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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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Society and Gender Ambiguity	1
Shots for the FTM	2
Dear Abby	2
Shopping Around	3
Book Review (Renée Richard's Second Serve)	4
Mail from Readers	4
Birthdays	5
An Adventure of Courtney Davis (Fiction)	6
Dear Georgia	11
Some Chapter Ladies	11
What's Happening? Events	
Information concerning (Where are they? What are they doing?)	12
Commercial advertising	13

SUBMISSION DEADLINE: Items must be received not later than the first Monday of the month preceding the issue date in which they are to appear.

EDITORIAL POLICY: The Editorial Staff reserves the right to **reject, edit and/or serialize** items submitted for publication. Submitted items will **not** be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with the submitted material.

ADVERTISING POLICY: All ad copy **must** be camera ready or a preparation charge will be assessed. All copy **must** be received by the 15th of the month in which it is expected to appear. We reserve the right to reject or edit all commercial ad copy.

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Diane (CA-3)

SOCIETY AND GENDER AMBIGUITY

by Jamie (OH-26)

The appearance and mass audience approval of several movies and plays dealing with gender ambiguity in the past year hopefully signals the beginning of an extraordinary revolution in American sexual thinking. "Drag" has always been used as a gag in the past; from the "females" played by Tony Curtis and Jack Lemon in Some Like It Hot to Klinger in M*A*S*H*, the characters on the short lived Bosom Buddies and the ridiculous masquerades in numerous episodes of the Love Boat. The most important switch pulled in Tootsie is not in the Micheal/Dorothy progression through gender but in the assumption that for a man to dress and act realistically as a woman is not, ipso facto, absurd.

Today's audiences, representative of Society, seem to do more than just accept the essential lighthearted confusion of sexual disguise and discovery. Blake Edwards and Sidney Pollack realized this but chose the comedic form to impart their messages in 10, Victor/Victoria and Tootsie rather than make the films heavy with obvious social messages. Today's crop of heroes-heroines, whatever their motives for crossdressing, are mirroring contemporary sexual conflicts and attitudes. The recent plays and movies raise good questions about what it means to be a woman, or man, with some seriousness. At last, not only social behaviorists are asking what it means to be male or female (beyond the obvious). Is anyone wholly feminine or masculine, or are we all at different points on the same continuum?

Many recent magazine articles have also addressed this issue. Last year [1982] in the Playboy series on "Human Sexuality"; one entire article was devoted to research into pre-natal endocrinological programming of the brain's sexual identity, with the general idea being that our gender identification may very well be determined before birth by the chemicals in the hypothalamus. Dustin Hoffman's interviews in various magazines have provided many significant insights — including the thought that he is a better man for having been a woman. While that is something we have

really known all along, is it refreshing, and important, for society to hear it from someone not associated with the transgenderal community.

A recent article in the New York Times went even further than Hoffman by stating "the more we know, or can bear to know, about ourselves, the less the old conventional, patriarchal structures seem to apply." Quoting Dr. Martha Kirkpatrick, an associate clinical professor of psychiatry at U.C.L.A. and a member of Dr. Robert Stoller's gender identity research group there, the article advances the idea "that the breakdown of strict patriarchal rules is involved both in the sexual revolution and in attempts to establish a more egalitarian society." Carol Heilburn, author of Towards a Recognition of Androgeny and a professor of English Literature at Columbia University says it is through women "that one get at what's wrong with the world."

Interestingly, the new crop of masquerades is tilted toward the feminine. In a world where for a man to put on a skirt is to take off authority, and for a woman put on pants is to put on authority, men are playing women with the implication that it is an enlargement not a diminishment of their personalities. A man playing a woman really wants to have the experience. There may be an inherent drive in such individuals to give birth, if in not the absolute physical sense then in the creative sense. Considerable argument can be mustered for the concept that a significant measure of the world's creativity comes from people who are consciously, or subconsciously, transgenderal. This thesis is supported by the line of psychological thought that the creative act of invention is an attempt on the part of the inventor to redress the wrongs of Society — subconsciously attacking the patriarchy. Transgenderal rumors and legends exist about many famous historical figures, from Alexander the Great to Benvenuto Cellini and Michelangelo. Renée Richards and Wendy (nee Walter) Carlos (co-inventor with Richard Moog of the Moog synthesizer and composer/artist on albums such as Switched on Bach and Clockwork Orange) are two contemporary examples. Richards has re-

Phoenix Monthly-International

turned to ophthalmic surgery, citing the "lack of creative reward on the tennis circuit" as her reason.

Although we may have to continue tolerating gag "drag" episodes, serious thought may be beginning to accept transgender behavior as a contribution to Society at large rather than as a freakish aberration. As Brierly wrote in 1979 "It may well be more profitable and nearer the truth to look for an understanding of the transvestite, transsexual, homosexual and others, as whole people characterized by the array of their talents and deficiencies rather than by the nature of their sexuality alone." The media seems to be on the verge of just such a breakthrough, and it is certainly in our best interest to help them along the way.



SHOTS FOR THE FEMALE-TO-MALE

David (NV-10) asks the following so we're throwing it out to you for possible response.

"Has anyone, especially a FTM, used the new Medi-Jector distributed by Derata Corporation, 7380 32nd Avenue N., Minneapolis, MN 55421, for giving/taking hormones? Normally the Medi-Jector is used by people on insulin, but should be adaptable for us.

"After taking hormone shots every two weeks for 3½ years my tail has developed quite a bit of scar tissue and I don't look forward to taking the needle in the leg(s). I use water based testosterone.

"I'm curious to find out whether others have used the Medi-Jector and if so with what success?"

Any fielders for this one? If you have information on or have used the Medi-Jector please let us know. You can either send the same info to David or we'll photocopy your response and forward all of them to him.

