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Transvestia



Volume X

No. 57

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides—

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve—

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this magazine.

TRANVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.

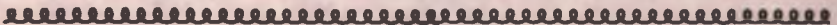


THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine - beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

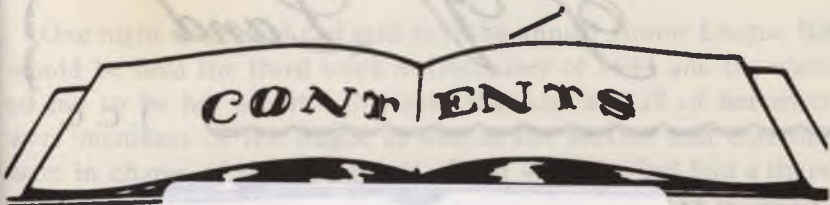
"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom".

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.


Transvestia

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Fantasy in T V Land

J. C. G.

It was in May, 1945 when I finally arrived at the Air Corps Hospital just outside of San Francisco, California, for treatment of wounds and surgery after being hit with a German 88 while flying a B-17 over Berlin. I was the pilot of the aircraft and we were hit after dumping our bombs on target. Three of the crew were killed and the rest of us injured, however we were able to get back to friendly lines. After treatment at a field hospital in France, then in England I arrived in San Francisco for final surgery and treatment and separation from the service.

Over a period of three months I had a series of operations on my back and shoulder. The last week in August I was placed on out-patient status and took a room at a local hotel. I did some sight seeing and saw some friends. One time, at a local U. S. O. I met Mary. She was a volunteer and she was a real beauty. Tall - 5'9" and gorgeous blond hair. We became fast friends and over the next few weeks we saw a great deal of each other.

I was invited to dinner at Mary's house and met the rest of her family, four sisters, almost as beautiful as she was, and her father and mother. Her father was in some type of manufacturing business and was quite prosperous. They had a beautiful large home on several acres overlooking San Francisco Bay.

Finally, in November of 1945 I was separated from the service with a terminal leave promotion to Major. I was 25 at the time.

I had decided that inasmuch as I had just one semester to go to get my Masters Degree in Business Administration that I would do some studying to pick up 4 years of lost time while I was in the service so that I wouldn't be too stupid when I entered the University the next January. I rented a nice small apartment in San Francisco and get down to work, dating Mary on weekends.

One night she called and said that the annual Junior League Ball would be held the third week in December of 1945 and she wanted me to be her escort. She said that she and all of her sisters were members of the league as well as her Mother and that they were in charge of this years Ball. Each year the Ball had a theme different from the years before. I said that I would be glad to take her and she said that we should get together so that we could talk over the costume that we would each be wearing. That was fine with me so we made a date for that evening.

We had dinner in a beautiful spot out on the Bay and Mary said that they had decided that this year the theme of the Ball would be a Tournabout. She said that since the war was finally over they thought that the men were sick and tired of the same old drab clothes that most of the husbands and boy friends had to wear, as military men, these past four years and she and her sisters wanted everyone to be happy and frivolous for one night at the Ball. She said that all men would come as women and all of the women would come as men. This set me back a bit as dressing as a woman would was something that I had never done. She said not to worry about it as it was just for one night and that she would take care of all of the details and advise me later as to when I would have to have a fitting for my costume. I said that this would be fine and after a wonderful evening I took her home and made a date with her for the next weekend.

When I picked up Mary the next week she took me to her room and showed me the costume that I was to wear for the Ball and it was lovely, however I thought it much too fancy for a man to wear ro a Ball. She said that she had had it made and it would have to be fitted. It was a long satin gown of a beautiful deep pink color, with lace on the sleeves and neck. Mary asked me to

go into another room and remove my clothes and put on a dressing gown that she had placed there for me. She said that the dressmaker would be here within a few minutes to measure me for my underwear. I said that this was ridiculous, that I didn't need to be measured for anything. My underwear was fine and I would wear it under the dress. She said that that wouldn't do-that this was THE BALL of the year and everyone always went all out with their costumes and all of the men invited would be visions of femininity. They would be dressed in the very latest fashions from the skin out. Mary said that if I were to continue to go with her that I would have to do it her way. So I did as Mary said and was sitting in her beautiful dressing gown when the dressmaker came would be ready for the next week. She then had me try on the dress and took a few tucks here and there and said when I had my foundation on she thought it would be perfect. She then left me and I returned and changed to my own clothes. When I came out Mary was talking with the dressmaker and making a list of things as the dressmaker talked. Mary told her everything would be fine and that I would make a lovely belle come the night of The Ball.

The following week Mary called and said that everything was in and that would like to have me come over for dinner and after that they would see how everything fit. We had a lovely dinner with the family and afterwards Mary took me to her room where she had a screen. She asked me to go behind the screen and remove all of my clothes which I did. She then handed me a panty girdle and gave me instructions on how to get into it. I protested but she told me to be quiet. She then handed me a pretty pink satin bra and had me back out from behind the screen and she hooked it for me. Then she gave me a long pink satin slip which I pulled over my head. When this was done she pulled aside the screen and completed the work herself. She filled my bra with inserts, gave me a pair of beautiful nylon hose and showed me how to put them on and hook them to the garters. She also gave me a beautiful pair of pink panties, which I could see no need for inasmuch as I had the panty girdle on, but I put them on anyway. I then tried on several pairs of shoes which she had brought out and finally decided that the 12B's would be the most comfortable as I might be dancing all evening. The three inch heels were rough at

first but after an hour or so I got used to them.

She then helped me with the dress and I must say it fitted like a dream. She made up my face and fitted me with a gorgeous blond wig. She then called her sisters and Mother into the room to look at me and they said that with a few more touches I would be a real beauty. They thought that the dress was a perfect fit and I was so embarrassed by it all and blushed so much that I didn't need rouge.

They finally left the room and Mary asked me to take the clothes off so that they could all be pressed for the party, which was the following week. This I did and was relieved to get out of that girdle. I put my clothes on and we spent the rest of the evening at her house.

Mary said for me to be at her house by 5:00 P.M. the night of the Ball so that I could bathe and shave there. This I did and Mary had a bubble bath drawn for me and asked me to shave all of the hair off of my chest, arms and legs. I did so and then she helped me dress, after I put the panty girdle on. Within an hour I was a raving beauty and was actually proud of how I look. She escorted me to the living room to wait while she got dressed. When I arrived in the living room there were five other beauties there and I was introduced to them. They were all male, just like me, but were taking Mary's sisters to the ball and of course they had to dress also. Mary's father was also dressed as a woman since he was taking her Mother to the Ball. I must say it was odd to be with five other men but no one would ever know it the way we were dressed. We looked like six gorgeous young women.

Soon the girls came down, all dressed in mens formal attire and they looked just great. They got our wraps for us, mine being a beautiful mink. Soon the cars came to the door for us and we were driven to the Ball at the Mark Hopkins hotel. I have never seen anything like it - over 500 couples, all the social cream of Frisco and every woman was dressed as a man and every man was dressed completely as a woman. The music was just great and I danced every dance. I have never had such a nice time and Mary was very proud of how I looked and behaved.

Transvestia

After the dance Mary's folks had a breakfast for their five children and their escorts. It was just great too. It was served in their fancy dining room at their beautiful home. It seemed that there were waiters and waitresses all over the place. The six males, in female attire, acted as if they had always worn the clothes they were in. The waiters and maids didn't pay any attention to the fact that we were men dressed as women. I thought that this odd but they just carried on as if this went on every day.

After the lovely breakfast Mary said that I could sleep in one of the guest rooms. I told her that I didn't bring anything to sleep in and she said that she would take care of that and brought me a nylon gown and robe. She helped me to take off all of the cosmetics and also helped me out of the gown. I thought what a wonderful relief it would be to get out of the girdle, however when it was off for 10 minutes I missed it.

The next morning I bathed again and put on my own clothes and went downstairs to again have breakfast. The rest of the family was up and they were all talking about the lovely night before. They asked me what I thought of being one of the belles of the ball and I said it was different but I didn't think that I wanted to do it again real soon. They giggled.

For the next few weeks I studied hard and finally in January I entered the University to finish the work on my Masters. Mary and I still went together when there was time available.

Once while visiting Mary, I noticed that the Ball gown that I had worn was in the hall closet when I hung up my coat. I asked her about it and she said that they had sent it to the cleaners and it had just returned. She kidded me a little about being a belle for an evening and I blushed. She said that she thought that I sort of liked it. I confessed that it was fun and she said that she had all of my unmentionables packed in a box in her room and that I could have them if I liked. I passed this remark off and changed the subject.

Later on that evening her father asked me what I planned to do after I received my Masters degree and said that I hadn't made any

plans as yet but was looking for something in the manufacturing business. He said that his plant always had opening for top men and he thought that I had the capacity to fit into his organization. I asked him what type of things they manufactured and he stated that his plant was the largest lingerie plant in the country, doing over 200 million dollars worth of business each year. He said they made everything from slips to girdles, hose and panties-everything that a woman needs and he said that they made the finest articles in the industry. Mary said that everything that I wore under my Ball gown was made in her father's plant. This again made me blush. I said that I would consider his offer after I get my degree.

In the mean time Mary and I were making plans for marriage. She was a lovely girl and I really fell for her. I found that I would have to take a couple more classes than I had originally planned on and would have to go to summer school. I told Mary that I didn't want to get married until after I had my Masters and had a good job. This was fine with her.

One time, soon after we decided waiting for marriage I was at Mary's house and her father met me at the door of the house and he was completely dressed as a woman. He took me in another room and stated that since he made his living making clothes for women that he wore the articles that he made a good part of the time. He said his family knew of it all, that he had done it for years and that it helped him to find out what women liked and disliked. He said that he always wore a girdle hose, panties, bra and slip under his masculine attire. At other times he wore everything feminine. Mary's mother was there and said that he had been doing it for years and that she loved him for it. She said that is why their business was so good, because the president of the firm knows what will sell and what won't. Mary said that a good portion of the employees of the firm are also cross dressers and that if I went to work for the firm she would like me to be also. I told her that I would have to consider that.

She said she had observed me closely at the Ball and that she got the idea that I would love to dress as a woman more than just that one time. I said that I really did like the feel of those clothes



Wilma June 33-S-11 (FPE)



Linda 35-S-1 (FPE)



Fiona 37-C-2 (FPE)



Kay 22-K-1 (FPE)

and she jumped with joy. She grabbed me by the hand and we ran upstairs to her room where she had me bathe and shave and dressed me in an ALL-IN-ONE FOUNDATION, alone with hose, panties slip, heels, and the cutest shirtwaist dress that you have ever seen. After the wig and the makeup were applied we again went down stairs and found all of Mary's sisters were there by now. I blushed and they laughed but her father said that I looked just great and that he was glad to see me in something comfortable and pretty for a change. Everyone asked how I liked being a girl and I said that I loved dressing as one but that I was still all male sexually.

From that day on everytime I went to Mary's I was allowed to dress in anything I wanted. Mary fixed up the guest room for me so that I could have a place for my things and wouldn't have to disturb the rest fo the family. Mary also assigned one of the maids to keep my clothes in good shape. This was one of the same maids that had been with the family for years and she was used to seeing Mary's father in womens clothes so she was used to it and didn't give me a second glance while helping me dress.

I finally received my Masters from the University and agreed to go into the firm with Mary's father. About this time I too started wearing everything that I could feminine under my male clothing and Mary was thrilled. She would hug me and feel me to see that I had a foundation on.

We finally decided to be married in early October of 1946. It was a gorgeous wedding-one of the highlights of the season for San Francisco. Mary joked with me about who was going to be be the bride and I said that since my folks were to be there that she would have to be but that I would be with her in spirit in that I would have the most beautiful undies on under my suit. She laughed.

After the reception we were off to Hawaii for our honeymoon. I think that we each took ten suitcases and only one of mine contained anything masculine. The rest were filled with oodles of my feminine lovelys.

Transvestia

Hawaii was a dream. When we arrived at the hotel Mary presented me with several new gorgeous gowns. that were made in her father's plant to her specifications just for me. They were just beautiful! I am afraid that there were two people in that room that night that felt like brides. It was just wonderful. Actually for the entire month in Hawaii we were just like two brides as I dressed as a woman the entire time and Mary loved every minute of it. The trip home too I made as a lady and we were met at the airport by Mary's entire family; mother, father and sisters were all decked out in their best feminine finery. It was a joyous homecoming.

Let me pass over the next 10 years to the present 1956. I am now the president of the firm and how we have grown! Last year our sales were 500 million and still rising. We have brought out many new things such as a slip with built-in bra, spandex garmets and panty hose. We were the first in the business with them and our demand has been so great that we haven't been able to meet 50% of it. I have instituted a new department that spends all of its time developing new garmets and material. I thought of the panty hose but never cared for them although the GG's think they are great. To me a panty or hose must feel smooth and silky and when you combine the two you must use a stretch fabric that is neither so I am now working on a panty hose that is what I like-smooth and silky. It is going to be a great problem to get it all worked out as we will have to have so many sizes. I have determined that the most deviation that you can have is 1" in the length of the hose and the waist for the panty and about 1-1/2" for the hips of the panty so you can see we are going to have to have thousands of different combinations so that everyone will get just what they want to look right. Maybe this is a silly dream of a Transvestite - to make things more feminine, however, I think anyone, woman or Transvestite has a right to look feminine and and feel feminine and I have never felt feminine in the regular panty hose.

