

MONTHLY INTERNATIONAL®



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

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ANOTHER BATHROOM CRISIS

From an article by Susan Jimison in Weekly World News, May 31, 1983

Shapely, blonde secretary Audra Sommers was fired for using the office ladies' room because co-workers found out that underneath it all Audra was a man.

Out of work the stunning transsexual can't earn the money needed for her surgery and remains in the tormented limbo of being a genetic male and a psychological female.

"No one will hire me because they know my story," pouted the Des Moines Iowa pre-op who is on hormones but lacks reassignment surgery. And is now out of work in this bastion of mid-west conservatism. "I'd take about any job I could just to make the \$7,000 I need for my operation but I've been looking for two solid years and I still can't find work."

Audra's ordeal began in April, 1980 when a co-worker at Budget Marketing, in Des Moines, recognized her as the former Timothy Kevin Cornisch, a guy he had worked with the year before at another firm.

Word of Audra's jumbled gender spread around the office where she had worked as a filing clerk for only three days.

Within hours she was called in to see her supervisor and admitted she was a transsexual.

"He said my sexual status didn't matter to him, but the women in the office had complained." Audra, 24, recalled. "He told me the other secretaries had refused to use the ladies' room as long as I was working there.

"He said 'We can't very well let you use the men's room now, can we? So, I guess we'll have to let you go.' I was shocked.

'I'd done a good job there. I'd worked hard.

"They could have worked out the situation, but they didn't want to. They were set against finding a solution. I was a victim of pure sex discrimination — they fired me because I was transsexual."

Now the willowy Audra has asked the Iowa Supreme Court to let her sue her former employers for sex discrimination and for illegally firing her because of her "disability". A decision is expected any day.

"I'd like to show people that they have to take transsexuals seriously, that they can't treat us like we're some kind of joke," husky-voiced Audra told The NEWS.

"We're people just like anyone else and need to make a living."

While waiting for the Iowa Supreme Court decision, Audra is continuing with counselling and hormone therapy. She looks for work every day and relaxes in her spare time by sunbathing on her apartment terrace.

"I don't regret that I started my sex change because I'm much more comfortable as a woman," she said.

"But it gets me down being out of work. Maybe if I get my job back I can save toward the operation I've dreamed of ever since I was seven."



The statuesque blonde bombshell never fails to turn male heads in downtown Des Moines, Iowa.

Since the appearance of the original article additional information has come to light.

The Iowa Supreme Court, in an opinion written by Justice Louis Schlutz, denies Ms. Somers' right to sue her former employers because "the sex discrimination law applies to males and females but not a combination of the two. Although a trans-

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sexual is unable to perform physical tasks of employment.

"While we do not approve of such discrimination we do not believe that it is prohibited by the Iowa Civil Rights Act."

So, it's another step backwards for the transsexual.

Discrimination against women over the centuries has been, primarily, societal yet laws against that discrimination have been passed — and forced down the throats of males — to bring us to a slightly more enlightened society providing better living, working and social conditions for the female. But, alas, discrimination against the transsexual isn't applied against only the MTF. Recently there was a similar case against a FTM working as a fireman.

It seems the primary center of controversy involving the MTF is the use of restroom facilities. I, for one, would like to know what is so damned sacrosanct about a ladies room! Are the genetic females screaming about the use of "their room" by a non-genetic, non-physical, but psychological female so insecure in their identity that they fear contamination of some kind? Do they believe that in some mysterious way they are going to catch "male-ism" off a toilet seat? Is some microscopic "seed of male-ism" going to invade them causing them to turn into a male, with a penis and all the other less desirable, to them, male traits? Good grief, if such a seed exists we had better find it so we can transplant a few into or onto the FTM and save them the expense and pain of phalloplasty surgery.

No, actually, the problem is one of education. People, including gender people, tend to fear things they don't understand.

It is the responsibility of the gender community, be they crossdressers or transsexuals, the Behavioral Science community and the news media — whether it be print or visual — to cooperate in this education. The general public must be sufficiently enlightened to see the transsexual and crossdresser not as a threat to the morals of society but a person — another human being — in search of a solution to a diffi-



cult but solvable problem which makes them slightly "different" from the rest of society. Society, as whole, has overcome many "insurmountable" problems and envisioned threats in the past and they will continue to do so in the future. We can only hope and pray that cross-genderism will be one of the problems and threats overcome in the future so the cross-gendered person will be allowed to live a happy, productive life out in the open and not forced to hide in a physical and mental closet of darkness.

