

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. Meet 3rd Saturday.

****FLORIDA****

SUGARSS 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.

****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 Brvant 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.

JOTTINGS FROM MY DIARY

by Molly (MA-22)

Some take it [crossdressing] up later than others.

Now I live by myself and have for the several years. I was a little numb after I buried my last close relative east of the Rockies. Then I realized I was free and started losing weight. With no one to worry about except myself and Dog there was no longer any need for compulsive over-eating. (Try not to cook too much for supper. You'll have to eat all you fix. It's best **never** to have any left-overs.)

A month later, after the close of a pleasant week-end I rolled the Chrysler. Now, I've been frightened before - after all one doesn't make the half-century mark without a few frightening moments and experiences - but this experience was special.

As I walked away from what was left of the car (aren't seat belts **great**?) I wondered how I'd gotten into that fix. Later, once I'd made it home I started thinking - not that dying is so bad (sleep, perchance to dream etc.) - but about what I'd missed; what I could be doing now, be doing tomorrow, next month or the next year - the next decade.

I decided to make the most of the future. Some of the things I hadn't been able to do because of responsibilities, commitments, or simply because they might upset someone. There wasn't anyone to upset now.

Since childhood I've had a negative relationship with the clothing I was **supposed** to wear. Not that I wanted to be a girl (then), but except for the couple of summers I spent in nothing but a pair of shorts I felt it was unfair that a girl could wear skirts, shorts, slacks or other nice garments while I had to put on that crap. Although I still find a man's suit jacket too hot anywhere except in England - (where they were invented) I continue to wear what I'm "supposed to" most of the time, but a week has more than forty hours in it. I started experimenting with clothing. I tried everything I could find in my, then, size forty-six. I've never liked pajamas but nightgowns are fine. Tried robes, body

suits, pull-on skirts - everything. I wear a dress to make breakfast, or perhaps a pinafore if the weather is hot. Tried cooking in shorts but found the grease spatters are **hot** on bare flesh.

Outside the house I'm more circumspect since we don't have walled-in yards in my neck of the woods. But, if people look too close what they see is **their** problem. One problem I have is remembering to button my double breasted pea coat on the right when I'm out as a male and on the left when Molly wears it.

I don't walk Dog fully "dressed" because everyone in town knows him, but they don't come close because he likes to greet them, so there's no reason to wear anything from the men's department unless I feel like it.

I have a sewing machine and use it some. I've made a Halloween costume or two but the problem with being Darth Vader is what to do with the drinks one is offered. I've found that anonymity is the part I get the most lift from. Guess I've been inhibited too long. And that started me thinking about crossdressing; impersonation not just wearing what seemed the most comfortable at the time. It was a interest I'd had since before Christine Jorgenson's time, but my size and weight made it seem impossible (ha!). I had a couple of dresses which fit fairly well and my hair had been long since Nixon closed down the local Air Force Base and its barbershop, but all the magazines in the attic were ten years out of date. The porno shops were little help, but I found a Transvestian which mentioned a TV club and I knew from the phone number listed it was local.

After that it was the usual story - the urge to contact others outweighed my paranoia so I called the number. After talking to them my anxiety was that **they** would think I was some kind of nut. (In fact I'd found a group where we're **all** some kind of nut.)

So, I went out to meet someone. Had I taken any clothes? No, mostly I was trying to look as "straight" as possible on the theory that these people were like the Tri-S types I know.

Home I went to get something to wear

and found, as is so often the case, I had nothing to wear. What wasn't soiled needed mending, or pulled at the seams or just didn't seem to fit quite right or wasn't right enough to wear in front of others. Finally, I took what seemed best, went back to the meeting to spend an evening in partial culture shock - happy and excited enough to forget to be ashamed of my appearance. Well, **now** I had a reason to go shopping. After all, it's no fun to buy something no one else will see or appreciate, but **now** I had a place to go cross-dressed.

Since then I've found places to purchase clothes inexpensively and what sizes to buy. Soon I hope to learn what sizes not to buy; or when to pay a high price for something I'll **really** enjoy. Meanwhile I have all the enthusiasm of a teenager who has just started buying her own clothing with her very own VISA card.

That was eighteen months ago and now that I'm out of the closet I'm running out of closet space and having a ball.

How about some of the side-effects of this new medicine? Well, I'm losing weight - not enough yet. My gasoline bills are up. Most of my old friends seem to have died or gone to Florida (same thing really), so a new batch of friends, however occluded our relationship is, are welcome though I wish they wouldn't smoke since that's what caused so many of my old friends to check out on me.