HERE'S ONE FOR YOU

This is the first time we've published an article from another publication, but Diane (CA-3) sent this one in. We thought you'd like to see it — if you haven't already.

DEAR ABBY: My wife and I are about the same size. For years she's raided my closets taking my jeans, shirts, sweaters, etc. etc. When I complained she'd tell me to buy more. This I did, time and time again, but she continued to wear my clothes.

Finally, I put on one of her dresses and paraded into the kitchen. She said I looked "cute" and went about her business. I tried this a few more times and a funny thing happened. I started to like it.

She started to help me put outfits together - pantyhose, heels, then make-up and a wig and she'd wear the pants. We've done this only at home, but we're considering going out this way. We enjoy switching roles. (It's done wonders for our sagging sex lifes.) Are we crazy? Or just caught up in the times? This isn't a crank letter. It's real. What do you think?

Liking it in GA.

DEAR LIKING: You didn't invent anything. This has been going on for centuries. You're not crazy, but before you go out that way you'd better check with the local law. It's against the law in some cities to "masquerade" in this manner.

[Lay you ten to one if they are stopped only he will be given a hard time by the local fuzz. Ed.]

A TEASER FOR YOU

Jean (FL-13) asks the following:

If you, as a TV or TS, were going to move and have to spend the rest of your life in that location where would you move to?

Philadelphia? NYC? Chicago? California? If to California, specifically where?

If you'll send your responses we'll tabulate them and let you know the most popular city TVs or TSs think would be the best place to live.

SHOPPING AROUND

by Kay (CA-58)



As many of you may know I write a regular column for the Transvestian newspaper. Since many of the shops I go to do not advertise in the Transvestian they can't, because of the publisher's policy, be mentioned in that column. Many people, however, want me to pass on my tips and since a similar prohibitive policy does not apply in the Phoenix I am able to make the information available to you in this column.

In the San Francisco Area I found cooperative salespeople at Peninsula Shoe Mart and Standard Shoes on El Camino Real, in Burlingame. Both have twenty to thirty styles in size 10 and larger.

The Foxy Lady Boutique on Stockton Street in San Francisco welcomes TVs with a full range of clothing and shoes in addition to wigs.

Dressing-Up Donna's in Albany carries a full line of period as well as modern clothing.

Dressing-up Donna's on Broadway in New York City carries an excellent line of spike heels.

Buying shoes. I buy most of my shoes, surprisingly enough, in shopping malls. I know, basically, what size I wear in which styles so I frequently shop the sales (about 75% of the time) often getting \$50.00 to \$75.00 shoes for \$12.00 to \$19.00. I have even found them at lesser prices. I simply buy them "for a friend" and if they don't fit I return them. I have yet to be refused a refund.

The Paradise Boutique on Broadway in New York City carries an excellent line of spike heels.

[Editor's Note. If you use this buy/try method be sure not to scuff the soles if you hope to return the shoes. Try the shoes on a carpet or other soft surface.]

Wigs. I have had excellent service in the following shops:

Wig-N-U in Detroit.

Jackie Wells in Columbus, Oh.

Mr. & Mrs. Wigs in Miami, FL.

When shopping at stores like Penny's,

Mervyn's, etc. I buy "for someone else" and have always been able to return items which don't fit. This is also true of Lane Bryant's, which includes items from their more fashionable Nancy's Choice catalog.

As far as catalog sales are concerned I buy a lot to try on and return what I don't like. I have yet to have a problem with this procedure.

The Hanover catalog people have a wide range of catalog operation which include the following:

Fashion Galaxy. Hanover Collection.

Adam York. Old Village Shop

Pennsylvania Station. First Editions

Chelsea Collection. Mature Wisdom

[The above catalogs may be requested by writing 340 Poplar, Hanover, PA 17331.]

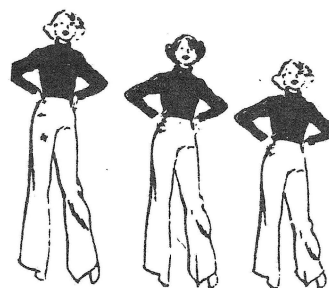
Cosmetics. I have used each of the following methods:

1. I have a couple of photographs of me (usually professionally taken) dressed. I tell the saleswoman I'm a professional entertainer doing private parties. Then I show her the pictures and tell her what I want or what type look I want. I have used this technique all over the U. S. and have yet to be turned away. Usually the salespeople are quite helpful.

2. I say I'm buying for a sister with a similar complexion. The clerk usually tests the foundation or whatever on me. If it doesn't bother me it doesn't her.

I hope these tips are helpful. If you have specific questions direct them to me via the Phoenix. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) for my reply.

[If any readers know, or will take the time the look up, the addresses of the establishments mentioned and send them to us for inclusion in the Resource Directory will, and the users of the Directory will be more than grateful.]



BOOK REVIEW
by The Book Worm

SECOND SERVE, The Renée Richards Story, Stein and Day publishers, 1983.

Three hundred and seventy-three pages of pain and misery to make your day.

One lesson imparted in the tale of woe is **run**, not walk from idiot therapists like the one described in this book. Anyone stupid enough to stay with the same under-educated, in the gender field, therapist deserves the pain and misery wrought by the lack of strength to leave. Why Renée stayed with the same clod for 10 years is beyond my comprehension. Obviously had Renée been in a program (I mean a **real**, functioning program, not just something entitled "Program") she certainly would have come to grips with herself or himself earlier and **not** had to endure the pain and anguish she did indeed endure. A therapist qualified in the gender field would, certainly, have been helpful, certainly more than the one she stayed with for 10 years.

