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Transvestia

FICTION

Acceptance Completed
Tale of Two Mothers

TRUE EXPERIENCE

Christina's Odyssey

ARTICLE

Life, Liberty and Business
of Happiness

IMPORTANT NOTICE

OBSERVATIONS

VIRGIN VIEWS

I'm Glad I Wasn't Born a Girl



Volume XVI No. 91

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA 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.

TRANSVESTIA 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.

TRANSVESTIA 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 SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses 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.

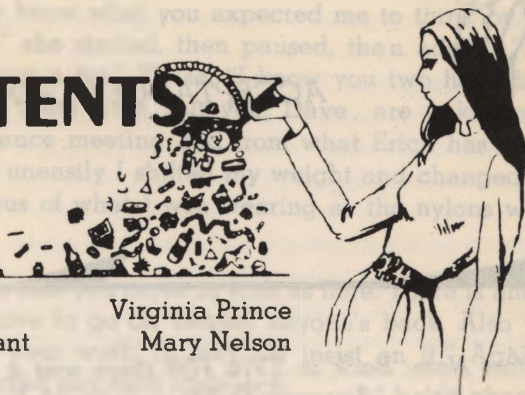
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"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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VOL. XVI

NO. 91

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

ACCEPTANCE COMPLETED

L.M.K.—MN

Editors Note: Back in TVia #88 there was a good story by Dee of Canada titled "Acceptance." It ended with Erica's mother cunningly planning how to break up the relationship between her daughter Erica and her TV friend Peggy. One of our other readers being intrigued with the story and its possibilities wrote this continuation of it. So if you want the continuity better in mind go back to #88 and read the original.

I suppose I should take up the story here since it all happened to me. To fill you in, if you don't remember, I was a model, however I modeled women's clothes. I was quite good at it and except for one accident, was never found out. That accident was when Erica Mallet by chance discovered my disguise. The net result of that was that we were together so much that we fell in love. I'll continue my story from the time when I met Erica's mother for a second time. I had met her at one of the modeling sessions where she had shown how anti-women's liberation she was by a long tirade—that was the session where Erica discovered the "true" me. Well, as Erica and I started to make more and more firm plans to get married, we decided that Mrs. Mallet should know the whole situation and so I came to visit, first as a man and while there I emerged as my feminine counterpart. Erica insisted on showing me her home. I remember our return to speak further with Mrs. Mallet as to our plans.

I could tell by her initial reaction on learning of my sex and occupation that she was not overly pleased that Erica had chosen me. But as we walked back in from the garden, giggly from the playful wind and what it had constantly done with my skirt, she seemed much more relaxed in her attitude, but there was also a light odor of

brandy in the air—brandy or some other liquor. I sat down next to Erica, smoothing my skirt first, a move not missed by Mrs. Mallet.

"Erica, I don't really know what you expected me to think by this little ruse you pulled," she started, then paused, then added, "But, well, I've thought it over a bit." Pause. "I know you two have been seeing each other for some time, but you, Dave, are unknown to me other than one chance meeting and from what Erica has said." She looked at me and uneasily I shifted my weight and changed my position—very conscious of what I was wearing as the nylons whispered with the move.

"So, what I suggest is that you move in with us here. There is ample room and you don't have to go off behind anyone's back. Also you could dress to match your work; in fact, I'd insist on it." Again I shifted; I had not expected any such approach.

"Well, Mrs. Mallet, that is a kind offer, but I'm not sure that Erica would go for just that arrangement." I looked at her. "But we could get married right away, if you'd like."

Before Erica could answer, Mrs. Mallet broke in, "No, Dave, I would prefer you put off getting married for awhile. I'd like to know you better before I give my consent. Now, I realize that consent is not all that important in the world as it is now-a-days, but I think that Erica would like to have it, if possible." At that she looked at Erica and smiled. "After all, you'd be together here and will be able to see if you really would like to get married. It's a big step and you want to be fully informed."