I am also working on a combination slip, bra, girdle and waist cincher. This will be a great engineering feat and if I ever solve it I could retire forever. I hope to have something along these lines out soon. Our new department is also working very closely with

Dupont on new fabrics for underwear for women. I am also thinking some of getting into the mens underwear line but the more I think about it the more I think that I am crazy. I think that any- rather than a poor substitute of mens wear made of feminine material. This may have to go by the board.

Mary's and my marriage is still like our honeymoon of 10 years ago. We are both 10 years older and we have been blessed with two gorgeous little girls. I have worn my wonderful silks ever since getting home from Hawaii 10 years ago. Don't get me wrong - it hasn't all been sugar and honey. There have been trying times. Some of the people at the plant resent my wearing dresses all of the time and have indicated that I am queer. Also, just last month after my picture appeared in FORTUNE magazine in feminine I received many letters indicating that I was some kind of nut and should be run out of town on a rail. Even in our town the mayor has stated that I, a man, has no right to dress as I did. I told him and the city just how I felt and that I could move my business anywhere anytime I wished if he wasn't satisfied with me or the payroll our plant contributed to the community. I received a public apology and believe it or not I think that the old goat may give a go at transvestism himself. He is asking an awful lot of questions about feminine attire that I wouldn't have asked until I really got the bug for this way of life. I also received many letters from people that feel as I do and dress as I do and think that I am doing a great job. Also, offers came from several midwestern cities offering to build a plant for us should we ever decide to move. We are thinking of a new plant somewhere in the central part of the states but where it will be I don't know.

As for the children they know that they have a father who wears womens clothes. For awhile they called me mommy-daddy but we thought better of this and they now call me daddy, which is wonderful. I have explained to them that I manufacture womens clothes and must wear them myself to see that all is going right. This seems to make sense to them and their little friends I overheard one of them telling my 8 year old the other day that she wished that her father was as pretty as my child's father.

Transvestia

My own family was told seven years ago that their only son was a transvestite and was married and living with his wonderful wife in womens clothes. This was rather rough on them for awhile but three years ago they did visit us and stayed with us for an entire month. They saw how I lived, acted, worked and entertained and left very much happier. In fact I have been receiving many gifts from them, all of them feminine and love everyone of them.

As for "Old Dad" I am now 35 years old. I am also still 6'2" but where I was 200 pounds when I was separated from the Air Corps I am down to 150, which is much better both feminine wise and health wise. People that don't know me don't get over the fact that there is a male body under all of those layers of silks and satins.

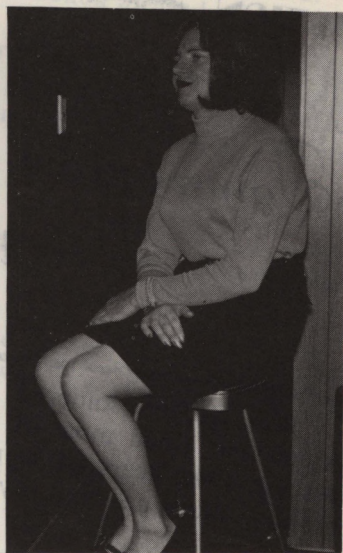
From the foregoing you can see that there is a very happy American male underneath. I am blessed with a wonderful wife that not only approves of her husband in womens clothes but has done everything in her power to encourage me and keep me going. Yes, she is responsible for it thru the Tournabout Ball of 11 years ago. I am accepted by family and friends and in the business world. I can just say one thing to all parties, male and female, if you ever ask your mate to dress as a girl be ready to accept the fact that there is a very good chance that you will have a girl friend for life and if you are male and decide to try on the feminine to see how it will feel - you will be stuck with it for life. I know as that is how it was with me. Believe me I wouldn't change a thing about it as I love it but if you don't want to get stuck on something leave it alone.

One further thought and that is the fact that in the early 60's I found TRANSVESTIA and that was given Mary and myself a great understanding of what I am. I just wish that it came out daily as I love it so much. I keep this on my desk at the office and have had several visitors that looked it over and some that actually took down information as to how to order it.

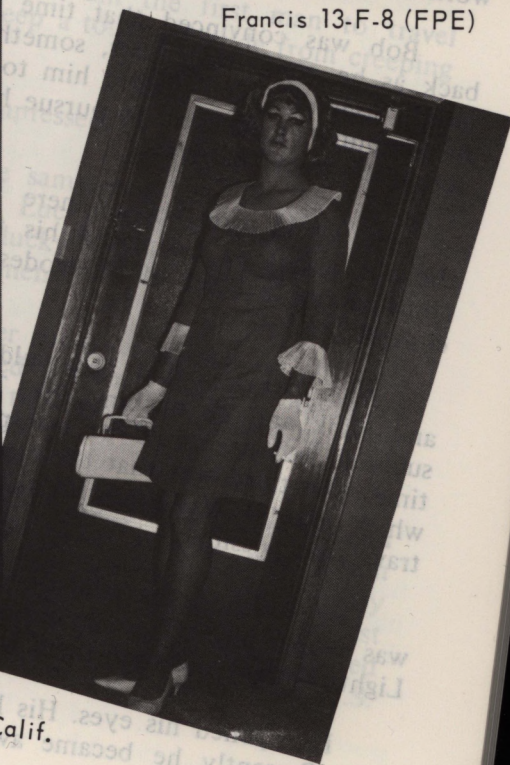
I hope that all you girls like the above short history of how it was with me. Should any of you come thru San Francisco please come by my plant. I am sure that you will know it as it is the largest lingerie plant in the U. S. and I would be willing to bet \$100.00 to 1¢ that each of you are now wearing some article that we make.



Marilyn 47-1-1 (FPE)
Annette 12-F-1 (FPE)



Francis 13-F-8 (FPE)



Charlene - Calif.



Tomorrow or the Next Day

Barbara Diane Richmin

Bob Griffen soldered the last connection in the electric system that filled most of the basement. His labor of love was finished. Five years of work and starvation had gone into the complex machine that rhythmically clicked and blinked as he worked.

Bob was convinced that time travel was possible. As far back as he could remember, something had been eating at his mind. Something had forced him to give up a promising career in computer engineering to pursue his belief that man could cut across the time "barrier".

He would soon know. There are three possibilities that he thought about as he placed his feet on the electrode plates, adjusted another set of electrodes at his temples, and set the controls.

The first was that he would fail. His machine might click and blink and do nothing else. The second was that he would succeed and he would be transported to some other point in time. The third was that the electric current would kill him, in which case it was doubtful that he would care whether time travel was possible.

He finished the adjustment and closed the switch. There was a high pitched scream either from the machine or from him. Lights flashed and then there was darkness.

He opened his eyes. His head ached and every muscle was sore. Presently he became aware of his surroundings. He was

lying on something soft. No, that was the wrong word. The sensation was more like floating. He looked around.

The room was devoid of furnishings or decoration. The walls were a soothing pink, not a paint texture, but more like sheets of quartz. A hole appeared in the far wall and a woman entered.

She was wearing a mid-thigh, one piece dress of some metallic blue material. A strip of the same fabric adorned her shoulder length, flaming red hair.

"Good, you are awake," her voice was soft and friendly. "I have some questions for you. First, who are you and how did you appear on my front lawn?"

Bob decided that it would be best to answer and ask his questions later.

"I am Bob Griffen, and I am the first man to travel through time," he couldn't keep a touch of pride from creeping into his voice.

She did not seem to be impressed.

"You are probably at the same time the luckiest and the unluckiest man of all history. Lucky because you landed, by chance, on my lawn, and unlucky because you have placed yourself in a world ruled by women."

Jill, he learned this was her name, explained for the next half hour how the women gained control. She never asked for any proof that he had traveled through time. His being there seemed to be proof enough.

Indications of the female trend toward domination had been evident even in his time. The First Atomic War, which lasted three minutes and was confined to small, densely populated areas, had been the turning point. After that last example of destructiveness, the men, who were outnumbered anyway, had been voted out of office and the first female U.S. President had been elected.

Transmedia

Her first act had been to place all men in special camps. They were used only for propagation of the species. They were left to work and live as they pleased in their camps, or were made vitural slaves of female masters.

An advanced technology was developed. All weapons were outlawed and space travel experiments were stopped. There was peace except for the men. Their lot was especially harsh and unjust.

“So you can see that, as a man, you are in great danger, but, as I said, you are lucky that you landed on my property. You see, I am also a man!

The men have formed groups to regain their independence as human beings. Certain of us were chosen to act as under cover agents to undermine the female society. I am offering you a chance to join our cause.”

Bob agreed to do what he could. He was really in no position to argue, since there was not a trace of his machine to transport him back to 1968.

Jill placed her hands on one of the walls. A section slid aside to reveal a closet. She (or he) made careful selections. Articles of clothing were given to Bob.

“You will have to wear these unless you want to end up in one of the camps.” she said.

Bob removed the sheet that he was wrapped in. He pulled on a pair of sheer, light blue panties. A lacy bra of the same color came next. The cups were filled with a special substance. A translucent slip was pulled over his head, and he struggled into a tight fitting girdle. He sat down and pulled white stockings on each leg. They were not transparent so that his hairy legs were hidden. Finally he put on a short dress with a high collar and full sleeves. It was the same texture and color as Jill's.

Jill produced a blonde wig and white earrings. She powdered his face, applied lipstick and eye makeup. Then she sat back and examined her work.

"I am surprised. You will easily pass for a woman." She touched another portion of the wall, and the entire wall became a mirror.

Bob was equally surprised. Standing before him was a statuesque blonde.

"Your name will be Judy. You must always remember that you and I are both women now. We will go to a place I know for your indoctrination. Do not speak to anyone on the way."

She took Bob's (now Judy's) hand. As she approached the wall, part of it slid aside and they were out in the open air. They stepped onto a moving sidewalk and were in the business section of town within minutes. There were many women on the slide-walk. The few men that he saw looked broken and dejected.

The clothes that he wore made him feel conspicuous, even though they gave him a curiously pleasant sensation.

"Jill" and "Judy" got off in front of a large department store. A window display contained two mannequins. One was a tall woman dressed in what were, to Bob, strangely futuristic feminine fashions. The other was a small male with chains on his wrists. He was clad in a brown coverall. The sign read: "Keep yourself and your servant up to date with FINIQUE FASHIONS".

They entered the store, and an elevator carried them to the basement. They walked between racks of dresses. Jill led him to a rack in the corner. She pushed aside the clothes to reveal an "old fashioned" door complete with knob and all. Jill knocked twice, paused, and knocked three more times.

The door was opened by a small man with beady red eyes. He was remarkably like a rodent. They entered a dusty room with three cots, an old printing press, and a radio set.

"We need identity cards for 'Judy Keel'. She's a technician for National Electronics Division."

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The small man examined Bob critically and squeaked, "They'll be ready in two hours." He turned his back on them and began setting type in the press.

"Sit down and relax until he's finished," she said settling herself on one of the cots. Bob was trying to sit as comfortably as possible when the radio started beeping.

Bob knew Morse code, but the letters made no sense. It dawned on him that they would naturally have a special code.

" 'Operation Golden Girl' has been moved up to tomorrow at noon," Jill translated. "This is our main bid for freedom. All the agents will make their presence known. While the society is recovering from the shock of this undermining, the men in the camps will break out. We call it 'Golden Girl' because the president's secretary will kidnap the president and hold her hostage to disorganize the government. She is a blonde, thus the term Golden Girl."

They waited in silence until the little man had finished. He handed Bob the identity papers neatly encased in plastic.

"If you are hungry, we can go to a restaurant near here where we can talk," Jill suggested.

Bob admitted that he was feeling the pangs of an empty stomach, so they left the little room. As they walked, Jill filled him in on more details of the plan.

"You can be of great help to us. It was my assignment to take over the tri-dimensional television network for our use. I have been trying to find someone who knew enough about electronics to help. The operation has been moved up to tomorrow, instead of two months from now, so I am asking you to help. You obviously know about electronics, the main broadcasting station is in this city, and your forged papers should get you inside."

He considered the problem. He was sympathetic to the cause, but he wasn't sure that he could manage the obviously advanced circuitry involved. Still, he did want to repay Jill for her help.

"I guess I could try," was his decision.

They got off the side-walk and entered a dimly lit cafe. The patrons were all women, dressed in what to Bob were strange attire. The metallic material seemed to be very popular. The mini-skirt was now the accepted length for most occasions.

Mentally, he compared his appearance to that of the other women in the cafe. He was pleased with the results. Besides, the soft fabrics were quite enjoyable.

The meal appeared from a rectangular box on the table. Automation had really taken over! Jill explained that the food was synthetic, but no less nutritional than "real" food. Bob admitted that it tasted real enough.

After the meal, Jill inserted a plastic card into a slot at the side of the box. There was a series of clicks as the machine debitted her account.

"At least you don't have to leave a tip," was Bob's thought as they left the cafe.

Back at Jill's house, Bob relaxed as an automatic bath washed, perfumed, and powdered him. He slipped into a lacy negligee that Jill provided. "Not everything has changed," was a comforting thought.

