

phoenix

MONTHLY INTERNATIONAL[®]

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GGA



Friendship is born at that moment when one person says to another,
"What! You, too? I thought I was the only one."--C.S. Lewis

WHERE AND WHEN IT'S HAPPENING
GGA Chapters do not act as dating services or dating brokers. Do not call asking for that service.

GATEWAY GENDER ALLIANCE

****NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AREA****

SAN JOSE - 1st and 3rd Friday, 8 pm.
Write PO Box 62283 Sunnyvale, 94088 or call (408) 734-3773 for specific details.

SANTA ROSA - Meetings: 1st Friday, 3rd Wednesday each month at [redacted]

Call (707) 526-2500 for specific details.

SACRAMENTO CHAPTER. Meetings on 2nd Friday each month. Write: Bonnie [redacted] POB 38918, Sacramento, CA 95838 for details, meeting time(s) and place.

SAN DIEGO-GGA: Contact W. Thomas, PO Box 99732, San Diego, 92109.

****DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA****

DELTA CHI-GGA. 1st Saturday each month. Write POB 11254, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.

CAPITOL CHAPTER-GGA. (Balt-DC Area). Pam [redacted] POB 651 Marshall, VA 22115. Meets 3rd Saturday.

****FLORIDA****

SUCCESS CHAPTER-GGA. Monthly Meetings. Contact Susan [redacted] POB 1601, Pinellas Park, FL, 34290.

****IOWA****

EASTERN IOWA GGA. Write Occupant, PO Box 1205, Bettendorf, IA 52722 for meeting specifics.

****ILLINOIS****

WINDY CITY CHAPTER-GGA. Monthly meetings. Contact PO Box 2312, Chicago, IL 60690 or call (312) 472-4518.

****NEW JERSEY****

NU CHAPTER-GGA. 1st Saturday each month. For specific information write POB 9034, Morristown, NJ 07960.

****NEW YORK****

NYC-GGA. 2nd Saturday. Changing facilities available. Members may arrive anytime after 4:30 pm. Meetings run from 7 - 11:30. Muriel Olive, Suite 601, 157 W. 57th Street, NYC, 10019.

****OREGON****

NORTHWEST CHAPTER-GGA Regular meetings. For information concerning activities in NW Area contact POB 13173, Portland, OR 97213.

****PENNSYLVANIA****

PHI CHAPTER-GGA (Philadelphia Area)
Contact: Linda [redacted] POB 7330, Newark, DE 19714.

****TEXAS****

GENDER DYSPHORIA CENTER. Galveston GGA Chapter. Meetings: 8pm 1st Saturday every month except July, Aug, Sept. Contact Alice, [redacted] Especially helpful for the TS.

GGA-SAN ANTONIO. For information concerning time, place and frequency write Jaquiline [redacted] c/o SAMC-GGA, PO Box 169672, San Antonio, 78280-3272.

****VIRGINIA****

HAMPTON ROADS-GGA. Meetings: March 3rd and May 14th. Contact N. Cooper, S-180, POB 2400, Virginia Beach, 23452.

OTHERS GROUPS

CALIFORNIA

PACIFIC CENTER - 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley. 1st & 3rd Wednesday rap session. Last Friday, special topic or speaker. Meetings run from 7:30 - 10:00.

BI-SEXUAL CENTER. Rap sessions from 7:30 each Tuesday and Wednesday. \$3.00 donation requested. For specific information write PO Box 28227, San Francisco, 94126 or call (415) 929-9299.

SOCIETY OF JANUS. For those into or seeking adventure in S&M. Write PO Box 6794, San Francisco for information.

ETVC. Last Thursday each month at Chez Mallet, 527 Bryant St. San Francisco.

MISSION VIEJO/ORANGE COUNTY AREA. Gender Dysphoria Program for Orange County. Information brochure - \$2.00. Contact Joanna M. Clark, 31815 Camino Capistrano, Suite L, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675. Group Counseling: Dana Point facility - 2nd & 4th Monday. San Juan Capistrano Facility - 1st & 3rd Monday.

SHANGRI-LA: Nancy [redacted] PO Box 18902, Irvine, 92713.

****COLORADO****

DENVER. Gender Identity Center. Staffed by professionals, pre and post-ops. 3715 W. 32nd Ave, 80211. Phone (303) 458-5378.

****CONNECTICUT****

XX GROUP. 45 Church St. Hartford.

****DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA****

ACADEMY AWARDS (Drag gay). Carl Rizzi, [redacted] Arlington, VA 22204.

****GEORGIA****

ELITE TV CO. Write Gigi [redacted] PO Box 47686, Atlanta, GA 30362 for specific information concerning meeting time(s) and place.

****HAWAII****

SEXUAL IDENTITY CENTER. TV/TS discussion group. 7:30 pm each Tuesday. Address: 2139 Kuhio Ave, Honolulu (in the Waikiki District). Phone 926-1000.

****ILLINOIS****

CHI Chapter (Tri-S). Marilyn [redacted] POB 2055, Des Plaines, IL 60018.

****MASSACHUSETTS****

TIFFANY CLUB. Tuesdays & Saturdays 7-11 pm. Very attractive private facility. GGA Members welcome. Write Tiffany Club, POB 19, Wayland, MA 01778 or call (617) 358-5575.

KAY MAYFLOWER SOCIETY Every Wednesday 7-11 pm. For information call (617) 254-7389.

TS SUPPORT GROUP. Write Rachia Heyelman, POB 25, South Orleans, MA 02662 for information.

****MICHIGAN****

CROSSROADS. Irregular meeting schedule. Write POB 1298, Flint MI, 48501 for information.

****OHIO****

PARADISE CLUB. Reservations required as meetings are held at a motel and a room is often required for overnight stay. Meetings: Oct. 22, Dec. 10. Write Paradise Club, POB 17023, Cleveland, OH 44117.

****RHODE ISLAND****

HOLCYON SOCIETY (Tiffany Club). 1st Saturday 7pm. Contact: Occupant, PO Box 142, Kingston, RI 02852 or call (617) 678-0609.

