

PRES: William M. [redacted]
Albany, New York
PHONE: [redacted]

MEMBERSHIP

\$ 15 PER YEAR

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Helen and Wilma [redacted]

Hi; to all you girls out there:

After a summer vacation there were thirty girls at the meeting, 19 from N.Y., 6 from Conn.; 4 from Mass., 1 from Maine, out of the thirty we had 9 wives. It seems as times go by we are getting more of the Wives coming to the meetings with their Sisters. I only hope that one day we may have it show 1 for 1. Those who made the meeting were: Sandra and Christine from Bronx, N.Y. Jeanette and Connie from Jamestown, N.Y., Michelle Ann and Dennie from Somerville, Mass., Deana and Gloria from Pittsfield, Mass., Vi and Dee Dee from Hartford, Conn., Cynthia and Sonya from Norwalk, Conn., Joan and Gail from Granville, N.Y., Holly and Martha from Troy, Pam from Mayfield, N.Y. Muriel from Geneseo, N.Y., Elanda from Rome, N.Y., Crystal from Menands, N.Y., Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Lee from Buffalo, N.Y. Dolly, from Rochester, N.Y., Francis from Henrietta, N.Y., Jean from Peru, N.Y., Renee from Stratford, Conn., Patricia from Old Greenwich, Conn., Frances from Yarmouth, Maine, Wilma and I.

Good to see three new girls here, welcome to the group Holly, Martha and Patricia do hope you found the other sisters nice and friendly and hope to see you again.

In my effort to give the girls something different to eat I made them Meat balls and spaghetti, baked stuffed egg plant, Tossed salad, cole slaw, cottage cheese, cinnamon cake and coffee. before they ate, they had cheese and crackers deviled eggs, chips nuts, so they have an excuse to have their drink.

Last month I made a goof when I forgot to mention about our entertainment for the night. Cynthia and Sonya put on a song and shuffle in irredescent Bikin outfit. We put out all the lights and all you could see of them was the Bikini, fingernails, lips, and eyes., it was something new and delightful to watch. De Dee accompanied them on the guitar. We even forgot to mention Cynthia's Birthday, Girls I'm really sorry, I won't do it again, honest.

This month we didn't have any entertainment as DeeDee thought Paula was to be here and they would play together, so she didn't bring her tapes which she plays to. Some of the girls were very tired from all the traveling on their summer vacations, so they were content to just sit and talk.

On Thursday Wilma and I will celebrate our 31st. anniversary, and I sure wish we could turn the clock back a few years so that we could see Betty and Sue from Rochester who have taken us out for our Anniversary the past seven years, not so much to go out but to have Sue back with us. It is hard to believe that Sue has been gone from us at so young an age. Betty I miss not seeing you, I wish you lived closer. I do hope every thing is alright, I wrote you but I haven't heard form you in some time.

We were happy to see some of the girls up on the Island this summer even though our electricity went on the fluke. I reverted to my old propane gas stov to cook for the girls.

Wilma and I had a lovely week end at Cynthia's and Sonya's. They took us on their big sail boat out to the sound and then Sunday they had a few couples in whom we enjoyed talking with. They entertain beautifully. Thanks again Girls.

I know Wilma forgot to put down Gails birthday as it is in Sept. as a matter of fact it is the same day as our anniversary. Happy Birthday Gail.

Wilma and I will be spending a week in Boston with Michelle and Dennie and the second Saturday we will go over to the Fantasia Fair for dinner, so we will probably see some of our girls there. Do hope all of you who are going have a good time. Those who can't make it will be waiting to hear all about the good time you have. Do hope I haven't forgotten anything or anybody in this months news.

I was happy to see all the girls after the two months vacation in the hot weather.

I guess I covered everthing that went on this month and do hope to be aroun to visit with all next month. God Bless and Pease go with you.

Love to all my Girls.

Helen

* * *

The cannibal chief got hay fever from eating that grass widow

W I L M A ' S V I E W S

SHE who walked in a soft mist of fragrance walked in loveliness throughout the day. IT gives you a sence of poise and self-confedence. AND girls, confedence is the whole secret of crossdressing. I have known attractive TV'S who were so afraid of being in public that they seldom went out, while the reverse is true. I know several TVs who would not win a beauty contest, but they do have the right self-confidense to carry off their role.