He awoke to a gentle chime the next morning. Jill helped him dress in a pink sun dress of a cotton like material. It has a square cut neckline and lace trim along the hem.

The beige hose caressed his legs. This added to the pending excitement giving him an exhilarated feeling.

Jill applied the finishing touches to his makeup, "I'll go with you to the studio, but from there on it is up to you. We must be in possession by noon exactly."

They left the house. Bob clutched a handbag that matched his outfit. In the bag were certain tools they decided he would need.

Transmedia

The studio building was adorned by a tall tower. Reflector plates were attached at odd angles for bouncing micro-wave signals. Inside, Jill showed him how to work the handleless door that protected the studio itself.

“After you have made the arrangements, return to this lobby. I’ll bring some of our agents here. At 11:55 we’ll take over. Good luck,” she whispered.

Bob walked through the inner door. It was difficult for him to quite realize how real the situation was. It seemed hard to believe all that had happened in the last few hours. Especially hard to believe that the girl he had just left was actually a man and that he was successfully passing as a girl.

The wonder of the complex machinery fascinated him. Only the thought of his duty kept him from gazing around for hours. The system was easy enough for him to figure out. It was similar to the television systems of his own time. A few modernizations and modifications were added for the three dimensional effect. Anyway what he had to do was simple enough. One didn’t have to know the intricacies of a car to operate one.

The real problem was finding the main power source and spending a few moments unobserved at it.

Whenever someone would pass him, he pulled out a notebook and scribbled a few lines in it. It seemed to work. They apparently thought that he was just one of the technicians.

Two hours passed while he frantically searched for the power source. It was 11:30. He decided that he would have to risk asking someone.

“Quick!” He pitched his voice as high as he dared. “There’s a dangerous power build up. Where’s the power room?”

Reacting to the danger that was at least real to her, the fat woman grunted, “This way,” and waddled off down the hall. She turned left, stumbled down two flights of stairs with Bob at her heels. She indicated a door on her right.

"Please let it be unguarded," Bob offered up the silent prayer. It was.

He rushed over to a bank of switches, flicked three off and on, and breathed a not entirely false sigh of relief.

"That's it. I've cut off the main supply and started the auxiliary source," he lied, hoping that she didn't know anything about the power room. "I have to make a few adjustments, but the danger is over."

"You're sure?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. No problem now."

"Then why did you turn off and on the lights in the rest rooms?" she asked as she reached for a button clearly marked alarm.

What could he do? He hit her. He had never been in a fight before, much less with a woman, but he was mad and scared and this gave him extra strength.

Actually his blow only sent her sprawling and hurt his hand, but she fell and hit her head on the floor.

He looked at the clock. 11:40. He would have to hurry.

He disconnected the auxiliary power and hooked a special circuit breaker into the main power line. He knew that this activity would show up on some control board, but he hoped that it would go unnoticed for a few minutes.

As he was about to leave, he noticed the bulky figure on the floor. It took several precious minutes, but he bound and gagged her. He realized that she could undo all of his work after he left. It was better not to take chances.

He placed a special lock from his handbag on the only door to the power room, and walked back to the lobby where he had left Jill.

Transvestia

She was waiting for him. There were several women in various parts of the lobby. Bob couldn't tell which, if any, were members of the band.

"All set?" Jill asked.

He replied, "I merely have to press the activator in my purse and all the power in the building will go off. Another press and the power returns with our people in control." He silently added, "I hope."

Six of the women in the lobby had discreetly taken predetermined positions. Two were by the entrance. One was by a ventilator. Three were by the interior door.

Jill nodded to the girl by the vent. She reached up to steady herself as she checked her nylon. Bob noticed that her steadying hand was in front of the grill. He saw her drop something in. It was so casually done that he wouldn't have noticed if he hadn't been watching for it.

Jill told him to press the activator. He did, and the building was plunged in darkness. No light even came through the special polarized glass door. There were a few screams.

"Put this mask on," Jill's voice was muffled. She thrust something into his hands. He did as he was told.

If all had gone as planned, a force field would now be blocking the entrance, and a non-lethal nerve gas would be spreading through the building.

By penlights, they made their way to the interior door. The three girls had opened it just before the lights went out. They were nowhere in sight.

Bob led Jill to the broadcasting studio. As they walked, she was listening to a small radio.

"All units check in green on operation Golden Girl," rasped a voice from the radio. "Scattered resistance. No reports of casualties."

"You can restart the power, Bob," Jill said. He did and the lights flickered on. There were women asleep in parts of the studio. "You can remove your mask. The gas should have dissipated by now."

Jill removed her mask and stepped before a camera.

"Ready on one," came a voice from the control room.

Jill pulled off her wig to reveal crew cut black hair. In a deep bass voice "she" began: "ATTENTION WOMEN OF THE WORLD..."

A week later the second bloodless revolution in history was over. Well, not completely bloodless. There were a few injuries. The heavy woman Bob had knocked out for one, but her injuries were superficial. Now there was a mass of paper work and details to be worked out.

A surprising number of women were eager to give up work and worry for a return to duties their ancestors had held. The ones who were resistant were given therapy.

Bob's part was over, anyway. As payment for his services, a team of electronics and physics experts were assigned to help him build another time transporter. He had decided that he would be of little further use in this future era.

The machine was completed in only a few weeks. He went to say good-bye to his friend "Jill", the newly elected head of the government.

He notices how popular beards and mustaches were becoming. "Jill", a whisker shadow evident, was clad in what resembled a business suit. Bob, on the other hand, had grown to enjoy the dresses he had been wearing and continued to wear.

"I will be leaving for my own time period soon. I just wanted to say good-bye. I have plans for when I get back there. If this future is inevitable, I am going to try to prepare for it. I will keep up this disguise and start the underground in my time. That should make your job easier."

Transvestia

“Jill” accompanied him to the time transporter.

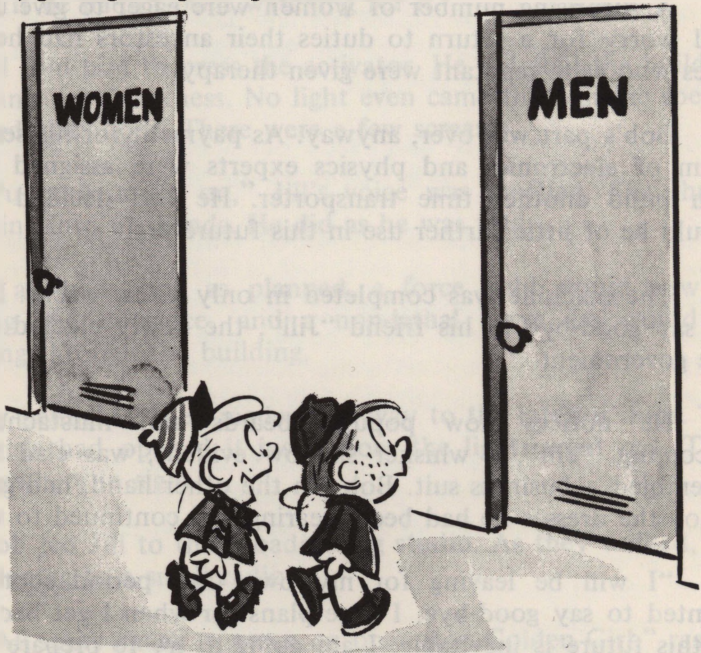
“The machine will probably burn itself out as mine did. Unless you build another, I guess I’ll never see you again,” said Bob.

“I doubt that it will be rebuilt for fear of upsetting the flow of history”, Jill said, “but thank you, for all your help.”

Bob stood on the square that would generate the time distortion.

“I never did know you by any name but ‘Jill’. What is your real name?”

“Jill” pressed the activating lever. As the machine hummed and the lights flashed “she” said softly, “Robert Griffen VI. Good-bye, great-great-great grandfather.”



“Remember the good old days when it didn’t make any difference which one we used?”

Dear Abby

Susan Wall

Being a girl at will has always been such a rewarding pastime to me — so aesthetically and even socially fulfilling — I never did believe there's a man really alive who didn't adore, at times, at least in fantasy if not visually, enjoying the strength-through-joy of gamboling through the fields of femaledom. On lazy mornings, breaking into wakefulness, a fun-thing is to imagine I write the "Dear Abby" column. For instances . . .

"DEAR ABBY, I found a half-empty bottle of Windsong in my husband's suit pocket. Should I be suspicious?"

"DEAR SUSPICIOUS: Buy him a full bottle of the provocative perfume and tell him coyly you love it on him. If he doesn't eagerly dash some on as a bedtime toiletry that night — you can start to suspect there's Another Woman."

"DEAR ABBY, a girlfriend who works in a fur shoppe says my husband purchased a lovely chinchilla 3/4 coat and a terribly chic fur hat to match. Frankly, I hate the jealousy pangs I'm suffering."

"DEAR MRS. PANGS: No need to be jealous; talk it over. I'm sure you can come to an agreement where it's your turn to wear it one night for every night he wears it."

DEAR ABBY, A number of times I've walked past my boyfriend's house, seen the shadow of a long-haired, terribly shapely girl on his closed blind — often in a flowing negligee and often dancing by herself. But never seen his shadow with her,

Transvestia

nor seen her come out with him — so I can't be sure enough to accuse him of having another girl up there. Confoozed."

"DEAR CONFOOZED: Tell him you've seen a girl in his room who looks so much like him she must be his sister — that she looks just like you adore imagining him if he were a girl — and couldn't you go in and meet the lovely girl some night, even if he weren't around? With luck you might end up with a double-date that night — boyfriend - and - girlfriend in one."

"DEAR ABBY, My brand-new bride is a delight to live with. We're so close she buys us "his 'n 'hers" sweaters, pjs, etc. But she does overload my closet with her dresses, my dresser with her cosmetics, my drawers with her hose and lingerie. Although I work at home and don't need business suits there's still barely any room for my things. Tense."

"DEAR TENSE: Why fight it? If her things are in your closet, they're yours to enjoy. Wear them. If she objects, tell her to keep her things out. If she doesn't mind, could be she's trying to tell you something and you can live a life of "her 'n 'hers" rather than "his 'n 'hers" And be less tense."

"DEAR ABBY, My little brother wants to wear my white organza formal to the spring Prom. Is that wrong? Conscientious."

"DEAR CONSCIENTIOUS: Not if he wears white gloves."

"DEAR ABBY, I've discovered that my steady date always wears an expensive slip and nylon hose under his suit in public. Is that bad? When should I start worrying? Doubtful."

"DEAR DOUBTFUL: It's bad, and time to start worrying when he begins wearing hose and slip over his suit — in public."

. . . with that image in mind I decide it's time to get up and put my mind to work on something else.

* * *
SON: "But mother, none of the other fellows are wearing high-heeled shoes."

MOTHER: "Shut up! We're nearly at the draft board!"

* * *

Honolulu TV

Cathy - Hawaii

Is there a place in your town or city where, seven nights a week you can go and see from 12 to 25 pretty young boys, beautifully made-up, bewigged, and dressed to kill? And all with the approval of the local police department? I doubt it. There just aren't many such places.

But in Honolulu, that Island capital city of the new State of Hawaii, there are two such places and after dark you will always find such young men disporting themselves with the customers, who may just be curious local residents or tourists who have gotten the word.

If you, as a TV, visit Honolulu, and want to go out to Yappy's or the Rice Bowl in your dress, you will be welcomed by the regulars after you identify yourself. But, and this is a big but, both places are regularly checked by the men in blue from the vice squad and they make it a little uncomfortable for you if you are not wearing a small sign pinned to your breast that says - I AM A BOY.

Yes, that is the price that must be paid in Honolulu for the privilege of appearing in public in their favorite clothing. Through their actions, just a few of them brought upon the entire colony of cross dressers this unhappy concession to the morals of the police department.

But before this is explained, it might be best to delve into polynesian culture and learn why the idea of cross-dressing is not as

hated here as it is in many of our other states.

Every history of the Polynesian peoples, who were scattered all over Ocenia, or the South Pacific area, relates that the line of demarcation between the sexes was a very thin one. It was not considered wrong if a boy chose to live as a girl, or vice versa. Actually, it was common for chiefs or sub-chiefs to adopt a boy from a family overburdened with children and raise that boy as a male concubine. The boy dressed as the women did (although the dress was scanty at best), learned to sing as a woman does, and performed the chores of girls in the household. To this very day you will hear male singers in Hawaii singing the old songs in falsetto. If you have ever heard that radio program, Hawaii Calls, that has men in their fifties singing Hawaiian songs with the voices of women.

With this sort of a background, culturally, it was not unusual that in modern times the same themes persisted. Boys choosing to let their hair grow, to take work as house "girls," eventually to dress and live as much as possible as women. Polynesian families still do not think there is anything wrong with this, although their neighbors may have plenty to say.

Through exposure to the Hawaiians locally, other ethnic groups borrowed their ways and today the large group of active and public boys wearing girls clothes are all of kinds of origins - Japanese, Portugese, Chinese, Filipino, Korean, and Caucasian, with a lot of mixtures thrown in.

It must be remembered that all of them are, as you and I are, Americans, and American citizens. My forebears were from Europe, theirs are from the Orient or the South Pacific.

