pants for about the next six months. Fall into winter into spring. The only boy in school wearing shorts in wintertime. This made me feel good but gave my brother a silly gut feeling.

A few years later when my brother was about 14 he had a fearful feeling toward initiation into high school. He had seen some older boys forced to wear girl's clothes and run through downtown. Our town was very small and hardly anyone saw initiations going on. But my brother would lay in bed worrying about initiation. Fearful that the sophomores would force him to release me for a fleeting moment. One night while he was home alone he anguished over the prospects for his inner self. He went to the laundry room and shuffled through the dirty clothes which were always just laying on the floor. He found his mother's bathing suit. It was a two-piece. The bottom part was a nylon skirt with panty attached. He put them on for the first time and I jumped right out. The thrill was overwhelming. So that from then on he would head for the bathing suit whenever the opportunity arose. We spent many hours in the attic. I should say, I spent many hours in the attic because after he once put on the suit he was no longer present. But in the attic, where I lived, there were more clothes. His mother's dresses from the past and out of style. I would wear them for hours. Dressing and undressing. Trying on old nylons and girdles. Also slips and panties.

My brother enlisted in the Navy after high school. I was pushed back into that closet. His closet in is head. He thought about me but was never in the position to release me. After discharge and a couple of years on the road in business (music), he met his wife. They married and he thought he was rid of me forever. Time passed. He had children to help raise and a business to occupy every minute of everyday. Finally the children were getting older. Old enough for his wife to take them for a week to grandma's. Brother would wait until after they were safely miles away and then buy a dress and a pair of pantyhose. And in the wee hours of the morning, from about 3:00 until time to go to work, I would come out. Just a dress and pantyhose back and forth in front of a mirror. Sit and read the paper after it arrived. Fix coffee and toast. Wash the dishes and watch the time. My time would end about 7 a.m. It was hard on him but he gave me those hours every day that whole week.

Now the kids are even older. But they no longer want to waste their short summer vacation, not even one week at grandma's. My brother never has those moments alone. I am forced into seclusion.

Then one day he is reading *Playboy*. There is a letter to the editor. A GG writes in saying her boyfriend enjoys wearing feminine attire. She wonders if there is something wrong with him. *Playboy* answers. Don't worry about your boyfriend. He is what is known as a Transvestite. If you would like to set your mind at ease send a letter to this address for information: and the address was for Chevalier Publications.

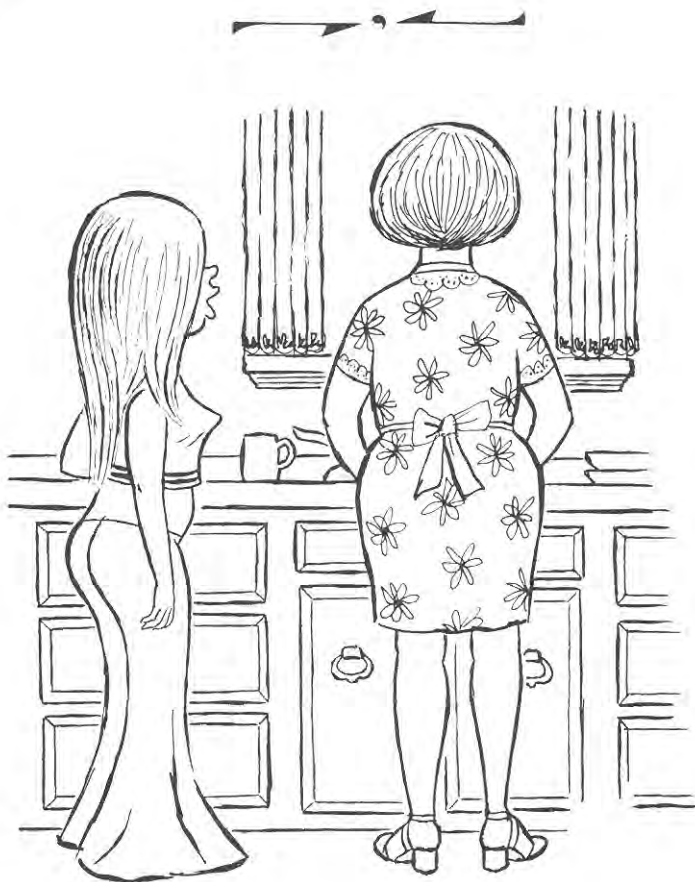
Well, immediately my brother sent a letter to that address. The enjoyment for me was out of this world. Virginia gave me help in finding a member within my state. Communication was started and I had the opportunity to spend two or three hours with the member's brother. It was the first time in my life that I had complete outfits. The whole gamut. Panties, slip, bra, shoes, dresses, girdle, nightie, etc. But alas, this came to an end. My brother had to get back to his world. He was fearful of someone discovering my clothes with him so he left them with my sorority sister. That was last June. Since that time I have had one weekend out of town in a motel room. Clothes consisting of a house coat, pantyhose, panties and slip. I couldn't raise my sorority sister to answer correspondence. I was hoping to have another day of exhilaration with her in her distant town. She didn't answer any letters. But all of a sudden a package arrived for me at the Post Office. It was all my clothes. Now they are hidden in the basement of his office. Once in awhile he goes down there just so I can fondle them. Right now I am trying to make arrangements to meet with some gals from Chicago. I have joined the Chi group of Tri-Sigma as an associate member.

All of this must seem strange to many of you. But I am sure it is real to many others. The closet variety. Brothers involved with business, politics, recreation and everything else of the real world. The real world knows nothing of us. Not an inkling. We are too masculine. We are too straight. We are too much in.

No way could I pass in public. I am 6'3" and weigh 245 pounds and wear a size 14 shoe. It makes no difference that I can wear a size 24 dress. Or a ladies size 13 (with nylons) shoe. My brother's beard is not heavy. He is just too big. Not fat or overweight. Just too big.

I pine for release. One weekend with a bunch of sorority sisters just gabbing and trying on clothes. Just one sister in the area. That one I visited was 350 miles away.

It will come, someday another closet variety will join Tri-Sigma. And she will be from close by. That day will be glorious. Thanks for listening to an old gal that has been shut up in a closet for over forty years.



"Dad, I need your help. My wife doesn't understand me."

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

For some time now I have been literally swamped between the requirements of Chevalier, Tri-Sigma, work and other demands on my time. I have not been able to do as good a job in any of these fields as I should because of the competition for time and interest.

Thus I have made a change. Carol Beecroft, who is my co-leader in Tri-Sigma, is taking over the *mail order part* of the Chevalier operation. I will remain as Editor and Publisher but Carol will handle the day-to-day filling of orders, etc. Thus it is important for you to note the following:

All orders for Chevalier materials—both printed items and merchandise—should be sent to Chevalier Publications, Box 194, Tulare, California 93274.

All material submitted for use in *Transvestia* and all requests for rentals from the rental library or issues from the "buy back" shelf should be sent as always to Chevalier Publications, Post Office Box 36091, Los Angeles, California 90036.

Carol is establishing her box under the same name so that you don't have to remember a new one. Tri-Sigma applications and dues payments continue to be sent to Virginia at the Los Angeles address.