I visited my sister. She said I seemed happier and I tried to tell her about the new me but couldn't so I told her in a letter. She loves the person I am as she did the person she **thought** she knew all about. She says my female persona seems to have a better time than her brother usually does - she even used the word "vivacious".

Sooner or later the neighbors are going to wise up, but I'm trying not to help them too much. When I come home, dressed, from a party I change into slacks and a man's coat to walk Dog. I also, often, wear a hat to keep my eye make-up from appearing too obvious. And I always, almost, remember to take off my earrings. In Summer things get more complicated. Going out while its light means passing by neighbors working in their front yards so

the parts of me that show when I'm in a car can't be "fixed up" until I get to the meeting.

I never have heard what the neighborhood kids thought about the lady in the velvet skirt and blazer at my house who handed out candy to them on Halloween. But, when I went out later, first to a concert and then to a disco I got my high of the evening when the ticket-taker at the disco asked "Ma'am, do you know this is the Hooker's Ball?" My voice blew it when I answered him. It things like that that make a lady take extra care with her make-up and appearance.

MICHELLE'S MEANDERINGS by Michelle (IL-58)

Hi and welcome to this new feature. As the title implies we'll be talking about traveling in and through foreign countries while crossdressed.

I do hope you will join me and enjoy yourself as we explore this wonderful world in which we live.

One of the dreams of many people is to travel in foreign countries which usually means either booking a tour or striking out, with the aid of a good guide book, on your own. Either method works well for the traditional traveler as tours are readily available and there are many excellent guide books published and available. However, there is very little information available to the TV/TS who would like to not only travel but to do it en-femme.

A few books have been written by transgendered individuals in which their adventures are described and a few hints do fall out of these books. But, I don't know of any "How To" book(s) giving the details one **must** know to travel safely as a woman. Therefore, one of the primary purposes of this column will be to provide this hard to come-by information.

During coming months we shall discuss everything from the preparations for leaving to places to which one may travel and tour. Since this column is presented to help you I would appreciate any comments and/or suggestions you may have. Please address all responses to this column to me in care of the GGA Main Office.

Now, in this first installment we'll be discussing the very important topic of Identification Papers which are a way of life for traveling in foreign countries. Without at least a passport you can't even cash a Traveler's Check, use a rail pass, obtain a visa (no dear, an entry visa not a Visa card), cross a frontier, rent a car or, in many countries, check into a hotel room. Therefore, securing your passport is a must.

At this time it isn't possible to obtain a passport in your pseudonym unless you have actually assumed that name either through Court Order or can prove its use under the Common Law statute applicable in your State of residence. If you are a pre-op in the final stages of transition you may obtain a passport in your desired sex if you submit a letter from your doctor to the Department of State indicating these facts. Since rules and regulations change drastically from time to time you would be well advised to contact the Department of State Passport Office, 1425 K Street, NW, Washington, DC 20524 (their phone number is (202) 783-8170) to discuss your particular needs **well in advance of your intended departure date.**

If you plan to travel as a woman the best rule of thumb is **the more documentation you have the better off you are.** Knowing that people are the same the world over and that hotel clerks, government officials, border guards, conductors, etc. are impressed by official looking certificates and documents I carry a State and international driver's license, US Government issued amateur radio, pilot's and radiotelephone licenses; copies of professional licenses; credit cards; Customs Form O.M.B. 48-R0394; my GGA ID card; letters from my physician and psychiatrist — all of which have been translated into Spanish, French and German; copies of all my prescriptions; a very "official" looking identity card from TRANS-CCL in Paris and finally, a copy of my birth certificate. Obviously this list is tailored to me, but you can easily develop your own. Be sure and remember that you may have to prove who you are when you appear to be someone of the opposite sex so make certain all numbers, addresses, etc. match.

Traveling en-femme is a lot of fun and can be a very rewarding experience as long as common sense is used.

Next month I'll discuss some do's and don'ts based on my own experiences and, hopefully, you can prevent your dream trip from becoming a nightmare.

Until then, Bon Voyage.

RIGHT OUT OF RIPLEY

From an unknown news source we quote the following:

"Hairy-chested dad Keith Hull was a red-blooded Romeo with an eye for the ladies until a rare tropical disease **forced** him to undergo surgery that transformed the balding bruiser into a busty blonde bombshell.

"The strange tale began when Hull traveled overseas [from England] and came down with a rare tropical ailment that left him on the brink of death.