Just how many such "boy-girls" there are in Hawaii today is almost impossible to determine. I do know that in the big city of Honolulu (425,000 pop.), there are about seventy-five to a hundred who go out in public. They are all quite young, from 18 to 25. The few older ones that I know, from 26 to 32, come out in dress only on the nights of Halloween or New Years Eve.

But let's look at the crowd who come out to play, dressed to the nines, every night.

Let's start with Gina. Gina is a 23-year-old who works as a waiter at a big hotel in Waikiki. She has a diploma from Hawaii's most prominent high school, and her family wanted to send her to college. But Gina was bitten by the clothing bug and chose to remain here, but took an apartment of her own as soon as she had gotten a job.

Gina shares an apartment with Lila, who is two years older, and also a waiter. Both make good money and can afford nice clothes (feminine, that is). Both have been active femme dressers since their teen, and neither would live any other way than they do.

In general, this is the pattern of most of the younger set. When the family finds out that they are dressing as girls and raises strong objections, the young men leave home, get jobs, and share apartments with friends of the same interests. A few live at home with the grudging approval or bare tolerance of the parents, others live at home but hide their feminine wardrobes at friends' apartments.

In all honesty, it must be admitted that most of these young cross dressers are homosexual, and this is the reason for the sign—"I Am A Boy"—referred to earlier. Many of these "girls" are so attractive in their drag that even women would be fooled as to their real sex. It is no wonder that young, single men, seeking female companionship, and would pick them up on the belief they were girls.

Now, every dedicated TV knows the thrill he would get if his dress, make-up, and manner were so perfect as to attract a man who honestly thought he was a woman. And those who don't know that thrill from experience must have dreamed of it often. It is part of a TV's life.

One young TV confessed to me recently: "It was only my second or third night out with the 'girls.' I was just 18 and, of course couldn't drink anything but a soft drink. We were sitting at a table in Yappy's bar when this nice-looking sailor came over and asked if he could buy me a drink. I thought he knew we were all

boys, so I went and sat at a small table with him. He was fun to talk to and he played all my favorite songs on the juke box, and I was getting a big kick out of his attentions to me. At midnight I had to go home and he walked with me.

“And then I realized that he really thought I was a girl because he tried to kiss me. I was scared and didn’t know what to do so I said, “I’m a boy, honest I am”. And he got so mad I thought he was going to hit me.

No one can know how many times similar incidents took place with other TVs, or how many allowed the kiss only to create an even stronger resentment among the disillusioned admirers.

Whether many or few, such experiences led the military authorities to cause the Honolulu City Council to pass a law against males dressing to deceive and, shortly after, to place the two gay bars off limits to servicemen.

This was several years ago and since then some of the bolder ones have ignored the ordinance and kept on allowing themselves to be picked up. Eventually a few were arrested by the vice squad and hauled before a judge. One city magistrate set the pattern which now holds true for all TVs who might be arrested on a complaint of dressing to deceive.

On a first offense, the boy got a warning, plus the advice to wear a sign – “I Am A Boy” – when he went out in public in drag. A second offense draws a term of up to 90 days in jail.

Most of the TVs, many of whom are not deceivers, wear the sign anyway, so as not to antagonize the men of the vice squad, who check the places regularly. They must feel that discretion is the better part of valor.

Legally, there is nothing to prevent a TV from being in public dressed, and there is no law that says a TV must wear a sign. However, the older ones, such as myself, who like to attend a movie in

wig and dress, don't dare risk a raid at Yappy's because of the publicity that would ensue.

But the regulars turn out every night at Yappy's and the Rice Bowl, wearing their signs and enjoying their few hours dressed in the finery of young ladies.

They also enjoy, the real pretty ones, the attention of local residents and of tourists who have heard about them, and who almost fight for the privilege of buying them drinks.

Oh, to be twenty again!

**** *

**** WONDERFUL WEEKEND ****

Back last March Annette (12-F-1 FPE) invited the girls of the great northwest to her home for the weekend. 10 TVs, 7 wives, 3 kids, several dogs and some straight friends of Annette and Gails made up the gang. A wonderful time was had by all because they were a wonderful pair of hostesses, and because the N.W. group have such a great bunch of wives. Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Calif (Virginia) were represented. Such intergroup gatherings are really great.



Brendalyn and Vicki trying to get into trouble.



FIONA, VICKY
MARCIA, MARILYN, GINA



A COUPLE OF HENS
CARVING A TOM



ANNETTE, FLORENCE
VIRGINIA, BRENDA LYN, DONNA



VIRGINIA NEARLY
GETTING CLEANED AT
CHESS BY ANNETTES
TWO LITTLE GENIUSES



Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Cynthia Lyn, Calif.

Dear Diary:

I've had such an absolutely marvelous evening! My head is in such a flutter of excitement that I can't even think straight. Maybe if I just start from the very beginning, I can keep my thoughts oriented.

I'm sorry, Diary, that it's been nearly two weeks since we could gossip, but Gary has just been too busy at work with overtime and man-type problems. For nearly a whole week now I've been trying to get free, but he keeps putting me off. It's just like a woman, I guess, to keep nagging, but that's just what I've been doing. Finally, this evening he was just too tired to resist; he just had to relax himself.

Gary was able to get home a little early today, and, as he says, "decided to unwind". After changing, he shaved and climbed into the tub for a nice hot soak.

After a leisurely time in the tub, I got out, dried, and dusted myself with "Twilight Enchantment". Sitting before the vanity, I pinned the wig firmly in place and began combing my hair out straight down over my bare shoulders. When I had finished with my make-up and hair, I went to the closet to dress.

From among the pretty things which Gary has bought me, I selected a summery yellow skirt and a white blouse with roll-up sleeves. Smoothing my nylons, I slipped into a comfortable pair of white patent flats. Putting a yellow sweater around my shoulders, I skipped out the door and slid behind the wheel of Gary's Mustang.

Starting the car, I drove towards the edge of town and into the fragrant dusk of the country. With the top down on Gary's car, and my hair whispering about my face in the evening breeze, I casually traveled through the rural area to the West. Above, the stars twinkled brightly and I was alone unto myself.

About that time, I first noticed what I presumed to be a satellite drifting through the heavens. Rising from the horizon, it passed through Ursa Minor enroute toward the zenith. It was a very bright bluish-green and must belong, I thought, to those Russians.

When the car stopped, I forgot all about 'those Russians'. Well, the car didn't actually stop. The motor stopped, the lights quit, the controls refused to operate; but the car itself — it didn't stop.

Well, Dear Diary, you can just imagine how I felt! Here I was alone, unescorted, on a quiet country road in a car I couldn't steer or stop and still making absolutely marvelous time down a road I could hardly see. I doubt if even Gary could have solved this dilemma, but a poor girl like myself was absolutely mystified.

All of a sudden the car swerved off the road, swung behind some bushes, and stopped. Now no proper lady will let herself be taken behind a clump of bushes on a lonely country road by just anybody — especially an old borrowed car. Therefore, I did what any sane young girl would do; I threw open the door and tried to run.

It was at this time that I noticed another slightly unusual occurrence. I couldn't move! I don't mean that my legs wouldn't support me, or that my arms were stiff or anything old-fashioned like that. You know very well that I'm no

fainthearted miss. I mean that I had all the motive capacity of a Greek marble goddess.

At this point a bright shaft of light fell on me from above, and I perceived that it was coming from that Russian satellite. Now, I'm no fanatic, anti-communist, or anything like that, but those Russians were going just a bit too far. A poor girl has a few car problems, and zingo the Russians are coming!

While I was contemplating my predicament, I found myself floating out of the seat and drifting about in the shaft of light. As I drifted through the lightshaft twenty, forty, sixty feet off the ground, the situation began to worry me. What is a girl to do one hundred feet off the ground if those Russians happen to have a power failure? It could happen you know. It happened to the car, and it's American made.

Presently I passed through an opening and came to rest on my feet in a very large brightly lit room. I still couldn't move, but otherwise I was no worse off from my little ascent.

Before me stood . . . sat . . . or (anyway, it was there) . . . a small raspberry pink furry ball with one great big baby blue eye. The resemblance to Al Capp's Bald Iggle was uncanny to say the least. I think that this is the point at which it dawned on me that maybe this thing wasn't a Russian cosmonaut. Powder Puff pointed something at me, and I went limp on the floor. I felt tingly all over as though I were just thawing out from the freezer.

As I regained my composure, a handsome young man walked towards me and offered me his hand. Helping me to my feet, he said, "Please don't be alarmed, Miss. These creatures won't hurt you, and they'll let you go in a short time." With that, he went rigid and disappeared down a shaft of light opening through the floor. I felt a little sorry to see him go.

"In the name of Science we ask your cooperation." The voice was mechanical, tinny, and had just a trace of New England disc jockey in it.

Turning, I noticed Powder Puff Number Two whistling into

a small appliance which had the lousy voice. It continued, "We mean you no harm. We have come from a great distance to study other life forms different from our own. We have spent the day observing your species' habits and customs. Tonight we have selected one from each of the two sexual variations found among your genus on this planet. The one who just departed represented Man in our studies. You, of course, are the Woman."

I hated to spoil Puff Ball's spiel by bringing up a few of my minor feminine deficiencies, but then lacking Tiresias' serpent, deficient I had to remain. However, did these creatures really know the difference?

"You are presently standing in our examination room." If that were the case, they could easily examine a blue whale, I thought to myself. The room certainly was big enough. "My assistant will direct you to a tack for your clothing."

Powder Puff Number One walked, slid, crawled, or at least it moved toward me. I just had to pick it up. It was so soft and cute and cuddly looking that I . . . "Ouch!" Oh well! Porcupines are cute to look at too, although Fuzz Ball was undoubtedly more closely related to the electric eel.

After I had stripped, I turned to face the two examining doctors. They were stunned, bewildered or maybe just surprised. At least I think those were the expressions in their eyes (one eye apiece, that is).

When the initial whistling was over, they began the examination. While they spent less than half an hour searching, poking, and squeezing me, my two Fuzzy Admirers were extremely thorough. They looked in places Rich Uncle's army doctors don't even know exist.

As they finished, Fuzzy Two returned to the appliance department and instructed me to dress. "Woman, we thank you for your splendid cooperation. Presently, you will be returned to your vehicle, and we must begin our long journey home. Your assistance has been greatly appreciated, as it will enable our

people to learn of your world and its kind. We thank you."

With that parting remark, Powder Puff Number One froze me again, and I began my descent through the lightshaft. I felt more secure this time feeling that somehow Powder Puff science had overcome such simple problems as power failures.

When I re-entered Gary's car the "Russian satellite" was gone. With some trepidation I tried the starter, but the Americans came through at last and the thing started.

So, Dear Diary, that has been my evening. I know that it sounds as though I were drunk, but I've been the perfect temperate lady, if failing to be the perfect lady physically. I keep thinking of all those little Powder Puffs in school trying to fathom the reproductive habits of those strange distant Earth people.

Editors note: Our typographer got real gung ho and was so anxious to get going on the following story that he forgot to leave space for the title, so it had to be put down here. Hope you enjoy it anyway.

FICTION



First Timer

Janet 5-L-16 (FPE)

“There’s a first time—for everything.”

“Goodmorning girls!” Jim Thaxton said as he briskly entered the office. It was all part of his routine. Each morning he would enter late, give the good morning signal, stride past the half-dozen secretaries in the pool and closet himself in his own private office. Jim’s office was second on the line and it didn’t take too much effort to get there; in fact, he actually navigated without even looking up at the secretaries he was talking to—or so it seemed.

This morning he looked up briefly, staring straight into the eyes of the young girl placing her coat on the rack near his office. She blushed faintly, turned away and demurely pretended not to notice him. Without pausing, Jim continued to his office and closed the door behind him.

This ordeal now over, the office seemed to relax. Mild bits of conversation broke out between the girls as they settled into the day’s work. The girl at the coat rack walked over to the front desk and began to explain her reason for being there:

“The agent sent me over...”

“What agency was that now, honey?” Jane broke in. It was too early in the morning to begin thinking; anyway it might be the advertising or travel agency. No such luck this morning though,

“Why, ah I have the card here, somewhere.” She fished in her pocketbook for a moment and came up with a white slip marked “Doris Johnson Agency introduces Anne Hughes.”

“Oh, yes,” said Jane, “I’m sorry but your agency should have told you, honey, we filled that job over a month ago.”

The girl looking very confused, turned scarlet. Nervously, she confessed, “The agency said to talk with Mr. Moore..that he would probably know of someplace here.” Feeling relieved Anne waited for her reply.

You can't talk with Mr. Moore, honey, he left for his vacation last Friday and won't be back for two weeks." Jane looked impatiently down to her work as if to begin typing.

Anne reddened again. The interview ended almost before it had begun. If she couldn't get a job here, then where? "Would you please tell Mr. Moore I called when he returns?"

"We'll keep your card on file," Jane said without looking up and continued to organize her typing.

Anne Hughes retrieved her coat and left.

The first job was never an easy one, she reasoned on the elevator down. She should know--how many first timers had come to her for work. Something about them all; they're all brand, shiny new but the easy assurance of experience is always missing. A trained interviewer could always tell one from the other; naturally they preferred experience. Only when she had been desperate, Anne remembered, had she ever employed a first timer.