This arrangement will, I hope, lighten my load a bit and give me time for some of the other things I'm involved with. It will also get Carol more familiar with the whole operation so that she would be able to handle it if something should happen to me. Naturally she *now has the mailing cards but she understands that they are to be handled with the same confidentiality as I have handled them and you need not be concerned on that score.* Carol is a long time friend of mine and we have run Tri Sigma very successfully between us so I think this new arrangement will be advantageous for you, for her and for me. Your cooperation in remembering the transfer and addressing future orders or questions about them to her will be appreciated. Thank you,

Virginia

"Dear  
Editor"



## LETTERS

*Editor's Note: Sometimes those who are stuck with D, E and F type wives come to believe that all women are that way. The following true letters voluntarily written by women and the third, indicating an "A" type wife, will serve to reassure you that understanding females do exist.*

Dear Virginia,

I am 22 years old and married to a 35-year-old man who is a transvestite. He has practiced this for many years and his first marriage failed miserably because his wife *would* not accept his way of sexual satisfaction. We now presently have a beautiful relationship which I feel is owed to his transvestism. We have a close emotional and physical bond and we both get profound pleasure from his dressing in highly sexual clothing such as garters, black nylons, etc. He is a very loving and tender person during these sessions and our lovemaking is highly accentuated by these things. I strongly agree with you when you stated in your Forum magazine interview that most women are a victim of society's rules and expectations of a man. My husband is a good provider, a wonderful father and again, a loving partner. I feel any woman who denies her man the pleasure he derives from this practice is denying herself the opportunity of a close relationship far more than any other couple could imagine. I want to commend you for speaking out and letting society know that transvestites are not social or sexual cripples, that they *are* men who just prefer having feminine qualities. I wish women would open their eyes

and love and respect a man for what's in his mind and heart and not for his choice of clothing.

Again, thank you for your interview. Please write to me and send me more information on transvestism. Please also send me information on how to obtain the magazine, *Transvestia*. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Mary

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Person:

I read an article on transvestism in a magazine put out by *Forum*.

I am very interested in this subject as my boyfriend enjoys this aspect of his sexual life very much. I love him and would like his most far out fantasy to be fulfilled.

This is a new experience for me and I do not think I know enough about it to give him the full pleasure he deserves. I would very much like any information you can supply me with on this subject. If you can recommend any books or magazines I can read for new ideas on the subject. I would also like to receive the magazine *Transvestia*. Please let me know if there are any charges.

Thank you in advance for any help you can offer,

Yours truly,

Ellen

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia,

Thanks for your quick response to my last letter requesting *Understanding Cross Dressing*. It is a most enlightening piece of writing. It is unfortunate that I couldn't have read it ten years ago. It would

have perhaps saved me a lot of mental anguish that nearly destroyed me. It's pretty hard, after all, to concentrate on organizing one's life, when each day brings a mental crisis.

Fortunately for me, three years ago, I married a lovely woman, who both knows about my femininity and actively relates to her sister — Stephanie.

Your comments about a type "A" wife going to a type "C" are extremely valid and that is why I have many more housedresses than cocktail gowns, only to me, I am so filled with the joy of being able to express my femininity, that I enjoy doing "feminine" things.

To be a little more precise, washing dishes, sewing, and cooking give me an opportunity to express myself in the feminine *arts*. Anyway, here is my application for membership. God bless you, and the work you are doing.

Love,

Stephanie

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia:

You keep telling us (like in *How to be a Woman though Male*) that we should just act natural when making purchases of feminine items and I can attest that it really works.

I needed new prescription glasses and I kept telling myself that I should use this opportunity to purchase a second pair in a feminine style. For weeks I thought about how I would go about the process. I even considered driving to an out-of-town location to make the purchase, but that would have required a second long trip to pick them up.

Well, a few nights ago I was visiting my regular shopping center and decided to stop procrastinating. I visited an optometrist in the Center and armed with my prescription, I sat down across from the optician to be fitted with male style glasses. As he was about to write

up my bill I said, calmly and comfortably, "I also want a pair in female style frames." His response — "O.K., let me pick out a few styles for you to try on." One of these was particularly appealing to me and at first the optician agreed. But he looked again at the frames which I was wearing and said that while he liked the style on me, he thought that the color was too light for my complexion. He then studied the rack of frames and finally picked out a slightly different style in a darker color. I tried them on and he said, "There, that's it. You look very good in them." And I agreed.

We conversed freely and naturally as he completed the charge slip and all during the process of selecting and fitting the frames he did not speak one word of or convey any signs of surprise or disapproval of my purchase.

In about two weeks I'll have my first pair of female styled glasses and I'm looking forward to it with anxiety and pleasure.

Like you have said, Virginia, we can be our own worst enemies by the way we project our feelings while making purchases of feminine items. If we approach the situation calmly and confidently, it is easy and if we need help, to simply speak up.

I have a low capability in coordinating colors. So, if I need a blouse to go with a skirt I am buying, or a visa versa, I simply tell the sales clerk that I am poor at color coordination and I get all kinds of help, willingly and freely offered. In every case, the final selection by those GG sales clerks is perfect and beautiful. And they always seem pleased with my usual parting comment that "she" will really like it (and so far "she" really has).

Love,

Patricia Louise

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia, Mary and Friends,

Thank you ever so much for the shipment of literature you sent me (Numbers 20, 51, 91 and 92 of *Transvestia*, *The TV and His Wife*, *Understanding Cross Dressing*, and *How to Be a Woman Though*

*Male*). I am overwhelmed at how your analysis expresses and clarifies my experience, and offers an extraordinary new freedom for my girl-self to emerge. With trepidation I shared all the literature with my wife (of 1½ years, my second after four children in my first marriage). To my amazement and enormous gratification she is now sharing in my excitement about my emergence. Perhaps some time in the future I can write you about my experience, because writing is something I enjoy. But I am still suppressed, awkward, and inhibited, although very excited, and my experience is only just beginning. I have never even met another girl like myself in all my 35 years (my brother is 46)!

My wife (bless her!) insists that I immediately achieve a good breast simulation. I need your advice. I would like to make the simulation as realistic as possible. Should I get regular inserts (M4) or mastectomy inserts. In addition to my check in U.S. funds, I also enclose my application for the Tri Sigma Sorority.

Thank you ever so much! Thank you!

Love,

Giselle—Canada

\* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia:

You are one of the most refreshing people that I have spoken to in a long time. Your sorority and its ideals are second in importance, for me, only to my wife and music. Your response to my telephone call flooded me with a continuing inspiration and confidence.

There have been periods when my gender seemed to present insoluble dilemmas. Yet, through my depressions glimmers a perpetual optimism, about life and living. Somewhere there exists an opportunity for all of us to fulfill our needs and ambitions when we understand them.

But understanding is difficult to attain, especially of transgender-

ism. I, like many others, almost went down the tubes a while ago, as you expressed it. If not for my loving, lifelong, female companion, I may have still been of the transsexual persuasion today. Fortunately, I have her and the hope that I may be able to work out a solution to my living situation. A solution that will allow me to pursue my music career and stay with her forever.

For now, two of your books interest me greatly and I would like to purchase them from you. Also, I would like very much to become a member of your sorority and will return the application when I have read the books. Enclosed you will find a check including some extra funds to cover the cost of the books and first class postage.

Our continued exchange of personal correspondence would thrill me greatly. Thanks so much for your receptiveness and concern. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours very truly,

Michele

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia,

There is not enough I can say about your book, *Understanding Cross Dressing*. It has revealed so many things to me that I feel your Pink and Blue Blanket syndrome should include the Gray Blanket that has been covering my mind for 25 years.

Beverly—Canada

Dear Virginia:

I wish to thank you for mailing me your book *The Transvestite and His Wife*, after three hours the book is great.

I am proud to say, that for 30 years I have been a transvestite, and have never had any mental reservations about my dual life, except that there was no one I could ever confide in. It was like being in solitary confinement, until by fate, I came across Chevalier Publications and the work you are doing and have done for me and those like me.

To give you an outline of my life, will probably relieve a lot of pressure held within me. As you will be the first I have ever discussed this with, it will be easy for you to understand.

My family never did, nor does it now, know of Vicky. Mainly because I don't believe they would, together, try to understand. My father was in law enforcement for 27 years and everything is absolute. There was no way to do things but his way—yes, I love my father for what he gave me—a home and all other things that are so essential to a good home and a strict Irish Catholic upbringing.