"Doctors treated him with a massive dose of female hormones, then told him the treatment had gone awry. They said he'd die within two years unless he submitted to a complete sex change.

"The divorced father of three was aghast, but agreed to have the radical surgery to save his life.

"So, Keith became Stephanie and the Joany-come-lately lady is determined to make the best of a weird situation."

Hey Doc! What "rare tropical ailment" and where can I get a dose of it? Quick!

[If you believe this one, I have 2,000 shares of a tapioca mine I'll let you have for a song.]



ONE MORE GONE FISHIN'

by Sandra (NY-45)

Dr. Leo Wollman, former associate of Dr. Harry Benjamin and currently a director of the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association (HBIGDA) retired on April 1 this year after serving the Gender Community for many years.

Although primarily a practising psychiatrist Dr. Wollman had wide ranging interests and became an expert in various fields such as edrocrinology. He recently authored the book Eating Your Way to a Better Sex Life. [A provocative double entendre if I ever heard one.]

Dr. Wollman's practice has been purchased by Dr. A. Hayat, an endrocrinologist, whose interest in transsexualism originated from transsexuals encountered in India, Italy and Ireland.

In addition to completely redecorating the offices Dr. Hayat has persuaded a pharmacist to open a prescription service on the lower floor of the building.

Dr. Wollman's staff will continue with Dr. Hayat to provide resources to requesting individuals and Dr. Wollman will remain available for those individuals requiring psychiatric evaluations for reassignment surgery.

The office address is 2802 Mermaid Avenue, Coney Island and the phone number is (212) 372-4569.



MUSINGS

by Bobi Jean (CA-224)

The silhoutte of shadows dance before the shades of an eternal dream that longs to be brought to the cleanness of reality.

It sighs a reluctant breath with an uneasy quiver that is filled with a forebearance of what is to be and takes gentle toddler's steps wishing Time would stop.

Why must I be a rose that has blossomed in the middle of a patch of curious beings which were brought together through a fruitless fate mixed with a pinch of uneasy luck?

Life teaches troubled students that It is to be lived with a heavy pound of courage combined with exerpts of humility and fear and gently squeezed through the eye of a needle into a pattern of what is to be.

I go gasping into a future knowing there is but one choice to make, the other path leads to endless nights of caged torture sealed in doom.

The rose will continue to bloom, the dream will become a reality and the lungs will fill with a breath of intense excitement that waits not for any man but rushes on to a time that has been granted just for me.



LIONESS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN
to Helen
by Alessandra (CA-11)

The moribund sun spirals down to its lowest radiance
The Winter Solstice,
Yet, strangely my soul still grows in faith and hope,
And even in my mind's third eye, a vision appears
Of the sun's returning: a glowing yellow and orange red
Ball of light, so hot, its golden edges flicker into the
Limits of the blackest, deepest space.

And all the while my inner eye begins to see another vision:
A woman of northern clime, so fair and delicate, whose
Kindly coolness belies her depth of passion, yet within
So warm and sweet, she mightest be an equatorial fruit.
In the shivering dawn, she stands lithe and tall and
Strong in the reflected light of the glowing orb as it
Eases over the horizon.

Fully armed, sheathed sword and knife girdling her slender waist,
She holds spear and shield; the weapons glow with the color of
Her hair in the light of the tentative golden dawn.
Such a young and feminine a mother lioness to have
So many daughters, full grown amazon warriors who gather softly
About her as they don their metal skirts and breastplates,
Closing their battle vigil in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Helena, my fearless leader princess, how clearly I see
Your inner beauty that you conceal so innocently,
The hands of your strength beneath the proverbial velvet gloves,
Your ancient wisdom that you mask with youthfulness.
May these visions stay my quailing heart, while my burning love
For you destroys all identities, and I become, at once,
Your daughter, your mother, your sister, your friend.



STUMBLING BLOCK

Well, the Bureaucrats of California have struck again and we seem to be becoming one of the lesser enlightened States as opposed to retaining our "ahead of others" position as we have for long in the past.

Until May '84 all one needed to do to obtain a vehicle operator's permit in the desired sex and name was present, to the local DMV Office, a letter or a form signed by one's therapist and the wheels quickly churned out the new license.

Now, however, one or more of the nameless, faceless, appointed bureaucrats in Sacramento made the simple-minded and illogical decision that only a form signed by a medical doctor would be accepted in transacting the license change. Never mind that a therapist had to originally make the decision the person really is a transsexual and referred her/him to the medical doctor. Never mind that the therapist's butt is on the line in making this decision. What is of paramount importance to the bureaucrats is "a doctor's signature" on the dotted line.