*****WASHINGTON*****

Seattle Counseling Service. TV/TS support group. Meetings: every Friday evening from 8-10. Anyone concerned with TV/TS issues welcome. 1505 Broadway, Seattle 98122. (206) 329-8737.

*****WISCONSIN*****

WISCONSIN TV NETWORK. Write POB 813, Madison, 53701.

*****CANADA*****

FACT. FTM TS only. POB 291, Station A, Hamilton, Ontario L8N 3C8.

*****ENGLAND (UK)*****

SELF-HELP ASSOCIATION FOR TRANS-SEXUALS (SHAFT) [redacted]

[redacted] Berkshire, England SL5 9UX.

FRIENDS MERSEYSIDE. 14 Colquitt Street, Liverpool, L1 4DE. Phone: 051-708-0234 Fridays 7 - 10 pm.

*****FRANCE*****

TRANS-CCL. 3 bis Rue Clairmont, 75107 Paris. Phone (1) 627-4936.

*****JAPAN*****

ELIZABETH CLUB. c/o Anto Trading Co., Sakata Bldg 1-12, Iwamoto-cho, Kanda, Chiyado-ku, Tokyo 101.

*****PARTIES*****

Sat. Sept 22nd; Sat. October 27th;

Mon. Nov 5th; Sat. Nov 17th;

Mon. Dec 3rd; Sat. Dec 15th and

Mon. Dec 31st.

For information write: Lee's Mardi Gras, 565 10th Avenue, NYC, NY 13306 or call (212) 947-7773 between noon and 6 p.m. Monday thru Friday.

THE NO SURGERY OPTION by Tala (CA-43)

This article contains many personal and private issues with which many women have had to deal. We women not born with vaginas usually found information without any advanced warning or prior knowledge. Yes, we all get through it, or don't as the case may be, so here we have an honest quest for knowledge, rather than blind acceptance of tall tales.

If it seems I use the pages of this publication as a clearing house for my processes, so be it. After years of not wanting to be identified as a male and believing the **only** way to achieve that status was to remove my penis (either surgically or otherwise), I have decided **not** to have genital surgery. Why? Because, at this time, surgery will **not** give me what I want. Surgery will **not** impart to me with the status of "woman", nor will it replace my penis with functioning female genitalia even approaching an approximation of **real** female primary sexual organs. None of the surgeons in practice today can **guarantee** I will feel **anything** in my vagina after surgery. Surgical alteration of my current genitals will **not** produce, or replace my organs with, ovaries, fallopian tubes, a uterus, vagina, inner and outer lips or, perhaps most importantly of all, an **erectable clitoris**. Unlike the real thing a surgically manufactured vagina is **not** self-cleaning. Yes dear, the **real ones** clean themselves. Having a manufactured vagina means you are a person who **must** douche at least daily - or risk smelling like a wet goat in heat. Unfortunately, Regular douching of natural vaginas alters the delicate natural balance in the vagina. No one has any data on the consequences of daily douching in the manufactured non-self-cleaning vaginas, but I don't doubt for a minute there is an effect.

Many women find douching with a mixture of water and white vinegar, when used in moderation and the proper quantities of vinegar and water, to be the most pleasant and least damaging to their own natural environments. Or, there are the new disposale duches (what did we ever do with the residue before those were invented?) You may want to consult your doctor or nurse practitioner. Some women find douching tends to upset the natural

balance present in their vagina.

Okay, what about orgasm? Do you **really** want to loose those wonderfully good feelings? If you choose to cut off your penis my dear you will loose those feelings and, in all probability, **will never again feel orgasm in the same intense fashion** - statistically speaking that is. Oh, but what about all your post-op friends making those wonderful claims about the **great** orgasms they are having? Have you ever seen them in the throes of inability to achieve climax? Or have you witnessed them struggling to get over the hump? Yes, so desperately wanting to have an orgasm. Have you ever played with their sex organs while they weren't watching your hand/finger movements and found them moaning even when stimulation ceased minutes ago? Have you ever noticed those little questions in your mind; those little doubts screaming to be heard, "Why don't I believe her?", "Why doesn't she sound like she means it?", "Why does she want so badly for me to believe that she's **really** satisfied with her surgery?" I wonder.

I want to know why I don't hear any expression of **real** joy from my post-op friends when it comes to the feelings about, and the cosmetic appearance of, their vaginas? Oh yes, they expound at great length about how wonderful they feel; how marvelous their surgery is and how they are, at last, really really a woman. But, in our hearts we know there is a difference don't we dear? Many post-operative women say, in private, such things as "Well, surgery isn't for everyone, but it was right for me.", "If there's a way for you **not** to have genital surgery - **don't**.", "I had to have my penis cut off to find out I didn't **need** to have it cut off.", "I didn't take time to explore alternative options because I was so anxious and worried that I wouldn't be allowed to have the surgery or, I might not have the money later. If I'd known there were, and are lots of people, even lesbians, who were and are willing to love me, have sex with me, accept me as a woman with a penis, I would have waited and perhaps **not** have had the surgery."

I can hear many of you asking "Who does **that** bitch think she is? How can she **know** whether or not I have or feel orgasm?" I can't **know** if you feel orgasm or what its level of intensity is, but I'm willing to submit anyone's name, in complete

confidence, to a panel of sexologists willing to conduct comparison sexological examinations using, as a control group, an equal number of genetic women. In fact, I'd dearly love to see this project started and completed and the findings made available to the professional support community, the surgeons and certainly to the gender community.