If only she'd known how tough it was for the first time secretaries--if she'd known she had to pass the test herself. But how should she have known; things were different then. Quite different then. Quite different, she thought, as the elevator door opened at the bottom. Stepping out, Anne headed into the ground level coffee shop where at this hour a girl could get some coffee and think without being crowded by the lunch time jostle.

The counter boy handed her the menu with obvious pleasure. Lost in thought, though, Anne merely asked for coffee. Dropping in a sacharine it occurred to her that that might be the problem. Perhaps, she thought, her affect upon the "cup" in an office just wasn't appreciated by the other women. Yet she had tried to tone it down--she just couldn't seem to hide her natural beauty. Whether she liked it or not, she was noticed wherever she went; maybe that was the problem. Anne thought what a wicked pleasure it had been to see the looks of the women upstairs when she stopped their boss. Again she savored the delight of it--though vamping the boss had certainly cost her the job if there was one.

Transmedia

Gradually it occurred to Anne that someone was staring at her from very close. Too close. She turned quickly and looked straight at the Jim Thaxton from upstairs. "I'm Jim Thaxton he told her apologetically. But he kept staring as he continued, "I saw you upstairs."

He waited, so she replied simply, "Yes." By this time, Anne, too, was staring. There was something different here, but she didn't know just what.

After another hesitation, Jim pointedly lowered his eyes and went on. "Jane told me you were looking for a job; you didn't leave your name with her so I thought maybe I could catch you down here, ahh..."

"Miss Hughes...Anne Hughes?" she offered.

"Look, Anne, we have a...I have a job for a good secretary like you. I need a girl to work into the spot of being my personal secretary; when I become department head in a few years, that girl will be the working head with me.. Do you understand?"

"I think so." Anne didn't believe in fairy tales and she was trying to figure Jim Thaxton out. One thing for certain, there was something strange about it. "Mr. Thaxton..."

"Jim Thaxton."

"Jim Thaxton, then," she said, "you don't even know if I type."

"Well, do you type?"

"Not very well," she admitted.

"Well, you'll improve. Remember, I haven't offered you a job yet. What do you do well. In fact, tell me about yourself." This seemed to be said with a genuine sense of curiosity. It was as though he had been leading up to it for some time—possibly this was even the more important part of what he had come down for.

"Okay," Anne sighed. Disappointedly she began, "I was born in a town on the outskirts of San Francisco. I'm not quite 27. Since completing high school, I was married once and received a divorce about two months ago. Since then, I've been looking for a job up here," she summarized.

"You were born in Mill Valley," he asked?

"No...I moved there with my parents four years later...have you been there? How did you ever think of that?" Suddenly a different atmosphere had taken over. Where before Jim had been curious and Anne somewhat aloof, now Anne felt swept up in curiosity as well. She could not help herself when she again prodded Jim with, "What made you think of Mill Valley?"

"I don't know," said Jim honestly. "I've been to a lot of places in the past few years myself. But I spent my childhood in Mill Valley before going on to college; I moved here to Portland after college, though, and haven't thought much about California since. I'd swear I know you from there, though, Anne. But I can't place you. That's what fascinates me."

Sensing that an impasse had been reached, Anne suggested, "Can we go upstairs to your office? I dislike talking about my private life in a place so public as this."

"Alright. Only why don't you meet me tonight at my restaurant instead?" he countered.

"Your restaurant? Which one is that?" she asked in surprise.

"Well," laughed Jim, "it's not actually mine! I've got a private booth, though, at the Villa on Harbor Street. I hope you like Italian food."

"Sure," said Anne warmly. "I'll meet you there about sevenish if that's alright." She had expected an offer of transportation but



"He's one of our best agents!"

there was none and by this time they were on their way out, Jim Thaxton having paid for the coffee.

“Goodbye, Anne.”

“I’ll see you tonight,” she smiled back.

About four hours later--maybe a little more--Anne was still thinking about Jim. She wondered whether he really had a job open for her, or whether this was only his line that he gave to each prospective secretary.

It was too easy. She brushed at her hair, bringing the natural gloss onto the surface until she literally glistened. Anne kept thinking and turning the whole situation over in her mind. Why would this “dashing young businessman,” which Jim surely was, offer a private dinner-- but not offer to pick her up before hand. Why was he (or was he?) too afraid of his pool secretaries to invite her upstairs to his office?

On the other hand, she thought as she was doing her nails, perhaps he remembers something about me from Mill Valley those long years ago. Incredible, she thought, for she had been very careful not to tell anyone about her experiences in detail or her feelings at the time.

She thought more about these days, and as the afternoon went on she remembered her occasional indiscretions. Once a girl had challenged her to a fight while she was in a church--she had had to admit the truth to the girl because she hadn’t wanted to hurt her. But that little girl hadn’t believed Anne anyhow; instead, she’d laughed at Anne, taunting her for weeks after. That was until they’d fought and Anne had let her win to keep her quiet. It had and Anne couldn’t remember seeing the little girl again. It was very humiliating at the time.

But Anne had enjoyed it. She had imagined the little girl was a small boy at the time because her parents had told her that little girls didn’t hurt people. That was why Anne didn’t fight the little girl.

It hadn't worked, she remembered. There was a boy who went to church with her. He had recognized her from his second grade class. Anne shuddered at how he had made fun of her and finally fought her himself. That time she had won and the boy hadn't said any more--everyone at church knew he had been beaten by a girl.

By a mere girl; but there was one more. There was Jim Thaxton--and now Anne remembered him. Jim had been a very close friend of the boy she had fought. But afterward he had admired her very much. So she had taught him until her parents had decided she should no longer go to church.

She remembered how she had taught Jim that girls don't fight--unless they have to and can't help it. That instead girls are friendly and pretty, that they are gentle and don't even like dirty jokes. Anne smiled to herself as she remembered herself as a little girl--how things had changed!

Then, seized by impulse, she ran to her phone. Dialing frantically, she called Jim; by luck, he was still at the office. "I understand now, Jim! I remember meeting you, playing together, talking. And laughing. God, we were young then, weren't we?" Anne added as an afterthought.

"I know," he said simply. "When I was alone in my office this morning, I thought I remembered where we'd met before. That's why I wanted to see you in private."

"Then you remembered how it used to be?" she asked.

"Of course I do, Anne. It's more than a part of me now and I admire you for it too."

"You always did. I'll see you tonight, Jim. Goodbye now."

"Goodbye," he ended satisfiedly.

That evening Anne dressed in her nicest cocktail dress for Jim. She wore a lovely form-fitting gown enhanced by an exquisite set of tiny jewelry. Her hair, piled high, was interrupted in the back

by a modest fall reaching to her shoulders. A wisp of perfume completed her. As she approached him, the head waiter was visibly absorbed in memorizing Anne's every detail. "I'm looking for the Thaxton table," she inquired.

Pleased that he could help, the waiter ceremoniously ushered Anne down a carpeted corridor, opened the door for her and pronounced, "Miss Thaxton, your guest has arrived."

It was not Jim Thaxton that Anne now met; not quite. Rather Jim had suddenly been transformed. "Audrey!" Anne exclaimed. "Let me look at you! Why you're stunning; I wouldn't have believed you could be so lovely." Anne stood for a moment looking happily at Audrey who was beaming in return. Audrey was a tall blonde with a very sophisticated look about her every feature and movement. She was wearing a dark blue evening gown and her light skin and string of pearls seemed to shimmer against the gown.

"Audrey, I didn't think you had continued dressing after I left you," Anne said finally.

"Well, I didn't have any chance for several years," she replied. "It wasn't until I was thirteen, I guess. Anyway it was on my first date with a very masculine girl. She suggested we go out for a hike in a woods up near the mountains. As soon as we got off the main road she began to complain about hiking with a dress and how much easier it was for a man. Finally it became unbearable, so I bet her she wouldn't switch clothes with me. Surprisingly, she took me up on it. But you should have seen the look on her face all the while." Audrey seemed to settle into a quietly relaxed mood as she reminisced, but Anne was anxious to know every detail of what had happened to her friend in the years since they had last met.

Almost involuntarily Anne asked, "What did she do then?"

"Oh, she squirmed and fidgeted--but she finally came through, Anne. I helped her unzip her dress, we exchanged clothes--she zipped me up--and we continued the hike. For the first time in years, I felt free, as though I was finally the only way I had ever wanted to be. She was wonderful to be with, too. All day she

pretended to be a man and treated me like a girl, dominating me, holding me. Then she told me that I was too plain a girl for her to love and asked me to put on some of her makeup. I told her that I didn't know how, so she showed me; after I had finished, she started kissing me. Finally I let her seduce me—but of course I was finally the male. What a time we had; we laughed and chased each other around nearly all day. We probably looked awfully strange, though," Audrey laughed in reminiscence.

"When it was over, it was over. I mean, just like that. Oh, she was probably ashamed to date me again, I don't know. I didn't ask her—she didn't offer. But dressed like that again, Anne, I knew I'd never give it up. It was an incredible feeling; and it still is. I wish I could have remained like that."

"Why didn't you?" Anne asked.

"I don't know," Audrey answered slowly, "I only dare to dress occasionally since I became Mr. Moore's assistant in the office. I could get caught at it—it'd be a mess if it were made public—you must know that," Audrey rationalized.

"Of course, Audrey. In fact, that's why I left my job. I was a vice-president of Admiral Drug Co. in Los Angeles until a few months ago. One of those fast..."

"Wait a minuté, Anne," Audrey interrupted, "Why did you ask for Moore in the office? Did you know that he used to work for Admiral Drug?"

"Sure I did. Dick was a good friend of mine in Los Angeles. He was in a lower executive level and—like yourself—he was afraid he'd get caught dressing sometime and ruin his chances for advancing." At this revelation, Audrey seemed very surprised, but Anne didn't notice and went on. "We used to dress and go night clubbing together for awhile. Dick always said he wanted to get a position that was independent enough that no one would care if his impersonation were found out—where he wouldn't lose everything. Finally he found this job in Portland."

"We had talked," Anne continued, "about my giving up my male role for long periods, living this way during the days as well as evenings and weekends for awhile. Dick wrote to me a few months ago to say he would give me a job as a secretary in his company if I couldn't find one anywhere else. So I finally decided to try it. You know, Audrey, how I've always wanted to try being a woman on a fulltime basis. So I quit my job, bought a new wardrobe, and came up here to Portland."

"To be a secretary?" Audrey asked.

"That's right, as a secretary. And you know, it's quite an experience for a girl to get her first job."

"I wonder what Dick Moore will say when he finds I've hired you," said Audrey, testing the situation.

"Don't worry, Audrey, Dick will merely be jealous--jealous of me. I'll have to introduce you to Dick's sister!"

"Would you like to start as my personal secretary on Monday, Anne? For a first timer, I'll bet you know a lot about business--anyway, a pretty secretary is an asset to any executive."

"Tell Jim I'll be there!" said Anne with a broad grin.

Soon the waiter entered to take their order. He gave both Anne and Audrey pretty little corsages; compliments of the house--he said--a tradition for the loveliest women in the restaurant each night.

As indicated in TVia #55 there is a very considerable investment tied up in printed stock here at Chevalier. One of the items in excess supply is the novel CARNIVAL. This occurred because when it was printed somebody copied it and flooded the market, thus we have too many in stock. For this reason till Oct. 31 the price will be dropped to \$3.00, so save a couple of dollars and send it your order now. Its a good story.



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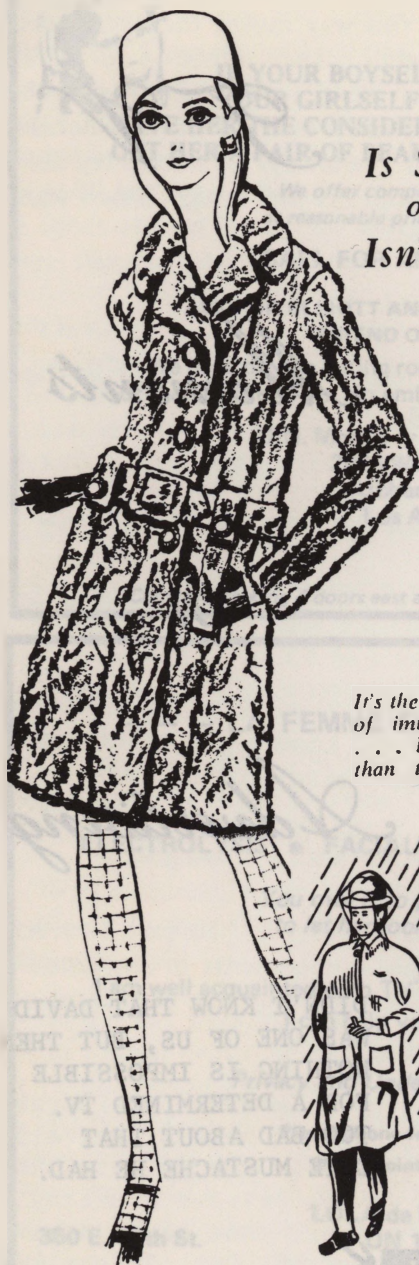
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Moments

in

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SECTION 1

CASTING AN EYE ON THE MIXED-UP LEADING THE NATION

PAGE 1

AMERICA'S GOING DRAG!