RAMBLIN' ROSE by Rose (CA-124)

I've been out doing a little shopping and thought I'd pass on some information for you, who might be in the market for a wig - or three.

In the East Bay I stopped in at Fashion Wigs on Foothill Blvd. in Hayward. I was met by the mangor, a nice man, more than willing to help me select the color(s) and style(s) from the vast assortment visible on the shelves and the ones under the counter. Once I made my tentative selections he took me to the private area in the back of the shop where the MTF can try on wigs in complete privacy.

He has a wide range of styles, makes and colors from which to choose with reasonable prices ranging from \$12.00 to \$200.00, the later price is for human hair wigs. Best of all there isn't any hassle.

They also do wig maintenance (styling, washing, etc.). So, if you're in the market for a wig and in the Hayward area I can recommend you try Fashion Wigs.

Her prices, while seemingly, a little higher than others are not out of line. Choices are many and she also does wig maintenance. I can recommend Ava's.

THE WORD ON ELECTROLYSIS

Recently several letters concerning the ability of electrolysis to permanently remove hair - specifically facial hair - from the genetic male have arrived. One goes so far as to quote an endrocrinologist saying "male hormones in the body cause hair to continue grow".

Regarding the above quotation — female hormones also cause hair to grow and continue its growth on the female body. Even seen a "bald bodied" female?

Let's establish some facts concerning hair first. For the purposes of this article "body hair" is defined as the hair found on arms, legs, under-arms, shoulders, back, feet, hands, face, buttocks and pubic area, but excludes hair growing from the scalp.

FACT. Hair grows on both the male and female body.

FACT. With the exception of the pubic area hair distribution patterns are relatively the same on both the male and female body. The only areas on either the male or female body not having hair cells are the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands.

FACT. Hair on the male body is coarser, usually darker and thicker individually and collectively.

FACT. Examination of the adult female body will, on the average, reveal similar hair distribution patterns as on the male body. However, the hair found on the female is generally lighter in both quality and quantity. The hair on the body of the adult female is generally classified as lanugo or velous (called "baby-hair" or "peach-fuzz" by the layman).

FACT. The addition of testosterone to the female system causes body and facial hair to darken (depending on genetic coloring factors), grow thicker and more heavily. Thus, when the female-to-male has taken testosterone for a period of time facial hair comparable to that of the genetic male develops and they begin to need a daily shave. Body hair also develops.

Hair is divided as follows: a. The bulb: is the lower end of the hair that fits over the papilla.

b. The root: is that portion of the hair enclosed within the bulb.

c. The shaft:. is that portion of the hair extending above the surface.

d. The point: is the tapered end of the

upper end of the shaft.

Hair grows as a result of the multiplication of the soft cells on the papilla. From these cells the bulb of the hair is formed. When a hair completes its life span it releases itself from the papilla and remains in the follicle until pushed out by the new hair formed below it. Normally a cast-off hair is replaced by a new one.

Example, the facial hair one sees and perhaps shaves daily (or periodically) is either growing upward or being pushed upward and out of the follicle by the hair growing and still attached to the papilla. Thus if you pluck the visible hair another will appear from the same follicle. The rate of appearance of the next hair depends on its stage of maturity, but another hair will appear to replace the one plucked.

Such is not the case with a hair epilated by an electrologist. The intent of the electrologist is to destroy the bulb and in so doing destroy the papilla and its accompanying life support system by precise insertions of a hair-thin probe into the follicle down to the bulb and releasing a small electrical charge into the area adjacent to it. The electrical charge causes lye to form which will, hopefully, destroy the bulb. Once the bulb and/or papilla have been destroyed no more hair can grow from that follicle whether the client is a male or a female. Since the bulb and/or papilla, in the male, is a little "tougher" than in the female slightly more electrical current may be required. If the insertion is not fully accurate the bulb will not be destroyed and will continue to produce hair.

Unwanted hair, whether on a male or a female, <u>can</u> be removed by electrolysis.