The TSRC is appealing this arbitrary, idiotic and unwarranted decision and hopefully saner heads will prevail. But, until the new policy is changed you'll have to pay a medical person to sign your form — just to be sure the medical professionals don't end up the poor house what with the low fees they charge for our health maintenance.

Damn!! Not again?
Mirage wouldn't do THAT.
I'm going to order a pair
from Martha Ames today!



ONE SURPRISED LAD

by Willa (CA-31)

I don't know where Janice found three women sharing her feelings about men but apparently it wasn't too hard and the feelings must have run deep if their treatment of me was any indication.

I'm still not sure how I got into it although I have to admit my treatment of Janice wasn't exactly delicate but I didn't do anything any red-blooded male wouldn't do if he had the chance. I thought she co-operated well and enjoyed our creative and energetic sex life. When I told her I had had enough and wanted to move on to other women Janice seemed genuinely saddened. So, when she called that Wednesday saying she wanted just one more night with me I figured it wouldn't hurt to spend a Friday night and, after all, I did owe her a few favors.

I had a couple of drinks at a bar to loosen up and arrived at her place about 8:30. When she opened the door I saw she was really fix- ed up, sexy negligee, make-up, perfume, the whole enchilada. She really let me know she didn't want to waste a minute so we got right with it. I had my pants off — and the skirt of her nightie up — and we were rolling around on the bed when I became aware of movement behind me. Before I could turn and look I felt my hands and feet pinned tightly to the mattress while other hands secured them tightly with cord. Fingers knotted themselves in my hair pulling my head back while a pair of balled up panties were stuffed into my mouth. Janice shoved me from her and I tumbled to the floor where I lay helplessly bound and gagged looking up at four women laughing down at me. I didn't have the faintest idea of what was happening, but it wasn't long before I found out what they planned for me.

Helplessly I watched as they used large scissors to cut away the rest of my clothing. In a minute or two I was naked, except for the securing cords. They dragged to the bathroom where the tiles felt cold on my bare flesh. I hadn't the slightest idea what they were up to since none of them had spoken a word and with the gag in my mouth I certainly wasn't able to ask any questions.

Two of them spread shaving lather on my arms and legs before shaving them

smooth. The treatment was repeated on my abdomen and back. Finally they removed the magnificent mat of hair I so admired from my chest. I heard the whirr of an electric motor and felt the blade of a pair of barber's clippers as they cut my beautiful hair to the scalp. Done with the clippers they shaved my scalp as smooth as a billiard ball. God, I could have cried. Lastly my eyebrows were shaved. There I sat. Bound, gagged, naked and hairless — except for my pubic area.

Back in the bedroom they lay me on my stomach on some kind of smooth, stiff material. It took them a minute or so to tug the loose ends of the thing up between my arms and body and then I felt it tightening around me as they laced the edges together. One of them stood on me to press as much air out of me as she could while others pulled the laces so tight I felt as though I was being cut in half and could hardly breathe.

They fastened a leather sheath around my penis, attached a leather cord to it, pulled the cord tight back between my legs and fastened it somewhere on the back of the tight waist-cincher.

I was rolled me onto my back and, after loosening the cords binding my ankles, two of them worked a pair of sheer black nylon pant-ies up my legs. The caress of the silken material stirred feeling of lust in me and my stretched penis would have erected if possible. I felt pain as blood surged into it. Pantyhose were worked on to my feet and then up my legs until the waist band encircled my now severely whittled waist.

One of the women painted two circular areas on my chest with something slightly sticky. In a minute or two she placed two almost unbelievably perfect false breasts on my chest and pressed down on them tightly while the adhesive dried.

I was pulled to my knees my hands untied, my arms raised over my head with a woman holding each wrist while something black and shiny was dropped down my arms. Without so much as a second's fumbling my hands were guided into sleeve openings of what I now realized was a garment of some kind. I felt my penis trying to erect again as the satiny folds dropped caressingly down my smooth, naked body.

My hands were again secured behind me and I was seated on a low stool. One of

the woman spent many minutes making-up my face. Satisfied with her work she stepped back while another dabbed adhesive on several spots on my bald head and forehead. A wig of long, dark hair settled on my head and she pressed down in several places making sure the adhesive was doing its job. I felt the hair brushing the bare area of my back near my shoulders.

