

MONTHLY INTERNATIONAL

DECEMBER, 1984 Vol. IV, No. 12

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





FROM THE GGA

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HITHER, THITHER AND YON by Michelle (IL-58)

I boarded the train as soon as possible after boarding was allowed because the Hauptbahnhof, like all the train stations in Europe, isn't heated and the navy blue skirt suit I was wearing wasn't exactly suited for the almost arctic wind whistling through the old building. I'd tried to reserve a sleeping compartment but the best I could do was a coachette so I was happily surprised to see the compartment empty when I entered it. Hopefully I would have it to myself much if not all of the trip.

It took only a few minutes for me to setup housekeeping by placing one suitcase in the overhead rack and the other on the seat across from me. I pulled the seats together, kicked off my heels and stretched out with my feet on the suitcase across from me.

I anxiously awaited the moment of departure since, if no one entered the compartment before we left there was every chance I would have it to myself. No sooner had the thought crossed my mind then the support columns began to pass my window. I was congratulating myself on my apparent good fortune when the door of the compartment opened to admit a very attractive and stylishly attired woman. A wave of her hand indicated one of the open seats as she said something in the guttural german tongue. I replied, using one of the few german phrases I knew, that I didn't speak german. I repeated the phrase in french and finally in english. At the sound of my english her eyes lit up and she said, softening her voice from the german she'd been speaking, "Oh, you're American."

"I certainly am. From your voice I'd guess you are too."

Well, as it turned out she was an American, although she'd lived in Europe for the past eighteen years making her living as an opera singer. In fact, just that evening, she'd been the guest soloist with the Munich Opera and was now on her way home to Salzburg.

Sleep was the farthest thing from our minds and we chatted like long lost sisters as the train sped through the night carrying us through Germany toward her destination and then on to mine in Austria. She, her name is Marilyn, was quite interested in the multiple facets of my trip and offered many helpful tips for a woman traveling alone on the trains. Of course I was fascinated by the stories of her career in Europe so it goes without saying we passed the time pleasurably.

Approaching Salzburg Marilyn told me she would be singing in a german language production of <u>West Side Story</u> the following Saturday night. She suggested that perhaps I would enjoy the production and promised to show me a good time if I chose to return to Salzburg for the performance. I told her that while a stopover in Salzburg wasn't on my itinerary I would give it serious consideration but didn't know if I could fit it into my schedule. Anyway, we parted at Salzburg, her going home and me continuing through the night to Vienna.

The following few days were whirlwinds of activity. The Home Furnishings Show in Vienna was interesting and I thought remarkable for the displays of bathroom fixtures — the finest I've seen anywhere in the world. But, it was old hat by the second day so I decided to move on to Venice to see if I could locate a glass factory that would accept custom orders.

Venice was even more charming then I remembered it. I suppose part of the reason is that I'd never been in Venice as a woman so it was a new experience for me. Also, I'd never taken pictures there for the serious use of producing posters and was, therefore, seeing the beautiful town on the Italian coast for the first time with an artist's - rather than a tourist's - eye. Anyway, Venice was truly a nice place to be and was I able to accomplish everything on my agenda before leaving for Rome after a two day stay.



Since the weather was absolutely beautiful for November and I was slightly ahead

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of schedule I decided to stop off in Florence for a day of sightseeing before continuing on to Rome.

I won't go into the art and beauty of Florence. Suffice to say one could spend a lifetime there never see everything. But, as I strolled along the Arno river I found my thoughts wandering back to Salzburg and decided to go down to Rome, get the fashion show out of the way and return to Salzburg for a long, recuperative week-end of much needed rest and relaxation. Accordingly I took the next train out of Florence for the Eternal City.



Rome was just as I remembered it — a bustling city where everyone lives in the biggest hurry I've ever seen. Every time I leave Rome I invariably dislike all Italians in general and Romans in particular. However, reminding myself I was here for a fashion show and not as a travel writer I checked into the <u>Cardinal</u>, a beautiful hotel at 62 Via Guilia, and proceeded to collapse in my room.