It may be cold-hearted, but if we take the story at face value then Renée deserved the years of pain and anguish she endured while vacillating between transvestism, transsexuality and "straightism". She did, however, learn that a good woman **wouldn't** straighten her out.

A fairly good book. Buy it and read it, especially for the tips you'll find. Such as how **not** to select a therapist; How to get into trouble in a macho-oriented country like Spain; and that you gotta have guts **and** be ready for surgery **before** making the decision to have it.



THE MAIL MAN COMETH
(Letters from readers)



Dear GGA,

First, let me thank you for the very fast and concerned attention given my application. At last I have found a home and what I feel is a good solid support group. Although I know you all know the importance of this to those of us suffering from gender ID problems I don't know if you really know though how good it is to have found, at last, a group that isn't just another rip-off for a group of people who can't afford the hassle of fighting back and don't need the added hassle of another rip-off just because they are different. Thanks to all of you there at the Office for your fast answers to my questions and most of all for for honesty.

A big thanks to a supporter of yours, Haley (FL-28). A chance letter to her turned me on to your organization. She is one of the best I've ever met. Thanks to her concern and the fact that she took the time to help a fellow human being along the path, I now have a home for my tormented self. If there ever is a Transsexual of the Year Award she'll get **my** vote.

In just the past two weeks I've made up a lot of the ground I lost in the past year or so. But, my mind is healing and I know that I can now go on and make use of my talents and make it in the world in spite of the odds.

Part of the ground I lost was thanks to a supposed support group called United Transvestite Transsexual Society (UTTS) of New Jersey. I would like to take this opportunity to warn my fellow Alliance Associates about this group. They took my money and that's the last I heard from them. They have yet to answer my letters or refund my money. I have the impression they feel the average TV/TS can't afford the hassle of a fight in their home town, so who is going to fight? Well ladies, there **are** ways. If we all become informed, not only about the places, groups and organizations that will help and support us but also about the ones that rip us off, then in numbers we **can** stop them taking advantage of us just because we're supposed to be different.

One last thing. I just found out it's a

good idea to have an attorney, on retainer, who is open minded enough to more or less to protect your rights. Recently I was able to make a small town police department back off and let me be. I do recommend that you get your attorney about the same time you get your doctor.

Can members submit writings for publication consideration?

Tranquility to all,
Roni (CO-24)

Thanks for them kind words. And the comments concerning UTTS. Any one else had contact, either positive or negative, with UTTS? If you have any writings (factual articles, fiction or poems) by all means send them in.

Dear GGA,

Received my Resource Directory today. Good grief what a surprise. I purchased something several years ago from an outfit in Boston, for \$4.95, that was supposed to be a "comprehensive directory of places to go, gender organizations, etc. etc." Would you believe it was; at most, eight pages? Yours, is something else. Good grief, there are 68 pages of information plus 5 pages of commercial advertising. And those illustrations you snuck in to fill the blanks are out of this world — like Wonder Woman on page 48 and that sexy lady on page 60. I love 'em. That was the best \$6.00 I ever spent. For once I got more then I expected for my money.

Beverly (AL Directory Owner)

For those of you who have not yet ordered **your** Resource Directory you'd better move fast because they're going like hot cakes (as the old expression goes) and when these are gone there won't be any more 'til next year.

Dear GGA,

I compliment you on the excellent June issue of the Phoenix. In particular, Karen (my lover and living partner) and I enjoyed On the Trail of the Supportive Wife. As a couple who share a long-term unmarried relationship we agree strongly with Glenda Renè's views. Karen is completley supportive of my TV and sexual interests, in large because we have always been completely honest and open with each other in all aspects of our relationship. I might also add

that during the year we have been together I have taught Karen a great deal about the TV and TS lifestyles both personally and through literature. As a result she is quite comfortable with other TVs and TSs and is very supportive, both in Janus affairs and elsewhere of those who prefer a TV or TS lifestyle.

The article on B&D - S&M that I mentioned some time ago is finally completed, (after many revisions) and I hope to have it to you later this month [June] if all goes well.

Debbie
(CA-199)

[Looking forward to the article. There, publishing this has put you on the spot.]

Dear GGA.

It's hard to believe it's been a year since I joined. But **what** a year it has been.

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.

AUGUST			
Linda Lee	WI-19	Carol	CA-210
Wendy	IN-25	Bee	CA-103
Leslie	CA-209	Rebecca	IL-41
Wendy	CA-176	Sandy	CN-26
Julie	TX-36	Nancy	FL-30
Betty Lou	FL-44	Toni	GA-13
Eric	NJ-400	Roxanne	IL-39
Dolly	CA-56	Wendy	PA-32
Rene	PA-36	Denise	AZ-22
SEPTEMBER			
Bobbi	CA-10	Gina	CA-69
Blanche	CA-76	Lou Ellen	CA-81
Gina	CA-133	Carrie	CA-136
Laura	CO-22	Barbara	DE-11
Dawn Lynn	IL-35	Bobbi Rose	IL-52
Jeanette	IL-53	Les	OK-400
Renee	PA-31	Linda Sue	SD-10
Rachel	TX-34	Robin	CA-91
Alice	MI-13	Cindy	NV-23
Jeanette	IL-53		
OCTOBER			
Marilyn	CA-151	John	PA-34
Diedre	NM-15	Katie	SC-13
Marie	CA-88	Andrew	CA-146
David	CA-40	Laura	AZ-21
Erich	TX-29	Naomi	IL-18
Jane	KS-12	Patricia	MA-16
Jeri Rae	MT-13	Rachel	NC-13
Billie	FL-45	Michelle	IL-58

Phoenix Monthly-International

AN ADVENTURE OF COURTNEY DAVIS

The "Adventure of Courtney Davis" section is a platform in which readers of the Phoenix 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.