Little did we know what she was hatching in her mind or we would have walked out then, at least I think we would have, now I'm not all that sure. We glanced at each other. She looked sort of quizzical, like she didn't know if I'd buy what her mother was selling. She glanced at her mother then looked again at me, and said, "Well, Dave, what do you think? We do have enough room here. I want to get married but as long as I have you here, we could put off the ceremony. I'm sure, but mother is right, she doesn't know you and I would of course like to have her consent." Her mother smiled and looked in my direction.

I didn't know exactly what to say. So, I started sorting things out by asking questions, "You mean you want me to move in here and give up my apartment?"

"That's right, Dave, you can have your own bedroom which I'll furnish for you; you wouldn't need any other rooms."

"And you want me to dress as I am now while I'm here?"

"That's right too. I wouldn't want any of the neighbors to get any idea of what is actually happening. I do have a reputation I'd like to maintain, if you don't mind. It would be easier, and you'd probably be happier anyway, right?"

Here was a real offer. I had never expected such an offer. It would help an awful lot to be able to go to work and not have to change. I wondered about it and what further it could mean. Of course we could always elope and let this whole thing not happen. But to live here would be no rent and the food, would the food be free? Perhaps she would want some sort of rent?

"And what would you expect from me? Should I pay a rent or some other upkeep?"

"Don't be silly, Dave, I have all of the money I need and don't need any of your hard earned money. I imagine you'll need a bit of it to get a good wardrobe unless you plan to sell your old one first."

So . . . no rent. That would save money. I somehow felt there was a catch in there somewhere. Yet inspite of this feeling, I said, "And you, Erica?"

"What ever you want, Peggy, you know what I've said, it's quite an opportunity, and all . . ."

That "and all" meant the consent. Her mother's training had made consent that important and without a father . . . her mother's word was it. So I said, "All right, I suppose we don't really have to get it legal all that fast. You do make an attractive bargain, Mrs. Mallet. I'll get my things together. When would you want me to move in?"

"Why, as soon as you'd like. How long would it take to get your things, as you say, together?"

"I'll take about two days time, depending on the work load and all that sort of thing . . . say, about Wednesday?"

"Fine, Dave, fine. I'll have your room ready by then. Oh yes, when you're here and from hence forth, I never want to hear your name referred to as "Dave". A wrong slip could be disastrous all the way around. So, Erica, you will always refer to her as Peggy and think of her and not of him. Is that understood?" There was an edge on her voice with an overlay of authoritarianism that was meant to be obeyed.

"Yes, Mother, if you think that is necessary. Afterall, she knows who she really is, and that's what really counts." She looked at me and smiled. "Come, Peggy, let me at least show you my room. Mother will probably decide later which of the spare bedrooms will be yours."

At that we went out leaving her mother with a smile. While we were out, she apparently made a few phone calls to set a number of things in motion. But we went to Erica's room which was very nice indeed. There were several other bedrooms near hers. One was very feminine while the others were sort of neutral. I had my suspicions as to which I would get but did not mention it to Erica. Actually her mind was where mine should have been as we kissed and indulged in some mild petting. She seemed quite happy with the set up and although I had some suspicions, I did not have anything concrete and so held my tongue.

That evening at dinner all went well. Mrs. Mallet did comment on a few of my mannerisms but there were relatively minor. Long practice had brought most of my mannerisms well into line when I was dressed. I had even had an occasional problem after dressing for a whole day to drop those feminine mannerisms and to bring Dave back into action. I wondered if this could be a problem in such a situation as I had just committed myself to. But Erica was so full of energy and charming and happy that I soon put such thoughts out of my head and I just enjoyed the company.

On Monday I went to my apartment and collected all of my possessions together, separating out the "his" here and the "hers" there. It was odd. I didn't have many possessions but there were substantially more of the "hers" than the "his" when all was separated. Of course, there were a number that fell into the "anybody's" category but they were fewer yet. The "his" were mostly in clothes. I considered what to do with them. Finally, I put them all into one large trunk. The suitcases I had were to be used for lingerie, dresses, makeup and the

rest. I gave notice on the apartment and called a mover who had a small van for such small moving jobs. He said that he could do it on Tuesday. So, Monday was my last night in my apartment. I debated digging out my pair of pajamas and sleeping like a man but decided to celebrate my new status to be and instead used one of my softer nylon waltz length night gowns. Little did I know what my status was really to be.