INDEED, there is magic in fragrance. FRAGRANCE that delights the senses, soothes, inspires, relaxes, intrigues. IT'S captivating spell can create an aura of mystery or sophestication. OF romance or gaiety. FRAGRANCE can accent a personality, reflect a mood, lift a spirit.

NOTHING can make you more totally feminine than the wearing of fragrance. A TV of taste owns a whole wardrobe of fragrances. SHE coordinates her perfumes and colognes with other bath and beauty products to lend futher harmony and intensity to the fragrances she wears. AN appropriate sent for daytime wear may not match the mood for the evening.

THE use of perfume and cologne is on the rise. Millions of dollars are spent on fragrances each year. IT is available in many forms and I would like to cover them here so you will be more aware of what to look for.

PERFUME: THE most concentrated, longest-lasting and most expensive fragrance form. APPLY perfune only to apecific body areas - inside wrists and elbows, at the temples and any other pulse spot. IT'S fragrance can be expected to last 4 to 6 hours.

COLOGNE: AN inexpensive gragrance form - ment to be used lavishly. COLOGNE contains the same gragrance notes as perfume. HOWEVER, in a dilected form. IT should be splashed on lavishly and renewed often, THE fragrance generally last from 2 to 3 hours. (Tip - a few drops of cologne in the rinse water after laundering lingerie adds a pleasant scent that lasts and lasts.)

ESSENCE DE COLOGNE: A more concentrated form of cologne that has the same lasting qualeties and deffusion as perfume.

CREAM SACHET: PERFUME in a vanishing cream base. SHOULD be smoothed on puls spots. THIS is espicially good for those with extra dry sensitive skin.

PERFUME OIL: A highly concentrated fragrance that literally "locks" itself onto the skin and combines with the warmth of the skin so that it groes as it worms.

ICE COLOGNE: REFRESHING gel gragrance form to smooth on the writs, elbows. behind the ears and any other puls spot.

PERFUME MIST: RICH fragrance from almost as long lasting as perfume itself. JUST a touch of the fingertip releases a mist of fragrance that lingers for hours.

POWDER SACHET: A powder fragrance form generally used to add fragrance to personal things. SPRINKLE generously under linings of closet shelves and dresser draws - even inside stationery. DO not apply it directly on fabricks such as silks, synthetics or wools, however. I'VE had things stain from direct contact.

SACHET NUGGETS: PRECIOUS perfume compressed into tablets. USE them the same way you used the powder sachet.

MOISTURIZING COLONE: HERE is a highly concentrated fragrance with emollients that pamper the skin while embracing you with themagic of colone.

NO two fragrances are alike and because of the difference in body chemicals - no fragrance has the same sent when worn by different people. THAT is why it is so important to try a fragrance before buying it. DON'T be bashful at the counter. buying perfume is probably the easiest item to purchase as most salesgirls assume it is a gift. APPLY some on the wrist or on the back of the hand. ALLOW a few seconds for it to dry - then sniff.

NEVER test more than three fragrances at one time! IT will become too difficult to chooce between them. BE sure that the scent given off by the fragrance is Y O U !

THE quality of the fragrance can be determined by its ability to attract
(CONTINUE ON PAGE 3)

(wilma's views continued from page 2)

(and excite, if you wish). HOW well does it difuse around yourself - and by how long the richness of it lasts?

A final word of advice, girls: D O S A V E F R A G R A N C E! WEAR it. FRAGRANCE has a tendency to evaporate once its opened - and it is far better to wear it than lose it. KEEP them in a cool dark place, But never keep them more than a year. THE delicate balance of any fragrance breaks down with time. THIS not only changes its fragrance character, but it loses its strength. SO girls - smell - good - and feel great.

W I L M A

Have you paid your dues? **Presidents Pen.....**

NEXT MEETING

OUR next three meetings will be OCTOBER 28, NOVEMBER 16th, and DECEMBER 16th. 'DON'T forget to keep these dates open for T V I C .