Sometimes a short nap can work wonders and, after the rigors of a day of traveling and sightseeing, the effect was electrifying. Upon arising, refreshed, I slipped into a hot bath while deciding what to do and where to go for supper. Reminding myself of the old adage "When in Rome, etc- " and given my passion for pasta I decided a visit to the restaurants in the Trastevere District was in order. Accordingly I unpacked a grey lamb's wool cowl necked sweater and black wool skirt. While not an especially sexy outfit it certainly made sense for the chilly evening air of Rome. Besides, I didn't plan to eat in a four star restaurant anyway.

I did my make-up, touched up my hair and finished off the outfit with simple gold jewelry and black opera pumps. Checking myself in the mirror I noted with some satisfaction that this was probably the most sensible outfit I'd worn during the past three weeks — so much for heels and tight clothing.

With everything checked out and knowing I looked satisfactory I slipped on my sable stole (austerity may be okay, but there is a limit), checked my purse for papers and money and walked from the room. I knew I passed muster when my tush was pinched the second time before making it all the way across the lobby to the front door.

When I told the doorman I planned to go in the Trastevere District for supper he whistled down a taxi and, after getting me settled in the back seat, gave instructions, in rapid fire italian, to the driver. Off we shot into Roman traffic with all the finesse of a sex crazed bull elephant at mating time.

It wasn't long before we blasted through the Piazza Trilussa, made a sharp, screaming turn into the Piazza San Giovanni della Malva and stopped in front of a small, unimpressive looking restaurant displaying the name <u>Da Umberto</u>. Had I been on foot and not known what awaited me behind the door I never would have thought about stopping. However, the doorman had recommended it so, who was I to argue? I paid the driver and entered the restaurant as he held the door for me.

Once inside I was pleasantly surprised to find the place delightfully charming and very Roman. The speciality of the house (which I had) is Cannolicchi Pasta. In keeping with the atmosphere I ordered half a bottle of the Vin d'Maison which I found to be a full-bodied Italian red table wine. The entire meal, including wine and tip cost about \$10.00. Something you may wish to keep in mind for the next time you visit Rome is that this District abounds with excellent restaurants. So plan to spend some time just walking around reading the menus posted outside — you won't regret it.

Following the delicious meal I spent some time window shopping before taking a cab back to my hotel. Rest was necessary since the next two days would include tiring rounds of fashion shows and cocktail parties.

When I agreed to take on he duties of fashion buyer for some friends of mine who own an excellent boutique in addition to their very successful interior decorating business I hadn't realized just how much work was involved although I can't imagine anyone would pass up an opportunity to spend a month and a half in Europe going to fashion and home shows. I know I certainly didn't pass up the opportunity when it presented itself. What I hadn't thought about was the endless travel, poor food (hors d'oeuvres make a lousy substitute dietary supplement) and constant lack of sleep which combine, synergistically, to create a state of utter exhaustion. As I drifted off to sleep my thoughts turned once again to Salzburg and how desperately I needed a few days of rest and relaxation.

I overslept and had to rush through dressing. And after slipping into an offwhite skirt suit and a red silk blouse I trowled on some concealer to cover the dark circles under my eyes and painted on my smile for the day. By skipping breakfast and bribing the taxi driver I was able to make it to the Grande Hotel in time for the first show of the day.

At the risk of offending some readers I must admit that I just don't personally care for Italian tastes in "fashionable" clothing. To me the dresses looked as though they'd been designed by illiterate peasants and manufactured in a Siberian prison — in other words they just don't cut it in the fashion world. However, Italian shoes and purses are excellent and are copied by manufactures the world over.

The women I lunched with all agreed the show was a bust and that we were all exhausted. At some point during the discussion as I stared at my crepe suzettes all I could see in my mind's eye was the river Salzach cutting its way through a peaceful valley, its surface practically covered with gulls, and the picturesque old town beckoning my tired mind to come and explore it. Under my breath I said, "Screw this show", as I excused myself to return to the show floor where I placed an order for shoes, handbags and other accessories that totaled an amount looking for all the world like a ZIP Code.

After taxiing back to the <u>Cardinal</u> I changed into a skirt and sweater, packed my bags and left the room. After explaining to the desk clerk that departing earlier than planned was no reflection on the facilities I took the first available cab to the train station where, as luck would have it, I had only a short wait and was soon seated on a northbound train — in about fourteen hours I'd be in Salzburg.