THE END OF AN ERA

by Dee Dee (CT-13)

The announcement that Wilma and Helen are finally going to get some well deserved rest came not as a shock, to those of us who know and love them, but as a relief.

They are in good health and I, as well as many others, wish them many more years of happiness together. They have served the community well.

I wonder how many pounding hearts, trembling hands and shaky knees entered the house at and left it feeling cool, calm and collected? In the thirty years Wilma and Helen have been helping the community the number must be legion. I know it was that way for me in January of '78 when I first entered their home.

As for Michelle and Denny, I wonder if in their wildest dreams, thought in '79, they were beginning the apprenticeship that would, in January 1984, see the torch passed to them as the new leaders of the Albany group? I know them both and they are wonderful people.

To have been accepted as a friend by Wilma and Helen is something of which we can all be proud. To have them for friends is a joy forever. I'm a better person for having known them.

So, dear friends and gentle people I, and I know speak for many, wish you the happiness you so richly deserve and have earned. An era has ended.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENVER

A new Gender Identity Center, headed by Tomye Kelley, M.A., to serve the gender community has opened in Denver.

For those of you unacquainted with Ms. Kelley suffice to say she has been in "the business" as a professional for several years and knows her way around the community. She has also worked closely with Dr. Biber, of Trinidad fame, and assisted in his follow-up work.

Tomye tells us the new Center, located at 3715 W. 32nd Avenue is a renovated Victoria mansion. Space on the ground floor will be devoted to office and floor space for the GIC. The reception area will be staffed from "early morning to at least 9 p.m. by volunteers" and "visitors are welcome to drop in." A library dealing with the phenomenon of "trans-ism" will be available for visitors to browse through.

Rap sessions are scheduled almost each night of the week for differing groups of the "gender community". Workshops are also scheduled, Saturdays, for both members and guests.

A fairly comprehensive program has been outlined with much of it already in place. As community needs change programs will change. Flexibility is the byword of this new Center.

If you're interested the address is Gender Identity Center, 3715 W. 32nd Ave. Denver, CO 80211 or call (303) 458-5378.



COMING ATTRACTIONS NEXT MONTH

The first installment of Alessandra Marie Atalanta's forcoming book, <u>Late</u> <u>Blooming Butterfly</u>, <u>a Biographical Study of</u> <u>Transsexualism</u>.

Guaranteed to open the eys of many to the trials, tribulations and plight of the pre-op.

SURVEY FOR THE TV'S FEMALE PARTNER

Roger Peo, a Ph.D. candidate at the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality asked us to run the following for him:

"My dissertation topic is a study of woman who are in relationship with a man who, sometimes, wears women's clothing.

Little is known about such women. What is known either comes from the man, or from women who are in therapy situations. I want to get information directly from the women, so their feelings and thoughts can be expressed without being diluted. I am making a national request for women willing to take about an hour to fill out a detailed questionairre. Complete anonymity is assured. The completed questionairre will be returned [to me] in a postpaid, pre-addressed envelope. While my questionairre contains personal questions, I am not asking for any information that would identify the sender. The completed questionairres will be seen only by myself. My final report will combine the responses in such a way that the individual cannot be identified.

"There will also be an opportunity for the research participants to be interviewed directly, if they wish to do so. Such interviews will allow me to gain more insight into their feeling and situations.

"My intent is only to describe and from that description, learn more about women who relate to men who crossdress and also more about the relationship they share. I have no intention of providing therapeutic or etiological explanations about crossdressing nor of providing therapy for the respondent.

"I want to gather as diverse and varied a sample as possible. Your organization, Gateway Gender Alliance, has the potential of reaching many such women. I would appreciate it if you would place my request for participants in your next issue of the <u>Phoenix</u>, asking that any women interested in participating in this important research contact me for a copy of my questionairre."

Roger's address is: Roger Peo, Post Office Box 4887, Poughkeepsie, NY 12602.



THE MAIL MAN COMETH (Letters from readers)

Dear GGA.

It's hard to believe it's been a year since I joined. But what a year it has been. I haven't been to any of the functions in the <u>Phoenix</u> but I have, to date, 25 Pen Pals to whom I have had a great time writing to and look forward to another year of association with the GGA.