Welcome New Members

I hope that you all had a lovely summer. I spent some of mine finding new members and it seems that I was pretty lucky to find these 12 new members.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| JEANETTE D. ** SYRACUSE ----- N.Y. | J A Y C . -- AJEA ----- HAWAII. |
| J O L-M. -- HEWLITT ----- N.Y. | D. D. ----- W A shINGTON - N.J. |
| LINDA J. -- SPRINGFIELD -- N.Y. | BARBRA H. ----- MIAMI SHORES - FLA. |
| CHERL H. -- HUNTING STA. - N.Y. | DONNE W. ----- WILLMINGTON -- DEL. |
| J. P. -- FULTONVILLE -- N.Y. | PATRICIA G. -- OLD GREENWICH- CONN. |
| J. F. -- REXFORD ----- N.Y. | RHONDA S. ----- AMERILLO ----- TEXAS. |

WE all here at T V I C hope to see all you new members in the coming months in person at one of our gatherings. IN the mean time why dont you send me a photograph of yourselfs dressed. IN this way I can let our members who come to our gatherings see what lovely girls you are.

ANY member who would like to contact any of these new members - just send me the letter with a stamped envelope and I will forward it for you. THERE is no charge for this service, it is all part of TVIC membership.

Happy Birthday Girls

YOU'RE THOUGHTS ABOUT SO OFTEN THROUGHOUT THE BUSY YEAR, BUT NOW THOSE THOUGHTS ARE ESPECIALLY WARM. BECAUSE YOUR BIRTHDAY IS HERE. HAPPINESS ALWAYS. HELEN & WILMA.

- OCTOBER 3rd HENRY B [REDACTED] OCTOBER 28th WILMA [REDACTED]
 OCTOBER 21st SAMANTHA [REDACTED] OCTOBER 28th EBEN B [REDACTED]

Did Cousin Martha tell you? A rat got in her drawers and ate the fringe off of her centerpiece.

WEDDING ANERVERSERY: MR. & MRS. DOUGLES [REDACTED]

TO V I & D E E :

CONGRATULATION TOO BOTH OF YOU ON THIS WEDDING DATE. AND MAY THESE WORDS CONVEY ALL KINDS OF HAPPY WISHES SENT IN HONOR OF YOUR DAY. HELEN & WILMA

TO ALL MEMBERS: You will find the names and addresses of these nice people among your membership lists. WHY not drop a card to show your friendship.



letters to the editor

Dear Wilma:

It is with deep regret and sorrow that I inform you of the death ~~of~~ of RITA JEAN [REDACTED] of Lansing. Rita Jean passed away during the last two weeks of April. No further details are known except that she had a heart problem. She was a friend to many tvs in Michigan and will be missed by many of us.

THE MICHAGAIN, Genesee County Prosecutors office will not prosecute a tv on impersonation charges. However, if you are drunk, disorderly, or soliciting, you are on your own. THE attitude of local police agencies toward tvs is unknown. GRACE BEACON, CROSSROADS CHAPTER, FLINT, MICH.

Dear Wilma:

THE stage is set for another fantastic "Shangri-La - April 19th to 22nd, 79 on the beautiful Mississippi Gold Coast. FOR more information, contact either Ms. Nancy Wa [REDACTED] P.O.B. 18202, Irvine, Calif. 92713. or Trina A [REDACTED] San Antonio, Texas, 78209.

Dear Wilma:

HOW CYNTHIA got her Name. After many years in the closet, thinking I was the only man who wanted to dress up in womans clothes, I read about TV groups around the country. Eventually I received a lead to Hartford TVIC group and had been invited to attend. Needless to say, I looked forward to this date with excitement and a certain amount of apprehension.

ABOUT a year prior to this I had started going with a Canadian girl, and we had planned to be married. She had phoned me about a week before the Hartford meeting that she was coming down for the weekend. I had wondered how I would tell her about my dressing, and this seemed to be a good opportunity.

SHE arrived Friday night, and I worked up enough courage to tell her about me and that I wanted her to go with me to visit the Hartford group. "Sounds interesting to me, lets go", she said.

THE next night we drove up to Hartford (not dressed) and rang the bell. The door was opened by a girl (who later turned out to be Carol Baird); She asked me my name, and I told her "Dick". "No", she said, "your femme name". Well, I had never thought about that: I turned to my date, whose name was Cynthia Jane, and said "Cynthia Jane". I took her maiden last name, and that's how I am named Cynthia Jane [REDACTED]

LIKE all stories, this should and with the two Cynthias getting married. But no, I received a Dear John letter about two years later (I don't think because of be a TV); I wanted to change my name but decided not to since everybody knew me as Cynthia. I have not heard anything from or about the real Cynthia, but the part time Cynthia, is having a ball! Cynhia, Conn. (editors note; to all members, don't you think that this was an interesting story? Why not send in your version of your femme name. Wilma)

Dear Wilma:

I am back in Minnesota after having the most beautiful experience of my transvestite life when I had the chance to attend the wedding at your place. It was the first time out for me in my short red disco dress with my Hanes Ultra Sheers and seductive black lingeree. All of your guests made me feel at home and in talking to some of the wives made me feel that my TVism is not so strange and has given me the courage to seek out a woman could actually appreciate a male with a dual personality.