The train arrived at the Salzburg station just before breakfast time and I hurried to a guest house I knew about three blocks from the station where I was pleasantly surprised to find a room was available and quickly installed myself in the bright, cheerful room on the top floor. The room's skylight opened to provide a great view of the old town. After unpacking quickly I headed downstairs to the restaurant to join the other pension-ites for breakfast after which I returned to my room to change into a warm skirt and longsleeved sweater. Keeping it simple I plugged a pair of diamond tipped stud earrings into place, touched up my hair and makeup before slipping into a cloth coat, picking up my purse and heading out to meet the world.

My first stop of the day was the ticket office of the <u>Landes Theater</u> to purchase a ticket to the performance of <u>West Side</u> <u>Story</u> that evening. When I told the woman at the office that I was a friend of Marilyn's she opened her book and handed me the ticket that had been waiting for me a center seat about three rows back and just about the best seat in the house.



When I asked Marilyn if she'd had anything to do with it she replied, "Well I did mention I had a dear friend from the States coming to see me perform."

Assured of a seat at this night's performance the next order of business was to by a dress to wear to it. It may seem strange that even though I had spent a small (or perhaps not so small) fortune on clothes during the past three weeks practically none of it had been for me and although I had clothes suitable for a night at the theater I couldn't, like most women, imagine a better excuse to go shopping.

The Getreidegasse, in Salzburg and across the river from the theater district, is one of the most picturesque streets in the world and a shopper's paradise with stores lining both sides of its entire length.



The Christmas market n the Kapitalplatz (Capitol Place) opens in early November and the time I was now operating in full swing. Not being one to miss a golden opportunity I closely inspected the stands, many of which offered unique handmade items just ideal for Christmas presents.

Another Salzburg fact of life is that it is the birthplace of Mozart and even though street musicians are normally everywhere they are out in full force during the Christmas Season. I particularly enjoyed the the strolling brass bands of 10 to 15 musicians playing Christmas carols while dressed in an almost national uniform of dark green clothing and overcoats and wearing their alpine hats. A more Christmas-like sight is hard to imagine.

I finally found The Dress — white with pink trim on the camisole top; streetlength full skirt and trimmed with a nylon net over-skirt. And, by chance, I just happened to have the perfect shoes and accessories to wear with it so I pretended not to see the price and bought it.

Although it was getting late in the afternoon I took one more stroll up the Getreidegasse to the Church, cut over to the square by the river where I boarded a bus which was returning to the autobusbahnof (bus barn) at the end of the line just 3 block from my guest house.

After a lengthly shower I used pink polish on my nails since the dress was white with pink trim. Staying with the color theme I used light blue eye shadow and did everything else in pink. I had even picked up some small pink and white flowers at a market and fashioned some into a small corsage while using the remained as an ornament for my hair.

I stepped into the dress, closed the back zipper and found, as I'd hoped, it fit perfectly. With the accessories and flowers I looked terrific. I closed the clasp of a necklace of small pink pears and clipped the matching earrings in place. Finally, I stepped into a pair of all white three inch heels and fastened the delicate strap at the ankle. After a few last touches to the hair and make-up I almost felt the need to stand and stare into the mirror. The woman reflected there was a far cry from the tired, bedraggled one who had dragged herself into the room only a few hours earlier.

I don't really know what it is but as a woman I get a "high" from really getting dressed to go out. The strange thing is I've never had that same feeling as a man, so there is no doubt in my mind that most women experience a rush of adrenaline when preparing for an evening out.

Finally ready, I slipped into my mink stole (the one so many of you saw on page 7 of the June '84 issue), picked up my purse and left the room. Turning my key in at the desk I asked the manager, a woman about my age, to call a taxi for me.

By the time I arrived at the theater a goodly number of patrons were already there and the lobby was packed with men taking the last few desperate puffs on their cigarettes. One thing I noticed in Europe it that one seldom see women smoking in a theater lobby — and I can't say the same for women here in the US.

The Landes is a classic beauty and decorated with white walls ceilings. A bright red carpet runs throughout the house and the covers of the seats match the carpet. The visible part of the theater is trimmed in crystal and gold. With only 750 seats the performances are rather intimate. The usherette guided me to my seat and I barely had time to look around before the lights dimmed and the curtain went up.

Even though I don't speak german I

thoroughly enjoyed the Austrian production of West Side Story.