My first experience dressing up was when I was in the fourth grade. As my mother was a school teacher, I arrived home one and one-half hours before her. At first I would wear her panties and slips and her shoes—then I became more daring.

As my cousin lived next door, I would go over and go into the cellar, where the old, outgrown clothes were stored in an old trunk. In time I would take two or three pieces a week and hid them in our attic, to wear on various occasions. This went on for four years, until it came time for high school.

At this stage in my life, my father decided that I should go to a Catholic school run by the Brothers. This tended to make things uncomfortable for me as I could not bring Vicky to life—which meant so much to me—when Vicky became a reality, the problems I had seemed to vanish, if only for an hour. Upon graduation, I went into the Navy and served two years.

During this period of time, Vicky entered limbo, as I was living on a

ship and had to suppress all my inner most desires. After two years, it was out of the Navy and off to work.

During this period of time, I boarded at home, and was able to once again bring Vicky out of limbo.

This reprieve was for one year, then back to school.

This time it was the Culinary Institute of America, which at that time was in New Haven, Conn. The school is geared to train American chefs, and, if one is fortunate, he will graduate in two years. Of 140 who started—60 graduated—either way 80 dropped out by choice or were elected to do so.

Upon graduation I went to work on Cape Cod Massachusetts—originally my home state. After two years I moved to a large club and stayed five years. This was great, as Vicky once more emerged. This time I used mail order houses to buy my bras, panties, slips, dresses, etc.

I was living at the YMCA and had to keep my clothes in a foot locker, locked at all times.

Then I met a girl at work, who was divorced with a seven-year-old daughter. It was during this two year courtship that I wanted to tell her of Vicky, but out of fear I said nothing. Somehow one night, I mentioned that my back was bothering me. This is a problem I was born with and it was later confirmed by Lahey Clinic in Boston in 1975. She suggested that I wear a girdle to bed, as soon as she bought it for me. The next night she gave it to me—the color was black. To keep it from riding up, I was told to wear a pair of her nylons. *This was great and a week later she bought me a padded bra which was also black.* One night after I had put the girdle and nylons on, and was ready for bed, she said, "I have a surprise for you." To my surprise (and happiness) she gave me a black bra and put it on me.

Then she said, "Let me make you up and put on some of my clothes and a wig. I (Vicky) felt like I was in seventh heaven. Then all fell in, one day while my wife was at work I decided to see how I could do on my own. While doing this, I had to make a nature call—being unaware that her daughter was not asleep—she saw me all dressed up, but said nothing—that night when my wife got home, her daughter told her what she saw.

Well, the roof had fallen in and off to the divorce court. The charges were desertion. I was told to get out so I did. We had two boys and its been ten years since I've seen them. I am fearful of the day they approach me about Vicky.

In 1970, I decided to return to college to utilize the GI Bill, and get my degree in Hotel and Restaurant Management. This I did and am now an Executive Chef at a private club with a closed membership of 400.

I have purchased a new Triplex in 1976 and this was an investment for me (Vicky) as I always wanted a place of my own—where I would not have to move when the place was sold.

I have started now to build my wardrobe, going into the stores, (not being dressed as Vicky) and purchasing all my necessities—I would dare to say, that so far I have purchased over \$400 worth of clothes.

However, Vicky must go into limbo once again as my father will be spending three months with me. I don't like the idea of packing all my skirts, dresses, lingerie, etc. in a foot locker for three months, but no doubt exists in my mind that Vicky will triumph. I wish that I could talk to someone that would understand, yet society is still in the cave man era.

Well, that's the way it has been, Virginia, thanks for listening and for everything else. You'll be in my prayers.

Vicky



"I just don't understand how our two sons turned out so differently."



ARTICLE

## OUT OF THE PAST

*(Editor's Note: The following is an excerpt from Havelock Ellis' Etonism. Although published many years ago it seemed a worthwhile contribution to TVia since it shows that even 80 years ago there were men with the courage to live life as they wanted to—but also that there were local people who could be tolerant of such out of the ordinary behavior. The article was called to my attention by Carole MA-5-A.)*

It may be worth while to quote a typical case thus reported in the press. In the *Alienist and Neurologist* for July, 1895, is found the following quotation from the *Journal of Lewiston, Maine*: "Commander James Robbins, of Cooper's Mills, in this State, is one of the prominent men of his community, a citizen generally esteemed as a man of integrity and intelligence. Mr. Robbins has a brilliant war record. He has lived in the village since 1883 and is a jeweler. His house is a neat cottage house on the brow of the hill as one drives into the Mills. In the narrow front hallway is Mr. Robbins' bench, lathe, and tools, and here you will find him placidly working away at the tiny wheels and springs.

"If you are on sufficiently intimate terms with Mr. Robbins you will find him indulging in his hobby. He has one, like most of us. In his case the hobby is startlingly picturesque, and it may be safely said that he is the most original man in the State of Maine, so far as his curious fancy is concerned. He wears petticoats. Not when he goes down the street for the mail and to do his marketing. At these times he slips on the masculine pantaloons. Yet he does not wear his trousers even like the ordinary masculinity. No suspenders for him. He wears a

sort of dress about his hips. He always wears a woman's No. 6 shoe with high heels and graceful, slender shape. Mr. Robbins weighs something like 180 pounds, and the effect produced by those shoes peeping coyly out from beneath manly trouser legs is startling, to say the least. Mr. Robbins doesn't mince or toddle, and his shoes seem to fit him pretty well.

"He reserves his petticoats for the sanctity of the home circle, for the partial retirement of his orchard, and for calls upon neighbors with whom his acquaintance is close. Mr. Robbins isn't squeamish about showing himself in petticoats. He enjoys wearing them; he has worn them when opportunity has presented all his life long, and he wears them scientifically, too. In the first place, there's no half-way business about it. Every detail of feminine attire is there and Mr. Robbins is rightly fussy about the details.

"There is no woman in Cooper's Mills who owns so many dresses of such excellent material as does the commander of the Cooper's Mills Post. He takes pride in having only the best. His lingerie is elaborately tucked and ruffled, edged with lace and fashioned according to the most approved models of any lady's wardrobe. The material is the finest quality, and when Mr. Robbins lifts his skirts the eye gets a vision of ruffles, lace and 'all such like' of dazzling whiteness and immaculate smoothness.

"He is very particular about his ironing. Everything must be starched 'up to the handle' whatever that is, and sometimes Mrs. Robbins finds her hands full and her clothes horse loaded down like a pack donkey. Amazed neighbors, who were not fully aware of the extent of Mr. Robbins' hobby, have been obliged to ask for more details when Mrs. Robbins has laconically *informed* them that 'it is Jim's ironing.' Mr. Robbins' hosiery is of the long sort and it is currently rumored that the stockings are hitched up at the sides. His corsets he has made especially for his girth, and these he wears continually. His shape is fairly good, especially when he dresses up for afternoons. In the morning he wears print gowns, for he assists in the housework. Almost every morning Mr. Robbins in his print gown is seen sweeping off the piazza and whisking about the kitchen. He wears petticoats at home almost exclusively, putting on the garb as soon as he enters the house. For afternoon wear his gowns are elaborate. Some of them are made by Mr. Robbins and some are fashioned by local dressmakers. One cashmere dress is quite a

favorite, and this is frequently worn by Mr. Robbins when he promenades in the orchard. He has lots of these good clothes, all of fashionable cut, puffed sleeves, and all the fixin's that go to lend grace and dignity. Usually he wears an apron, and especially so when at his bench. The apron is white, ordinarily, and has a bib with ruffled straps and pockets. There, does Mr. Robbins present a somewhat unique appearance as he works away of afternoons, or sits and converses with his wife.