THAT meal you put out is really something else. Your wonderful wife, Helen, as busy as she was, took time to make me feel at home. I will visit you folks again when I get out east again. Your party made my trip a success and memories I will never forget. PATTI F., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Dear Wilma:

Chrestine [REDACTED] and I Lawrence (Sandra) [REDACTED] will be married on the 23rd of Sept. at three pm at the Church Of The Beloved Disciple, 348 west 14th st., New York, N.Y.

(ED. NOTE. members who were at our Sept. gathering have meet Sandra and Christine. Why not all of you members drop them a nice card and wish them a very happy life. ADD. Mr. Lawrence G [REDACTED], [REDACTED], Bronx, N.Y. 10458. Wilma.)

* * *
There once was a master mechanic
Whose skill with the girls was satanic.
The tools that he used
Never left the girls bruised,
And his oil-and-grease job was a panic.

* * *
Low-down wail of my weak-willed frail:
I go out in the evening
And stay all night long,
I come back in the morning,
You can't miss what's gone . . .

Letters

Dear Helen and Wilma,

29 July 78

Once again the sparkle and wit of your Journal has come to the steaming tropics of the Gulf Coast, and very much appreciated I might add. Ah, to put aside the cares of every day, climb into a silvery bird and wing my way to visit with all the nice folk who join you regularly in celebrating their fuller self and partake of your unflagging hospitality. Such is by economic necessity, but a flight of fancy and the sometime communication via the Postal Service will have to suffice.

You quite rightly solicit comment in respect to your "Views". I find them refreshing and provocative. While I find them generally grand and agreeable, there at times are comments or small divergences I feel are indicated. The views expressed in the current Journal are such.

It is unwise to attempt to fragment a person, U or otherwise and set one or two aspects of the individual apart from and in contradistinction to another. However being at a total loss as to which arrives first in history, the chicken or the egg, I too am wondering which precipitates the other: Sex or Transvestism, if indeed such a relationship exists at all. Since both sexuality and Transvestism occur at the same time in the same individual, I suspect there to be link between the two aspects yet I see them as being quite apart for the most part and linked only by the thinnest possible of links. Your thrust relative to "proper" sexual expression leads to the question of propriety of sexual expression not only for the U only, but for the non-U as well. What does proper mean? Who is set aside as the determiner of propriety? What is this judge's basis of authority?

All these questions are germane. I am exclusively Hetrosexual, so for me as a U I consider the proper expression of sexual interest be with a genetic female and with no other. This is a start and a standard emerging from deep within the self I am. Yet with my absolute conviction thusly, there exists no basis in what is right or what is reasonable for me to insist and impose my judgements relative to sexuality on another person, U or otherwise.

Also I would tend to disagree that a clear understanding can be obtained from a statistical approach since there are too many unknowns and too many variables that cannot be controlled thus rendering invalid a rigid statistical analysis. The data are simply too suspect. Garbage in--- garbage out. Statistical summaries and generalized conclusions drawn from such are the tools of Sociology to be sure, yet with the sampling techniques currently considered statistically significant, there remains the haunting question: "What of the unique or unrepresented case?". No, I do not believe statistical samples no matter how well interpreted reveal anything other than trends or perhaps indications of the way things seem to be. What I do believe is valid is a case by case, person by person consideration and analysis revealing to that person for that person who that person happens to be and then leaving to that person the choices as to what is to be made of the conclusions drawn.

Your comments relative to "Ego Gratification" are interesting. They raise the question relative to the feeling and the pleasure experienced by the U who so obviously a male could and would never venture forth in public thus totally denying the possibility of attracting any favourable attention? No again there seems to be in cross-dressing a broader spectrum of need gratification than merely being the center of attention. There are yearnings for the softer gentler more esthetically appealing and appearing aspects of femininity. There are urgings to rebel at what Dr. Niki Van Hightower calls the "Super-Male" image foisted by society upon males in perpetuation of the male power base in society. There are too urgings to express openly by crossing the "panty" barrier, those "feminine" parts of the totality of self that quite obviously do not fit into the "Super-Male" image. Quite the contrary to cross-dressing being an ego trip for most of us, I see the ego trip as being very nearly the exclusive domain of the male power brokers in society.