Having seen it performed many times I am, of course, familiar with the story line. But I was amazed at the enthusiasm and life breathed into the performance by the cast and was almost sorry to see the spell broken by the intermission. The second half went smoothly with the production ending about ten.

I followed Marilyn's instructions and stationed myself outside the stage door and after I'd been there a few minutes she opened the door and motioned me to follow her inside. She led the way through backstage corridors and down some stairs to the basement where a small cafe is operated for the benefit of the cast and crew.

What a fabulous time I had. Marilyn introduced me to almost everyone in the cast and collected enough autographs to give me a fully signed program. Being familiar with the story line I was able to ask some intelligent questions about the subtle differences I'd noticed in the way their company had performed it. I received some surprising answers to my questions.

All too soon the evening drew to a close. It was late and I had to be back in my room before the guest house doors were locked at midnight (Cinderella, anyone?). So, I said my good-byes to Marilyn and the rest of the cast and was back in my room with plenty of time to spare.

Preparing for bed I reflected on the day's activities and my good fortune. I'd have four more relaxing days in Salzburg before returning to the high pressure world of fashion shows.

I pulled the covers up to my chin, snuggled into the comfortable mattress and didn't feel a single pang of guilt over taking a restful break from the tiring grind of and oft times dull routine of fashion show spectator and clothing buyer.



IT'S HAPPY BIRTHDAY TIME!



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

	DEC	EMDED	
Anne	AZ-25	EMBER Charlotta	CA-14
Janice	CA-20	Cathy	
Kathleen	CA-20 CA-70	Laura	CA-21
Ruth Ann	CA-98	Diana	CA-80
Joy	CA-223	Bobi Jean	CA-106
Stephanie	CA-223 CA-261	and a second s	CA-224
Julia		Andy	CA-295
Jackie	CN-32	Kathleen	CO-28
Sharon	FL-69	Bryan	GA-25
Sal	IL-1	Ramona	IL-63
	IL-64	Diana	IL-75
Tammy	MA-25	Julie	MO-21
Roi	NJ-15	Jana	NJ-36
Leisa	OK-15	Ellen	OR-2
Susan	PA-30	Susan	TX-39
Beverly	TX-49	Rene	TX-55
Audrey	TX-60	Michelle	TX-62
Dena	UT-12	Joan	WA-22
Judy	WA-27		
	JAN	UARY	
Joan	AZ-30	Helen	CA-19
Denise	CA-148	Cissy	CA-166
Karen	CA-233	Brenda Lee	CA-245
Page	CA-248	Denise	CA-262
Linda	CN-29	Regina	CO-11
Candace	CO-27	Joan	FL-46
Teri	FL-66	Maria	IL-70
Cynthia	KS-19	Terri	MA-15
Geri	MI-19	Don	MI-23
Kathy	MO-22	Donna	NJ-33
April	OK-11	Lorraine	TX-45
Kathy	UT-14	Susan	VA-23
Mary	VT-11		
1501			

THE MISTRESS' LAIR By The Mistress

The most frequently practised aspect of Dominance/submission is Bondage and Discipline. Also, many who are neither Dominant nor submissive engage in bondage games.

The thought of being helpless and exposed is very exiting to a great number of people. The awareness that it is impossible to get away causes the adrenalin to flow, and, of course, adrenalin equals exitement. There is a very real, universal, physical reaction to being confined, and in that regard B/D differs

from most other fetishes. We all have read plenty of stories in the news media concerning a captive who fell in love with his/her captor(s).

Almost anyone who musters the trust to let him/herself be tied up will experience heightened sexual excitement. Prolonged sexual teasing will create an immense desire for sexual fulfillment, and I have witnessed some unbelievably lasting orgasms after such stimulation.

While some are content to experience bondage without discipline, others take things one step further. Discipline can take many shapes. It may be verbal or physical. There may be a whole scenario enacted. The Dominant may pick an infraction (real or imaginary) committed by the submissive and base a scene of punishment on it.

Spanking is by far the most popular form of discipline. Offering your pantie clad bottom to your Mistress is sure to reinforce the feeling of submission. Spankings may be light or strong. (Also, a spanking perceived as light by one person may seem hard to another. The limit between pain and pleasure differs immensely from person to person.) In B/D the emphasis is not on pain (that's S/M), but on reinforcing the authority of the Dominant and the submissiveness of her partner. There may be some degree of pain involved, but it is not the point. Spankings may be administered by hand or by using various instruments, such as paddles, belts, canes etc. Of course some experimentation is required to establish mutually pleasurable procedures.