I have made some great friends through GGA and I am very happy to be a member.

Maybe, through my letters to friends I have been able to help some of them. I want to thank the GGA for making it possible to make new friends from all over. Keep up the good work.

All anyone has to do is take a few minutes and sit down and write a few lines and the first thing you know you have a friend who you can talk to, maybe only in letters but it helps to be able to keep up with what's happening. It also gives a person the chance to talk to others out there who are in the same boat that you are.

Yours Truely, Beth (OK-11)

[That sounds like good advice.]

The Editor,

I should like to commend your staff and its fine writers for the excellent articles published both for information and reference but even more so, its pleasure, and while I have been exposed to many magazines, there is no question that the <u>Phoenix</u> is, by far, "the best in the medium". The layouts are good, the stories excellent, the advertisements most informative and above all your Classifieds certainly add a potential plus for all your readers. It's time like this that make me proud to be a subscriber to a sound identity magazine.

Incidently, thank you for mentioning my birthday. White it's no "big thing", nevertheless it's the thought that you cared enough to take time to research it, publish it and make allocation on the page, at your cost, to acknowledge us. I think that's a beautiful gesture.

Again, thank you for "Welcoming me aboard!"

Janice (PA-33)

Phoenix Monthly-International

AN ADVENTURE OF COURTNEY DAVIS

The "Adventure of Courtney Davis" section is a platform in which readers of the <u>Phoenix</u> may see their own humorous, dramatic, harrowing or just plain embarrassing stories. We have chosen the neuter-gender name "Courtney Davis" so both MTF and FTM readers will be more willing to tell their adventures under a cloak of anonymity. You need not identify yourself when sending us your story. So, come on! Let's hear yours.

Continued from last month

Recapping the previous installment we find Courtney, now Linda, living in southern California with her young son Two. Avril and Bee, Court's sisters, have just located their "brother" after an eight year search. Linda is explaining how she came to life while Court disappeared.

Linda has told how Court, living in an off-campus rooming house which traditionally has been occupied only by co-eds. Betty, an art student living across the hall assumes, like the other occupants of the house that Courtney, because of his slight stature, is also a female.

Betty works evenings for a catering service and she and Courtney have just finished a day of preparing and serving Thanksgiving for the other members of the house. Betty has convinced Courtney to dress in one of her mini-skirted serving uniforms she wears while working. Tired after the day's work and festivities Betty decides to sleep over at Court's even though her bed is just across the hall.

Courtney removed the dress, slip and the rest of the clothing, showered and slipped naked, as usual, into bed. He was just dropping off when he heard Betty murmur "Snuggle up." He slid over so they were spoon fashion feeling the lovely warmth of her nude body against his and was just dozing off when Betty flipped back the covers, got out of bed and turned on the light. "My god! You're a man." she said.

"Of course. What did you think?"

"Naturally I thought you were a girl. I mean, after all there's never been a man living in this house. It's always been girls. Besides, you're too pretty for a boy. You even talk like a girl. You cook and sew and all that stuff. I never dreamed you were a man. Oh, thank God." She got back into bed. "I've felt an attraction to you ever since we first met. Hell, I thought I was turning into a lezzie or something. Say, you aren't queer are you?"

"We'll have to find out won't we? Get back into bed."

"Sounds like the perfect solution."

That week-end was the beginning of a three year long relationship.

Betty moved into Court's apartment at the end of November filled the house with the gossip of the two of them openly living together. Naturally all the others saw it as two women living together. Betty and Court just smiled at the others and did their thing.

CHAPTER 4

The Monday before Christmas Break the head of the Music department called Court into his office. "Courtney", the professor said as Court seated himself in the office interview chair, "I've read your record, as I do everyone's in my Department. I was quite impressed by it so I called some of the people at that little jay cee school you attended before coming here. They were really quite impressed by you. From what I've seen so far they had good reason to be.

"Friday, all the students will be presenting the music we passed out today. Each will have about six minutes on stage. I have a part for you. I know you can do this. Here." he handed Court a thick score.

Court looked at the music and then back at the Professor. "I can't do this."

"Of course you can."

"No, I'm wrong for it. This is a modern rock score. And it calls for singing."

"So what's the problem."