"Look at the gown and you see a stylishly attired woman. But the face is very manly indeed. Mr. Robbins would be marked in any crowd. His face is full and he wears a mustache that possibly owes a color to art. His hair is long, black and curly, his voice deep and full, and there's nothing effeminate about him except his attire."

It may be added, however, that this case, if representative of one type of Eonist, is not typical as regards the favorable response of the social environment. This is more usually one of petty persecution, so that the history of the Eonist, when less robust and jovial than Commander Robbins, may sometimes turn out pathetically.



### REMINDER

The two big FP events of the year are coming up this fall.

Dream '78 on the Oregon coast occurs September 26-24. For information, write to Dream, Box 58, 502 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98104.

Fantasia Fair in Provincetown, Massachusetts, comes on October 13 to 22. Write to Outreach Foundation, Box 102, Charles Street, Suite 433, Boston, Massachusetts 02114 for the details on this event.

Make your inquiries and then your reservations early as both of these are very popular events. See *TVia* #93 for a comparison (page 85).



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## "GRANDMA" RIDES AGAIN

Virginia



- The following little gem appeared in a publication known as Eve Brown's *Monthly* in the form of a book review by Eve herself and the clipping was sent to me by one of our readers who thought I would be interested. I was, as you will see, but first the review. This is verbatim exactly as it appears with no deletions, additions or editing.

### BOOK REVIEW

by EVE BROWNE

*At our ball in Lakewood, N.J., I received a copy of THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE from Linda Stephens, Box 623, Laurel, MD. Incidentally, you can call Linda at (301) 776-8832. The paperback is P-66 on your EVE BROWN LIBRARY LIST. It is written by Virginia Prince, the alleged "Grandma of American TV-ing."*

*Linda asked me to read the book and let her know what I thought of it. Having not spoken with Linda as of this writing, I shall reply to her now. With sort of an open review for all EVE BROWNE GIRLS.*

*Now girls, let us all keep in mind that V. Prince is no spring chicken. She lives far in the past, as can be seen just by reading any of her publications. The above book of 143 pages, copyrighted in 1967, reads like some sort of Puritan tale from the dark ages. Virginia does bring out a few good points, but the book needs editing by a good American editor and knowledgeable cross-dresser such as PUDGY ROBERTS.*

*PUDGY could do wonders with this book. With his forthright style and frank manner, it might well become a best seller.*

*I liken this publication of Virginia's to wading through a sea of horseshit to get some little goody on the other side. There are a few good points. Offhand, I forget what. The "book" could be condensed to a couple of pages, or maybe even one page. A small one.*

*If you like horseshit, by all means—read it. But until Ole Virginia has it rewritten by PUDGY, it is a waste of time and money for you.*

*PUDGY ROBERTS is a first class professional impersonator. His address is: P.O. Box 71 Prince St. Station, N.Y.C., NY 10012.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Now you have to admit that that is a little gem—pretty flawed, but still a gem. I am much more amused than aggravated by this effort. But there are a few points that might be worth a comment. I like the "alleged Grandma of American TV-ing." While I'm not particularly happy about the "grandma" bit—who wants to grow old—the fact is that I was working in this field and doing helpful things in its probably before Eve Browne knew what the word TV meant. And of course, she is unaware—as are most others for that matter—that I was the one who invented the "TV" abbreviation in the first place—and that can be documented if necessary. It is interesting that she uses the word "American" twice in her diatribe as though she thought that I was some sort of foreigner. To the extent that I was the first to stand up and be counted by way of publications, appearances, lectures, etc., movements and organizations in Sweden, Denmark, England, Australia and New Zealand and indirectly by way of the British Beaumont Society of the organization in France. So I'm proud of being the Grandma of it all and I'll let my efforts stand on their own merits. They certainly don't have to be defended against the Eve Browns and Pudgy Roberts of this world who even combined can't begin to compete on the basis of services rendered. But then it has always been a case of "them that can—do, and them that can't criticize and carp from the side lines."

I don't really see that my age (Grandma) (living in the past) has much to do with the merits of the *Wives* book. It is not "dated" in terms of the material in it since the problems of wives in say the 1930s and 40s are essentially the same as those of wives in the 1970s. Moreover, the manuscript was read, criticized and contributed to by a half dozen actual wives who had dealt with the problem so I

don't find the "Puritan tale from the dark ages" as being either a true or useful evaluation. I'd be interested to know in what way Eve's own life and activities are so much more up to date than my "dark ages" point of view. Having heard rumors but having no direct information upon which to base any comment, I can only guess that she regards herself as more modern than I am because she is into a lot of activities and attitudes that I wouldn't care to be involved with. So let her have her little vanity, I couldn't care less and I am sure she needs *something* to make a stand on and I can't think of anything else it might be, having seen her publication several times.

As to Pudgy Roberts, he is mentioned in such glowing terms here that one wonders if he didn't write it himself and let it be published under Eve's byline. He doesn't suffer at all from modesty since he has for years billed himself as the world's greatest authority on transvestism. This isn't hard to claim when all you have to do is say it often enough, loud enough and in enough places. People will come to believe it. Fact of the matter is that Pudgy is an acknowledged homosexual (which is stated as a simple matter of fact, not as a put down) and wouldn't have much of any ideas of how wives feel about the phenomenon, could hardly identify even with the TV husband in a marital situation since he has never been there, and surely would have no basis for writing such a book himself. His writing style is forthright and frank as Eve says, but runs heavily to sarcasm and caustic remarks about all who don't bask in the light of his approval and this includes other gay impersonators as well as outsiders like myself. We have had our run-ins before.

Pudgy's knowledge about the subject as far as first hand experience is concerned is primarily gained from being a female impersonator on the stage. Even there I don't think he has done much work in which he seeks to come across as being as authentic as possible. All the pictures I've ever seen of him are in one of his comical takeoffs of a female character. Thus he has little to offer the hetero, TV in either domestic situations or even in public behaviour. It was because his booklet, *The Art of Female Impersonation* (I think that was the title), was so woefully inadequate to the needs of the straight TV, that I was motivated to write the *How to be a Woman Though Male* book. This is much longer, much more detailed and much more applicable to straight cross dressers, especially those who might venture out on the street, than Pudgy's efforts. Pudgy knows about theatrical impersonations and he can (and did) write about it. I don't claim knowledge in those areas so I didn't approach the matter

from that point of view. But the people I wrote for—you who are reading these lines—are not concerned with theatrical make-up, acts, stage deportment or whatever. You are concerned with making the best of what you have, being as authentic ladies as you can not only in appearance but in behaviour. What great knowledge would a homosexual stage impersonator have in these areas?

As to the comment that the book is horseshit—I find that worthy of comment on two grounds. To begin with, the numbers of letters of appreciation I have gotten over the years for the help that book has been, are satisfaction enough for me that it has served its purpose and helped hundreds of wives to better understand the subject and thus has improved marriages that were about to fall apart. Naturally it was not and is not the universal panacea. No book could be since the end result is an interaction between what is said in a book and the attitudes and experiences of the person reading it. So naturally, there have been a number of wives who were not helped by it (or refused to be helped) and a number of marriages have gone down the drain (with and without exposure to the book). Those of you who have profited by it would be its greatest recommendation.