Avril and her younger sister Belinda, known more affectionately as Bee, were seated in the hotel restaurant lingering over after lunch coffee and postponing their departure for San Diego when a professional acquaintance of Avril's stopped at the table asking, "Avril, didn't you tell me you have a brother named Courtney?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You haven't heard from him in what? Eight years?"

"Yes. But why the questions about Court?"

"It's an unusual name. Look, I happened to see this in the local paper. It's delivered free and I seldom even look at it. Well, last night I happen to pick it up and saw this picture" he put the paper, open to the picture, in front of Avril. "See? Here under the picture are the names of the kids. One is Courtney Davis, II. If there's a two there had to have been a one. Right?"

"Yes." she said absently as she looked closely at the picture trying to pick out Courtney. "There!" she said excitedly and pushed the paper across the table to her sister. "See if you can find him without looking at he names."

Bee searched the picture and then said, "It's Court at seven or eight."

"Where was this taken Tom?"

"At Ten Oaks Swimming Club. I called and got the kid's address. Here." He slid a small piece of paper across to Avril. "You still planning to go to 'Diego this afternoon?"

"We were, but this changes everything."

"Well, that address is on the way. It's only a few miles out of your way. Just take the Coast Highway and you'll find that street intersecting it. It's about two hours south. Hope you find him." He waved and left.

"Lord! Bee, after all these years! It looks as though we've found our little brother again."

"Avril. What makes you think he wants to be found? Hell, what makes you think he's lost? You sure have a bug in your butt about this. Why can't you just leave it alone?"

"Bee. Our brother just dropped out of sight almost eight years ago. Don't you think we should find out why?"

"I suppose." She sighed.

Linda, wearing a tiny halter, short-shorts and mirrored sunglasses from her daily stint in the sun, was taking the first sip of apple juice over ice when the door chimes sounded. She flipped on the television monitor to see who was at the door and immediately recognized the two women standing there. "My God!", she said aloud, "It's Avril and Bee. How did they find us after all these years?"

Deciding to play it by ear she opened the inside front door and, through the heavy wrought iron decorative security door, asked "Yes? May I help you?"

"We're looking for Courtney Davis." Avril said.

"Ah! Won't you come in?" She asked, unlocking the outer door. Bee and Avril followed Linda into the living room. "Would you like something cold to drink?"

"I would, please. Bee?"

"Yes."

"Fine. White wine over ice or fruit juice? Nothing stronger in the house."

"Wine is fine."

After serving the wine Linda said, "Excuse me a minute. I don't like to dress like this for guests."

In her room she dropped the skimpy halter in the laundry hamper, kicked off her shorts and said "Damn! Damn! Double damn!"

Returning to the living room, wearing a cool, crisp sundress and her huge lensed seeing glasses Linda seated herself on the couch opposite Bee and curling her legs under her asked "Why are you looking

for Two?"

"Who?" Avril asked.

"My son. Courtney the Second."

"Ah, yes. Actually, we're looking for Courtney, our brother."

"Your brother?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I didn't introduce us. I'm Avril Davis Long and this is my sister Belinda Davis King. Court is our younger and only brother."

"I see. I'm Linda Daniels. The only Court here is Two. My son."

"And his father?"

"Hasn't been around since just before Two's birth."

"I see. You're divorced."

"No."

"Separated?"

"Not exactly."

"What then?"

"Well, Court never married the mother of his son."

"Oh Lord! You mean the child is illegitimate?"

Linda laughed. "No, I mean his father and mother just never bothered with the social custom of a marriage ceremony. We lived together for a little over two years. An accepted social custom of our generation."

"And what does Mr. Daniels think of all this? I mean how does he accept the child?"

"There is no Mister Daniels."

"But this house? How do you pay for it?"

"My dear Avril that is really none of your damn business. But I'll tell you. I bought it. Lock stock and barrel. And the nine others just like it on the other side. You really don't know who I am do you?"

"Should we?"

"Ah, fame is fleeting. I'm an entertainer. I've made three television and two theater movies. I've starred in a Broadway play. Played Vegas and Reno for weeks on end. Sold I don't know how many record albums and you don't know who I am. I think that marvelous -- and so very typically insular." Her rich, rolling laugh filled the room. "Now ladies, since you're looking for Court One, and I can give you nothing more I think the interview is over."

"Over? You haven't told us a thing we didn't know before we came here?"

"Of course I have. I told you he isn't here and I don't know where you can find

him. You haven't lost anything here. Now, if you'll excuse me I do have things to do." She stood, indicating the interview was over. While she waited for the two women to stand and leave Linda was startled by the noisy opening of the front door and turned to see a small blonde projectile come through the door as though shot from a cannon.

"MOM! Hey Mom! I did it! I really did it."

She placed her hands on the shoulders of her small son asked "Did what Honey?"

"The three hundred. Coach says if I better my time he'll use me in the October meet."

"Oh Honey, that's great." She hugged the little boy to her bosom.

Seeing the two women over his mother's shoulder he said, "Hey Mom, I didn't know you had company. Sorry."

"That's all right Sweetie. The ladies are just leaving." She turned to them and then said, "But, why don't we introduce you first? Two, this is your Aunt Avril and this is your Aunt Bee. These ladies are your father's older sisters."

"Wow! I never met any of Dad's family. Neat Mom. Can they stay for a while? I mean for dinner or something?"

"I don't think so Hon, they're just out here on business. You know how business is."

"Aw. Well, at least I got to see some relatives."

"Yes. You did didn't you? Now, why don't you go see Mavis and get some of your special wine and maybe she can round up some ice cream."

"Okay. Don't forget we eat on the beach tonight."

"I haven't."