I think we need scientific understanding and objective measurement of this sexual response cycle and/or disability. The information we have is based **solely** on the subjective renderings of people desperately needing acceptance as woman. Now, on the other hand I feel very good about my own subjective feelings and by extrapolation from the small sampling of post-ops I know intimately I am willing to say, sweetheart, facts **don't** support the desires of many people desperately wanting a vagina. At best post-ops achieve a compromise between desire to be accepted as female and their own reality between physical feeling and psychological need. But, why choose such a catharsis? Why have yourself mutilated **just** so you can achieve transcendence? You don't need surgery to live and be accepted as a woman. Possibly, because you want to be a complete woman, you may desperately want a vagina **now, as fast as possible, please**. In your heart you may believe no one with a penis could be a woman. (Are you sure? Aren't you a woman **now** and weren't you born with a penis?) Why do you have to have a vagina **now**? Might you change your chameleon mind if you don't get it right now, this very minute? More than a few of my post-op friends **now** want to wait before having "exchange surgery", but it's just a little to late for them.

Will having a vagina transform you into a woman; recreate you as **the** complete woman? Will having your penis cut off gain for you acceptance as a **real** honest to goodness woman? Sorry, your manufactured vagina will **never** look, smell, feel or taste like the real thing. You will never have a fully functioning, self-cleaning vagina nor a clitoris capable of erection. Your new toy won't feel much or may not feel anything at all, at least by my sampling. Maybe you would like to believe your pants will ride higher in your crotch than before surgery? Yes, of course they will.

I want you to look back in time, back

into your past and see how your desires and your needs have changed through the years. I daresay what you desired, what you needed (or **thought** you needed) has changed a lot through the years. This change must be based, in part, on information you've gathered since then. Does this suggest, in time your wants, needs and desires may change as a result of the new and pertinent information you acquire? Of course it will, however, you may not desire any more new information. In that case, stop here, don't read another line you are already in Limbo, if not dead on your feet, a fate I fear befalls all to many transsexuals.

What are some of the options to surgery? The first and most obvious is **don't have the bloody surgery**, simply live in your chosen or necessary gender role. You could take hormones and continue to live in your current role. Learn to love your penis (after all, it's really nothing more than an enlarged, erectible clitoris). Find a person or persons to love you **an** your penis as the woman you are. Try homosexuality - having sex with someone the same sex as you, whatever you perceive **that** to be. (Yes dear, I am a pervert, a damn good one and proud of it.) Or, try celibacy and masturbate a lot. You might masturbate a lot anyway.

Practise bi-sensuality or, if you're not comfortable with same sex sex, try hetero-sensuality. One of the problems with many transsexuals is touch deprivation and not knowing how to get strokes of any kind, especially physical strokes.

How about trying to learn to enjoy your fetishes? Fetishes are big in the transsexual community. Many of us, including most post-ops of my acquaintance, enjoy dressing up. No, I don't **just** know perverts, however I prefer conversations with open perverts — more interesting you know. According to many fools who practise some form of state controlled, state enforced psycho-therapy, fetishes are abnormal. Personally, I don't believe that now, although I used to believe it until I began to meet sex positive people who talked freely about enjoyment of their fetishes. Most people have fetishes and many have fantasies about same sex behaviour, although many will **never** discuss them unless given a supportive environment in which they can share their intimate

thoughts without fear of rejection and/or retribution. There is a myth propagated by some politically correct (make that read fascist) feminists who state "No **real** woman would ever play with drag, or want to dress-up in their sexual play". (What do they mean, no **real** women likes to dress up just to get off?) Obviously they have not read COMING TO POWER, by Samois, a lesbian SM group. (Banned in many feminist bookstores as male propaganda.) You might quit being so damned self-righteous about your silly gender identity, the rest of the world, while mildly amused, just doesn't give a damn. You could get involved with SM and let your fantasies run wild.

Perhaps you want to do other things to/with your penis before you it's cut off forever. Like having pins stuck in/through it. It might wake up. No, probably not since you claim, at least publicly to **never** get erections or masturbate. (Which are probably lies because a small sampling of transsexuals will reveal the frequency of masturbation of twice a day - before mutilation that is. Once its cut off masturbation will, probably, **never** result in that most gratifying, satisfying feeling of orgasm ever again in your life. For those of you disputing this statement, having heard those wonderful tales from individuals just back from the current guru butcher, and how marvelous their sex lives are, don't you believe it unless you have incontrovertible proof in the form of PC muscle contractions the rate of eighths tenths of a second. (The only easily measured genital orgasmic response).

Another option may be to become informed. Most of you know what a real, honest to goodness vagina looks, tastes, feels and smells like. Go out and investigate. Right now! Find ten genetic women willing to let you touch, feel, taste, smell and photograph, under bright lights, their vaginas. Then do the same with an equal number of post-ops and tell me **their** vaginas compare to the "real thing". No way sweetheart!

No, you don't always get what you pay for, especially if you aren't an informed consumer and don't perform an intense investigation into **all** aspects of your potential genital mutilative surgery. After all dear, you're **not** buying a car. You're buying a vagina and you **should** get a working, fully functioning one, not one which smells

like a dead horse at times and is in fact a lemon.

Have you ever tried to talk to a surgeon about the procedure she, or heaven forbid he, is about to perform on you? Not a hell of a lot of communication — which is the major reason California has mandated that each potential mastectomy victim be given a booklet, **before** surgery, in which **all** the current options and alternatives are spelled out in simple, easy to understand terms and words. Why? Their (the surgeon's) attitude not ours. I have only horror stories to tell about the medical profession's unwillingness to communicate those things to be expected from their meanderings into our bodies. Part of the problem, as I see it, is the medical profession doesn't have enough general information and most MDs aren't even mediocre communicators. Most are concerned with their techniques above and before any real concern for their clients/patients. To the surgeon (read meat cutter) you're an anonymous piece of meat into which she/he is cutting. Perhaps, with more information many more people would choose **not** to avail themselves of the meat cutter's pride.

More than a few of my post-op women friends thought the final, pre-surgical, consultation with Dear Doctor would alleviate their monumental doubts, hoping Dear Doctor would say, "Yes dear, there is no problem. Everything will come out just fine." Even when the doctor **didn't** tell them everything would be all right they still went ahead with their surgery. Not many people who need to lie through their teeth to be approved for surgery will turn around and go home without surgery after going through all the trouble to get to the meat cutter in the first place. Especially if they believe going home will invalidate them for further surgical consideration. If you find yourself doubting for a minute, nay and infinitesimal second, the wisdom of having surgery, especially after you arrive at the hospital for the surgery, even if you are about to be administered anesthesia, get the hell out of there as fast as your little legs will carry you. Leaving will not invalidate you from future surgical consideration. Honey, they want your bucks and they'll **never** say "No" to money.