Another form of discipline is the assignment of tasks to be performed by the submissive. Failure to do so properly will result in punishment. These tasks may be as real as cleaning floors etc., or playful. For instance, a friend of mine wraps her partner in bathroom tissue while he sits in an awkward position. She leaves the room for a while. If the wrapping is still intact upon her return, she may forgive his previous infractions. If not, she punishes him.

Of course there is petty coat training. I'll never cease to be surprised to see how being forced to wear female clothing transforms rough, clumsy bullies into pleasant, coy ladies. A loud and crude loading dock worker can be a lovely, pliable creature – all it takes is some sexy lingerie and proper instruction. Petty coat training is definitely my favorite. Not only does it install the proper attitude in my submissive, it makes him downright charming!

Of course, there are rules to be followed when one engages in B/D. The most frequent mistake is the attempt to imitate bondage positions seen in magazines. The models are chosen for their limber body some are outright contortionists. Many of the positions are impossible to achieve by the average person. Others may be possible to imitate but impossible to maintain for any length of time. Experimentation is necessary. Be careful not to cut off circulation - wide leather straps are most suitable for tying. If you like to use rope, you should not tie it too tightly. For best results, wrap a piece of clothing around the stress areas before applying the rope. Knots should be tight (getting lose is anticlimactic), but easy to loosen. Make sure you can untie your partner quickly if necessary.

Don't leave your partner unattended. S/he is helpless and may get in trouble trying to move. Make sure breathing is not impaired. The only item acceptable around someone's neck is a leather collar. Do stay away from a couple of items offered for



sale by B/D stores and mailorder houses. One such item is the pump gag. Not only is it extremely hard on the jaws and teeth since it is impossible for you to see whether there is space in your partner's mouth to accomodate further inflation of the gag and it's impossible for your partner to tell you so. If such a gag is inflated too much, it extends into the throat and your helpless submissive may suffocate.

Another objectionable toy is the pressure hood. It is also operated via a pump. After it is pulled over the submissive's head, it can be inflated. It creates pressure on the head - a truly dangerous procedure, especially for the eyes! I certainly don't believe in censorship, but these two items should not be offered for sale!

With these exeptions, most B/D toys on the market are proven to be safe to use. As long as you insure unimpaired breathing and circulation there should be no problems. Make sure your submissive has a way to communicate with you - a "safe word", which should be something totally unrelated, or a movement of head or fingers.

I plan to publish a Resource Directory of organizations and stores related to D/s, and would appreciate any input you may have. Mail info to GGA, POB 62283, Sunnyvale, CA 94088, attn: Dom.

WIFE'S BOARD

The following messages were posted on the Wife's Board of GenderNet. We thought you'd like to see them.

I'm 30 years old and have been married to a man or rather possibly I should say a woman, for 8 years. We have no children thank God! He recently told me he is a transsexual and wants to go through the complete change and become a physical woman. I've been to see his, or rather her, psychiatrist and she assures me he/she really is a TS and must change. I love my husband very much and am angry that we shall have to severe the fine relationship we have.

I suppose I can remarry — if this does not make me gun shy of marriage — but I would prefer to stay with him, even after surgery. Can anyone out there help me? I need advice from other wives/lovers, etc, who have gone thru this same thing.

Liz.

My husband has crossdressed since long before we married. He told me about his crossdressing before we married and I have allowed him to continue doing his thing all these years (15). After several years of marriage I found I wanted to see him dressed so ask him to show me what he looked like. He did, and he looked very passable. We began occasionally going out together at night to dinner or a show or some such thing. Well, he asked if he could wear a nightgown to bed and at first I was reluctant to allow this, but finally agreed. This, of course led to having sex with a partially crossdressed man. And I found I love it. Now when we have sex he is almost always at least partially crossdressed - usually in nylons, a garter belt and a bra. Sometimes he makes advances to me in the early evening when he'S fully crossdressed with make-up, wig and all. I really get turned on most of the time by this. But lately I've been asking myself whether or not I may be a latent lesbian. I mean he presents a very real female image and I really get turned on and am almost always ready to hop in the old sack with him/her?