"This has always been performed by a young woman using an electronic keyboard. The key is much too high for a male vocalist. "

> "So do it as a woman." "But I'm not a woman."

"Look, you know that. I know that. But most of the class thinks you're a girl. If you hadn't played football at the jay cee the people there would have thought the same thing. In fact, some of the music department faculty people I talked to referred to you as 'she' or 'her'.

"Get a wild costume like these rock people wear, go out there and let yourself go. I'll bet you take the first."

Court left the office. When he got home he told Betty about the part.

"Oh Court, that's terrific. I remember seeing Minnie do it at a concert. She brought the house down. The kids ate it up. You start memorizing and I'll get the costume together."

"Memorizing is the least part of this. Getting the movements and character is the hard part. I'll have the words and music down by tonight. I'm a quick study."

Tuesday Betty had the costume assembled. Tiger striped tights and a purple leotard which she had purchased at a Frederick's outlet. A male ballet dancer's genital pad "Can't have that old thing showing and causing comments." she'd said showing him the pad.

"I don't see anything to give me a bust."

"I saved them for last, along with the wig. Here."

He opened the proffered box and saw a pair of gel filled breast forms, complete with nipples. "I got them from the prop room at the Drama Building. Go ahead, try them."

Court rolled the top of the leotard down, put a few drops of the cement on the breasts and carefully placed them on his chest. After rolling the leotard back into place he viewed himself at various angles in the full-length mirror. "You look great." Betty said. "Of course we'll have to do an exotic make-up for your on-stage performance, but that's no big deal. The one thing you do need is a pair of boots. Like the pirates wear in the movies. So, slip into a skirt and your flats and we'll go out and find a pair."

"I can't go out like this."

"Sure you can. You're going to have to do your part in public. You might as well get used to it. Here, put some lipstick on first though. Oops, you'll need a sweater or something." She got a sweater from her closet and he put it on. Naturally, a young woman dressed in tiger striped tights demanded attention from passers-by. Court wanted to hide at the first looks and smiles from people, but after a few minutes began to get a kick out of the attention and returned each look with a smile. After searching the stores in town they finally found just what they were looking for in the Drama Department prop room.

Even though Betty suggested he wear the falsies and a bra to class get used to the weight and projection he declined. But as soon as he got back to the apartment in the afternoon he changed into costume and worked on the part. Betty planned to meet him at the auditorium to see the act.

As always the worst part of the ordeal was the waiting. He was scheduled to be the last presenter and went back stage about half an hour early to put on his stage make-up. He hung the dress he'd worn to cover the costume on a hanger near the make-up table and carefully applied the exotic make-up in the pattern Betty had designed to go with the costume and character.

As each student completed their presentation polite applause sounded and the monitor's "Thank You" could be heard back stage. Music recitals weren't the biggest draw on campus, except to the members of the Music School.

Courtney heard his name called, took a deep breath and stepped onto the stage. His nervousness disappeared with the first chord of the keyboard and high pitched note from his throat.

Eleven minutes later he exited the stage to total silence, not even the monitor's "Thank You".

Crushed, Courtney ran from the stage door, leaving the dress behind and with boot heels clattering ran toward the stairs and building exit. Betty stopped him at the head of the stairs and held him while he said with tears of anger and hurt pride streaming from his eyes "They didn't applaud. Not even a thank you. I must have been awful."

"No, Sweetie, you were wonderful. Really." Betty said trying to comfort the sobbing Courtney. Professor Hawks stepped into the hall and said, "Davis. Pull yourself together and get back to the auditorium.

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We have to critique the presentations. Go get cleaned up and be back here in ten minutes."

Betty took left him in the restroom while she retrieved the abandoned dress. He washed the make-up from his face and bathed his puffy eyes. It was several minutes before he could get himself together enough to return to the auditorium.

When Courtney returned the auditorium was empty except for the Professor who said "Courtney, that was marvelous, absolutely marvelous. I suspect we were all to stunned to applaud. But, not to worry, I guarantee you'll hear a great deal of that during your career.

"Now, you have a good holiday and come back ready to work. I have some good parts lined up for you and I know you'll enjoy them."

Court and Betty hurried back to the apartment where he changed his clothes and picked up his bag for the flight home. At the airport he kissed Betty good-bye and reminded her he'd be back late in the afternoon of the thirty-first. He'd take a bus to the apartment and see her when she got in from the New Year's Eve party she would be working.