I felt a tingle of pain as each earlobe was pierced and large silver loops were inserted. Satisfied with their work they slipped tight patent leather pumps with, what I later learned were, five inch heels on my feet. I was pulled to my feet and led to a closet door where I saw the reflection of a pretty tiny waisted woman with make-up, mascara, eye-liner, lipstick attired in a black satin short-skirted maid's uniform — complete with tiny apron and skirt flaring slightly over a tiered, multi-colored underskirt and the circular earrings dangling from her ears. Judas, I was getting turned on again. I knew what had happened but wasn't prepared for what I saw. It took a few seconds for it to register that I was looking at myself.

Smiling, one of the women pulled the now sodden gag from my mouth while another removed the cord binding my wrists. I was surprised to hear myself say "I'm ready to do anything you want."

For the next several hours I was the perfect maid, serving drinks, dinner, lighting cigarettes, doing the dishes, obeying the slightest whim of my four warders. Toward the end of the evening their behavior changed. I felt a hand slide up my nylon encased leg and caress my buttocks fondling me lovingly. Entranced I allowed her to continue her explorations. Another moved in to play with my lovely, albeit false, breasts while another caressed my neck and blew in my ear. Hands were all over me touching every conceivable spot. I was burning with passion, but they were only teasing me. Slowly, without my realizing it, they maneuvered me to a low-backed chair where I was unceremoniously pushed so I was draped stomach down with my face on the seat cushion and my fanny high on the air. I felt a hand flip my skirt up and pull my pantyhose and panties down exposing my buttocks for all to see.

The suddenness and the size of the first of many items, a dildo of some sort I suppose, entering my anus brought a look

of surprise to my face, tears to my eyes and a cry from my mouth. To quiet my anticipated sounds a ballgag on a strap was forced into my mouth and the strap secured tightly behind my head. For the next hour I alternately endured and enjoyed the size, texture and motion of the various objects thrust into me.

Janice, squatting in front of me where I couldn't fail to see her slowly and lovingly spread a coating of lubricant along the length of a large, flexible, penis shaped dildo. She was smiling when she disappeared from my view. I felt a hand clasp me tightly on one hip and then the thrusting penetration of the large, lubricated dildo entered me. The smoothness was pleasant and the sensations I felt while she was thrusting more and more rapidly into and slightly out of me were, oddly enough, were quite pleasing and sexually arousing. I found myself moving my hips and buttocks rhythmically in synchronization with and in the opposite direction of her thrusting and withdrawal movements.

When Janice ceased her efforts I was exhausted, but silently hoping others would continue where she left off. Instead they stood me on my feet, still shod in the heels, tied a silken scarf around my head securely blindfolding my eyes, bound my wrists behind me and, after tugging my panties and pantyhose back into place, hobbled my ankles. I felt hands grip each bicep and moved with them as they guided me out of the house and into a car.

We drove for what seemed like hours, in circles, along straight stretches of street and the freeway then onto less traveled roads and finally onto an dirt road. What seemed like hours was probably not more than an hour. I felt the car slow and before it stopped I was unceremoniously shoved from it. I lay on the ground several minutes two before managing to work the loosely knotted cords free from my wrists. Then I removed the blindfold and saw I was on what was probably a fire lane in the forest high in the hills. I could see the lights of the City many miles distant and I could still hear the hearty, almost evil laughter of the women ringing in my ears as they'd driven away leaving me clad in the maid's satin uniform, wearing full make-up, five inch heels miles from home and wondering what would happen if the wrong people happened along and found