On Tuesday I moved out of my apartment and formally moved in with the Mallets. My men's clothes went down to the basement of the house. I should have been more careful but was more intrigued by the bedroom. Anyway, Mrs. Mallet just sent the trunk down to the basement.

The bedroom was as I had guessed, the feminine one, only it had been added to. The bedcover had been made extra lacy and the sheets were made of a soft smooth satiny material over which my hand fairly glided. There were several new mirrors added and the vanity was redone with laces and bows to the ultimate of femininity. Only soft pastels were used in the color scheme to add yet another touch of softness. It was very pleasing and I felt so at ease in it . . . Erica said that she was almost jealous since her room was not as nice—even though it too was highly feminine. She said that her mother had supervised the change of the room. She laughingly added that her mother apparently wanted me to be a girl after all. She had had some doubts when her mother had first met me that she would go along with my profession and . . . taste. Now she apparently seemed to not only go along with my profession but even seemed to back it up to the hilt. Well, if Mrs. Mallet accepted me, well and good. Erica did too, so what could I do but move into what appeared to be a dream sort of situation. I did not know what was afoot, however. Then again, I don't know what I would have done if I had known . . . or if I would have done any differently. Of course, hind sight is always sharper than foresight.

That afternoon, however, by a fluke, I managed to get a cut on my thigh. It was not a bad cut but nonetheless some little bleeding and the hose were ruined. I hadn't realized it, but she had actually caused the accident with forethought and planning.

That evening after dinner we had some drinks. Nothing strong but Erica and I got so dreamy that we couldn't keep our eyes open. We

woke again near midnight, never suspecting a thing. We did manage to get to our rooms and to get to bed. I just brushed it off as the excitement of the day.

I thought nothing of it but it had been necessary in Mrs. Mallet's plan and she had given us a sedative to be sure that it happened just that way. While we were out she made her move, practically the only overt move as such she ever made towards me. For several days there after we were lightly chided for being "sleepyheads."

The "wound" I'd received had healed and I thought no more about it. However, some time later I noted that my chest was rather sensitive. At first I put it down to an irritation caused by the falsies that I was now constantly wearing. There didn't seem to be any specific irritation. The nipples seemed to protrude a bit but otherwise there was no obvious irritation. It wasn't too bothersome—even felt good in a way. As it was, I would rise in the morning and get dressed using the falsies in the bra and then a dress or skirt and blouse. At work Barbara had commented on the change of coming to work dressed. She was a bit worried; since I did nothing to interfere with my work, however, she didn't say more. In fact, the only comments she did make was that now I becoming even more natural. I seemed to have gained an undefinable something since I started dressing all the time. There was also something about moving about in the open when dressed that I did not fail to notice.

I purchased a new set of falsies but that didn't seem to help much. It wasn't that it was painful, it was just annoying. It wasn't too long, thereafter that I discovered that the nipples were almost constantly protruding and that there seemed to be a hard lump beneath them. These things were a puzzle. When I finally discussed them with Erica, she mentioned that it seemed that my breasts had decided to start to grow. I was developing breasts? But how? Something like this was not the kind of thing that you could discuss with just anybody. I figured that I must be injecting female hormones, but how? My food? If that were the case, then Erica would also have a reaction but she had none. I decided to discuss it with some of my TV friends. They knew that I had gone full time but nothing of the circumstances. Vicki had had some experience. She reached under my bra and felt the lumps which were now getting sizable. The nipples had also enlarged considerably. She said it was the same as when she had started hormone shots

and wondered if I had been given a series of shots or could have been without my knowing it. I couldn't see this as possible so I had no answer. When I mentioned this to Erica, she could not see how it was possible either. She suggested I see their family doctor. She felt he was reliable and could be trusted. Of all of the moves that I could have made, that was about the worst as it turned out, but I decided to visit him with Erica.