When Two was gone Linda said to the two sisters, "Well, that's your brother's son."

"God, Avril, he's Court all over again. I thought for a minute it was Court at that age." Bee sat heavily on the couch and Linda could see tears on her eyes.

Linda sat beside Bee and took her hand asking, "I know how much he's like his father and how painful it might be for you. That's why I hoped you'd be gone before he came back. If you'd like to stay for dinner and talk to him, there's no reason not to."

"I'd like to stay. Avril?"

"Of course."

"Good. Now, you can't eat on the beach in those clothes. Why don't you come with me and I'll get you something more appropriate than skirts and heels."

CHAPTER 2

After getting Two off to bed at nine Linda, Avril and Bee made themselves comfortable on the living room couch. "Avril, did you ever get your license to practise law?" Linda asked.

"What? Of course."

"How about you Bee? A licensed physician?"

"Of course. Why do you want to know?"

"Here." she said handing each of them a fifty dollar bill. "I want a receipt for that or my business manager will absolutely kill me."

"What's this?" Avril asked.

"A retainer. If I tell you something as your professional client you can't divulge it or act on it. Right?"

"Well, yes. But, if we were called to testify in a court of law we certainly could be questioned and possibly give inferences as to the information passed to us."

"Oh, it won't come that. Don't worry. Deal?"

"This is silly Linda"

"No, Avril. It isn't. Do we have an agreement?"

"Oh, why not?" Was Avril's comment.

"Good. Court was home five times after he left for college. Twice at Christmas each of the first two years and three weeks home each summer. Other than what he told you then you don't really know what happened to him at college.

"Now ladies we had better get comfortable 'cause we're going to be here a while." She poured them each a glass of champagne from the cold bottle in the ice bucket. "Well, dear ladies, most stories like this start with 'Once upon a time'. But believe me, this is no fairy tale, and a Hollywood screen writer would never in his life dream it up."

CHAPTER 3

Court, driving his battered van, arrived at the University two weeks before registration day to be on hand for early football practise. He easily located the house his aunt had arranged for him to stay in -- she had spent three of her four years at the University living in the old house. The landlady showed him the apartment she'd reserved for him. "Same one your Aunt had." she'd said.

It consisted of a large living room, small kitchen, bedroom and bath.

Since the apartment was unfurnished he spent the first day looking for "just the right material" for curtains and drapes. Four hours at his sewing machine and the curtains and drapes were completed and up.

The furniture, the few pieces he bought, came from farm auctions. There was an enormous old brass bed, a couple of bedside tables, a dresser, a couple of arm chairs and a huge coffee table for the front room. He picked up a large fridge for the kitchen since one wasn't furnished. The first three nights he slept in his sleeping bag moving into the bed with joy once it was in place. A few dishes, table settings for two and a odd pots and pans rounded out his necessities.

He wandered around the campus and town locating all the places he felt he might need during the next two years. The campus was a far cry from the small junior college campus at home.

Early in line on registration day he got all the classes he planned and none he hadn't planned on.

Since he was on a possible athletic scholarship he checked in with the football coach right after registration. "Coach, I'm Court Davis."

The coach frowned, looking at the youngster. "Damn, from your clippings I thought you'd be bigger."

"Hey, if my size is a problem I can always just take classes. That's really what I came her for anyway."

"A varsity scholar? Well, well. No, go suit up and get out on the practise field. We need a good free safety."

Two weeks of practise remained before the season's first game. Court, always a demon on the field, threw himself into practise was though each was the Home

Coming Game. His slight stature, five-nine, and lack of weight, one-forty, made it necessary for him to prove himself each time he went on a field. Three days of his demonic performance proved to the other team members and coaches, that he more than belonged on the field with the "big boys".

Late in the fourth quarter of the first game Court was high in the air intercepting a pass. His fall was broken by the shoulder of the intended receiver. He felt something in his chest tear.

After a thorough examination the team doctor said "That's your season Son. You're lucky it's only torn muscles and not ribs through lungs you've got to contend with."

"Terrific. How long will I have to wear this damn corset?"

"It isn't a corset. It's a chest binder. Three weeks, maybe a month. Check with me Friday."

He spent three hours Friday nights in a laundromat in the shopping center two blocks from the old Victorian house in which his apartment was located. Because the place was almost empty at that time was able to use as many washers as necessary while using only one dryer. And he was able to study while doing the laundry so he always had books with him.

One Saturday morning he noticed a young woman several stairs a head of him headed for the third floor, where his and one other apartment were located. She stopped and waited for him to catch up and then said "Hi. I'm Betty. I live across the hall from you."

"Hi yourself. I'm Courtney. Getting in from a date?"

"Don't I wish! No, I work for Ben's Catering Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights. The pay is good and I get all the left-overs I want."

"Look, Betty, we shouldn't be gabbing out here in the hall. I've got some tea about ready if you want to come in and have a cup."

"Sure. Why not. I've got some cake here. We'll have tea and cake." She took his arm and walked into his apartment.

"Hmm. You've fixed the place up. What are you taking?"

"Music. I'm a pianist. I also play classical guitar and flute."

"My, a real variety. I hope you don't plan to practise the piano in your apartment. And what else do you do?"

"Study like hell. What are taking?"

"I'm an art major. I plan to be a commercial artist when I graduate. You know, do ad copy and things like that."

Betty started dropping in after work for a "cuppa" and then was stopping in almost every night at odd hours. Rather than get up and answer the door each time she decided to drop in Court gave her a key.

Late Thanksgiving night Betty, who had been working a special shift for the holiday, staggered into Court's apartment carrying a very large box of goodies from Ben. "Come on kiddo, we've more down in the truck." It took almost an hour to haul the food, two folding banquet tables, twenty chairs, dishes, flatware, serving pieces and linen up to Court's place. "Do you mind telling me what's going on here?" he asked.