Sincerely

Dr. James
[Redacted]

'Tis true she was micromammary,
Though she bulged with clever flimflamery.
Big bosoms she wore,
Both bought at the store,
But they still made the fellows feel rammery.

That little place the boys all chase doesn't have
any vitamins in it, but it sure is a bone builder

The height of wasting time is the secretary on
the bosses lap, when she should be feeling his
business going in the hole.

If her Papa comes in and catches you all having
a circus, Laugh, Clown, Laugh!

There's only one place where the red light
means what the green light means instead of what
the red light means.

Mama was giving baby brother a bath, so little
sister Audrey pointed and said, "What's that?"
and Mama said, "Nothing," and went away to
get a clean diaper. When she returned, little Audrey
looked devilish, so Mama said, "What have
you been doing?" and little Audrey answered,
"Nothing, but I learned it's not a whistle."

Since Charley's wife has been away for five
weeks on vacation, he finds it hard, getting up
every morning.

letters

Dear Wilma and Helen,

Here's some more help our gals may need regarding placement of ads in local newspapers as a means to finding new local TV friends. As a follow-up to my letter in May issue of the Journal, we had four answers to our ad in the PENNSYLVANIA NEWS-JOURNAL only one of which materialized into a TV friendship. Even so, it was worth the effort and more may be forthcoming. In the meantime, we discovered another type of publication that may bring them out from under the rocks and that is weekly shopping and classified newspapers available in most small cities and towns. In Ft. Walton Beach, FL theirs is called IWANNA, which is mostly classified ads with a few personals. To avoid resistance we met with the Mobile PRESS-REGISTER, we experimented with re-wording the ad to read:

"TV's are finding peace, help and friendship through the national T.V.I.C. Local chapter forming. Write Mr. C. Ross Dresser, c/o IWANNA."

Response was excellent and we picked up three new TV's with the first ad. By changing the word "transvestite," we no doubt limited understanding to those who recognized the word "TV," while no one needed to explain to our TV readers the meaning of "C. Ross Dresser!" At the same time we cut down the risk of offending skittish city fathers. Some of our lonely TV's out there may want to use this approach in their own local newspapers and shopping guides.

We believe in capital punishment, but we don't believe women should be hung like men.

Love,

Alice M. [redacted]

Dear Bill and Helen (and Wilma):

A very interesting thing happened to me this morning. I had to a local drug/discount store, and while waiting in line to for my purchases, I happened to glance towards a 15-16 year boy who had on a regular pair of slacks, a white knit polo shirt with collar, and regular sporty type shoes. His body was side-ways to me, and I noticed that he appeared to have some breast development. After a few moments he turned to go to another aisle so that his back was to me, and he was wearing a bra! It was as clear as could be through the knit material of his shirt. Naturally, I looked even closer to make certain I had not made a mistake. No doubt about it. The short-sleeved shirt revealed male arm muscles, decidedly not female ones. The kid had the start of a beard over the upper lip and on the chin, and the torso, particularly the rump, was unquestionably that of a boy. The hair was cut to just above the ears, and parted down the middle. The guy was not at all swishy or even feminine. He was as natural as could be. So, I just had to find out more. Well, I went [redacted] him and said, "Hi, I think I know you, don't I? I'm Ron [redacted]. And he replied in an extremely well modulated male voice that [redacted] could have [redacted] so been read as borderline feminine that he was "Geraldine [redacted]" (I'm using a pseudonym simply to protect his identity). I was nonplussed! I didn't know what to say at that point for fear I had made a mistake and that some young girl would think I was trying to pick her up. So, I sputtered that it was a case of mistaken identity, and left. But thinking back over the affair, I also remember male hands and the width of the shoes, the height of the body, etc. all pointed to a teenaged, athletic boy. And, as I said before, he definitely had the start of a beard growth.

Love,

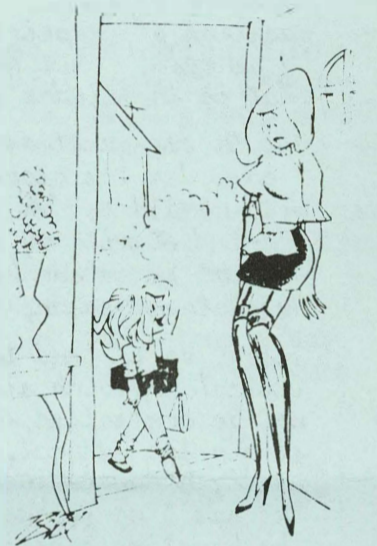
The blind bridesmaid had no trouble at the ceremony. She just felt around a bit and soon found out who the best man was.