But secondly, there is something interesting in Eve's attitude of calling it horseshit and of saying it could be condensed into a few pages—or one short one. This sounds much more like envy than anything else. If you can't or haven't done something that has proved successful, one of the commonest of defenses against your own inadequacies is to try to destroy or downgrade the efforts, activities, or personality of the one who did do something. I can see that someone might not agree with the book, might think it could be improved in some way, that some points of view should be deleted or could make some sort of valid criticism and that would be acceptable. But to put down a non-fiction book whose only purpose was to help people with problems and which has been into three printings, by accusations of "horseshit" which I take to mean that the book is wrong, useless, inadequate, incorrect, or misleading, leads me to say, as Shakespeare did, "Methinks thou protesteth too much." It is comforting to know that Eve acknowledges in two places that "there are some good points" even though she can't remember them. I'm not terribly surprised that she can't remember them. When one has such an overriding need to downgrade someone else in the same field (entirely gratuitously, since I have not had any contact with Eve Browne before or since this Book "Review???"), one's mind is not

likely to retain any positive or useful information. It is overwhelmed by the negative, accusatory and spiteful attitudes and feelings.

Well, enough of that. I thought you might find it amusing — particularly those who found the book helpful. As I said, I'm not angry about it. My work of 20 years in this field (which is a heck of a lot longer than either Eve or Pudgy can point to) stands on its own merits. There is hardly any attitude, activity, terminology or philosophy of the subject that I did not either initiate, lay the ground work for or contribute to in some fundamental way. I'm proud of that. When the time comes for me to depart this mortal life I will be able to look back and know that I have touched a great many lives favorably, helpfully, and with love and understanding, and that is all that is important to me. The scoffers, critics, accusers and antagonists of one kind or another—and I've had my share—can make their little noises and recruit their little cliques around them, but until they can point to as much accomplishment as I can, I'm not really concerned. It's one's works that count, not one's vocalizations whether in speech or in print. So my good wishes go to Eve and to Pudgy and I hope that they will be able to do something more constructive with their lives than trying to shoot me down. I hope they can have some of the satisfactions that I can enjoy after 20 years of effort.

I am not interested in starting a series of polemics with either of these two people (or others), but since this will doubtless come to their attention one way or another, if they want to offer any short defense, explanation or commentary of their own that is capable of being written coolly and without resort to words like "horseshit" and the like, I am, in the interest of fairness, willing to print their reply in these pages in the following issue. Providing only that they are factual, constructive, explanatory and worthy of the space. And that's "30 for tonight."

Virginia ("Grandma" of it all)



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*DAINTY DIGITS*

JANETTE CO-22-T

One of the truly feminine endeavors an FP can indulge herself in is a manicure. Unfortunately, for many of us, our jobs simply won't allow for any growth of fingernails. I couldn't begin to number the times I have gotten myself decked out, only to have my hands ruin the total effect. Even if I took the time to do my nails, somehow those blunt stubs just didn't look feminine.

Naturally, false fingernails seemed like the answer. They do look terrific once you get them on. However, not all is well. Besides the hassle of having to wait for the glue to set up, came the problem of keeping the nails on. It seemed like the first time I would try and do anything requiring the use of my nails I would inevitably knock one loose. This presented some deflating moments for me, as you can have a nail come off most anywhere. Besides this came the hassle with the glue again to get it back on. What I needed was a better way to secure my nails properly.

My problem was solved quite by accident. As I was preparing myself for a weekend as Jan, I discovered a shortage of nail adhesive. Since the nails are a must, I decided to try some other type of glue. All attempts failed until all I had left to try was a tube of "Super Glue #3" (the stuff that holds 5,000 pounds with one drop!). Needless to say, I was hesitant to try this stuff at first. But as is often the case with my FP self, desire to do something overrules common sense. Anyway, I figured the worst that could happen to me would result in having to file the nails off or something along those lines. What did happen that day led to the best system for strong, useable and beautiful nails I had ever found. I would like to share my find with you in this article. What follows is a step by step program to more feminine fingernails.

First, one must assemble the proper materials needed for this project: false nails, super glue, fingernail files, and your favorite polish. A few notes on the nails and the glue should prove helpful. False nails may be purchased for under a dollar up to many dollars. I have found a brand of nails called "Modnails" that cost under a dollar that work just fine. They come in pink or clear colors, with pink being preferable as they can be worn without polish. They also come in two sizes, regular and slim. I have found that the slim nails are too narrow for most FP's, so the regulars are advised unless you have very small hands. So much for the nails. As mentioned before I use Super-glue #3 as my adhesive. This glue has cyanoacrylate as its main ingredient—an item worth checking to insure the proper product. It is produced by Woodhill Chemical Corporation. It can be purchased at almost any hardware or department stores. Average cost is about \$1.50 per tube.

After the raw materials have been gathered comes the time to size and fit the nails. The nails should be selected first by the width that closely matches your own nail. I like to start with the thumbs as they usually require the most shaping. The thumb nail of most FP's will be very wide. To accommodate this wider nail the false nail must be filed from the cuticle end until the flatter and wider shape of your own cuticle is reached. Getting the fit as close to the shape of your own cuticles for all of the nails is extremely important. A few extra moments at this stage will yield a substantial reward in authenticity at the end. Shape the sides of the nail if needed at this time, also. The sides seldom need much filing as there is a large enough selection of nails to choose from in each package to overcome this problem. Don't be concerned about the length at this time, because length is best taken care of after the nails have been glued in place. Size all ten nails before glueing any nails on. A hint for your very first set of nails. Since each nail is fitted to a particular finger, I would suggest buying a set of nails that come with a plastic case to keep them in. This case can be used for all future sets, with the cost being in the three to four dollar range.

Now for the glueing. Since Super Glue #3 sticks almost anything to almost anything else—including your fingers—some care must be taken when applying the glue. Do only one nail at a time. Place one drop of glue in the center of your real nail. With the tip of the tube of glue, spread the glue over your nail, staying away from all edges of your nail. This helps the nails last longer and also helps make

removal easier. Using too much glue can lead to the above mentioned "sticky fingers." As soon as the glue is in place select the proper nail for that finger. Place the cuticle end in the exact location you want it to fit and then set the nail down against your own nail. Get the nail in as straight a position as possible before setting it down, as little adjustment can be made once the nail touches the glue. A small amount of practice will yield the easiest technique for each person. Once the nail is in place press on it for a few seconds to assure a good bond. Repeat this process for the rest of your nails. As soon as the nails are in place, they are ready for battle. They are waterproof, detergent proof, and virtually indestructable. They will not come off until taken off—with the rare exception being a jolt from the side.

Now that the nails are in place, they can be shaped and painted to your desire just like your own nails. Any nail polish can be used on them. One word of caution about the nails, on the package you will see a note telling you not to use polish remover containing acetone. The reason for this is that acetone will damage the plastic nails. Almost all polish removers contain acetone, so if you can't find the kind without it don't fret. I have found that ordinary polish remover can be used if a kleenex is used instead of a cotton ball to remove the polish. The cotton ball will come apart and stick to the nails leaving a real mess. However, the kleenex will remove the polish and leave the nail unharmed.

The final step you will need to do is removing the nails when the time arrives. This can be accomplished by inserting one of the extra nails from the kit between your nail and the false nail at the sides or at the cuticle. I use an extra nail instead of the ones I'm wearing to avoid damage to the false nails, as they can be used over again. One can now see the reasoning for care in the glue application when it comes to removal time. Too much glue or glue too close to the edges doesn't allow for an edge to insert the extra nail into. If the nail doesn't come off easily, it will normally pop off, soaking the finger in polish remover will loosen the glue. This should only be used if the nail won't come off normally, as the nail will be ruined. Once the nail is removed, immediately place it in its storage place as each nail is fitted to only that finger. Any residue left on your own nails can be removed with polish remover. The glue will tend to build up on the false nails. Do not attempt to remove this glue. The nails can be used five to ten times before this build-up is a problem. Once the glue

becomes too thick discard the nails for a new set, at a dollar a package this is a minimal investment.

Well, there you have it. I hope this article helps others find the beauty and fun dainty digits can be. Try putting the nails on as your first step to getting ready. It really adds a unique feeling to the whole experience.