CHAPTER 5

After a hectic week at home over Christmas Courtney was glad to get back to the quiet of the empty apartment. He planned on a light snack and then to bed to wait for Betty. He was gathering the laundry for a trip the laundromat when the phone rang.

"Hello." he said into the mouthpiece.

"Hello yourself. Look Sweetie, we've got a problem. The band that's supposed to play for the party has bus trouble and can't make it until eleven or so. Ben is fit to be tied. He has to supply music for the party. I suggested you and he jumped at it. So, get all gussied up, I'll be home in half an hour to bring you down here. Oh, he'll pay three hundred for the night's work." Betty said.

"Hey, no monkey-suit. Remember?"

"No problem. I've got a couple of outfits in the closet. Slip into one and I'll help with your make-up."

"Look Betty -. Damn!" He said realizing he was speaking to a dial tone. He debated several moments before deciding to work the party. He went to the closet they shared and took out one of her black, floor-length gowns. Holding it up to his shoulders he saw it would be a reasonable fit. He selected black panties, and matching bra but unable to find any of the black fishnet pantyhose Betty wore with her serving uniform he selected a pair of black patterned ones. He sat at the vanity table, sans gown, putting on his make-up. He was just putting on the his false eye lashes when Betty came in. "Hi Love. Ready?"

He stood, turned so she could get the full effect and asked "How do I look?"

"Fantastic. Say, wear those elbow length gloves we picked up at the thrift shop. Chantuses in the movies always wear them."

The party-makers began arriving just after nine and the champagne corks popped so rapidly the place sounded like a small battle field. Courtney, on the small stage, played the music he so loved -- the sounds of the Forties. Several people made requests and he played those he knew. He began singing parodies of the lyrics of many of the songs and the audience appluuded, asking for more of the slightly bawdy lyrics.

Eleven came and went and still no band. Courtney continued to play.

Courtney was glad to see the last guest depart. It was almost three by the time he and Betty were able to leave. Seeing them into the truck Ben said "Courtney, you come to work for me and I'll see you play most of the parties I cater."

"Thanks Ben. But this was a one---shot. A favor to Betty."

"Well, you think about it. I can always find plenty of work for you."

"I'll keep it in mind."

Betty awaked early in the afternoon to see Courtney stepping into his old jeans. "Where you going Hon?"

"Since all the girls were dressed to the nines for the last party I thought I'd spend some of the money I made last night on a new outfit."

"Hey, great. Wait a few minutes and I'll go with."

He looked at several suits, but found nothing really interesting. In the last store Betty, jokingly held out a red taffeta party dress saying "This is for you sweetie. You'd look fantastic in it."

"You're kidding."

"No. Why not? The girls already think you're a girl. After all, we're rumored to be lesbian lovers. So why not wear something that will knock their cyes out?"

"Look, Betty we can't keep this charade up forever. Let's tell everyone the truth. I'll feel better."

"Okay. Get a suit. They'll just think your an old butch."

The House Party was due to start at seven Sunday evening. With some of the invitees arriving about six-thirty to scarf up the munchies and get in more wine-time than the late arrivers. Courtney, attired in the new party dress of fire- engine red, modified mandarin collar, and mid-thigh slit on each side, met each guest at the door handing them a glass of wine. One of the girls complimented Courtney on the dress. "Hey, Courtney, That dress is you. The color goes great with your hair. I wish I could wear that shade of red."

It was flawless evening with everything falling into place. The main course was perfect, the desert superb and the wine flowed like water. The place finally cleared out about three and Betty and Court were able to get to bed and celebrate the New Year's arrival in a less traditional manner.

The Music Department Head, Professor Hawks, called Courtney into his office and gave him the scripts of the six musical plays the class would be doing that semester. Courtney had the female lead in each.

"Oh, Courtney. Several of the music students have asked me to allow them to put on a rock concert type thing as part of the graduation show we do. What do you think?"

"In stead of our usual music?"

"Oh no. My no. In addition to."

"I suppose it would be all right. Even though I'm not into it, I suppose we should do something for those who are."