"Simple. All this is for the house. Ben does it every year. You have the largest room in the house so we'll serve here. We use this room every year. Since you're the best cook in the house you've been elected to cook it. All that needs cooking are the birds. The rest just needs heating. Except the champagne, of course. We'll cool it in your big fridge. I'll write up the invitations to let everyone know when and where. What time do you think?"

Hefting the birds he said "Let's make it five. That way anyone with a date can get out early and the rest can spend the evening gossiping and snacking 'til they're ready to leave. Sound okay?"

"Sure. Great. Oh, be sure and save a couple bottles of wine back for us. We wouldn't want to have the girls guzzle it all up and leave us dry would we?"

Court was up early to get the birds stuffed and ready. Betty arrived about noon to help set-up the tables. "Gosh, there isn't room for us at the tables." She said after they were set-up.

"No problem. We'll eat after. Someone will have to serve. I think it would be easier if we filled the plates in the kitchen



As the guests arrived Betty greeted and handed each a glass of champagne. All the girls were in place at the tables by five-thirty keeping Betty and Courtney busy serving and replenishing for the next hour. After the last dish was cleared away the tables and chairs folded and carried down to the truck where they had been originally Court did the dishes and pots and pans while Betty circulated among her friends pouring wine and gossiping.

At eight Courtney served the dessert, delicious pumpkin pie, and wine or coffee and turned the tape deck on filling the room with sounds of the Big Bands of the Forties. Kicking the scatter rugs aside the girls danced and swayed to the music. It was three in the morning before the last guest left and Betty and Court could start the final clean up. "I'm pooped", Betty finally said.

"Go take your bath and go to bed. I'll finish up the little stuff and leave the rest 'til morning."

"I think I'll fall over right here. Okay if I sleep over?"

Surprised by the question he replied "Sure."

Betty went to the bedroom and he heard the shower running. He finished up the last of the dishes, made sure the fire in the fireplace was safe to leave for the rest of the night and went to the bedroom. Betty was already under the covers.

Courtney removed the dress, slip and the rest of the clothing, showered and slipped naked into bed. He was just dropping off when Betty murmured "Snuggle up." He slid over so they were spoon fashion. He felt 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.

and then served. You know, like a restaurant."

"Hey, good idea. We'll each wear one of the outfit Ben supplies his girls" she giggled, "and pretend it's just another job."

Betty returned to her apartment to change and came back wearing one of mini-skirted serving dresses, heels, hose, lacy little apron and cap. Court, busy in the kitchen, didn't see Betty when she returned. At four Betty suggested Courtney go change out of the jeans and work shirt he was wearing.

"Why change? All I've got back there is more of the same."

"I knew you were going to say that so I brought something over for you. Come on." She tugged him away from the stove and back to the bedroom. "There!" she said gesturing to the bed "just like mine. We'll add a touch of class by serving in uniform. The other girls will get a kick out of it."

"I've never worn anything like that in my life".

"Well, here's your chance. Come on. Get changed, we haven't got all day." She patted his fanny and left the room.

He stared at the clothing for a few minutes and the shrugging and saying "What the hell." crossed to the bed to see everything was laid out in reverse order. The apron on the bottom and the panties, bra and foam falsies on top. He took a quick shower before dressing. First drawing the panties onto his body and then wriggling into the black, fishnet pantyhose. He slipped the bra up his arms and fastened it behind his back putting the foam falsies into the cups before stepping into the bouffant, nylon lined crinoline half-slip. He stepped into the dress and zipped it up the back. The apron went around his waist but before putting the cap on, he stood at the bathroom mirror and applied a little of the eye shadow and blusher Betty had stashed there during her stays. He was just filing in the outlined lips with lipstick when Betty came came saying "Come on, Slow Poke. The girls will be here in a minute. Hey, everything fits. I borrowed those falsies 'cause you're so flat chested."

"Whose shoes are these?"

"Mine. Why?"

"They're too big."

"Oh, come on. Too big my foot." She giggled. "Well, maybe my foot is too big."

continued next month

Phoenix Monthly-International

DEAR GEORGIA

Received the June Phoenix and noted the worthwhile and timely article, The Law and the Crossdresser, on page 1.

It seems we are "victims" of the Psychological Profession. For those of us who contemplate going all the way through a program one of the requirements is that we dress and live as a woman daily for at least a year.

We may live in a locality in a State having no restrictions however, most law enforcement officers are very highly offended by our presence. Also many natural born women resent us.

Another stipulation in our "program" is that we work as women in traditionally women's jobs. This is impossible in the majority of cases. Quite often co-workers resent and hate us. Personally I know a few who tried working in gainful, lawful jobs and were shortly asked to leave or just dismissed.

From personal observation many were asked to move from houses or apartments despite the fact that none bothered or disturbed their neighbors. Let's face it, gays and lesbians are more accepted then the trans-person.

Ginny
(TX-38)

Dear Ginny,

I can understand your frustration at the "program". However, the reason for the Real Life Test is to assure both you and your therapist that you **can** make it as a woman (or a man in the case of the FTM). If you can't make it through the year, you just won't make it.

As for employment, I know of no requirement to work in "traditionally women's jobs". The requirement is to be gainfully employed during your Real Life Test. I know many who have **not** changed jobs simply to take "a traditionally woman's job." When clients ask if they should leave their job to take another as a woman I always urge them to remain. After all, why take a less meaningful job at a lower salary if it isn't necessary. And if they can make it by changing on the job they will almost certainly make it through the Test.