Do any of you wives out there have similar feelings and have you had similar experiences? I'd really like to hear from some of you on this.

Mavis

I've been having sex with a TV for more years than I care to remember and have thoroughly enjoyed it. It has been much better since he came out of the closet — at least he's come out to me, if no one else. I don't care if I'm a "latent lezzie" or not. I love having sex with a partially crossdressed male. I insisted he start sleeping in nightgowns have purchased a wide variety for him.

What does it matter if think you feel like a lesbian. Do you sexually hunger after men dressed as women or after genetic women? That's what you should be asking yourself. I have had, years ago, sex with a genetic woman, and I prefer a penis to a clit anyday.

Maggie

DRESSING FOR SENSUAL APPEAL by Kay (CA-58)

We all want to sizzle when we dress if for no other reason then to flaunt our absolute and total femininity to the rest of the world. But, more than that we usually want all the attention that can come from the allure we can show. Clothes are, therefore, the way we do it and the medium of our expression. For most of us the seductiveness and pure sexiness of our undergarments gives us a great deal of the ecstacy we find in dressing. However, you can't go out dressed in only underthings. We need to choose those things that will separate us from the "average", yet not look too out of place. Personally, I'm into passing and in an evening crowd at an good restaurant with a date, or cruising a bar, or at an hot party I want something that screams pulchritude and sex (with money and class). I want the doorman or maitre D to say "Wow!", not "Oh gawwd." Here are some of the secrets and tips I've used over the years. It's been said that men fall for flashy women because they make the biggest show. That may be true for some but I prefer to say those who make the best show get the attention. What you are doing when dressed for sensual appeal is saying to the group "Let's play." You are trying to use clothes to accentuate or bring forth your best points and minimize your weaker ones. You can create an aura of sensuality and sex appeal through your choice of color combinations, textures, fit and, more importantly, scent. I mean, who can deny the absolute sensuality of a sleek, well tailored slim black pongee leather skirt and simple spike pumps? Why do you think so many magazines featured leather ensembles this year? Leather, of course, has its own scent when worn for a while.

Well, here are some specifics with which I have had success:

A dress that plunges in front and dips in back is incredibly alluring. For many this will have the effect of breaking up a large frame. This style must only be worn by those devoid of body hair. If you have a more slender body, say one in the size 12 range, you can wear something which goes clear to the neck and conceals every inch of you. In either case dress up the outfit with smokey black stockings and spikey pumps. I like to use flashy clip-on bows with rhinestones for my pumps. Super flashy sandals with sparkle have the same effect as the clip-on bows.

A very sexy leg revealing wrap-around skirt with a multi-colored sash or wide fabric tie belt accentuates such an outfit. Add to it very spikey bare sandals and you have a knockout punch. Large, brightly colored bead ropes and a clunky bracelet add a final capper that has real allure and screams sex.

For those who have the figure try a jumpsuit with very narrow legs and a zipper which goes from top to bottom — yes, from your neck almost to your private area. Add to that a belt or sash of bright colors to the waist. For those who love boots tuck the jumpsuit legs into new soft suede boots with spike heels. Of course, a snug jumpsuit or splashy sandals have a dynamite effect.

One of my favorite shopping — or for that matter, afternoon play — outfits is tight designer jeans with zippered ankles and very high, open-toed french or stiletto heels. Add to that a very loose, blousy, full-sleeved top with a deep V bosom. To it I often add a chain belt or one of studded leather and, in some cases, even a knotted cord.

One of my favorites, from Hanover, is a very straight black wool skirt with 4 inch slits on each side to reveal the smoke black hose covering my smooth legs. For contrast try light grey smokey hose, matching grey pumps and purse. To compliment the outfit add a grey Quiana blouse with a rhinestone pin on one shoulder.

There are many new flouncy, sheer, multi-colored skirts available now. Make sure you compliment your skirt with a loose, sheer full-sleeved blouse and very strappy summer sandals. Of course, sparkling toe nail polish is critical in all cases. Greens with red or green with orange; reds with violet; blank with white; blue and yellow; magenta with anything; hot reds, shimmering silver or gold all scream sex appeal. Don't forget earrings to compliment it all.