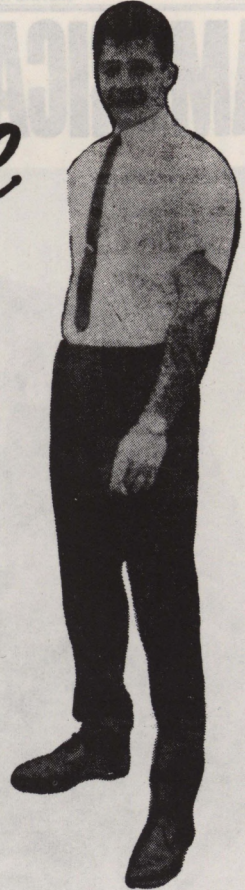


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MEN'S SANDALS

THE OPEN LOOK FOR CASUAL
COMFORT

How It Was

Carol

I am a Transvestite. Age 57, 5'5" tall, weight 160 (Lose some weight 145?).

My earliest memory of any transvestic urge came when quite young.

My memory of my mother and a neighbor lady lacing each other up in corsets that were in style of that day fascinated me to the extent of wanting to wear a corset. My aunt and grandmother took me to raise at the age of six and allowed me to put on a corset anytime I so desired. The only thing that might show their concern was that I would go to bed with my corsets on. Only to wake and find that someone had removed them as I slept. No warning that this would harm me in any way was ever given.

Sometime prior to my 15th birthday I found a pair of corsets in a neighbor's cellar while looking for magazines. These corsets fitted better than any others up to that time and I wore them most of the time, except to school.

I went to work at the age of 15 on a farm and bought my first corset, which I distinctly remember was size 22. This was accomplished by taking a note supposed to be from my aunt to a store. My corsets were worn every day and as I was growing it was soon noticed that my waist was remaining quite small. The farm work seemed not to be handicapped by wearing a corset and no one seemed to notice.

Of course exposure was to come later. My first scare came sometime prior to going to work. There was an old maid school teacher whom I often visited. I wrote her a note requesting her to let me put on her corset. She got very mad and said she was going to tell everyone about it. The next time it happened I was fishing and while adjusting my corset a man saw me but only asked why I wore them.

While working on this farm a school teacher vacationing with her brother (my employer) found my corsets and at noon asked me how they fit right in front of everyone else. Next I was lampooned at a school Pie Social.

Soon after I left and went to the City. Were it possible to relive this time I would go on as I had. It is my belief that all that would have happened would have been that I would have been classisfied as an eccentric and nothing more.

After leaving the farm, I wore corsets as before but was very discreet about the matter. There was no desire to wear other items of feminine clothing until I saw a female impersonator on the stage (Karl Norman). Now I began to experiment with stockings and lingerie. These gave me a feeling of contentment and pleasure and I began to pad my bust and try dresses and skirts. The trouble here was size; 18½ is a bit too tight while size 20 is too large. I settled on skirts, shirts and sweaters.

As can be seen I have learned women's sizes. I wear an 8½C shoe, size 11 nylons (tall). I would like to have a dressmaker to fit me but I am afraid of exposure and worse, a dressmaker might call the police.

I have worn women's slacks openly a few times and no one seemed to notice. I usually wear my corset, hose and lingerie under my street clothes.

My great desire now which I feel is growing stronger all the while is to dress openly. I cannot afford a wig and my facial features are quite masculine. When I try make-up it looks grotesque to me although I do believe a professional beauty operator could improve me considerably.

A girl I once met wanted me to go to a masquerade and even

Transvestia

tried a wig on me. She was quite enthused over my appearance but I would not do as she desired.

Another once asked me why I had never married. After much coaxing I told her of my being a transvestite and she informed me that were she my wife she would not object to my dressing as a woman. In fact she gave me a girl's name and we often discussed likes and dislikes in feminine attire. This was all by correspondence and other than her photograph, I never saw her or met her. We wrote after her marriage for a while and she would send me clippings of persons who were caught in female attire, always saying she was afraid someday of reading where I had been arrested.

Sincerely,
Carol

Exec. Sec. Visits Alpha

Last May the Alpha or founding chapter of F.P.E. had the pleasure of a visit from our hard working Executive Secretary and her very wonderful helpmate Fran and Shirley have been needing a vacation for a long time and they needed a visit to California too. So when a business conference brought them as close to California as Phoenix, Arizona, it wasn't too hard to persuade them to come the rest of the way.

We had a reception for them with a large turn out of of the Alpha girls and some wives. And our number was augmented by the presence of Jan, Janet, Joan and Phyllis of the Epsilon chapter in the S.F. bay area and of Georgia who came up from San Diego. A great visit was had by all and the highlight of the festivities was Fran cutting the cake decorated in her honor by a GG friend of one of our Alpha wives. It was a masterpiece since it had reproduced in color on its top the symbolic drawing that decorates the front of every issue of TVia. It was a beautiful job and it was a shame to have to cut into it. But everyone had a good time as indicated by the pictures shown. Come again Fran and Shirley, you are always welcome.



MADAME SECRETARY
SLICES INTO IT

FRAN AND HER CAKE-
-WITH A FRIEND





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SUSAN, VIRGINIA, DEBBIE, INEZ, JEANETTE
DONNA, PHYLLIS, SHEILA, MARILYN

OBSERVATIONS

by Virginia

OKAY SO I
CAN'T QUIT !

In my editorial in # 55—"Telling It Like It Is," I mentioned that I had seriously considered rounding out my 10th year of TVia and then discontinuing it. While by no means everyone responded to this, maybe most of you don't care, I don't know, but a lot of you did, and I am most appreciative of the votes of confidence and the words of thanks and encouragement that I received from a number of you. I haven't time to reply to each of you so you'll have to take this as a collective thanks.

So I guess I have created something that must go on. Certainly there are plenty of presently unknown TVs to be found and helped. All I wish is that more of you would pick up a little bit of this load even to the extent of buying and mailing out the "Introduction to TVism" or of donating the Wives book to your local library. I've made it easy enough for you to do so. I see that Chevalier must remain in action to continue to provide a center and a source of help, understanding and friendship but I also see that in addition to the conspicuous few who develop projects, arrange programs for me, place ads, act as councillors and the like, there are a great many free loading Indians on this reservation. I don't mean free loading financially, I mean those who are willing to accept but not to give, who exert no initiative, improvise no methods and do little to help those who are still unfound or are still where you were a few months or years ago.

O. K. I'll keep on doing my part, it will have to be streamlined as outlined in that editorial but I'll stick with it. But how about some more chiefs coming out of this tribe of Indians to help with the load?

VIRGINIA



Surprise in a Beauty Shop

Rita - Brazil

It was a sunny afternoon, when Richard arrived in the big city. This was not his first visit, but never before had his business left him so much time on his hands as on this occasion. He did not have to attend all the sessions of the conference and thus, strolling through the streets and the precious little parks, he began to really "discover" the city. He also noticed what fascinating dresses they showed in these over-sized sales-windows! It was only last year in the carnival season that he had met for the first time in his life a charming young lady that later turned out to be a young man. From that very moment on there was a secret, unruly question in his mind: could he himself ever go through such a transformation? Was there any chance at all for him to become such an attractively dressed lady too?-Maybe at least for a few days of the carnival?

He had begun to think over, what such an experience would mean in terms of preparations. Well, one would have to have a good looking dress he thought, and certainly some make-up and definitely a wig. But all these thoughts were so vague that no definite plan of action or project had formed in his head, when his eyes now scanned the beautiful lay-out of dainty feminine things in these down-town shops. It has always been business first for him but now, in this city, he had a bit more time to think things over...

In a very busy street close to the railroad station, his eyes caught the advertising of a small, newly opened beauty parlor. On one side of the showcase there was a whole collection of wigs Wigs in

all colors and shades. "We make wigs," the announcement said.

And it also stated that they would make wigs to order even on short notice. Richard turned the door-knob under a strange inner compulsion. With a courage normally unknown to him, he went in, to find out about these wigs. He had hardly entered when a smiling, good looking shopgirl asked,

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, I thought..I saw.." It seemed as if his tongue was twisted now, but then he blurted out: "I wondered about your advertising. How much are these wigs?"

"What color would you like to buy for your wife?"

That was the end, he thought. How can I get out of this? Wouldn't it be better to just retreat and forget about the whole affair? He felt he was blushing all over but actually was able to explain calmly that the wig was really for him, since he wanted to use it at a forthcoming masquerade ball. A matter-of-fact an understanding nod from the girl ended his embarrassment.

Certainly, that will be easy. Please come over to one of these booths and I'll demonstrate what we have." Richard certainly felt more than relieved, since some of the other ladies had begun to look at him and most surely wondering what he was doing there.

So I eagerly went into one of the booths and made himself comfortable in one of the chairs the girl had indicated. She went to get him a few samples. Coming back she first took his head measurements, since she assured him that this was absolutely necessary to make a really smooth fitting wig. Then, with professional efficiency she put a blond wig with long hair on his head, neatly arranging the hair so that it fell over his left shoulder.

"If you don't mind," the girl said, "I'll just put this little blue cape over your jacket, so that we don't mess up your suit.

What a difference that made! To him it seemed as if the first small step was being taken in the direction of a profound change-over. He was still sitting in the chair, and without make-up there was too much contrast between his face and hair. But then this

blue cape neatly covered his jacket and it really looked in the mirror, as if this was a lady was getting her hair set. He was startled and thrilled to notice this and didn't overlook the girl, who appraised him with a silent, but admiring look. With interest in her voice she asked, if he had ever changed into a girl before. After his negative reply she observed that he certainly was going to look very feminine when make-up and a dress were added.

"In fact I think you will be better looking than most of our ladies her" the girl said.

Then she made a rather unexpected offer to help him out with a few beauty-tips if he would like, perhaps the next time, when he came to pick up the finished wig. That was an offer he readily accepted. After settling on color and hair style for the wig he departed with the knowledge that the wig would be ready in three days and he could come for it then.

Those three days were days of mixed joy and despair. He was thrilled by the prospect of getting a wig of his own and knowing someone interested enough to help him. On the other hand he felt very unhappy about getting his feminine desires partly fulfilled, without seeing how he would look with a complete change. The third day came. He went to the beauty parlor again. New it was for him the most fascinating place in town. This time it was much easier to cross the threshold and ask for the sales-girl. His wig was ready and he willingly paid for it, but then she suggested something startling. By this time he had already decided that she must be the daughter of the shops owner; and this gave her suggestion some justification.

"I'm very sorry, but I don't have much time right now. But why don't you come back at 7 o'clock tonight? We close the shop then, my parents go home and they always leave me to clean up things for the next day. Who knows, at that time we could make a real lady of you?" This last sentence seemed a really promising one. Without hesitation he accepted, promising to be there at the suggested time, right to the minute.

"Wait a minute" she said "I just want to look you over and see what size clothing you probably could wear."

Night came. Richard arrived on time. Hurriedly the girl let him in and at once drew the shades. "Now we have all the time we

need, and we certainly are going to use it." She showed him where the employees dressing room was and told him to change into the things he would find inside. Willingly he entered the room. But what a surprise when he found there not just a simple dress as he had expected, but a whole, completely new feminine outfit with underwear, shoes, stockings and a beautiful, stunning summer dress. All this was really for him? But how to get into it? Never before had he made such a change. Thus it took him quite a time to put on the fine lingerie. And how difficult it was to get the nylon hose correctly rolled up and then fastened properly. With the bra and the dress it was already a bit easier and with growing pride he felt how the girl within him took over and began to gain experience. With a hesitant step he left the dressing room and entered the beauty parlor. Here Georgine had meanwhile cleared everything away and put in order.

"What a surprise" she burst out on seeing him. "I know you would make a good looking girl, but I didn't imagine you would be really this beautiful. Let's get started and let me take care of your face and hair, since there is definitely something lacking" she smiled.

Obediently he sat down and watched in the large mirror the wonderful process of putting on a most attractive makeup. And then the crowning step: the wig that was now his own. He hardly could believe his eyes. Was that pretty girl there in the mirror himself really? During these moments something had also changed within him. He began to feel like a girl now. Thus the next question from Georgine didn't come quite so unexpectedly.

"What would you like to be called now? Since a girl as wonderful looking as you are couldn't possibly be named Richard, how about Renata? Alright?" Renata could only nod her approval, still completely stunned by all that had happened in these last hours. Georgine asked her to wait in the front of the shop for a few minutes while she too would change into something different. Well, why not?

Renata began in a feminine manner to leaf through the magazine that she found there, sensing a newly discovered affinity,

with the graciously dressed ladies that were pictured in them. His cigarette? Oh yes, they were still in the men's clothes he had left in that room. Walking down the aisle he entered there again. But what a shock: his suit was not there and none of the other things! Someone had taken these things. Here he was, trapped and without a chance to change back, even if he wanted to do so. What could he do about this now? With some annoyance and even a little fear he awaited the return of Georgine.

But everything was forgotten, when a few minutes later a well dressed young man stepped out of the locked room which Georgine had gone into, put on his hat and leather gloves and with a little smile announced: "I guess we are ready to go out for a walk now."

Was it true that the nice girl that only an hour ago had attended his wishes was now this good looking young man that now gave him orders?