As we entered the office, all seemed in order. The doctor was a plumpish man in his late 40's or early 50's. He had an air of friendliness that waived much suspicion. Erica quickly explained who and what I was and why I had come.

"Well, well, my dear, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about." Saying this he looked over at me over the tops of steel rimmed glasses. "And you, Peggy, is it? And how do you feel?"

"I feel fine, Doctor, other than my chest, that is."

"Would you please take off your blouse and, uh, bra." As I complied, he looked at Erica, "Really, Erica, I find it hard to believe that this is a man. He or she seems so feminine." When my blouse and bra were off, he noted the swelling on my chest and the prominence of my nipples. After prodding a bit, he acknowledged, "Yes, there is definitely a pronounced breast growth. How long has this been going on?"

I gave him a quick history of the "condition". He wrote this all down very studiously, a sort of smile on his lips.

"Now, Peggy, I don't mean to alarm you, but there is a possibility of this gynecomasty, as it is called, being a symptom of some other ailment. So, I'll have you run some tests, O.K.? You can dress again."

"All right, you're the doctor," I replied. I put the bra with the falsies in it and the blouse back on. The swelling was such that I was going to have to get some newer and smaller falsies or start appearing quite, "prominent" up front.

The rest of the visit was taken up with a number of tests, blood tests and other things. He took quite a series. Then he thanked us for coming and said he would let us know and that it would take several days to evaluate all of the tests and that I shouldn't worry.



VICCI—IL-48-M



MAUREEN—CO-1-J



NANCY—VA-4-B
CHERI—15-B



CHERI—CO-15-B
NANCY—VA-4-B
KAREN—DC-1-M

After we left, we went window shopping. I now had a sufficient wardrobe, but loved to look at the new dresses. However, in one of the largest stores, as we were passing the jewelry department, Erica's eye caught sight of a display quite "accidentally" that advertised an ear piercing clinic at three that afternoon. It was then only half past one.

"Peggy, have you ever thought of getting your ears pierced?" she said in a very matter-of-fact way.

"What? Me? Well, I've never really given it too much thought. It's always been so permanent. It's like electrolysis for getting rid of hair; once you've done it, it's there to stay. And, besides, men don't get their ears pierced." We moved on but that was not the last of it.

We went to a bar for some relaxation and to rest our high heels. Erica always liked me to wear what seemed to me to be my highest heels . . . sort of put me in constant practice, she'd always say when I ever even thought of protesting . . . always weak protests, anyway. While I went to the ladies room, she ordered our drinks. When I was back and tasted it, it tasted strong but good and managed to do the work it was intended for, I guess. Before I had finished it, she brought back the topic of ear piercing.

"You know, it would be perfect for your image, Peggy, it would perfect it. Many of the models of today have pierced ears."

I reflected and true, most of Barb's models did have their ears pierced. I'd always worn the clip or screw type which usually managed to end up hurting my ears. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. I answered, however, "But, like I said, it's permanent. You wouldn't want a husband with pierced ears, would you? And besides, you don't even have your own ears pierced."

"If it was necessary for my husband, yes I would want him to have pierced ears. You really should. I'd always been a bit afraid to do it, Peggy, but I will if you will . . . let's . . ."

The drink, whatever it was, had relaxed me enough and with Erica's help and approval, almost pushing, the barrier was lowered just far enough to step over (or fall over?). I decided to do it but yet was ready to hedge, "Well, you go first, then maybe I will."

"No maybes about it. I'll go first but only if you promise me that you you will. Come on, Peggy, it will not hurt much. And then you'll be that much more authentic ... I'm sure mother would not mind that much. We don't even have to tell her if you don't want to."

No, I didn't want her mother to know just yet. I'm sure she'd notice eventually anyway. "All right, I'll promise to do it if you go first. But don't tell your mother. I think she prefers me as a man in the final analysis. But I don't want to take any chances. Let her find out for herself, O.K.?"