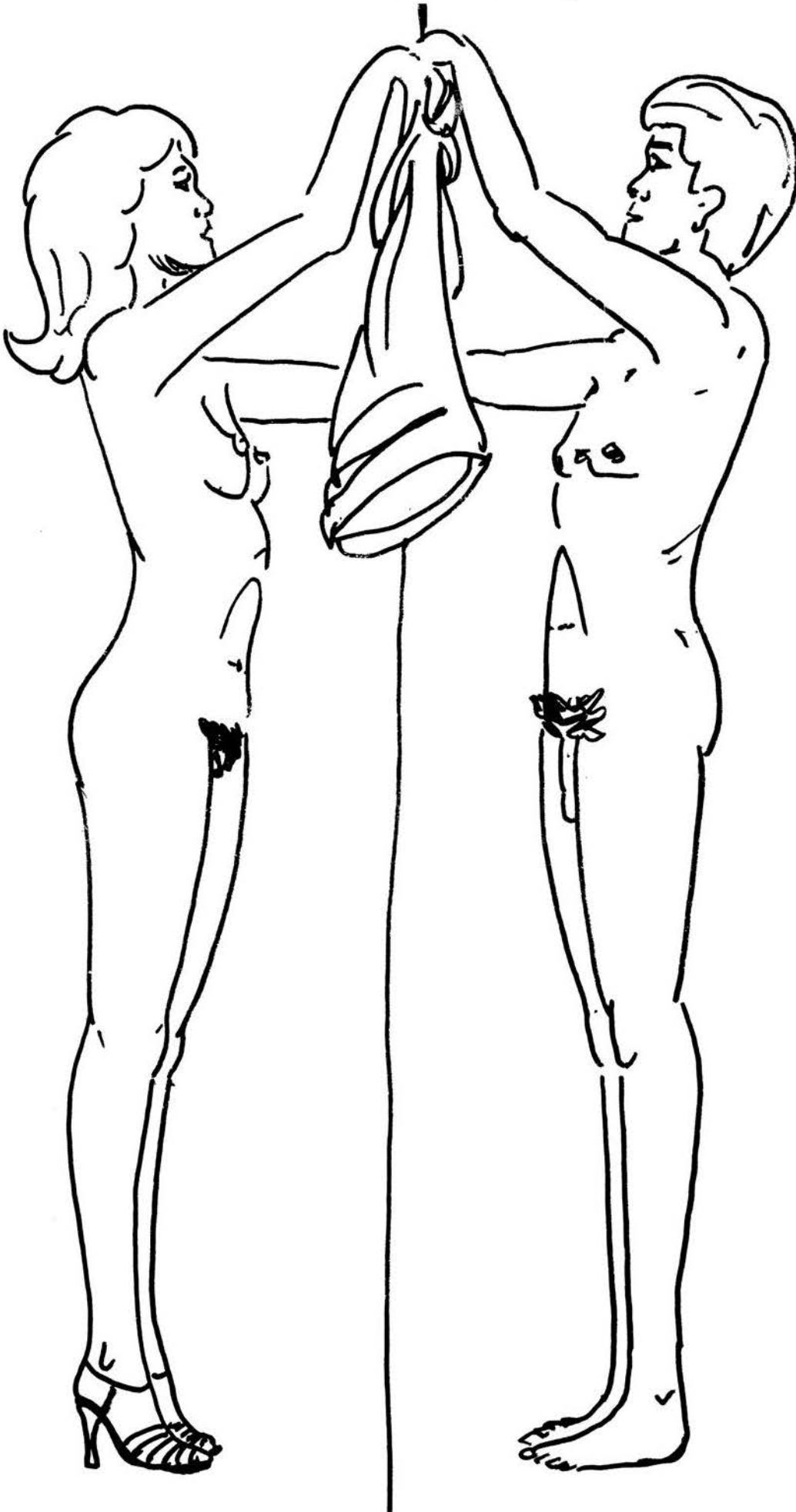
me. Unsteadily I started walking along the road hoping to make it to the main road where I could flag down a friendly, helpful motorist. As luck would have it I was able to stop a state police car. Using initiation as an explanation for my condition and presence. Rather than drop me where I could catch a cab he took me all the way to my apartment.

The sun was just rising as I stood safe in my apartment admiring the pretty, but tired and slightly dirty female image looking back at me from the mirror on the door of my bedroom closet. From the corner of my eye I saw a sheer, lace encrusted nightgown left by one of my female bed partners hanging in the closet. After removing the maid's uniform, placing it and the underclothing in the laundry hamper and removing the heels from my tender feet I showered and returned to my bedroom. On impulse I plucked the lovely nightie from its hanger and thrilled as it slid over my head and down my smooth, hairless body enfolding me in its silken embrace. I marveled at its feel and the way it fell from and accentuated the lovely false breasts still adhering to my chest.

In bed thinking about the night's event it was clear to me the women were not out simply for fun but had been expressing something very important to them. It was also clear that I had, for the most part, gotten a good deal of pleasure out of the evening, even if I was aching all over.

The one thing I couldn't figure out was why I had the compelling feeling of wanting call Janice and thank her not only for a most enjoyable evening but for what she had turned me on to — the marvelous feelings imparted by the wearing of women's clothing, especially the silken lingerie. To say nothing of the new sexual experiences I'd had and, surprisingly, for the most part, enjoyed.

Settling into a more comfortable position in the bed I marveled at the feelings I was receiving from the pleasant weight, projection and smoothness of my "breasts" and the clinging caress of the silken gown on my smooth, hairless, bare flesh as I drifted off to dream of the outrageously sexy lingerie and other erotic and exotic things for "around the house" wear and the **sensible** heels I would be purchasing tomorrow — or rather, later today.