Yes, you can live with a mistake, but it's harder to feel good about yourself

when a large mistake has been made. Take it from one who knows. Eighteen months ago I had a bust augmentation procedure and to this day I still can't feel my tits and I am very, **very** angry at the doctor for not telling me I would **never** again feel the same joy in my tits. He didn't know. How could he? After all his tits never felt as wonderful as mine once did but will never again. And, I'm not about to go through the rest of my life with a vagina which feels nothing and missing the joy and wonder of feeling my partner in me during sexual intercourse.

BIRTH SIGNS

Enclosed in the envelope in which your June Phoenix was mailed was a postcard on which to indicate your birth month, sign and whether you are right or left handed or ambidextrous.

To date only about 25% of the cards have been returned.

Please complete the card and send it in so we may post the information to your record and get this small survey out of the way. If you have lost or misplaced the card use a regular post card. All you need list on the post card is your month of birth, birth sign and whether you're right or left handed or ambidextrous and your GGA ID number.

By the way, some professionals feel gender people are more apt to be left handed than right handed. So far the results of the information returned seems to kill this little theory and June leads the list as the month of birth with Cancer as the leading sign.



INTRODUCING DEAR MISTRESS (a genetic female dominatrix)

This is a new feature for the MTF into or interested in domination by a female.



I am a naturally dominant genetic female. My experience in dominance dates back to age 4 when my mother taught me how to tie knots. Once the lesson was learned I immediately proceeded to tie the neighbor's girl to a tree. Flushed with excitement we invented all sorts of related games. I'm still inventing related games.

I spent 5 years traveling through Europe, the Near East and Northern Africa. It seems that nearly every metropolitan area has a D/s community — some overtly and are very secretive. As far as sex goes everything thing that **can** be done has been done, will be done again — universally.

From a sociological point of view the degree and frequency of sexual variations seems to be related **only** to the amount of leisure time available. Which explains the fact, that historically, only the upper classes used to practise a variety of sexual habits.

Today, an alternative lifestyle is generally possible. However, it poses three immediate problems: 1) public opinion; 2) finding partners and 3) finding practical information.

In this column, and through the GGA GenderNet, I will provide you with all the information I can. You may ask questions regarding all sorts of sexual variations. As a Dominant I, of course, specialize in D/s, B&D and S&M. However, while engaged in my pursuit of happiness I have encountered, and practised, many fetishes.

So, boys and girls send your questions. No excuses now.

Your Mistress

PICTURE TAKING TIPS

Many of the ladies appearing on the pages of the Correspondant's Directory are cheating themselves out of their best possible appearance. Many of the photos received would great if:

the background wasn't cluttered,
the face were more visible,
the figure were larger,
the hair didn't blend into the background.

Some simple camera techniques, even with an Instamatic or Polaroid can make a world of difference in the resulting photograph.

First decide on what you want to show in the picture. If you have a size 20 body and a beautiful face obviously the a head and shoulders shot is what you want.

Look closely at the background you've selected for the photo. Is it clean? Uncluttered? Is the wall paper design simple and undistracting? Are there objects which will reflect the light of the photo flash and cause bright spots? Is the fabric design of the item you may be sitting upon simple? Does the fabric color clash with your outfit? Are you blonde?— then you don't want a white background for your head.



BUSY IN SAN ANTONIO

Although in exsistance for little more than a month the newest of our Chapters — San Antonio-GGA, has already been contacting local merchants and arranged for a "GGA Night" at **Sunday Best**, in the 2000 block of Austin Highway at Lanark. The shop is staffed by empathetic and understanding women so any member of the sales staff is more then happy to serve you. The shop's phone number is 655-3712.

Interested people may contact Jacquiline [REDACTED] c/o SAMC-GGA, PO Box 169672, San Antonio, 78280-3272 for information concerning time, frequency and location of this chapter's meeting.

'NUF SAID

The following was received in response to a letter sent by the GGA Main Office to the San Antonio Police Department:

"In reference to your letter dated May 16, 1984, we want to advise you of the following information. There are no city or county ordinances, or state laws that prohibit a male from appearing in public while dressed in feminine clothing **and appearing as a female.**†

"All state and city ordinance apply to all people regardless of the manner in which they are dressed. During your visit to San Antonio, Texas, if are no violations of the law are committed, **you will not be arrested or harrassed.**†

"Sincerely,

"s/t P. A. Nichols, Captain
Special Investigation Commander
San Antonio Police Department"

† emphasis added - Editor.

CREATE YOUR PERSONAL STYLE!

Personal style is a statement of how you feel about yourself. It reflects the way you look, or want to look, to others. A consistent personal style can clarify self-image and improve self confidence. But, its affects don't end there as a consistent personal style can also help convey a sense of reliability and security to those around you.

Creating a personal style consists of defining your self-image and putting toget-

her a fashion interpretation of that image.

Before adding clothing to or replacing your wardrobe keep in mind that fashion accessories - such as shoes, scarves, belts, jewelry and hose - not only finish a look but can actually set the direction of your fashion statement. Accessories, applied with imagination, can help create several variations on the same theme.

Essentially there are three separate images one can create and maintain. Consider each and select one for, or use it to inspire, your personal style.



Pioneered in the '30 by Chanel The **Classic Look** is a marriage of crisply tailored and very feminine clothes projecting a timeless elegance with clean, slim lines softened by pearls and bows and a Classic hair style no longer than chin length. Wardrobe combinations are easily achieved with three color directions of red, black and white. Accessories of pumps or sling-backs with stockings tones to the shoes and a soft envelope purse complete the look.