And so it was set. We finished our drinks and went back to the store where zit zip zip zip, figuratively speaking, Erica and I both get our ears pierced. True, there was some pain but not all that much. Little did I know of how the words I had spoken had been put in the back of Erica's mind. About what? The reference was to electrolysis ... She noted that and stored it away for later.

Several days later, the doctor called. He said that except for an unusual amount of hormones there appeared to be nothing else wrong. If the condition persisted or got worse, I was to see him again, otherwise come next month if it had not gotten worse. I thought that a month was a long time but he said not really. The condition would probably not go away suddenly as it had risen slowly. If there were any sudden changes, I was to call him immediately. Also if any lumps or other growths were to be noted, also to call him. The breasts would probably continue to grow, but I was not to worry (?). But he emphasized that it was not serious and so my mind was eased. But still, there had to be something wrong. Then again I had his green light so I adjusted to the discomfort. It was not like adjusting to a broken leg, that I became so used to it finally that I did not notice it! Thus more than a month had passed when I thought of seeing him again. By now my ears were well healed but my breasts were getting quite large. I'd given up falsies, in fact, and had gone to wearing a quilted padded bra. I also noticed that my hips were getting wider and my complexion had cleared up considerably.

My beard had never been a problem, not really. But it was a remark of Erica's that brought the visit back to memory when she mentioned my beard and how nice it would be if I could be rid of it. She said her mother had mentioned it several times and she'd finally decided to say something, having remembered the mention of electrolysis that I

had made. It all had to do with my hair and a beauty parlor appointment. The parlor also had an electrologist. Erica talked about it as if it were the solution to the world's problems.

"Peggy, isn't it about time you got rid of that wig? Really, your own hair is long enough to be styled. Mother suggested we go to her beauty parlor. She even set up some appointments for us."

I had been wearing the wig so long now that I hadn't thought much about it. But I took it off and looked. Yes, my hair was long now. I had to get it just so to get it all under the wig as it was. I wondered how it would be to use my own hair. Anyway, the wigs I'd used almost all covered my ears. My own hair might not. Mrs. Mallet hadn't seen my ears to be sure. With my own hair, she's probably notice. Yet it would be nice to be able to do away with those wigs. "All right, Erica. It will be good to get away from these wigs," I agreed. I fluffed my hair some but it didn't look too good. Sure it was no longer as masculine as the first time she had seen it, it couldn't be with my mascaraed eyes with the light blue shadow and the ebony eyebrows.

"Now, Peggy, they have an electrologist there too. Mother and I figured you'd like to get rid of your beard, so we made an appointment with her too. It would be nice to lose your beard even if it is slow to grow and very light. Someday you may be away too long and it could be noticed."

I smiled. I'd thought of beard removal but it had never been a problem. "You know, Erica, I'd thought of it but never done it. And, since it is set up . . . why not . . . I'll do it." Then I considered, "But, then I couldn't be a man very easily."

She smiled at me. "But, Peggy, with your pierced ears, and figure, it would be hard anyway. Besides every day you're becoming more and more feminine. Do you think you could go back to being a man?"

"Why not? All I have to do is take out the earrings and there is only a small hole that no one would notice anyway. And the clothes make the figure. Let's dig up my old clothes and I'll show you."

At that we went down to the basement and got the trunk. Only it looked different. When I got it to my room and opened it I knew why. The odor practically knocked me down. The clothes, so carefully laid

in there earlier, were totally mildewed and fell to shreds when I tried to pick them up. Now all I had were the skirts, dresses and blouses plus the soft nylon lingerie for clothing. In order to return to being a man in dress, at least, I'd have to go out and get some more clothing. Yet I couldn't quite understand how the clothes had gone bad so soon. Of course I knew nothing of some water that had been added to the clothing to "help" the decay. But at that time I know only that I now had but one wardrobe—a beautiful one that I loved—but only one . . . nonetheless. Thus without ceremony or further comment the trunk got set out for the garbagemen to collect. In my room Erica smiled and said, "It's too bad about the clothes, Peggy, but again, it would have only shown that the clothes would have shown your figure through anyway; you're quite feminine and I love you." What could I say?