Your frustration the first time you can't make it the second time is as nothing compared to your consternation the second time you can't make it the first time!

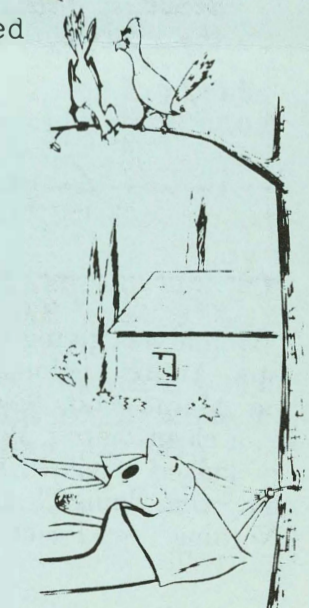
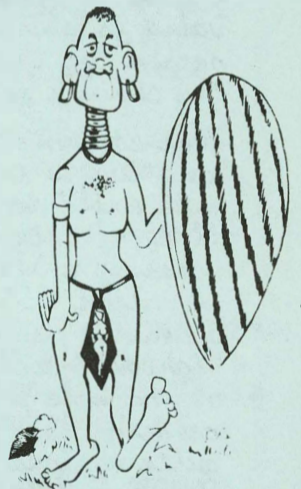
The professor had a trifling wife who delighted in making it hard for his pupils.



IVE HAD A FEW HANGUPS SINCE CHILDHOOD !



HI DAD ! IM HOME EARLY !



"Six ... Five ... Four ... Three ... Two ..."

Letters

AN "UNLIKELY STORY" No.3 by Dee Dee

I am deeply indebted to Ms. Cynthia Jane [redacted] for this story. She swears that it is true and I believe I have taken the liberty of making it into a first person narrative.



A little Mexican pon.

My name is Lily.
It used to be Throckmorton.

During my freshman year at one of the Ivy League Colleges, I took part in a panty raid at a nearby girl's school. Apparently, the girls were tipped off, because no sooner had I entered one of the rooms than I was seized and overpowered by six very athletic girls who, not only stripped me but tore my clothes to shreds.

I was told that, since I was so interested in feminine attire that they were going to show me what it was like. They also told me that, what was going to happen to me was the usual initiation of a girl into a sorority.

For openers, I was trussed up like a steer and thrown stark naked onto a bed. Then, one by one the six girls sat on my face. This had a peculiar effect on my olfactory senses because in the ensuing years I could find any one of them in the dark and call her by name.

Once this was over they proceeded to dress me from head to toe in female attire, and, oddly enough I began to get into the spirit of things. The bone structure of my feet must have been out of the ordinary, because I was able to float around on high heels as though I was wearing tennis sneakers.

The final bit of initiation was to slide down a spiral staircase bannister using no hands. I learned that the newel post at the bottom of the bannister was usually covered with a pillow, so as not to de-flower the girls. Somehow, this bit of detail was overlooked in my case. In the spirit of the occasion I mounted the bannister and shoved off crying, "Hi Yo Silver." Going down backwards I could not see that the newel post had not been covered.

All I can say to those do-it-yourselfers is that, if you want to become a trans-sexual, this is doing it the hard way! Fortunately, a couple of the girls were pre-med and handy with a needle. I was anesthetized with a pint of Green River and sewn up. I saw no reason to tell anyone about it, as I enjoyed this cross-dressing. By my Junior year I had developed a nice set of boobs, so I transferred to the girls school where I majored in home economics and ~~mid-wifery~~ mid-wifery.

I am very happy now! I'm either always baking a cake for some nice boy or performing an abortion for some unfortunate girl.

Oh, yes, my name is Lily because I've been gelded.