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MAY†

Megan	AL-16	Jennifer	CA-27
Lesley	CA-33	Barbara	CA-93
Dora Mae	CA-177	Barbi	CA-180
Carolyn	CA-193	Debbie	CA-235
Lia	CA-268	Renee	CT-14
Marsha	FL-35	Rachel	IN-23
Roni	KS-16	Holly	MA-22
Marge	MI-18	Jennifer	MN-17
Jennifer	NC-14	Michelle	OH-12
Brenda	OH-35	Jessie	PA-23
Joyce	TX-52	Tamara	UT-13
Karen	VA-24		

†We forgot to list the May Birthday People last month and for that we apologize. We wish them a belated, but Happy Birthday.



JUNE

Sandra	AL-18	Sunny	CA-24
Bonnie	CA-39	Bobette	CA-57
JoAnne	CA-60	Gail	CA-103
Dolly	CA-110	Rose	CA-124
Clare	CA-189	Danielle	CA-229
Bobbie	CA-260	Bobbi	CA-265
Chris	CA-272	Phil	CA-406
Elaine	DC-11	Jill	FL-38
Raquel	HI-11	Kristina	IL-48
Joe K.	KS-13	Wanda	KY-11
Michel	MD-33	Dee	MD-38
Janice	MI-20	Karen	MN-14
Bobbie	MS-13	Pamela	NB-11
Brandy	ND-11	Leslie	NM-11
Deanne	NM-18	Connie	NY-17
Fran	NY-28	Betty	NY-49
Amy	NY-50	Michelle	OH-34
Alexis	PA-37	Robert	PA-401
Robin	TN-15	Veronica	TX-31
Pam	TX-33	Kay	TX-43
Debbie	TX-51	Terri	TX-54
Ben	WA-20		

JULY

Bonnie	CA-51	Dianna	CA-64
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	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	TX-42
Joan	TX-46	Kendelle	WA-25
Penelope	WI-22		



IT HAPPENED TO ME

by Virginia (TX-38)

Quite a few women, both gay and straight, had warned me about the potential consequences of dressing in public as a woman. Surely, everything I'd been told would never happen to me (I thought), but it did.

I remember my lady-friend, Gina, telling me "When you put on a dress or skirt and top, you're a 'target' for males. You will get the hell the rest of us continually get and it will be very hard on you. Why don't you stay like you are and be a guy? Look, it's till a guy's world and they run it to suit themselves."

I listened to her but knew I couldn't stay "a guy". Over the years I had cross-dressed in private and was just beginning to "come out" and be seen. Admittedly I was scared the first few times in public seeing the disgusted and nasty looks from men and the sly, sneaky grins from women. Still, deep within me I felt I belonged to womanhood and was dressing appropriately.

I went to a few gay places and sensed the attitudes of many of the gay males and lesbians. I felt despised by the gay males and many had no qualms telling me "I hate drag queens and don't mind telling you either." Many of the lesbians pitied me. I began learning what it was like to cross-dress in public.

On the streets I soon found what Gina had told me was true. I was, indeed, a target for males.

Being a state official I had to keep my activities very discreet and dared not be seen in the city where I worked and lived. I learned long ago that one does not "play around in their own backyard."

I had known Terri and Betty, lesbians, over two years and we had become friends. Both had given me many pointers and tips on "being a woman and a lady." Personal experience had taught me that drag queens are very poor sources of information; most took every opportunity to make me look ridiculous and stupid while making themselves look more feminine and womanly. The vast majority of queens I met were nothing more than hustlers and drug addicts. Only a natural born woman knows what a woman should be and I was fortun-

ate to find a few who took me under their wing to train me. Terri and Betty were my instructors.

Early in November of 1976 Terri and Betty invited me to spend the week-end with them in Philadelphia. That preceding Friday evening I selected selected a few outfits to wear before dressing. When it was dark I slipped out of my apartment, got into my car and started for Philadelphia arriving about 10:30. I was unable to find a parking place within ten blocks of Terri's place. Broad Street is eight lanes wide and well lighted and I finally found a parking place where Broad and South intersect. I got out of my car, leaving my things in it and, after locking the car, set out for Terri's apartment.