Jewelry may be loud and bold or subtle and rich. Dramatic modern artsy pieces do well. Each piece of jewelry, even a single earring, draws attention to some part of your body. A long rope of faux pearls knotted just below your bust line is a sure attention getter. For those of you who like it a silver rope knotted around your waist draws the attention of those with suppressed submissive tendencies. Of course it goes without saying that one of your first investments has to be a gold ankle bracelet (preferably with a sparkling diamond in it).

Handbags and purses can do wonders. Ones that hang and dangle, that accentuate your strut by swinging send out strong "Let's play" messages. Small, soft clutchables with beading for the evening do the same. Your bag can frequently say you are out for quick fun and love glamor.

Belts can do much and say even more. First, they draw attention to the curvaceous nipped-in waist and show the effects of figure training. They can even send out the message you're wearing a well-fitted corset. As well they can reinforce that tight-waisted look. A large gold, silver or rhinestone buckle says "Let's have fun."

Shoes can make or break the image you're trying to present. First and foremost they must be high with spikey French or Continental heels. The <u>Wild Pair</u> shoe chain has many, many styles of this nature. Of course, TV Boutiques such as Lee's Mardi Gras, Versatile Fashions, Fem Fashions, etc. have these shoes available.

Choose each items of clothing carefully. If your figure is too big for the bold, wild styles go for the slinky "come tough me" fabrics and styles. Choose clothing that says "I'm interested", to arouse and entice. Lastly, except in certain costume party situations, always remain a "high quality find" and try, through your clothing, to push something to the edge, but make the other party be the one who has to reach out to find out. That way you'll always be in control and that's where we modern girls must be.

RETURNED MAIL

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During November '84 we expended almost \$100.00 ransoming returned mail. In several instances three or four pieces were returned at the same time from the same address. This amount caused us to go back through our petty cash vouchers and determine that a little over \$480.00 was spent in 1984 to redeem mail from the PO for people who moved without telling us and thus engendering unplanned funds expenditures.

Effective January 1, 1984 our policy concerning "Come-backers", as we refer to them at the office, will change. We shall continue to pay the return postage so our mailing records can be updated but we shall no longer repackage and re-mail any mail returned to us because of a change of address.

If copies of the <u>Phoenix</u> or <u>Correspondant's</u> <u>Directory</u> mailed to you are returned we will hold the item(s) for 60 days. A notice will be include in the next monthly mailing telling you that mail was returned, the cost of its return and if you pay the return charges we will send it on in the next mailing. If you don't wish to pay the return charges we will simply put the item(s) in our back issue pool and you will miss that/those issues. WHERE AND WHEN IT'S HAPPENING GGA Chapters do not act as dating services or dating brokers. Do <u>not</u> 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

Wednesday each month at Call (707) 526-2500 for specific details.

SACRAMENTO CHAPTER. Meetings: 8pm, 2nd Friday each month. Metro Community Church, 2731 34th Street (corner 34th and Broadway).

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

*****CONNECTICUT*****

GGA-CT. Write: PO Box 744, Branford, CT 06405 for information concerning time, place and frequency of meetings and parties.

*****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 POB 651 Marshall, VA 22115. Meets 3rd Staurday.

*****FLORIDA*****

SUCCESS CHAPTER-GGA. Monthly Meetings. Contact Susan 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 POB 7330, Newark, DE 19714.

*****TEXAS*****

GENDER DYSPHORIA CENTER. Galveston GGA Chapter. Meetings: 8pm 1st Saturday every month except July, Aug, Sept. Contact Alice, 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 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 PO Box 18902, Irvine, 92713.

*****COLORADO*****

DENVER. Gender Identity Center. Staffed by professisonals, 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, Arlington, VA 22204.

*****GEORGIA*****

ELITE TV CO. Write GiGi 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 POB 2055, Des Plains, 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 17032, 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 conerned with TV/TS issues welcome. 1505 Broadway, Seattle 98122. (206) 329-8737.

*****WISCONSON*****

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)

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*****

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******PARTIES*****

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.





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JANUS INFORMATION FACILITY

under the direction of Paul A. Walker, Ph.D. provides referrals, pamphlets, reprint material and conducts research.

An advance contribution of \$25.00 or more is requested since the Facility is depenent on private donations and funding.

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