"Adventurous" best defines the **Modern Look** as it tempts the avante garde with sophistication and is ideal for women who love short hair.

Confidence is projected through the use of energetic colors such as purple, hot red, orange and turquoise, patterned and bold animal prints and graphics. Its figure-fitting shapes - waists cinched with wide, brightly colored belts, shoulders squared and exaggerated by pads and dolman sleeves - require a statement making hairstyle. Here, full loose curls topple over short cut back and sides.

Accessories **musts** are multi-colored pumps with high imaginative shaped heels; patterned, colorful stockings, large enamel, stone, gold, copper or brass jewelry and purses melding smooth and rough textures.



The **Romantic Look** is an evening look in the Hollywood's greatest tradition. The devastating femininity of a strapless evening gown with fitted bodice and peplum over a long straight skirt needs a shiny mane of elegant curls sweeping softly off the face and tumbling to the shoulders.

By day the romantic dresser wears ruffles and pleats, round-necked, feminine blouses and full skirts.

Jewelry is delicate with gold and pearls serving as accents against pastel tones. Shoes range from demure mid-high pumps to the barest high-heeled sandals for evening wear. The purse is a tiny clutch fitted to the palm of the hand.

By selecting special elements from various fashions you can experiment with texture, proportion, detail and color to create a unique fashion statement just right for you. With a definitive and confident look you can increase self-confidence, strengthen others' confidence in you and increase your passability.



MY WOMAN IN THE MIRROR by Connie (IA-13)

I always hated my older sister. That is I did until that evening when my whole life began to turn around. From my earliest memories it seemed, to me at least, that Molly had it easier, was given more and was damned smug about it all. It's natural for siblings to have an occasional conflict, but we were **always** at odds. Now I know my enmity was due to my own attitudes. It was envy that made me hate her when we were kids and right up until a year ago. If only we had shared sooner we might have had a happier childhood relationship.

A year ago today I was visiting a corporation in the city where Molly lives investigating the possibility of changing jobs and moving to this city. Having flown out and planning to spend only part of the day I was ill prepared for the circumstances which finally overtook me. On this first, and happy, anniversary of that day I thank God I **wasn't** better prepared.

Everything went better than expected with the interview - I liked them and they liked me. The job, with a large salary increase, was mine provided the department head approved. Since he was out of town and wouldn't be in until the following day I would have to return to pass the final muster. "No problem", I told myself "I'll simply get a hotel room for the night."

Having promised Mother I would drop in on Molly to make sure she was okay I decided to discharge that obligation before finding a room. As luck, or the hand of Fate or whatever would have it I was drenched in a sudden downpour and splashed by a passing taxi before reaching the building housing Molly's apartment.

It was her nearly drowned and shivering little brother rather than the upwardly mobile young executive who rang the bell of her apartment.

"Bob! Come in," she exclaimed at the sight of me. "What in the world happened? Did you fall in the river? Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

I stood with my back to her cherry fire while explaining how I came to be in town and in such a wet and miserable condition. "Mom insisted I **surprise** you. She still doesn't believe you're all grown up and can fend for yourself."

"I'm sure you'll report back that I'm

fine," she teased, "but forget to mention that I had to rescue you from pneumonia." Molly pushed me toward the bathroom while deftly stripping me of my soggy suit jacket.

"Pass the rest of your clothes out to me and take a hot shower. I'll phone the cleaners downstairs and have them pick up your things. It's early so they can probably return them before closing tonight." In her home, her city, it never occurred to me to question her directions.

Soon I was warm by the hot shower, enjoying the fragrance of her lilac soap and rubbing myself dry with a huge fluffy pink towel. "What shall I wear?" I shouted through the closed door.

"Just a minute," she replied. With the door open only a crack and hiding myself behind it I waited for her to bring me a robe or a pair of jeans.

When I saw the flannel night gown with its square neck and puffy sleeves she was handing me I insisted "I can't wear that." The pale yellow gown was crowded with a butterfly and daisy print and narrow lace edged the neckline, sleeves and bottom hem.

"Well, I could bring you something sheer and sexy if you'd prefer. Look, I live here. Alone. I don't have any men's clothing. Be sensible, you can't stay in there all night and you sure can't parade around here in the buff. I'd really prefer you were covered with something and this is the best I can do."

I suspected she was taking advantage of me and my situation to have a little fun with Little Brother but I realized she could have been much harder on me and that I also preferred the nightgown to being nude in front of her. So, sighing, I took the garment from her and slipped it up over my head. Ask the soft material slid down my body I felt an excitement stirring and realized an erection had developed. I couldn't explain it, but I can't deny it either. I was slightly turned on either by the garment or the idea of wearing a piece of women's clothing.

Realizing I couldn't let her see me like this I asked meekly through the slightly open door, "Sis, could I have my shorts back?"

"They were soaked too. I sent everything out. Even your shoes," she paused a moment to let that sink in before sighing,

"Okay. I'll find something for you to wear under that."

I could hear drawers opening and closing and then she thrust something through the narrow opening. The panties were simple enough, only tiny lace scallops along the waist and leg opening and a modest red flower embroidered on the left front. No lace, bows, nothing fancy. She'd probably selected them for that very reason hoping I wouldn't raise a fuss. They may not have appeared to be anything special to her but they would become something special to me. I thought I'd faint before I got them up my legs and lower torso in place. As the cool nylon glided over my flesh my erection grew more and more rigid. Fortunately the panties were small and snug enough to press my erect penis tightly against my belly. On unsteady legs I left the bathroom.

"You'd better sit by the fire Cutie-pie. You still don't look very healthy even though you do look quite pretty in your beddy-bye clothes." Her taunting baby talk should have made me angry but her mention of the clothing I was wearing and her hand sliding lightly over my buttocks increased my light-headed feeling.

As I made my way to the chair beside the fireplace I began to recognize the sensation and golden swirls swimming through my brain. It was the same as the seconds before, during and right after orgasm. The difference was that this was sustained, going on and on and on. I wondered if it would always be like this any time I on panties and for as long as I kept them on. I hoped I had discovered the ultimate drug-free high.