As I crossed the intersection of 12th and Spruce a car with four young men pulled up and began calling to me "Hey, where you going Sweetie? Come here, we want to talk to you." I ignored them and continued walking. They followed me and continued calling to me. I didn't particularly like the situation but the street was very well-lighted and many people were walking in my immediate area. Suddenly the car pulled up by a fire hydrant and three of the young men got out, coming to me. One took my purse while the other two dragged me into their car. I tried to get away and call for help but the people passing just stared or stopped to watch while doing nothing. The one who took my purse found my billfold and emptied it, taking all the money I had.

I tried to free myself but the other two started beating me with their fists as the car drove off. My wig came off. One of the men who'd been beating me took out a knife and held the point to my throat. The car stopped at a traffic light and the driver told the others "Keep her quiet. Two fuzz in a car."

I felt the sharp tip of the blade being pushed into my neck and thought I would soon be dead. My blood froze and I felt powerless to move. The traffic light changed and the car moved off some darkened streets away from downtown. Thoughts went through my mind "Where are they taking me? What will they do? What can I do?" Then I remembered what Terri and Betty had taught me, "the name of the game is 'survive'. No matter what happens

do anything and everything they tell you, no matter what."

For the next hour I was forced to give oral and anal sex to the men holding me in the back seat. Both seemed to delight in beating me before and after and prayed it would soon end. I could taste blood coming from my mouth and nose.

It was quite some time before the car stopped in a dimly lighted parking area of a public park. I had no idea where I was. My beige dress was torn off me and I'd lost one shoe. As I was dragged out of the car I was continually beaten by fists and stuck many times with the knife. Bruised and bleeding I fell to the ground and then all of them began kicking me in the face, head and ribs. My crying and sobbing seemed to delight them all the more. I was sore and hurting all over when three of them gave me a final anal penetration — and I felt as though I was being torn apart. Finally, they tore off my slip and took turns urinating on me. I felt as though my whole body was on fire. I couldn't remember what happened afterwards.

I came to my senses much later; the men and the car were gone and I began feeling the cold of the morning chill. I managed to get to my feet and started to walk but each step and each movement was painful. In a daze and semi-stupor I staggered on.

It was just getting day-light when I got to the door of Terri's and Betty's apartment. I knocked and called out. Betty came to the door, opened it and saw me as I collapsed on the steps. She called Terri and the two of them carried me upstairs, undressed me and cleaned me up. As they removed the last vestiges of my tattered clothing Betty said, "You might be a man on the outside, but as far as we're concerned you're a woman."

They questioned me closely about the incident wanting to know where it happened; if I could describe the men; the kind of car they had been driving and so on. The antiseptic they put on my cuts and bruises burned like fire.

Terri contacted a very disinterested Philadelphia police department whose attitude seemed to be "So what else is new?"

We devised a story for me to tell at the office to explain my cuts, bruises and general soreness. I had been a passenger in

a car involved in an accident.

After caring for me for the remainder of the week-end Terri drove me, in my car, back to my home while Betty followed in their car.

The following Monday I went to work and was asked, many times, what had happened. I used the story of the car accident Terri, Betty and I had concocted. Nothing else was said. I couldn't hide my resentment of all males. It was very hard for me to force myself to shake hands with one without getting a sick feeling in my stomach. I had been hurt deeply and even felt those who were kind to me were my enemies out to destroy me. Now I knew how a woman feels who has been mugged or raped — I felt exactly the same way.

For the next five years every time I went out "dressed" I was chaperoned by a lesbian; I was their "daughter".

Even to this day, whether dressed as a male or a female, I get a tight, sickening feeling in my stomach when close to males; males are my enemies.



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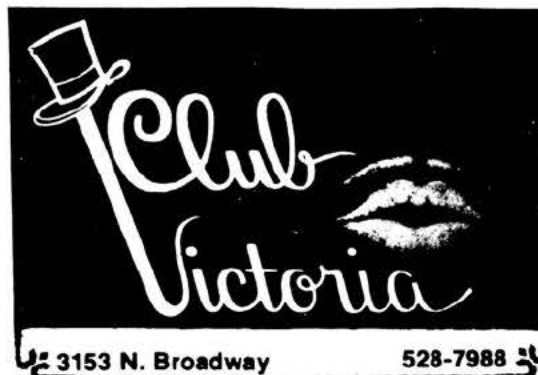
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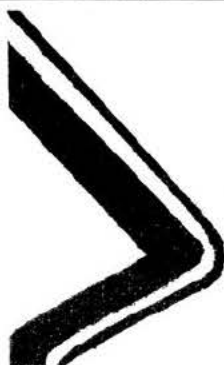
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