"Well Renata don't you want to give me the honor of taking you out for a walk? Or do you think that George is not to be trusted with nice girls?"

What to say? What to do? Thoughts appeared and passed in his mind. It was all submerged in a great and burning desire to act and live like Renata and to have someone take her out in the street to realize a dream, long nourished in her heart.

So they went out. A dinner in an expensive restaurant. A movie, a dance in a chic little bar. How marvellous the hours passed away. Renata hadn't known before how difficult it was to dance in high heels and to behave like a lady in a crowded bar. But then she caught on rapidly. And she noted with joy, how the observing, even possessive looks of George became softer and definitely more admiring as the night went on. It certainly was long past midnight, when a tired, but decidedly happy Renata received the seal of a burning kiss on her lips. And she marvelled how this had all begun with a big surprise in a little beauty parlor...

The persons advertising below are all competent electrologists who are well acquainted with TVs and their problems and who have worked on many of us. All have private facilities. Call the one closest to you for an appointment. . Mention TVia or Virginia.

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The Genia Ghost

Ana Bertha FM-M3

Yes, I was all alone that cold winter night. My brothers and my parents had gone to a party at the home of some relatives. I washed, removed the stubble of my brother's beard, deftly applied the necessary makeup, then dressed in a lovely aqua dress. Seated at my mirror, I put the finishing touches on my face. From the mirror a graceful and rather pretty girl smiled back at me.

The smile suddenly disappeared, though, when I heard a noise outside in the patio. Was it my parents returning, I thought? Even though I was afraid, I cried "Who is there?" No one answered me.

I relaxed somewhat, and again faced the mirror. I smiled — and the smile of that girl appeared again. She was not able to continue, however, for I had fled to hide in fear — I had seen a shadow cross the window beside me! And this time I was sure that my parents had come home. I crouched in the back of an old closet and dared not to go out.

Time passed and I remained in my hiding place. After a long time, I decided I couldn't stay there all night, and slowly stepped out, determined to find out who or what was there. I searched the whole house, but found no one. Thinking it might be one of my brothers, I called his name several times, demanding that he show himself and stop teasing me. No answer. Apparently no one was there. The house was solitary and completely dark.

I returned to the mirror to find that girl flirting with me again! Suddenly, I heard someone say clearly "Bah!" I turned, startled, to see who had spoken. There was no one there! What a puzzle. The bewilderment ended my fun so I changed and went to bed.

Several months later I had an accident at work and had to be hospitalized. On one of her visits to see me, my mother mentioned that my cousins and my aunt had seen ghosts in our house. I silently made up my mind to find out what was really going on when I returned home. Perhaps one of my brothers had some suspicion of my hobby. Despite this resolution, and even though I dressed variously during the day and at night when I returned home, I saw nothing. Yet the cousins complained that the mysterious ghost at times had taken their hands and had even stolen a few kisses. Surely I thought, this ghost is one of my brothers who is just playing tricks on the girls.

In spite of this "ghost", I played at my hobby often. Several times my mother almost caught me, but I was able to flee and quickly remove my clothes and makeup. My mother must have thought that I was the ghost. Even so, I never saw anything.

The girls continued to complain about the "ghost", so I made up my mind that I would find out once and for all the answer to the mystery. So, the next night my parents were out, I settled myself in the kitchen with a good book, with plans to wait until midnight if necessary to spot the ghost. I was sure that I would soon know the secret.

Don't ask me why or when I dozed off, but I awoke with a start when someone touched my arm and said, "Tom, come here!" It was pitch dark and even though I wanted desperately to light the lamp I was paralyzed. "Who are you?" I asked fearfully.

"I an a friend" was the answer, "who has lived in this house a long time."

I didn't know what to do or say so I just listened. The voice continued: "I have always admired the various pretty girls

who have lived in this house during its long history. In fact, I've not been interested in the boys, only the girls. I have noticed you closely, and I admire you. So, I want you to be a girl whenever you wish to be, as now with me."

I was flabbergasted! What a ghost! "Well", I replied, "that's fine with me, but just how do you propose that I be a girl?" No sooner had I uttered this honest question, than invisible hands began shaving me, applying makeup with an expertise I had only dreamed of, and finally, dressing me completely.

The wonderful feeling overcame me when I found myself completely transformed by those magic, invisible but highly skilled hands. Then I was led into the living room, which was illuminated by a romantic light I had never seen before. There in the mirror I saw a lavishly costumed girl. In her fashionable low-cut dress, she flirted and mocked me, imitating my every move. I even heard some kisses! Then the mysterious voice said, "Now, my dear, run to the patio. Play, dance, sing, laugh – do whatever your heart desires. This whole house is yours tonight." At that moment I noticed for the first time that the entire house was illuminated by that same romantic light.

Ahhh, what a delight. I floated cloudlike into the garden, a nimble feather. I was a butterfly, a goddess, a nymph, a sprite. The wind blew gently through the diaphanous skirt of my dress like a caress. I gambolled in rapture.

Suddenly the whole house was dark! That magic voice called "Your parents will return soon, come with me now." I wanted to flee to take off my disguise, and failed to notice that the hem of my skirt was caught on a hedge near the patio. But the magic, invisible hands freed me and helped me out of the clothes. I wondered when I would be able to experience such delight again. As if reading my mind, the voice answered, "Very soon. But you must return to the kitchen for your parents are on their way."

I awoke to see my parents and family around me in the kitchen. They wanted to know if I had seen or heard anything on the patio. Confused, I answered "no". In fact, it wasn't until the next morning that I remembered the events of that night. Was it a dream or not, I wondered.

I heard Mother ask my cousin, "Look, Margaret, this piece of cloth I found in the patio is from your dress. How did you tear it?"

"No, Aunt," she replied, "I wore that dress last night but it was not torn nor did I come through the patio."

"Well, let's go see your dress," my mother said. Later, I heard them talking to my sister, trying to determine what had happened. Margaret assured them she had not gone into the patio, nor had any of the other girls. Yet the piece of fabric was from her dress, which was mysteriously torn, and — they found that the cosmetics had all been used! Again they asked me what I had seen or heard. My cousin and my sister both agreed that I could have heard nothing since I sleep so soundly. But I noticed to my amazement that my face had been shaved! If I had dreamed, I thought, how did my face get so smooth?

My mother became very frightened, however, when closer examination of the patio showed hundreds of heel marks made by a high-heeled dancing shoe. She insisted that we must move away from this house, so in a few weeks we did.

How I wished to stay. If it was only a dream, it was delightful. If it was real, how nice it would have been to have had other nights like that one!

So, ever since then I have tried to find another house with such a nice "ghost"!

He ? She ? Check here if in doubt

I KNOW the simple ways of telling male from female, but in case all else fails I listed a few of the giveaway gestures helped by female impersonator Danny la Rue.

You are drinking a toast with another person.

HE clinks glasses, looking at the other person and keeps looking while he drinks.

SHE clinks glasses looking across, but drops her eyes and drinks looking down into her glass.

"Coyness," says Danny, "is strictly female.

You are asked to look at something behind the chair you are sitting on.

HE will turn his whole torso, pivoting from the hip.
SHE will turn her head only.

"Something to do with natural female reluctance to make a big movement in public," suggests Danny.

You have something stuck to your shoe.

HE looks down in front, cocking his foot to examine the sole.

SHE looks down over her shoulder.

"Raising a knee upwards and outwards is awkward in a skirt," Danny explains.

Of course, I wouldn't say the gestures established your sex conclusively—not if there's strong evidence in other directions.

Susanna Says



Hi everybody, I am enjoying to the “nnttth” degree my pierced ears. Being a 5’7 1/2” girl, I know that big earrings are just right...so, you should see my new collection of pierced-ears earrings! I just love it. Have met two delightful new TV’s from Colorado: Debbie and Maureen....and as usual...long talking sessions that last until the wee hours...both delightful girls. Debbie is a bit more experienced and bolder than Maureen, so she unhesitatingly DID the City of New York...went shopping, rode the subways...and had a marvelous time. Maureen has started at a slower pace but I think she is going to give us all quite a few surprises in the months to come...she’s got the potential (oops, sorry, Sheila) and I have a feeling she’ll make a very nice woman.

Maureen said something that stirred me into action...and for which I am thankful. It has to do with voice production. For the umpteenth time, like most TV’s, we were bemoaning the fact that our voices just don’t quite make it. The voice is usually the biggest obstacle for the girl-within has in facing the world. I have often thought about it—and as my friends know—I’ve done a little bit towards a softer, feminine sound...but it definitely is not enough.

The answer is: training. So, I said to myself: do something about it! And this is what has happened so far. The Manhattan Yellow Pages is an impressive book of 2136 pages. Under the heading of "SPEECH" you find two sub-headings: "Speech Disorders-Corrective training" and "Speech Improvement -- Voice and Diction." The combined total of places advertised under both headings comes to 43. So, I said to myself, I will enquire if they can help a man to learn to talk and sound like a woman...by choice I eliminated all the places that featured a man as the head or director of the clinic or institute...and concentrated on women. I finally found one--and as I write this column I am looking forward to my first consultation session with her. I explained my problem and asked point blank whether there was any way she could help me achieve my goal.

She said: "of course!"

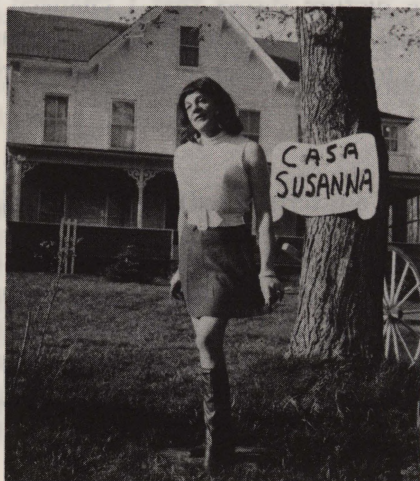
"Naturally I will keep you all posted as to developments. I hope the results will be more positive than my frustrating experiments with the hair-removing treatment!--If it works--I will certainly share with all of you in detail her methods, exercises, etc...Anyway, it's something to look forward to. I am enclosing with this column a polaroid shot which Maureen took of me at Casa Susanna. I hope none of you will be catty enough to remind me that a year ago I was condemning TV's who went for boots and mini-skirts. The picture shows that I changed my mind. But if anyone should make a catty remark..here's my answer in advance: "to change one's mind, my dear, is a woman's privilege." So there too!

Love to all

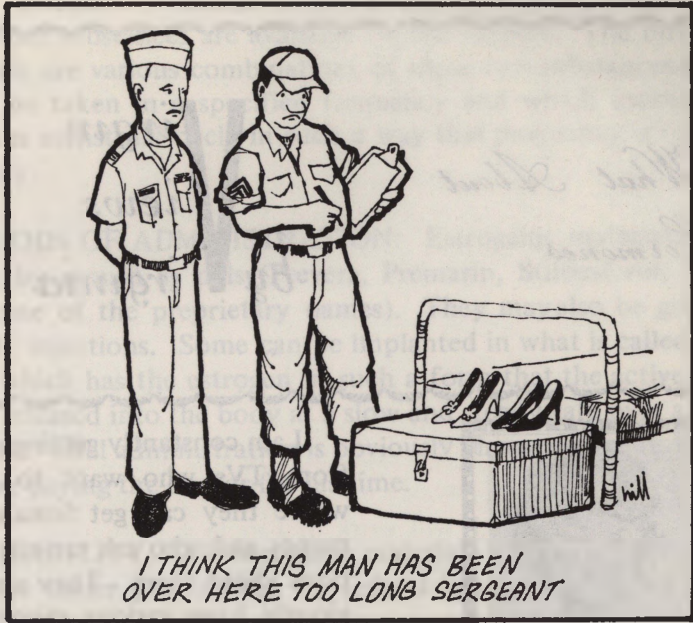
from Susanna.

P. S. Just before mailing this column to Virginia I had my "get-acquainted" meeting with my new voice teacher, who is also a dramatic coach who works with actors and student actors. I realized that someone like her who works with showbiz people would be much more likely to take an interest in forging a new personality....and it worked! Of course I fibbed a bit regarding the real

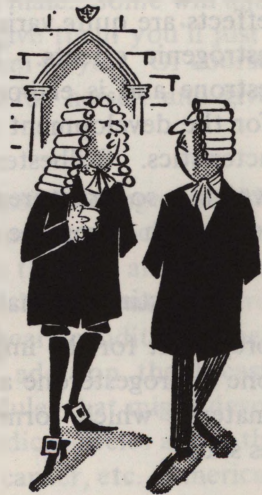
reason for my wanting to learn to sound 100% feminine...I told her I've done a great deal of female impersonation as a dancer--and took some of my pictures to prove it--then I proceeded to tell her that a great opportunity was looming in my horizon: an impersonator's part in a Spanish language series to be filmed and packaged for the Latin American TV market. I said that the producer of the show was quite pleased with my impersonation work but had told me that I MUST add a voice to go with the physical appearance... that this is absolutely necessary for total realism.--My teacher nodded agreement and said: "For you to speak like a woman - I will help you to create a woman's mind--good acting means living the part you are taking." -So ...we'll start with reading sessions in which I'll be Susanna, the actress. --What made my first session a real thrill (and mind you, it was my twin brother who was there) was to be introduced to the student that arrived for his lesson, just as I was leaving...my teacher said to him: "Ted, I want you to meet "MISS Valenti"--She talks like a man now but in a few weeks she'll get her true voice back."--- I could have kissed her then and there...And as you probably guess, it won't be long before I start taking those lessons dressed. What won't we actresses do for the sake of realism in art! --But seriously, I feel that whenever we do something we should strive to do the very best that we are capable of...there is always room for improvement...and it is not as difficult as you may think to DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



S.