"I am just a Prairie Flower, Growing wilder By the hour"



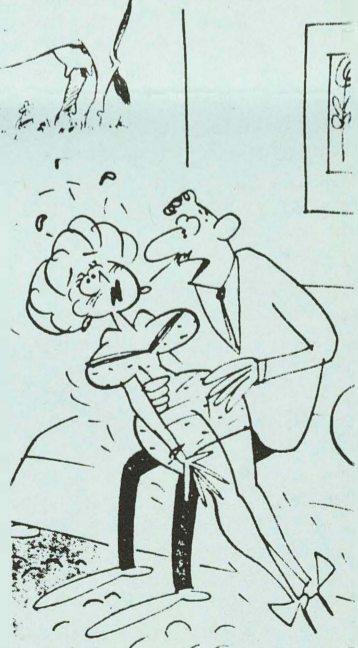
A couple, aged 67, went to the doctor's office. The doctor asked "What can I do for you?"

The man said, "Will you watch us have intercourse?"

The doctor looked puzzled, but agreed. When the couple had finished, the doctor said, "There is nothing wrong with the way you have intercourse," and charged them \$10.00. This happened several weeks in a row. The couple would make an appointment, have intercourse, pay the doctor and leave.

Finally, the doctor asked, "Just exactly what are you trying to find out?"

The old man said, "We're not trying to find out anything. She is married and we can't go to her house, I am married and we can't go to my house . . . Holiday Inn charges \$22.00, Hilton Hotel charges \$27.00. So we do it here for \$10.00 and I get \$8.00 back from Medicare for a visit to the doctor's office."



IS THIS YOUR FIRST DATE SINCE YOUR SET DANCE?

Queen of the Darien Truck Stop

By NANCY M. [REDACTED]

He goes by many names, but prefers to use Phyllis. He calls himself the Queen of the Darien Truck Stop. He says that he's the hooker who put the place on the map, making it the infamous pit stop it is today.

His real name is Jimmy [REDACTED]. Sex: male. Age: 29. Weight: [REDACTED]. Height: 6'1".

None of those statistics means a thing. Jimmy [REDACTED] is a female impersonator who earns his living by soliciting males. He does a lot of that soliciting at the Darien Truck Stop.

When, as Phyllis, he puts on a slinky jersey dress, slips into a pair of high-heeled shoes, and puts make-up on his smooth-skinned face, you'd have to be an expert to know that he isn't the real thing.

In fact, he's so good, that when Phyllis' customers pull out of the truck stop, heading east on Interstate 95, most still have no idea they've paid up to \$40 to be with a man. And they'd probably punch you in the mouth if you told them.

"Nah, c'mon. You're kidding me," said one hefty trucker, when told that the woman cruising the parking lot, was, in fact, a man.

"She's a he? I don't believe it," said another.

Little wonder they're disbelieving. Phyllis has the moves down pat. A real macadam madam, strolling through the lot, sidling up to the trucks, a mixture of coyness and boldness as he makes his proposition. Still smiling if rejected, but if accepted, leaping up the two steep steps into the truck's cab. From opening gambit to the final leap — it's all over so quickly, it could be a mirage. It isn't. Phyllis says he makes about \$200 on a good night.

If he's lucky, and he usually is, he won't get busted by the state police, who have accelerated their coverage of the truck stop after recent national publicity highlighted some of the more nefarious activities that take place there. In 10 years, Phyllis says he's only been busted 18 times. He's never been convicted.

"They have to catch you in the act," he explains. "I've worked the trucks right next to a parked police car, and they haven't caught me. They've even sent dogs after me," he says. But there's no animosity in his soft voice, even when he mentions the dogs. It's the cops' job to catch him. It's his job to sell tricks without being caught. It's as simple — and as complicated — as that.

Just like the rest of his life. His mother, he says, abandoned him and his brothers and sisters when he was 6 weeks old.

"I wouldn't know her if I saw her," he says, "but I still love her," and for a minute he smiles the way he does when a trucker rejects his advances.

He talked about his childhood in North Carolina, of being raised by a good woman, a strict, God-fearing grandmother who wasn't afraid to slap his face if he needed it. And of the knowledge, from early childhood, that he should have been a girl.

"I knew that somehow, someday, that was how I wanted to spend my life," he says, telling how he used to secretly dress in his sisters' clothing, yet also take girls out on dates. "I took a girl to my senior prom," he says. "But I couldn't get any feelings about them. I tried."

He glosses over the trying, as if it were unimportant. Or as if it didn't cause him any suffering. Or, as if that good, God-fearing grandmother didn't find anything wrong with a boy dressing in girls' clothing.