When I was sufficiently accustomed to my new attire and calmed down a bit I became aware that Molly was puttering around in the kitchen. Any other day I would have gone to see if she needed help and to be sure she was not preparing some dish I would refuse. The fear that moving about would cause me to be overcome once more with that exquisite sensation kept me glued to the chair. I spent a few lone moments warning myself never to give in to women's clothes again, regardless of how severe the predicament. "A man could lose himself and never return," I admonished myself silently.

Molly appeared carrying a silver tray on which stood an elegant china tea set.

For the first time I noticed how she was dressed. She was wearing a black velvet jacket over a red satin cocktail dress; hair upswept and her diamond jewelry was in evidence. Of course her make-up was appropriate to the outfit. Fancy eye shadow and long false eyelashes completed her make-up.

"Going out? Sorry if I interfered with your plans. Go right ahead. I'll be all right."

"No, I wasn't planning to go out." Her composure as she poured and handed me a cup of tea seemed vaguely threatening. The smile on her ruby red lips looked friendly, but it didn't feel friendly.

"Sweet of you to notice," she purred, "but no, I'm not going out."

Before I could ask her why she was dressed so formally if she planned an evening at home she steered our conversation to talk of our parents, my hoped for new job and finally the weather. She was up and down several times getting this and that while we visited so it wasn't too surprising that I missed the faint knock on the outer door and failed to react in time to make a dash for the bathroom and hide. Suddenly I was faced with a second formally dressed and made-up woman in the room.

"Bobby," Laura said, "this is Laura. She's the reason I dressed so fancy. We take turns entertaining in our homes. To ward off loneliness, you know."

I couldn't move or speak. I was humiliated to be caught dressed as I was. My shame was considerably deepened by the realization that Molly had lulled me into a nice little game of tea party and I had been playing a lady-like role rather too well. The only reaction I could muster to Laura's steady stare was a blush which made me feel as though my cheeks were bleeding.

"This must be the brother you've told me about," Laura was obviously speaking to Molly, but she was keeping her eyes on me. I could almost feel them boring into me. I was certain she knew, somehow, magically, I was wearing panties under the nightie. "Why is he blushing so furiously? Is he that backward?"

"Oh no," said Molly supposedly coming to my rescue. "It's just that he's never worn a nightie before. He'll get over it. Sit down Laura. We'll have our tea."

Laura sit, sipping tea and listening to Molly's explanation of my reasons for being in town and how I'd been drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone. Laura took control of the evening's social activities as soon as Molly reached the end of her tale.

"So Bob," Laura said "there is a perfectly good reason for you to be wearing a nightgown. No reason to be ashamed. I'm not laughing at you and if Molly did tease you I promise she won't do it anymore. Relax. Okay?"

I risked a glance up from the tea cup clutched in my lap. Laura looked quite sincere. Molly peered at her in a strange way. Somehow I knew my sister would follow Laura's lead as she smiled and I smiled back. "Okay. Sorry for acting like a dope."

"Apology accepted," Laura smiled, filling my cup again, sending Molly off to make another pot and continuing, "actually your attitudes are very typical of our culture, sadly so. Men go around bragging they aren't afraid of anything and the whole time they're terrified of doing anything which brand them as a sissy. Isn't that stupid?"

"I suppose so." Her manner reminded me of my grade school teachers. I felt compelled to give an answer that would please her. "Of course it's stupid."

"And are you a sissy?"

"No. Of course not."

"And putting on a pretty nightie didn't change you into one, did it?"

"I guess not. I feel" My mind wouldn't supply the right word. It was important to me to put the right label on how I felt.

Laura took the cup and saucer from my lap asking "How do you feel Bob? Dirty? Sinful? Wicked? Like scum of the earth? Like a pervert?"

"No!" Her words had made me angry. Filled with righteous indignation I began to defend myself from her assault. "I feel warm. Secure. I remember how I felt as a kid when Momma would hug me for a long time. You know, if I was sick or hurt or just scared."

Leaning back to an upright position in her chair she asked, "You feel cuddly?"

"Yes. That's it." I saw Laura standing in the doorway. She gave a smile of encouragement, because surely she knew what was going through my mind. I continued, "It also makes me feel goofy. Putting

on the nightie excited me sexually and I think it's wrong to be turned on by women's clothes. It is queer, isn't it?"

Laura chuckled softly and calmed my fears by saying, "Women's clothing, most of it, is designed to be a turn on. They're supposed to be visually and tactilely stimulating. We all know they're supposed to excite the viewer, but we forget they're also designed to excite the wearer. So, your reaction is perfectly normal. The only men who wouldn't get even slightly turned on when wearing women's clothing are those who successfully block out how they feel."

That statement worried me a bit. I began to suspect Laura may have had a lot of experience with men and panties in combination.

"Was your excitement the same as when you're with a woman?" she asked.

I shook my head "no" and she waited while I thought my answer over again. Molly returned with the fresh pot of tea. "When I become aroused with a woman it becomes imperative that I finish what I started. The physical becomes so demanding that I have to go on to the next step. Arousal is only part of the process. The process of having sex, I mean, is paramount."

Laura nodded her head and leaned forward, eager for me to complete the thought. "With this, the excitement is an end in itself. Being aroused doesn't mean I have to do anything. I feel pleasure and I feel completed. It could go on forever. If it did I would simply enjoy it. There's no need to do. Simply be."

"Yes," Laura said, "I know what you mean. But still, I sense too much male pride in you. It sounds to me as though you believe it's okay for you to wear women's things only in extreme circumstances. You feel guilty about enjoying what Fate has forced you to do. Right?"

"That's a fair assessment."

Molly was smiling but Laura was looking very serious. The combination made me nervous.

"Attitudes like that will be a problem for you considering the women's movement, which is far from over. You'll have to adopt a more liberal attitude toward femininity if you're to be a success. You do want to be successful don't you?"

"Of course. Who doesn't?"