**"Will you be home for lunch,
Robert...or is it Marsha?"**



**"I'm hearing a SHOCK-
ING case at the moment
—a man dressed up as
a woman."**

*What About
Hormones*

Virgin
Views
by Virginia



I am constantly getting results from TVs who want to know where they can get female hormones and who ask various questions about them. They also obviously have various misconceptions about them which moves me to write about the subject.

TYPES: Substances that have estrogenic (female hormone-like) effects are quite varied. An "estrogen" is any substance exhibiting estrogenic effects. The primary female hormone itself is called estrone and is elaborated by the female ovary. It is responsible for the development of female primary and secondary sexual characteristics. Stilbesterol is a substance not made in the body but which is so structured that the body is able to modify it into a material with estrogenic effects.

Progestins are materials exhibiting affects on the uterus which prepare it for the implantation of a fertilized ovum. The principle one is progesterone and it is made in the corpus luteum which is a material which forms in an empty egg follicle after a ripe egg es shed.

PREPARATIONS: Estrogenic materials may range from synthetic crystalline estrone or estradiol, through active extracts (usually from urine of stallions) to diethyl stilbestrol which is a syn-

thetic chemical. Various combinations of estrone, progesterone and other substances are available on the market. The birth control pills are various combinations of these two substances designed to be taken in a specified frequency and which interrupt the womans menstrual cycle in such a way that pregnancy is rendered unlikely.

METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION: Estrogenic materials can be taken by mouth as pills (Prevera, Premarin, Stilbesterol, Enovid are some of the proprietary names). They may also be given by weekly injections. Some can be implanted in what is called a "de-pot" which has the estrogen in such a form that the active material is released into the body at a slow and steady rate over a period of time. Oral administration is obviously cheaper since it does not involve paying the doctor for his time.

AVAILABILITY: All estrogenic materials including birth control pills are under prescription by federal law. You cannot just go into a drug store and buy them.

MEDICAL COOPERATION: The problem then is to find a doctor who will be willing to prescribe them to a male. Some will and some won't, there is no rule. If you must have them you'll just have to ask till you find one who will give them to you. Of course you can get a girl to get birth control pills for herself and give them to you.

DANGER: Estrogenic materials do have possibly dangerous side effects and this is why they should be taken under a doctors direction. For one thing they are metabolized in the liver and in some cases can cause liver enlargement. When males are put on estrogenic therapy (often done in prostatic and heart conditions) their liver function is checked periodically. In addition the breasts must be checked to catch any abnormal nodules that might develop. There has been and is controversy in medical circles about the possibility of "the pill" causing blood clots, cancer, etc. American

authorities have not found the danger of such effects to be a magnitude justifying the non-use of contraceptive drugs. But obviously there has been no prolonged study of the effect of estrogens on males.

EXPECTATIONS: A great many TVs have the idea that the administration of estrogens to a male will infallibly grow breasts, broaden hips, raise voice pitch, soften skin, increase scalp hair, help nails to grow, etc. They also feel that somehow taking hormones is going to magically make a "girl" out of them.

Breast growth is the one thing that is reasonably likely to occur out of this list of expectations. However even this cannot be assured. There are many flat chested girls who would like very much to have soft rounded breasts but hormones do not bring it about. Likewise whether they will work in a male is dependent as it is in flat chested females on their own physical constitutions and heredity. With appreciable and effective dosages one will tend to put on weight because females have a layer of fat under the skin that males ordinarily do not. This increase is most noticeable (and undesireably so) on ones stomach. Again depending on the individual, the dosage and its duration, the skin texture may change due to this same fat deposition but this is not something that will necessarily will be very obvious (except on the tummy). So skin texture and contour will likely remain pretty much as is. Fat deposits on the hips, which widen them, is again pretty individual and not predictable as an automatic result.

The larynx (voice box) and the bony structure have long since solidified into their permanent shape and will not be appreciably changed by hormone administration. Your voice will remain the same as far as hormones are concerned though you may yourself with practice, modify it to some degree. Your beard will NOT disappear on estrogen therapy. While it might become somewhat lighter in color or texture this is not necessarily detectable and it will certainly still require shaving, although if it grew slower (no satisfactory evidence however) it would not need shaving so often. The only effective control of beards is by electrolysis and even this is expensive, painful and long drawn out.

The presence or absence of scalp hair in older men is (except in cases in of scalp disease) controlled by their inheritance. Some men lose their hair early and some not at all. Some lose it in one pattern and some in another. It is doubtful that the administration of estrogens except in doses large enough to have other side effects would greatly alter this, especially if the hair has been gone for sometime. Estrogenic applications to the scalp itself might be something else again because the material would be concentrated locally rather than diluted into the whole blood volume.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: There is one primary problem for the male who takes estrogens. That of course is the fact that over a certain dosage (specific for him) he will become impotent, that is lose the power of erection. After a certain age he might lose it anyhow or prostatic surgery or other pathologic conditions might deprive him of this ability too. But most TVs who talk about hormones are middle aged and less are not likely to be "over the hill" for some time yet. Moreover the majority of TVs (70%) are married. To lose their sexual function may well be not only a loss to them but a deprivation of their wife from something she is entitled to, namely a satisfactory sexual life with her husband. While it is true that cessation of hormone therapy in most cases permits recovery of potency it may not if the dosage has been too high or too long continued. At the same time one is caught in a squeeze, to take enough to cause any appreciable breast developments likely to be enough to at least temporarily greatly reduce or possibly destroy potency. On the other hand a husband and father is really not in a position, except in exceptional cases, to develop a pair of breasts that amount to anything. So if he cannot allow himself to carry the process to its logical conclusion why attempt it at all?

A further contraindication is more subtle and my pass unnoticed. "Libido is a psychoanalytic term referring to sex drive or desire, but in a broader sense it refers to general desires such as the desire to live. In order to have a sexual relation one has to be "driven" to it or have a desire for it of sufficient intensity to make him take the necessary steps. Now in the total drive to live the sexual drive is only a part. However we know that estrogen cuts

down on the sexual "libido" of the male--as indicated by his loss of capacity i. e. impotence. What is not as clearly recognized, is that one can't just be a bull stud in our society, one has to be a MAN as well as a male. That means that he has to live in certain ways, comport himself in certain ways and do certain things such as making a living that society expects of him. It appears that when the sexual manifestations of the libidinous drive are decreased so are other parts of it. Thus a male on female hormones often begins to lose intensity in the drive to do the things, to act in the ways, to accomplish the goals that are expected of him as a man. He tends to become easy going, to have less personal motivation towards masculine goals and interests. This is to be predicted of course, since estrogen counteracts the effects of androgen (male hormones) which is responsible for his masculinity drives as well as his sexual abilities.

I have observed individuals both TV and homosexual who, after having been on hormones, develop an obsession for sex change surgery which they did not have before. Their drive to continue to be MEN as well as male was reduced to the point that becoming a "female" as well as a woman becomes an obsession from which they cannot be swayed. Several of these have to my knowledge gone on to surgery without entirely happy results. Obviously a GG although she has a drive to live does not have the aggressive, determined, drive toward self assertion and accomplishment that a male has. Thus when female hormone overrides male hormone the individual approaches the GGs attitudes and feelings and has lost much of what makes him a man.

It is because of this last effect that I have become opposed to TVs taking hormones under most circumstances. I have seen what it can do!

There will be those who will recall that I have taken them myself and that I now have an almost B-cup bust. They may well ask, "what's with Virginia, she has gotten what she wants and now she says we shouldn't have the same thing, that's not fair?" I'm not sure that that's the way it may look to others. But a few points in

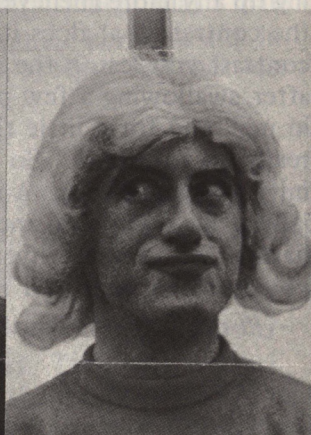
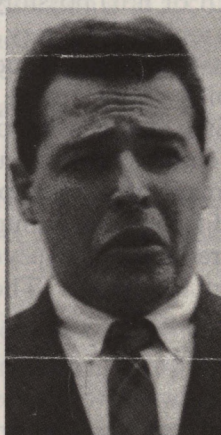
rebuttal--To begin with I am getting on in years and sex "ain't what it used to be" besides I've been married twice so it isn't as tho I didn't know what it was all about. Secondly, I am not married, have sold my business and retired so that I don't have to maintain these areas of masculine concentration and performance. Thirdly, I decided about a year ago to dispense with masculinity so the loss is of no consequence. But fourthly, I think I can say without seeming to be falsely modest that I am a self actuating individual (if I weren't TVia surely wouldn't be in its 10th year). Moreover I have done enough research and thinking on the whole TV-TS area to know what I want, need and am. Others are not so fortunate or unfortunate (according to how you want to look at it) in all these respects.

When one gets to an age and condition where he can, if he chooses, switch genders and live all the time as a woman the loss of sexual potency, the development of a bosom and a drop in masculine drive is in order. My argument is directed towards those of you who have families, who have to continue with a job not only to earn a living but to establish yourself as a functioning masculine member of society. I say to you that if you can't go all the way then don't start, as it will only make life more difficult for you and possibly your wife. As you lose ambition and drive it will become harder to carry out your expected masculine providing role. You won't care as much. You won't enjoy dressing up any more (believe it or not) possibly not even as much. It is the contrast that does it and as you grey out the black and white contrast you lesson the satisfaction. True you can say to yourself after swallowing a few pills, "now I have something feally female in me" and for a little time this is a bit of a thrill. But it doesn't really go anywhere. So enjoy your masculinity AND your femininity and the change. A mans life and responsibilities today, especially if he is husband and father, are enough as it is. Don't make it harder for yourself by reducing the psychological weapons that you need to help you in the battle. The results aren't worth it.

Virginia



Is it true...
blondes
have more
fun?



sure that that's the way it may look to others. But a few points in

Editorial Emanations

I. **DELAYS:** Please expect delays on Issues Nos 58, 59. I will not return to Los Angeles till the last of Sept. and will not be able to have these issues out on time. I'm sorry for this but I can't be in so many places at once. From Aug 20 to Sept 23rd I'll be doing what I can for the cause in Boston, New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, New Orleans, Houston Dallas and Denver. So please understand.

II. **CLIPSHEET AND TALES NO. 6** No. 30 Clipsheet is now available and No. 31 will follow shortly as if you have dropped behind get your order in. Clippings from all over the world, things that you would generally never see are thus made available to all. By the same token we solicit material that you find, particularly from our foreign readers, in order to keep the hopper full.

Finally, after long delay waiting for suitable stories TV TALES No. 6 is about due out. I have owed many readers the Tales for a long time and I apologize for the delay but complications exist and TVia always comes first. In order to catch up on the obligations I am going to print another long story just after I return in Sept. and as this will be more than 4 times as long as the tales it will be sent in lieu of 4 Talks to these. To others it will be \$5 like the other stories. It has bothered me greatly to have received money long ago and not been able to send out the material, but don't worry, it has been recorded on your card and the obligation will be fulfilled.

III. **MANUSCRIPT PAYMENTS:** Another matter that has been on my worry list for a long time is the payment for material printed. Such payment was promised and the obligation has been acknowledged several times. But for some time there was a shortage of money after the receivership of several years ago and after that it was simply a question of spending time on that or on other matters. Finally, however, and little by little Mary has been able to get these obligations worked off and payments have been made for material which appeared up to volumes 50 and 51 (and all before) and the rest will be brought up to date as soon as possible. Payment is being made in the form of credit slips which are as good as money in ordering new material.

IV. **PICTURE ALBUM ISSUE:** This will probably be the first issue after my return which means the one after this (which has been mailed during my absence) or No 58. Please, if you'd like to be represented by some recent good pictures of your femmeself **SEND THEM IN NOW** so they will be ready on my return. Not more than two of a person will be printed in this issue, and probably sideways on the page so that they can be bigger. So pick out two different ones (not two poses in the same dress, or 2 dresses with the same backgrounds, or 1 in street dress and one in a cocktail dress etc. Select a pair that show you off completely and best. And **TRY TO SMILE!** I can't understand why a fun thing like TVing so often leads to serious un-smiling faces. Laugh a little and live it up.

VI. **SEEK-A-SISTER SERVICE:** This service to FPE members was set up in TVis No 55 (which see). When you send a letter forward tell us who in your area you already know if any so that we won't forward the letter to somebody with whom you are already acquainted. Don't forget—stamped, unsealed, addressed to "Dear Friend" and \$1.

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, case histories, poems, pictures--all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

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