He came north when he was about 17. Still confused about his role, he wore male clothes to his job at Stamford's Caldor's, changing into female clothing on weekends. He talked about what it was like, at that young age, to be approached by middle-aged men who were willing to pay almost anything to spend a few hours with a slim attractive youth. For a short time he refused them.

"I wasn't into prostitution then," he says. "I still had dreams of meeting a nice man, and getting married." Before long he took their money. It marked the beginning of his career, a career that would take

him to the streets of Norwalk and Port Chester, N.Y., and Stamford — as well as to the parking lot of the Darien Truck Stop. And bring him customers from Darien, New Canaan, Greenwich and Westport — as well as trucker from across the nation.

"I was only 17," he says. "But I might as well have been a 30-year-old man." It's the first time in an hour that he's referred to himself as a male.

He talked about the operation that some transsexuals undergo, and explains why he won't have it done: "The way I am now, I'm unique," he says.

In the next breath he says he won't have his ears pierced because if God had wanted him to have holes in his ears, He would have put them there.

Maybe that's why he doesn't want the transsexual surgery? Because God made him the way he is?

He looks surprised for a minute, then says: "Yeah, maybe. Maybe that's it."

He talks as if he's making big money. Maybe \$50,000 a year.

At least one area policeman doesn't believe it

"It's sad," the policeman says. "Have you seen where she lives? How dirty? How grimy? We glamorize it," he added, "but it isn't glamorous. Go have a look."

The house, located near the South Norwalk business district, is within CB-radio range of the Darien Truck Stop. Some might agree with the policeman who described the building as grimy. But the peeling paint, cluttered porches, and a front yard that resembles a sea of mud tell only part of the story.

Hand-carved moldings, high ceilings, and large, low windows allow the house to retain vestiges of its former elegance. Like Phyllis, you have to get past its exterior to get the real picture.

Past the black Labrador on guard duty at the front door. Down grimy, dirty hallways, and past hostile faces that peer out from behind half-closed doors. Up a creaking, dusty stairwell that leads to Phyllis' rooms on the third floor.

Two rooms and a bath. Each giving her clue to the real Jimmy [REDACTED], alias Phyllis.

The bedroom, a combination kitchen and living room, seems to represent the working Phyllis. Showy, with huge pillows scattered on the floor, a large sofa with more pillows, photo-

graphs of models, cut from magazines, are pasted on one wall. A small table, formally set for two, stands at one end. Somehow the room doesn't seem real, but more like a setting for a play.

He opens a door to another room: A narrow bed, small television set, a sewing machine, a stereo, and books that look like they've been read and re-read

"I sewed this myself," he says, pulling out a black-and-white jump suit. "I crocheted this," he says, pointing to a vest.

It seems important to him that you realize he likes to sew, crochet, read and write. He mentions several times that he attended Norwalk Community College for two years, and that he's in the process of writing his autobiography. He pulls out a booklet entitled "To the Author in Search of a Publisher," as if to prove that his book isn't a figment of his imagination.

If the book is published, it will include details of his unusual life and some thoughts on the lives of others.

"Women have become so liberated," he says, "that they've overlooked trying to please their men — they've gotten to think of it as a job. I'd tell them to take care of their homework. If they don't, somebody else like me will."

'Of Human Bondage'

Beziers, France—Michele [REDACTED], 38, did not trust her "wolf of a husband" to stay faithful while she worked nights in a local [REDACTED]. To put her mind at rest, husband Gabriel [REDACTED], 39, agreed to be locked in at night and to wear [REDACTED] and chain during her nocturnal absences. The system worked for less than two months. Then robbers broke into the house, locked Legros in the bathroom, and stole everything of value. The Frenchman believes that the bandits were women dressed in men's suits.

Sex Change: You Pay

If someone undergoes a sex change operation it is his or her business unless you pay, and if you pay it's your business.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has approved a Medicare payment for \$5,600 sex change surgery for Bobbie [REDACTED] — formerly Robert [REDACTED], 31, a San Diego transsexual.

This is the same Department of Health, Education and Welfare that was reported last week to have misspent, through fraud, waste and other improprieties, the incredible sum of \$6.4 billion in fiscal 1977.

If HEW is paying for a sex change operation how long will it be before HEW is paying for silicone implants for nude dancers, face-lifts for courtesans and call girl services under the guise of sex therapy? That is, if HEW isn't already doing so?

Isn't this just one more good reason for cutting this monstrous bureaucracy down to size?