"Well then," Laura said rising to her

feet, "Molly and I will help you with your problem. We'll teach you that femininity isn't a liability. You can best learn by experiencing femininity more intensely than you are at the moment. We'll help, not make fun of you. Do you agree?"

She towered over me standing so close to my knees that I knew I couldn't have stood up unless she moved back. Her presence was very intimidating, but I tried to resist. "No. Not yet. What exactly are you asking me to agree to?"

"It's simple. We'll dress you as a lady. Give you a wig. Do your make-up. Make you look pretty and feminine so you can allow yourself to feel pretty and feminine. Then you can't look down on women because of their femininity. Agreed?"

"No. I I need time to think it over. We could do it next week." Her offer was tempting. I wanted to do it, but felt it was a wrong thing to do. So, I was trying to buy some time. I felt certain once out of here I would never allow myself to fall under her influence again.

"We can do it next week." Laura said leaning forward to put her hands on my shoulders. "We will do it next week. But we shall also do it tonight." Molly giggled while I squirmed uncomfortably, which made me terribly conscious of the silky nylon in which I was covered from the waist down. "We'll play 'Dress Up' tonight because it's best for you. Because it's what I want you to do. And because you really have no choice. Unless you want to go down to the cleaners dressed as you are. Molly will gladly loan you some nice fuzzy slippers so you won't catch cold. Is that what you want?"

"You know it isn't."

"Right. I also know what you do want, even if you won't admit it. Bobbie, you may as well enjoy this because it's going to happen anyway."

Laura pulled me to my feet and slipped an arm around my waist. I was surprised to find her height wasn't an illusion. With the assistance of high-heels and fluffed up hair she was at least three inches taller than I. She hugged me with the arm encircling my waist as we started from the room. That was when I gave up all hope of escape. Laura's thin frame was startlingly powerful. I knew from experience just how rough my sister could play. There was simply no way I could overpower the two of them.

Laura guided me to the bedroom where they played with me like an oversized doll. Sadly, I can't report all the details. The remainder of the evening is a blur in my mind. But a blur of exquisite sensations. Although a few specific moments do stand out in my mind.

Once in the bedroom they pulled the flannel nightie off over my head. My penis was still erect, partially from the internal pressure of all the tea I'd consumed and partially from the excitement and anticipation. I tried to hide it with my hands but Laura commanded, "Put your hands to your sides. There's no point in fretting over a little detail like that." They sent me to the bathroom and I returned in a more relaxed state where Laura told me to remove the panties Molly had given me and handed me a pair of black nylon tap panties adorned with much lace and ribbon accents. The two of them watched, much to my embarrassment and humiliation, as I changed from one pair to the other.

The more clothing they added to my outfit the more kindly they treated me. Putting on the black lace bra earned me a pat on the head. Stockings were good for a kiss on the cheek. After putting on the white patent pumps they allowed me to totter out to the kitchen for a sandwich.

Molly used a man's electric razor on my face after which Laura did my make-up before fitting a blonde wig on my head. My reward for this was a gold chain necklace from which a unique medallion was suspended. Laura made a big fuss over the unusual shape of the thing but didn't explain its meaning — if there was one.

I was put into a summery cotton dress with a tight waist and voluminous skirt. I remember it was pale blue and buttoned up the back. The wig tickled my bare shoulders devilishly whenever I turned my head.

Finally ready, by their standards, I stood looking into the full-length mirror and saw myself for the first time. I was astonished by the woman looking back at me. Dark hose hid my masculine hairy legs, while the skillful application of make-up hid most of my masculine features while emphasising and bringing out my feminine ones.

The moment was so special to me that I doubt I'll ever be able to verbally describe it. Perhaps you'll get some understanding of my feeling when I say I fell in

love with the, as yet nameless, "Woman in the Mirror". Or, maybe it's better clue if I tell you that I remember thinking "If I shave my legs I can wear sheer hose. And it wouldn't hurt to lose a pound or two from the waist."

Finally, they urged me away from my reflection and we three ladies sat chatting and watching television for the next few hours. One or the other would, occasionally, admonish me to sit up straight or keep my knees together or sip my tea rather than gulp it.

Making up the couch for me was a joint effort on the part of the three of us. I was given a baby-doll nightie for the night and afforded the privacy of the bathroom in which to change. Laura and Molly each kissed me good night before retiring to the bedroom — to which they locked the door.

My suspicion was that they were lovers was soon confirmed by the muffled, urgent sounds of sex coming from the bedroom. It was too much for me to stand so I clutched the pillow tightly around my head.

After awakening me at eight the next morning Molly informed me Laura was gone. I showered, dressed in my clothes, the one's I'd worn to Molly's apartment, and heartily consumed the breakfast she provided. I felt something should be said about the previous night's unusual activities but I didn't know how to begin the conversation and Molly said nothing so I left it at that. Instead she concentrated on keeping the mood optimistic concerning my impending interview. After promising to let her know the outcome I headed off to find out about my future.

The department head introduced himself and insisted I call him "Jerry" rather than "Mister Johnson". He had the same easy air of self-assurance I so admired and aspired to in successful men.

"I've read your application and resumé. The reports from the people you talked to yesterday are very favorable. Bob, I like to meet with the people who will be assigned to my department just to be sure they'll fit and get along. The personality chemistry between two people is a major part of maintaining a happy and productive environment. Agreed?"

"Of course. Qualified people are easy enough to find, but cooperative people are often a different matter."

"Precisely. I expect you to start three weeks from Monday. You'll have time to give your present employer notice and relocate here. Oh, you'll have to take a physical, but you can go to my doctor this afternoon. I understand the terms of employment and your salary have been presented and explained. Any problems with them?"

"None. Very reasonable."

Jerry had risen so I, knowing the interview was over, also rose and found myself clasping his strong hand. I knew I was grinning like an idiot, but I was extremely happy.

"You mustn't tell the others, but I have a special welcoming gift for you since I know we're going to get along especially well," he said in a much softer voice than he'd been using.