"My thought. Exactly. And that's why I want you the meet with them. They want a female 'front-man' and have asked for you. I told them you'd do it." "Me? You must be out of your mind. I hate rock. The Forties Sound is my thing. I don't do rock."

"You did the Christmas number quite well."

"I spent a lot of time on it. It was part of my grade. Naturally I wanted to do well."

"This will be part of your grade also. And as you know we book a number of concert dates during the summer. I want you to join us. If the rock production goes well it will travel and incidentally bring in some money for the Music Department coffers."

"Wait a minute. I can't tie up a lot of time on this. Practise starts in a month and I'll have to be out on the field."

"I've talked to the coach. He feels that since the team did fairly well last year without you they should do at least as well this year without you."

"Oh, thanks a lot. There goes my career in the NFL."

The professor laughed. So did Court.

Court threw himself into the numbers the rock group were doing. Matt, one of the group did most of the composing. Court thought the music awful, but did his best with it.

"Betty," Court said. "I can't have my name associated with this trash. I mean, how will it look when I apply for a place in a real orchestra and tell them I was the lead in a college rock group?"

"Well, why don't you change your name? We can certainly change your image. I've go a great idea for a costume. I'll make it for you. It will really be a gas."

"Nothing too wild."

"Nothing is too wild for a rock group. You'll love it. Guaranteed."

Dress rehearsal night. Betty brought the costume to Court's dressing room and waited while the group wound down the last number. The group had named itself "The Lucifers" and Courtney became "Miz Lucy" with the rest of the group calling him Luce.

Courtney dropped, sweating and tired onto the chaise in the dressing room. "Lord, I'm pooped and we've got another show to do." "Go take a shower. I'll have a nice cool drink for you when you're done."

"Come Sweetie. Costume time." The costume Betty held out had been carefully hidden until now from Courtney.

"Good heavens. Is that what I'm expected to wear?"

"That's it. Come on. Get into it so I can do your make-up."

"This is what you designed and made? Hours at your drawing board and my sewing machine? Good grief I could have whipped this up in twenty minutes — as little as there is of it."

"Well, the cape took most of the time."

"I can believe it."

Betty helped Courtney into the skin tight red leotard onto which she had sewn rows of quarter sized red and sliver sequins. The black high-heeled pirate's boots went on his feet before she before seated him at the vanity table to apply the garish make-up to go with the image.

Once the make-up was complete Courtney — or rather Miz Lucy was ready for her entrance. "Wait a minute, we aren't done yet. Put on the cape and fasten the collar." Courtney followed her directions. "Now, the topper. This long red wig. No one will know you in this."

Looking at the reflected image in the full-length mirror Courtney was amazed at the change in his appearance. The body hugging leotard; the sheer, invisible hose giving a sheen to the visible part of his legs above the knee length, black highheels boots; the full, sweeping cape with its stand-up collar and gold rope at the neck. And the make-up. The harlequin shape given by the exaggerated use of black eye-brow pencil; the above the elbow length black gloves and the wig of waist len- gth, free-flowing red hair. He smiled saying "You are right. No one will know me. I can truely say I look like the Devil. All I need is the little beard and moustache. Well, I'm off."

"Good luck. Give 'em hell."

continued next month



Miz Luce

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Meetings begin at 8 pm. Write PO Box 62283 Sunnyvale, 94088 or call (408) 734-3773 for specific details.

SANTA ROSA - 2 meetings per month. Call Maria for specific details.

OTHERS

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

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 socking educations in COM White PO Box seeking adventure in S&M. Write PO Box 6794, San Francisco for information. ETVC. Last Thursday each month at Chez

Mallet, 527 Bryant St. SF. ****SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AREA****

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.

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

SHANGRI-LA: Nancy 18902, Irvine, 92713. SALMACIS: Meets in Glendale 2nd

Saturday each month. \$2.00 donation requested. Call (213) 241-9023 for information.

*****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*****

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

CAPITOL CHAPTER-GGA. (Balt-DC Area). Lisa POB 218 Burtonsville, MD, 20703. 2nd Staurday.

ACADEMY AWARDS (Drag gay). Carl Rizzi, 1015 Quebec St. (#9), Arlington, VA 22204.