Georgia

SOME CHAPTER LADIES

Here are some pictures of ladies of the Windy City Chapter



JoAnne



Gina

Phoenix Monthly-International

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SAN JOSE: 1st & 3rd Friday.*
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San Jose 1st and 3rd Friday
Write PO Box 62283, Sunnyvale, 94088 or call (408) 734-3773 for information on specific meeting locations.
SANTA ROSA Two meetings per month. Call Maria, (707) 538-9099 for specific meeting information as to date, time and place.
ETVC - GGA Meet last Thursday every month 8 pm at Chez Mollet, 527 Bryant St. SF. Special Programs. Bring a friend. For information write Elfrieda, POB 9342, Berkeley, CA 94709.

PACIFIC CENTER 2712 Telegraph, Berkeley. 1st & 3rd Wednesday rap sessions. Last Friday, special topic or guest speaker. Meeting time: 7:30 'til 10:00pm.
BI-SEXUAL CENTER. Rap sessions from 7:30 each Tuesday and Wednesday (\$3.00 donation is requested). For specific information write PO Box 26227, San Francisco, 94126 or call (415) 929-9299.
SOCIETY of JANUS. For those into or seeking adventure in S&M. For information concerning meetings and events write: PO Box 6794, San Francisco, CA 94101.

** SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AREA **

MISSION VIEJO AREA: Gender Dysphoria Program for Orange County. Informational brochure "For the Record" - \$2.00. Contact Joanna M. Clark, Suite L, 31815 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675. Group counseling: Dana Point facility on the 2nd & 4th Mondays; San Juan Capistrano facility 1st and 3rd Mondays.
SHANGRI-LA. For information contact Nancy Watson, PO Box 18202, Irvine, CA 92713.
SAN DIEGO AREA-GGA. Contact W. Thomas, Post Office Box 99732, San Diego, CA 92109 for information on meeting times, dates and place.
SALMACIS SOCIETY Meets in Glendale the second Saturday of each month. \$2.00 donation requested. Hot Line (213) 241-9023. Call Lynda or Ann for information.

**** COLORADO ****

DENVER: TV/TS Group. Meeting every Monday, 8 pm. Members begin assembling about 7:30 so often no seats are left - early arrival is suggested. Location: corner of 11th Avenue and Filmore, Cherry Creek Area of southeast Denver. Call (303) 420-9885 for specific information.

**** CONNECTICUT ****

HARRIET LANE'S "The TV Set". Private facilities. Parties 2nd & 4th Saturday. Contact Harriet Lane, Post Office Box 2, Yalesville

**** DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ****

DELTA CHI CHAPTER (GGA): Sandy Machin, Post Office Box 11254, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.
Meetings: 1st Saturday each month.
CAPITOL CHAPTER (GGA) (Balt-DC Area): Lisa Rouse, Post Office Box 218, Burtonsville, MD 20703.
Meetings: 2nd Saturday each month.
ACADEMY AWARDS (Drag-gay): Carl Rizzi 1015 S. Quebec St. (#9), Arlington, VA 22204.

**** FLORIDA ****

SUCCESS CHAPTER (GGA). Meetings: April 30th, May 28th, June 25th, July 30th, August 27th, September 25th to October 1st - The Success Week, '83. Contact Susan Armstrong, PO Box 1601, Pinellas Park, 34290.

**** ILLINOIS ****

WINDY CITY CHAPTER (GGA). Write PO Box 2312, Chicago, IL 60690 or call (312) 472-4518 for the location. Meeting time 8:00.
CHI CHAPTER (Tri-S). Maryann Broer, POB 2055, Des Plaines, IL 60018

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

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

CALIFORNIA

July 18 Drag contest, Mugi Japanese Bar, Hollywood. Call (213) 462-2039.

Aug. 1 Miss Gay Continental Ball and Pageant, Mayflower Ballroom, Inglewood. Produced by La Rey, (213) 876-6728.

Aug. ? An LA Week-end. Produced by Ari Kane. Write Outreach Institute, Box 368, Kenmore Stn., Boston MA 02215 or call (617) 227-3454.

Aug 18 "Mr. Ripples" contest. Ripple's Bar, Long Beach. Winner of this "hunk" contest will receive cash and prizes and go to the "Super-men" Pageant in Chicago in September. Call the bar for information.

Sept 10 "Super-men" Contest. Hollywood Paladium, Hollywood. Produced by Dave Hodgson of DateBoy Magazine. Call Dave at (213) 656-2960 for info.

Sept 12 Closet Ball. Mayflower Ballroom, Inglewood. Produced by Honey Carolina. Call Honey at (213) 422-6128 for ticket information.

Oct 29 GGRC Halloween Ball. Hollywood Paladium. Call Ray at (213) 652-5513 for ticket information. A crowd of 2,000 is expected.

Nov 14. Universal Ball. Another 'biggie' sponsored by La Rey at the Inglewood Ballroom, 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 (813) 856-2452 for additional information.

MASSACHUSETTS

Oct 7-10 P-Town. Sponsored by Lee Brewster. Contact Lee Brewster, Suite 301, 565 10th Ave, NYC, NY 10036 or call (212) 947-7773.

Oct 21-23 P-Town Week-end sponsored by Lee Brewster. (see above.)

If you know of any "Events" occurring throughout the year please send us the information, or better still, ask the sponsor to provide the information through advertising in the Phoenix or flyers.



**** WISCONSIN ****

WISCONSIN TV NETWORK. Contact PO Box 813, Madison, 53701.

**** CANADA ****

F.A.C.T. PO Box 291, Station A, Hamilton, Ontario, L8N 3C8 (MTF-TS only).
Metamorphosis PO Box 5963, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1P4 (FTM-TS only).