When Jerry handed me the gift it so took my breath away that I had to sit. "I never would have guessed," I finally managed to whisper.

"Look at the inscription on the back."

I turned the unique medallion over, letting its gold chain fall into my lap. "To Christina — Welcome to the World" read the engraving. Jerry had obviously had the engraving done after leaving Molly's.

"How does this effect my job?"

"You be inclined, if you played golf, to play a round with the boss on your day off if he asked wouldn't you?"

"Of course."

"Same thing really. No relevance to the job."

Jerry smiled at me with compassion and I thought I could see Laura lurking somewhere deep in his blue eyes.

It's been a year since that wonderful night my sister and her TV lover released Christina from within me. I'm fully convinced she was there all the time and that it was to my great good fortune Laura and Molly recognized her potential and released Christina from where Bob kept her locked away.

Through great perseverance and a bit of help from Laura I found a woman who happily shares my life. All of my life. On this first anniversary of Christina's appearance I shall ask Sandy — my intended — to marry me and I'm sure she'll accept. My only regret is that I shan't be able to wear a lovely white satin gown for the wedding.

But, I'll be sure to have an exquisite peignoir for our honeymoon night — and other nights. I know Sandy wouldn't have it any other way.

Well, Sandy will soon be here to help me celebrate so I'd better get busy in the kitchen. Perhaps I'll write more later and tell how our life together is progressing.

APRIL 1985

GGA CONVENTION IN CHICAGO

Start saving your money and vacation time **now** for the April '85 First Annual GGA Convention in the Windy City.

Chicago was selected for several reasons, not the least of which is the active Chapter located there **and** its central location. Members of the Windy City Chapter (and the Calumet City Chapter, if it's functional in time) will be doing **most** of the work preparing this 4 day week-end for you.

One of the high points of the Convention will be the crowning of Miss GGA-85 who will be selected from the winners of the various chapters contest held locally to select the Chapter's Miss GGA.

Some of the prizes currently selected for presentation to the national winner are: a case of measles; an all expenses paid tour of the Chicago subway system; a hickey on the neck — or **almost** any other part of the body she chooses.

But seriously folks, we'll keep you posted on the Convention Events as they are "firmed up". Keep your eye on this space for more **Convention Information**.

GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS!

First the bad news. No Supplement was mailed this month. (Groan!)

Now the good news. A complete new basic Correspondant's Directory will be mailed to each Associate and Correspondant later this month and will replace the basic you now have as well as Supplements 84-1 and 84-2. (Hooray!)

Supplement 84-3 will be published in July and contain the information for those new Associates and Correspondants joining between June 15th and July 15th.

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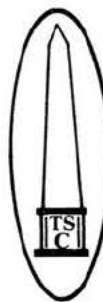
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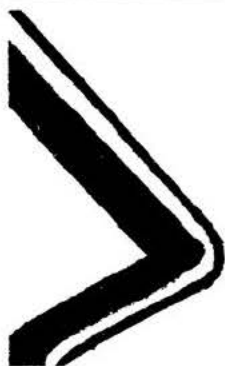
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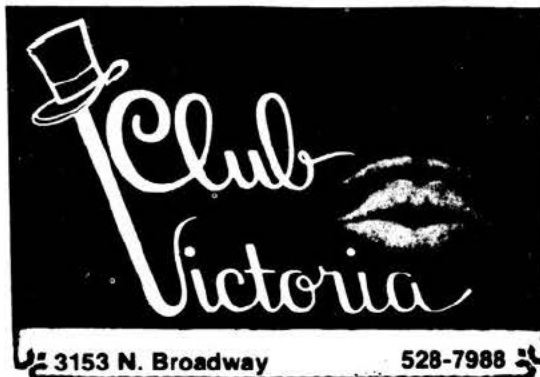
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The following Associates have a birthday in the months listed. We hope you'll send each Birthday Person a nice card. We have.

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Bonnie	CA-51	Dianna	CA-64
Michelle	CA-100	Blair	CA-101
Kristina	CA-102	Suzie	CA-156
Gloria	CA-197	Tara	CA-201
Linala	CA-218	Autumn	CA-222
Larie	CA-237	Alexia	CA-255
Kim	CA-259	Penny	CA-266
Marlaine	CN-13	Terri	FL-48
David	FL-49	Donna	GA-21
Lauren	GA-23	Ginger	ID-14
Harriet	MS-14	Vikki	NJ-29
Diane	NY-46	Barbara	NY-57
Lynda	OH-36	Janice	PA-33
Terri	PA-38	Wendy	TN-13
Mandy Lynn	TX-42	Joan	TX-46
Nancy	VA-3	Kendelle	WA-25
Penelope	WI-22		

AUGUST

Pauline	CA-64	Leslie	CA-209
Carol	CA-210	Alexis	CA-216
Sally	CA-241	Jackie	CA-256
Wendy	CA-264	Jean	CA-267
Tina	CA-270	Leigh	CA-279
Lynn	CO-26	Nancy	FL-30
Betty Lou	FL-44	Toni	GA-13
Betty Ann	IL-12	Rhoda	IL-32
Roxanne	IL-39	Tracy	IL-59
Kathleen	IL-65	Wendy	IN-25
Cheryl	IN-28	Sherri	MI-17
Ekaine	NJ-19	Denise	NY-53
Barbara	NY-55	Alicia	OH-33
Jane	OR-27	Julie	TX-36
Claudia	TX-53	Jan	VA-21
Linda	VA-22	Norma	WA-28
Linda Lee	WI-19	Carol	WI-23

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COVER GIRL

KAREN mid-30s, 6'1", 195lbs, brown hair, green eyes. Educated. Wants to learn make-up, dressing and how to be a sensuous lady. Loves blonde wigs and all undergarments. Interests include: quiet dinners, intimate conversation, shopping, exercise and sports. Seeks correspondence and social contact with others of similar interests. Loves TV life-style. Will respond to all immediately. Is very honest and sincere and expects the same.



KAREN IL-45-60041
(see inside back cover for information)

AUGUST

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