• *Editor's Note: If after following Janette's directions the first time, you note any tenderness or soreness around the cuticle or the nail bed itself, you might be well advised not to use the super glue again. Some people are very sensitive to various solvents and organic cyanides. If nothing happens, you're in the money. I use it myself to strengthen my own nails, but I do know it's a hazard to some.* V.P.



## EXPLANATION

There are a lot of cartoons but no pictures in this issue as you have noticed. The reason is that you haven't been too enthusiastic about sending in pictures for the picture issue and thus I have held back the pictures on hand to be used in that issue.

Usually a picture issue is met with much enthusiasm and lots of pictures are sent in. This time your response has not been so enthusiastic. So get with it so that I can have a lot of pics for *TVia* #96, which if all goes well should be available somewhere around September 1. But it takes some time to get ready and I have to be away during future months so DON'T DELAY—get them in the mail soon so I'll know what I have to work with.

Virginia

THE "TRANSCENDENTS"  
OR "TRANS" PEOPLE



*Editor's Note: Virgin Views in this issue is supplied by the following paper which I have read at the Western Regional meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex in Santa Barbara, Calif., June 1978.*

*I do not print this as any sort of a brag or any sort of an ego trip. I provide it for you to keep you informed of the approach I am taking in trying to educate some of the professionals who may find themselves dealing with cross dressing individuals. In addition to knowing what I am saying to them some of you may find the article helpful to yourselves or even more likely, of value in enlightening wives, parents, or others whom you would like to have take a more enlightened attitude toward your actions. The fact that the material is given just as presented to a professional audience may possibly come across more effectively than just some article in TVia. In any case it will likely be more effective than your own arguments simply because you can't very well be the defendant and the attorney for the defense at the same time. I hope you will find it interesting and helpful.*

We are all familiar with the word "transcendent" as in transcendental meditation or transcendent experience, but to use it as a noun rather than as an adjective is a little unusual. Actually, the word comes from the Latin trans—meaning over or across, and scendere—to climb. Thus a transcendent is a person who climbs over and goes beyond some sort of limitation or barrier. Our society and culture provide all kinds of laws, limitations and barriers tending to restrict our lives in one way or another. Many of these are a necessity since without them society would be in chaos. We have restrictions that are biological (and thus permanent), sexual, behavioral, moral and legal.

People in our swarming society are always moving, not only physically but sociologically, psychologically and philosophically. As we move we run head on into the barriers in each of these areas. For the most part we are reflected back into the swarming mass of conformity. However, there always are some individuals who have enough "escape velocity" to penetrate, climb over, and go beyond these barriers. When someone transcends the barriers of poverty and rises socially he is considered a success. Those who break through the restrictions of law are criminals, of morals are sinners, of sexual behaviour are adulterers or swingers. In short we have names for all those types of people who for one reason or another climb over one or another of our cultural barriers.

But there is still another barrier, that of gender. And at this point I should make very clear what I am talking about, because for a great many people, which unfortunately includes many professionals as well as laymen, the words "sex" and "gender" are two words for the same thing. They thus consider that male and man and female and woman are also synonymous and will use them interchangeably in conversation regardless of whether they are talking of sexual, which is to say anatomical-physiological matters, or genderal, which means sociological concerns. So, to get off on the right foot I think it would be appropriate to quote John Money's original definition of gender. He defines it as ...

"All those things that a person says or does to disclose himself or herself as having the status of boy or man, girl or woman respectively. It concludes but is not restricted to sexuality in the sense of eroticism. A gender role is not established at birth but is built up through experiences encountered and transacted, through casual and unplanned learning and through explicit instruction and inclination ... a gender role is established in much the same way as a native language." Sex you are born with and gender you acquire so obviously they are two different aspects of human existence.

To make things still clearer, let us look at a human being in what might be called a three dimensional view. It is obvious that one dimension on which people can be measured is that of anatomy and physiology. This continuum runs from complete maleness at one end to complete femaleness at the other. The midpoint on that continuum is that of the hermaphrodite—a person possessing at least some of the anatomy of each sex. But that isn't sufficient to characterize *living*

people because anatomy is still present on the slab in the morgue or on the dissecting table in a medical school. Living people *behave*, in one way or another. Since sex behaviour is next in significance after sexual anatomy, we have a continuum dealing with sex object choice. It originates in the head rather than in the genitals and is therefore a psychological continuum. The choice runs from one extreme of selecting sexual partners **ONLY** from among members of the opposite sex, to selecting them **ONLY** from members of one's own sex. The midpoint on this scale is the bisexual. Such a person has now transcended the object choice barrier and has established his or her emotional comfort in being able to have an orgasmic experience with either type of partner.

To many these two continua or dimensions would seem to adequately characterize anyone. But they don't because humans live in a third dimension, that of society. This cultural continuum runs between the very masculine and the very feminine lifestyle—whatever those may entail in differing cultures. Naturally there is a midpoint here too and it is termed "androgenous." I would like to emphasize that these three midpoint words, hermaphrodite, bisexual and androgyne, are very frequently confused and not properly understood. It is necessary to get it clear in one's mind that human beings operate on all three basic dimensions, the physical, psychological, and social or cultural and they cannot be adequately described using only any two of those three. If you take these three dimensions and use them as axes of a cube you would be able to assign some point inside that cube to every person alive assuming a method could be found to quantify the sexual and social dimensions as Kinsey did with his famous 0-6 scale for object choice.

Some consideration should now be given to how we all come to be trapped inside the two little permissible enclaves at each end of the gender continuum. When we are newborn males and females we have, as a birthright, **ALL** the potentials that separate a human from a chimpanzee. I am **NOT** referring to various genetically controlled differences, nor to pathological differences nor even some of the subtle and newly discovered differences between male and female babies neurologically. I **AM** talking about the psycho-social potentials. Certainly we would all agree that *both* a male and a female baby *could* grow up to be either dependent or independent, courageous or cowardly, tender or cruel, passive or assertive, etc. But the fact is, that except for conspicuous exceptions, they don't.

According to their possession of a penis or a vagina at birth, they get shunted into one or the other of two paths of development. This is done directly and originally by parents on the basis of sex determination and indirectly by siblings, peers and all manner of experience as Money mentions in his definition. The end result is that males generally become acceptably masculine boys and men and females generally become appropriately feminine girls and women and each gender more or less accepts the inevitability of this state of affairs not even realizing that many things might be quite opposite in some other culture.

But we don't give much consideration to the converse of that proposition, namely that in becoming walled IN behind these sexually appropriate general walls we are effectively walled OUT of the opposite. Thus to become one kind of person manifesting all the proper patterns, interests, activities, etc. we must give up, voluntarily or involuntarily, all opposite potentials. In effect we all become HALF HUMANS! You won't like that because it offends your own self identity and respect and you feel you would like to argue with me about it. But instead of doing that which would throw this gathering into chaos, just look at the person of the opposite gender sitting nearest to you and then honestly ask yourself how much of what that person feels, does, wears or expresses you could comfortably and equally effectively do. If you are honest, you will have to say not too much of it—especially if you are a man. Why? Because you have no training to speak of in that aspect of human living. Boys are brought up to be non-girls and girls to be non-boys though not nearly so completely. "Tomboy" is almost a word of approval, while "sissy" is extremely perjorative.

So here you are, an interesting and intelligent group of people, but by and large characterized by being only half humans. What a shame! There is so much buried and unused human potential among you. How much more productive and creative each of you might be if it were not for gender barriers from which you tend to bounce off whenever you impact too firmly against them. I can hear a lot of you protesting this very moment in your head, saying, "The hell with her, I'm happy as I am," or "I can be anything I want to be," or the real conservatives among you are thinking, "She must be a radical, pinko, Communist agitator trying to destroy our way of life. It has worked fine for a million years or so, why not let good enough alone." Doubtless there are other thoughts but I won't try to second guess them all.