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

The Self-Help Association for Transsexuals (SHAFT) 46 Liddell Way, South Ascot, Berkshire, England SL5 9UX.
Friend Merseyside 14 Colquitt Street, Liverpool, L1 4DE. Phone 051-708-0234 (Friday 7-10 pm).

**** JAPAN ****

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

**** MASSACHUSETTS ****

BOSTON AREA

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

CAPE COD AREA

TS SUPPORT GROUP: Contact Rachia Heyelman, PO Box 25, S. Orleans, 02662 for information.

**** MICHIGAN ****

CROSSROADS: Irregular meeting schedule. For additional information send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Grace Bacon, PO Box 3013, Flint, 48502.

**** NEW JERSEY ****

NU CHAPTER (GGA) (Northern NJ) Meetings: 1st Saturday of each month. Facilities for changing on premises. Doors open at 6 p.m. and meetings run 'til ? For specific information call (201) 540-0042 after 6 p.m. or (201) 925-6067 between 2 and 7 p.m. Ask for Jim or write PO Box 9034, Morristown, NJ 07960.
Meetings: 1st Saturday each month.

**** NEW YORK AREA ****

GGA CHAPTER, NEW YORK CITY.

Muriel Olive, 157 W. 57th St., Suite 601, NYC, 10019. Meetings: 2nd Saturday of each month. A facility for changing is available for those members needing it. Members may arrive anytime after 4:30 but the meetings start at 7:00 and run 'til 11:30ish.

ALBANY-TVIC. Meeting every 3rd Saturday. Contact Wm. Thordsen, 1104 Broadway, Albany 12200 for specific information.

**** OHIO ****

PARADISE CLUB. Contact: Paradise Club. PO Box 24363, Cleveland, OH 44124. Reservations required as meetings are held at a motel and a room is often required for an overnight stay. Meeting Schedule: April 16; June 18; August 20; October 22 and December 10th.

**** OREGON (OR) ****

NORTHWEST CHAPTER (GGA). Regular monthly meetings. For information concerning activities in the NW Area contact Olivia Perel, PO Box 13173, Portland OR 97213.

**** PENNSYLVANIA ****

PI CHAPTER (GGA) (Pittsburgh Area) Contact Patricia L. McDermott, PO Box 576, Export, 15632.

PGH CHAPTER (GGA) (Pittsburgh Area) Contact Rachel Osman, PO Box 16080, Pittsburgh, PA 15242.

PHI CHAPTER (GGA) (Philadelphia Area.) Contact Michelle Williams, PO Box 322, Collingswood, NJ 08108.

Meetings: 4th Saturday of each month.
N.E.PA-GGA (Scranton/Wilkes Barre Area.) Meetings temporarily suspended. Contact Kathy Hivish, PO Box 268, Dallas, PA 18612.

**** RHODE ISLAND ****

HALCYON SOCIETY (Tiffany Club R.I.) Meeting 1st Saturday each month - 7pm. Contact: Occupant, PO Box 143, N. Kingston, RI 02852. Call (617) 678-0609.

**** TEXAS ****

SOUTHEAST CHAPTER, (GGA) Galveston. Contact Alice (713) 763-6227 for meeting information.

**** VIRGINIA ****

HAMPTON ROADS CHAPTER (GGA) N. Cooper, S-180, P.O. Box 2400, Virginia Beach, 23452.

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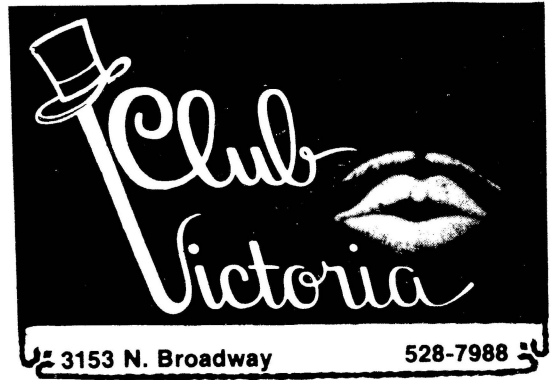
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ALTERATIONS - CHARM SESSIONS - DRESS AND MAKE UP SESSIONS
AND ALSO INSTRUCTION - FIGURE AND SIZE ANALYSIS
DECORUM LESSONS

Gateway Gender Alliance Group information and applications
Authorized to collect advance payments for Joyce Dewhurst events

PADDING: FALSIES TO BETTER SILICONE BREAST FORMS
ALSO HIP PADDING - PADDED GIRDLES AND PANTIES

WAIST CINCHERS - READY MADE AND MADE TO ORDER - CORSETS AND
CORSELETS-ALL-IN-ONES - BRAS - PANTIES - TAP PANTS - GARTER BELTS
SLIPS - 1/2 SLIPS - NIGHT GOWNS - STOCKINGS AND PANTYHOSE
DRESSES - GOWNS - SLIT AND PLEATED SKIRTS - MINISKIRTS - BLOUSES
BEACH SKIRTS - SKATING OUTFITS - BATHING SUITS - SWEATERS - LEOTARDS
MAID'S OUTFITS "MAID" TO ORDER - BAGS AND BELTS - JEANS
WTGS - SHOES AND BOOTS - COSMETICS - BEST BEARD COVER IN THE COUNTRY
JEWELRY - HANDBAGS

OUT OF TOWN? SEND FOR OUR CUSTOM SIZE CHART AND CATALOG SHEETS
WE ACCEPT MASTERCARD AND VISA WITH PLEASURE

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 dependent on private donations and
funding.

The Facility welcomes the names of
professionals willing to be on our
referral list.

Letters from post-operative gender
reassignment individuals concerning
their adjustment in their new life are
welcomed.

Address all correspondence to:

Paul A. Walker, Ph.D.

1952 Union Street

San Francisco, CA 94123



Chris (CA-48)