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

*****ILLINOIS*****

WINDY CITY CHAPTER-GGA. Monthly meetings. Contact PO Box 2312, Chicago, IL 60690 or call (312) 472-4518. 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 3013, Flint MI, 48502 for information.

*****NEW JERSEY*****

NU CHAPTER-GGA. 1st Saturday each month. Changing facilities on premises. Doors open at 6 pm, meeting run 'til ?. For specific information call (201) 540-0042 after 6pm or (201) 925-6067 2-7 pm. Write POB 9034, Morristown. N.J 07960.

*****NEW YORK*****

NYC-GGA. 2nd Saturday. Changing facilities available. Members may arrive any-time after 4:30 pm. Meetings run from 7 time after 4:00 pm. 11:30. Muriel Olive, NYC, 10019.

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.

*****OREGON*****

NORTHWEST CHAPTER-GGA Regular weetings. For information concerning act-ivities in NW Area contact POB 13173, Portland, OR 97213.

PHI CHAPTER-GGA (Philadelphia Area) Contact: POB 322, Collingswood, NJ 08108. NEPA-GGA (Scranton/Wilkes Barre Area) Contact Kathy POB 268, Dallas, PA 18612.

*****RHODE ISLAND*****

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

*****TEXAS*****

SOUTHEAST CHAPTER-GGA. Galveston. Contact Alice, helpful for the TS. Especially

HAMPTON ROADS-GGA. Meetings: Sept 24 and Nov 5. Contact N. Cooper, S-180, POB

2400, Virginia Beach, 23452. *****WISCONSON***** WISCONSIN TV NETWORK. Contact POB 813, Madison, 53701.

*****CANADA*****

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THE SOCIAL WHIEL

Here are some of the Events scheduled for 1983. If you wish to attend any please contact the sponsors listed.

CALIFORNIA

Sept 10 "Super-men" Contest. Hollywood Paladium, Hollywood. Produced by Dave Hodgson of DateBoy Magazine. Call Dave at for info.

Sept 12 Closet Ball. Mayflower Ballroom, Inglewood, Produced by Honey Carolina. Call Honey at for ticket information.

Oct 29 GGRC Halloween Ball. Hollywood Paladium. Call Ray at for ticket information. A crowd of 2,000 is

expected. Universal Ball. Another 'biggie' Nov 14. sponsored by La Rey at the Ingleside Ball-

room, Inglewood, Call (213) 876-6728 for information.

FLORIDA

Sept 25 - Oct 2 Daytona Success '83. A Week in the sun and surf. Sponsored by GGA Success Chapter, PO Box 1601, Pinellas Park, 34290 or call Susan for additional information.

IT'S HAPPY BIRTHDAY TIME!



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

SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER	
Bobbi	CA-10	Marilyn	CA-151	Barbara	NY-35
Gina	CA-69	John	PA-34	Beth	AZ-24
Blanche	CA-76	Diedre	NM-15	Minouche	CN-24
Lou Ellen	CA-81	Katie	SC-13	Rebecca	FL-34
Gina	CA-133	Marie	CA-88	Kara Ann	OH-29
Carrie	CA-136	Andrew	CA-146	Terri	FL-42
Laura	CO-22	David	CA-40	Colleen	NY-38
Barbara	DE-11	Laura	AZ-21	Teddy	FL-11
Dawn Lynn	IL-35	Erich	TX-29	Stella	GR-11
Bobbi Rose	IL-52	Naomi	IL-18	Nancy	CA-65
Jeanette	IL-53	Jane	KS-12		
Les	OK-400	Patricia	MA-16		
Renee	PA-31	Jeri Rae	MT-13		
Rachel	TX-34	Rachel	NC-13		
Robin	CA-91	Billie	FL-45		
Alice	MI-13	Michelle	1L-58		
Cindy	NV-23				
Jeanette	IL-53				
		DECI	EMBER		
Kathleen	CA-70	Charlotta	CA-14	Cathy	CA-21
Nancy	CA-42	Laura	CA-80	Doreen	CA-106
Arlene	CA-135	Vicki	CA-204	Janice	CA-20
Meryl	CA-30	Lynn	CA-52	Linda	CA-96
Rene Marie	CA-123	Pat	CA-200	Sharon	IL-1
Roi	NJ-15	Linda	OH-17	Nenya	NY-44
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