My response to at least these three ideas are first, sure you are happy as you are, because you don't know any different. You haven't had any opportunity to truly experience anything else and your position is nicely described in the old proverb, "Ignorance is bliss." To those who think they are free, I urge you to change roles completely tomorrow and you will soon discover both the limits and price of your "freedom." But you already know them and you wouldn't dare take up the challenge. Your response to my assertion is just a whistling in the dark and a bolstering of your own present position. To the last thought, I would quickly reply that while not a *Communist* agitator, I plead guilty to being a humanist agitator, and yes, I *would* like to change your way of life. I have never been one to say that because anything always has been that therefore it should always be. What was good enough for *my* grandfather is by no means good enough for me. I hope I have made some human progress and in some ways at least an improvement over him and his times.

Next, let's consider how this gender thing got started. It isn't biological, it's cultural. Animals don't have gender. While the possibilities of separating and perfecting characteristically different life styles for males and females has theoretically existed since the two different sexes evolved, it had to await the sophisticated development of a thinking and speaking animal to bring it to reality. Perhaps I can illustrate its beginning a little better with an allegorical story.

It seems that one day Mrs. Cavewoman was down by the stream with her children while the old man was off somewhere hunting. She noticed that heel marks in the mud filled with water. She then picked up a handful of mud, made a depression in it with her other hand and dipped it in the stream. Lo and behold it held water. At that point she was interrupted by one of the children; she put the primitive cup down on a rock and went to look after the child. Several days later she again noticed her cup from which the water had now evaporated and the mud had baked dry in the hot sun. She wondered whether in this condition it would still hold water and dipped it in the stream. It did. Sooner or later the idea occurred to her that if she made it bigger, let it dry and then filled it with water it could store water in the cave which was some distance from the stream. She made such a vessel and thus was born ceramics.

Well, over the next months she got pretty good at creating shapes and even decorating them. One day she made a particularly large

and beautiful vessel and when it was dry used it to store nuts and other edibles in the cave. Several days later Mr. Caveman came home from the hunt, tired and sort of grouchy and in the dim light of the interior of the cave accidentally kicked this beautiful vessel. It fell over and shattered. The missus was fit to be tied and called him a clumsy ox and a few other appropriate stone age epithets, and ended up with the blunt statement—"and just for that you can go down to the stream tomorrow and make me another vessel just like that one." Right then was when gender came of age. Perhaps you can guess what Mr. Caveman said . . . In considerable disgust he said, "What ME make a mud vessel? Are you crazy? *That's woman's work.*" That was a symbolic beginning of gender which began when behaviour patterns and skills that were accidentally discovered and perfected by one sex were then *assigned* to that sex as though there was some relationship to the genital structure of the discoverers. On such a primitive foundation all of the separations of human potential that are now enshrined in the words "masculine" and "feminine" were built. It has gone on unabated since those times. Only of very recent years have we begun to realize that gender, while related to and founded on sex in the genital sense is nevertheless NOT sex.

Now that, with John Money's help, we have defined gender, and with the awareness of the three-dimensionality of people, let's get down to cases about the title of this paper, "The Transcendents" or "Trans" people. This refers specifically to those who move along the third or sociological dimension, that of gender, in one direction or the other. The barrier that they climb over in so doing exists right at the two extremes where our culture sets up the rules that all males shall choose female partners for sex and shall conform to a uniform code of masculine behaviour at all times in dress, behaviour, activities, interests, occupations, attitudes, hobbies, etc. on pain of excommunication. The same "rule" applies at the other end of the scale by simply substituting the word feminine for masculine. When one transcends that restriction, then, how far out along the continuum he or she chooses to go is entirely up to them for they are now free agents—at least as far as that transcended barrier is concerned. But such transcendence or liberation is not easy and exacts a high price.

There are three classes of such "trans" people, generally called "transvestites, transgenderists and transexuals." To start with the term "transvestite," although meaningful when Herschfeld coined it back at the beginning of this century, it is no longer communicative. It

was coined to apply specifically to heterosexual men who enjoyed cross dressing. Homosexual cross dressing in the interest of promoting sexual relationships was not new but it was new to medicine to find that heterosexual men did this too. Obviously being heterosexual—most of them are or have been married and 75 percent of them are fathers—their motivations and satisfactions must be quite different.

But today the word transvestite is used indiscriminately so that all it says is that someone is crossdressing. In short it says what he DOES, not what he IS. So I have coined the word "femmiphilia" for the condition and "femmiphile" for the individual. It comes from a combination of the Latin femina for woman or feminine and Greek phillia for love and it therefore means, "lover of the feminine." This adequately describes the heterosexual cross dresser's motivation and therefore what he IS. From here on I'll use the customary abbreviation of FP.

What characterizes the FP and how does he differ from the other two classes? Let me say here, however, that this phenomenon is effectively limited to males since females can wear any kind of clothing they wish without censorship. The typical FP begins his interest in feminine clothing before puberty when for reasons running from taking a girl's part in a play, going to a New Year's or Halloween party as a girl, to simple curiosity, he puts on some feminine clothing for the first time. In the beginning such intimate contact with feminine things probably results in an erection which is then relieved by standard techniques of masturbation. This leads to shame and guilt both because of the masturbation and because "boys just don't wear panties and dresses" or whatever he had had on. The guilt and shame make him swear that he will never repeat the performance but he does because there is a very compelling satisfaction involved.

As time passes and he gets more fully dressed and proficient at it, he dresses whenever the opportunity presents itself. Comes a time, however, when after dressing and relieving the sexual tension he does not get out of the clothing right away but leaves it on while he watches television, fixes something to eat or whatever. When this happens he begins to feel a very special new satisfaction, that of just "being a girl." In due course his acquaintance with this "girl within" develops and he may give her a girl's name. What happens gradually over the years is that this part of himself, this "non-boy" that he was forced to reject in the process of growing up and acquiring mas-

culinity, asserts herself and demands attention and opportunity to exist—to live.

Of course the psychiatrists seen by FPs over the years, having no concept of the "girl within" but being very Freudianly alert to anything having to do with sex, latch on to the reports of masturbation which accompanied the dressing. This gets fixed in their heads, reported in their journal articles and is eventually enshrined in psychiatric dictionaries which are then quoted ad infinitum by therapists who write books but probably have never laid eyes on an FP. So it is always defined as, "Transvestism—wearing the clothing of the opposite sex for erotic purposes." This leads also to its being referred to as fetishistic cross dressing. Of course there is vastly more to it than that, but you can't tell a psychiatrist because few of them originate concepts but all of them have faith in and quote the "experts."

As the FP gets older he gets married, becomes a father, has a job and a reputation to maintain, etc. So his dressing is limited to special times when it can be done secretly and safely. If he is lucky enough to have an understanding wife it may be more frequent. Incidentally, many such understanding wives find a relationship with their partner which is much richer and fulfilling because of her recognition that many of the things she likes about Joe are there because "Jane" is there too, albeit out of sight. Such a couple can have greater commonality because he has become liberated and she already is to a considerable degree or she would not be capable of acceptance. Two liberated people live in a mutually fulfilling companionship rather than in a mutual dependency, which is what ordinary marriages are, in which the missing (meaning suppressed) parts of one are more or less filled in by the manifest parts of the other so that between the two of them they have at least one complete human being in the house.

The second class is a group of which I am a member and about which most of you haven't heard, namely that of the transgenderists. These are people who have adopted the exterior manifestations of the opposite sex on a full-time basis but without any surgical intervention. Thus they are what may rightly be termed "male women." To digest this term you will have to really understand the idifference between sex and gender, i.e. between female and woman. Such persons have transcended the gender barrier completely. In the months immediate-

ly following their decision to renounce manhood for womanhood the tendency is to go as far into the feminine direction as possible both as an escape *from* and a flight *into*. However, as they mature in the new situation, most of us come to realize that our masculine past is still alive and well in the back of our head and actually provides the cerebral mechanisms and experience on which we must build since we have not yet acquired much of the opposite kind. So, in effect, we return partway back along the gender axis to the vicinity of the midpoint. In passing, may I ask how many of you understand the meaning of the word "gynandry"? I thought so, quite a few do not. I prefer to use this word to describe myself rather than androgeny because that word means man and woman in that order and is another of the chauvinistic pairs like, he/she, his/hers, Mr./Mrs., boys/girls, men/women, etc. Since to me femininity is more important than masculinity I feel it should have pride of place and I put it first, thus gynandry simply means woman/man or adjectively femininity/masculinity. It's only companion pair is ladies/gentlemen.

Finally there is the third class of "trans" people—the so-called transsexuals. These are persons who wish to not only change their gender, that is their lifestyle, but to have a surgical alteration of sex at least to the extent that modern medicine can approximate it. Such people are transcending two barriers at the same time, that of sex as well as that of gender, and for some of them the third one of sex object choice, too. There are really three subclasses here, depending on the previous history of the individual. At one extreme are those males who have been practicing homosexuals prior to surgery. They are chromosomal males seeking other chromosomal males for sexual outlet. Feeling that they can play the passive feminine role more effectively and legitimately after surgical alteration, they seek it out. Now they consider their relationships as being heterosexual which may get them off the moral hook since males are by definition, persons with penises and they, no longer having one, are no longer genital males and copulating with a penis and their newly acquired vaginas makes it to them heterosexual. They overlook the fact that sex originates between the ears not between the legs and originally they were oriented toward people with penises for their sexual pleasure. Since they still are, they really have not changed their sexual orientation. Since sex is the biggest motivation for change in such people, many of them were and remain prostitutes.

In the middle there are those who were largely asexual prior to

surgery for whatever reason. Among males anyone who is not sexually normal, and therefore inadequate, is very likely to be genderally inadequate too. Thus as inadequate males and inadequate men, their lives are not very satisfying. The contrast between expectation and performance, both sexually and genderally, is great and much anxiety results. However, after the surgery this gap is greatly narrowed because the expectations of women aren't so high and performance is not much of a factor. Thus less anxiety, more psychic comfort and probably a more useful and integrated citizen. The most benefit from surgery can be attained by this group.

At the other extreme are those who were acknowledged heterosexuals prior to surgery. Many of them have been married and fathered children. Jan Morris, the English writer, and Renee Richards, the tennis player, are cases in point. In my personal opinion these people seek surgery because of a faulty understanding of the difference between sex and gender. Raised as boys and men, they have imbibed that male concept of women as sex objects to which Women's Lib so rightly and vigorously objects. That is, they see the definition of a woman as primarily a person with an orifice between her legs. Therefore since they aspire to be women they must also acquire the orifice—that indisputable badge of belonging. Sex with males is not the real motivation, and is often not experienced even after it becomes possible, because their original orientation was towards persons with vaginas and it still remains unaltered in their heads just as with the previously homosexual TSs. Their sexual situation is rather precarious because as woman they may strongly aspire to be a woman to a man (genderally) but the male is certainly going to expect them to be a female (sex) too. That may not be too successful because 1) the reconstruction may not be as perfect and as functional as they would like, 2) it may be anesthetic from all the trauma, 3) without lifelong training in girlness and womanhood they may not live up to the husband's expectations and requirements, and 4) there is a constant awareness of their true history and a constant fear that he will discover it. Several suicides have been reported by Stoller and others among such people who were in economic and career terms very successful but the burden of their past just became too much.

It is my belief that where sexual orientation towards penis people does not exist, persons aspiring to the expression of their opposite gender—at least among chromosomal males—could be just as happy

and comfortable being transgenderists and saving a lot of money, a lot of pain and discomfort and the relatively high probability of further surgical experience. Therapists should be able to counsel them in that direction but unfortunately too many therapists are unaware of their own biases in this field and are fixated on a sex of the genitals rather than orientation in the head and are unable or unwilling to do much more than certify to the surgeon that the applicant is not psychotic and knows what he or she is asking for.

I have talked largely about genetic males among the "trans" people. This is because with woman's greater liberation, they are not so entrapped in this area, though they are in others. As indicated previously there are really no female equivalents of male FPs and although a few female TGs have been known historically there were and probably are not many who are not also homosexual. However in the TS field what started out as about an 8:1 ratio of males to females has now dropped to about equal numbers. It is interesting that the female to male TSs come across as much more integrated and together people than the male to female. It is probably because the former are aspiring toward that gender that is seen as being capable, strong, independent and together and therefore they assume these qualities. Since our social concept of women, in spite of Women's Lib, is still largely one of their being passive, weak, dependent, indecisive, etc., the males moving in that direction assume those qualities, too.

Now a final word about the androgeny-gynandry thing. Regardless of which word you use they mean the same thing—a person who has broken through or climbed over the barriers of gender and is capable of thereby expressing all of him/herself. Unfortunately many do not understand the word, and this includes June Singer with her book, *Androgeny—Toward a New Theory of Sexuality*. In it she talks as though there had at one time in human history been androgenous beings who became differentiated into masculine and feminine types and that we should now strive to recombine them, meaning our own potentials. While I strongly agree on the desirability of that end, I must also strongly assert that there was NEVER such a condition in the history of the human race. Anyone who has any understanding of evolution would easily see this. Unfortunately Singer is deeply involved in mythology and religions and probably believes in the Genesis concept of man's origins. But even Adam and Eve weren't androgenous though their Creator had to be to be able to create both in his (?) own image. Yet even HE (?) had to be a male chauvinist since

he made Adam first and Eve from him in contravention of all biological rules which he supposedly originally set up.

But androgeny is NOT a theory of sexuality, old or new. It has very little to do with sexuality. Her assertion of that theme is only one cut above the old Freudian statement that "sex is destiny." It is only better because she advocates changes to achieve the androgenous state, while Freud's statement put a stamp of finality and inevitability on the existing condition. But to assert that to move toward androgeny would change sexuality is simply not to understand that sexuality is a different dimension of the cube of human function than that of gender. It makes me wonder if she knows the difference between and could adequately define hermaphrodite, bisexual, and androgyne.

But from personal life experience plus contact with a great many others who have transcended the culturally imposed barriers of gender I have a strong belief that we would all be better off, happier, more complete humans and more creative if we would break down those walls. Therapists in general and sex therapists in particular ought to be in the forefront of this struggle because the greater part of their case load doesn't come from people with problems between their legs—the majority of their problems are between their ears. Most of those derive from difficulties in self-identity, self-esteem, self-confidence, adequacy, security and the sets of requirements and expectations we lay on ourselves and others. Most of these are, in turn, related in some way to this dividing process we all went through in growing up. Women are recognizing that and fighting it. Men should be doing the same and therapists should be leaders and coordinators of that fight to storm the Bastille, not acting as guards or stoolies for the status quo trying to "adjust" the inmates to the system so that they can function semi happily as semi humans.

Let me conclude with a quotation from Theodore Roszack . . . "The woman most desperately in need of liberation is the "woman" every man has locked up in the dungeons of his own psyche. THAT is the basic act of oppression that still waits to be undone, though the undoing might well produce the most cataclysmic reinterpretation of the sexual roles and of sexual "normalcy" in all human history."

To which I can only add—this day and every day is Bastille Day. Let us storm the walls, open those dungeon doors and free the prisoners in your clients *and* in yourselves.

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