What happened at the beauty parlor was also strange. I did not know it at the time but I was expected in more ways than one. When Mrs. Mallet made the appointments, she also made a number of specifications. Thus I went in to get a curl, to get my hair done in an acceptable hairdo that was less masculine than the straightish mop I had. But came out not with my darkish blond hair with a soft wave. No, I came out with a tight curl that was a brilliant light auburn that was almost red. Yes, the hairdressers had had their instructions and regardless of what I said, the plan of action down to the tone of the permanent hair color to the tightness of the curl. But that was not all.

I had also had an appointment with the electrologist. Now, I had never plucked a hair on my head. They worked over my side burns giving them a good shape when they removed the moustache and thinned what was left of my beard. I should have been suspicious when two of them worked on me at the same time. They had some sort of anesthetic to kill the pain. In fact, they had some thing that put me out when they did my moustache. They put it under my nose while still working on my side burns—on the pretext that they would work there next. But when they got to it, I didn't know. I do know that when I awoke, my face hurt and they were still working on my beard. I felt that I had just drifted off but didn't understand how I could have, considering the pain in the process. Nevertheless, they worked on me. When they were finally finished, they swabbed my face from my chin to my forehead. Then they put on full makeup to cover the redness. They even gave me some of the medicated makeup for the next several days. When Erica saw me, she was all oohs and ahs, gushing

with compliments. She was amazed that I would go so far. It wasn't until I looked in a mirror that I fully understood what she had meant by "so far."

"My god, what have they done?" I gasped.

"What do you mean, Peggy, what have they done? Didn't you ask for all of that? The color, the curl, the trim, the reshaping?"

"No, Erica. In fact when they did the electrolysis, I must have fallen asleep. I don't know how but I was totally unaware of their doing more than my beard."

And that was the truth. I did not know till later that along with the removal of 70 percent of my beard they had removed more than 80 percent of my eyebrows. That which they left was beautiful, I'll grant you that, but I do know that I did not request it. Nevertheless they had done it. And what they had done they did permanently. Permanent. The word hung in my mind. From now on I was to have thin eyebrows. Eyebrows that would be delicate, eyebrows that would be arched, eyebrows that would be thin. Yes, eyebrows that belonged typically and solely to a woman. And they were mine and permanently so.

"It's all right, Peggy, they gave you a beautiful color and curl that really becomes you and the eyebrows make your face just beautiful. I could even be jealous, if I did not love you so much." She hugged me and we melted into a passionate kiss. I would have done more but there was a danger that someone would come by and would never understand what was going on.

"Oh Erica, you are too, too good to me. Who else would accept me as I am?"

"But, Peggy, I love you. I want you to succeed. I hope you are happy how you look; I know I am. I'm so glad that you had it done. You just look good enough to eat! And tonight I may just do that!"

With a promise like that, what could I say? In the months since I had moved in we had gotten together, hopefully without her mother's knowing it. As Erica was on the pill, there was no danger of accidental pregnancy. But since her Mother always put off the talk of marriage, we were determined not to lose this time . . . and we didn't.

Nevertheless there seemed to be a waning interest in sex. The ability to get an erection seemed to be getting more difficult than before. I thought it was just in my mind—where it partially was—not in the body—where in actuality most of it lay as the body changed. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I called the doctor and he said he could see me that afternoon. And so I went to see him. As I entered, he greeted me most warmly.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Walker. My, but you do look lovely. Have you just been to an electrologist?"

"Why, the make-up is good, but it hardly covers the redness to the expert eye. But yes, now what did you want? You mentioned your breasts to be growing still."

"Uh, yes, doctor, there seems to be no abatement. They are quite sensitive. The nipples have become most sensitive and the growth is getting to be most pronounced."

"Well, let us take a look and see," and he asked me to disrobe—completely. I got down to panties and bra when I donned the gown. When I came out he asked me to take these off also. When I did he commented on the shape of my figure. He felt the breasts with some "hmm" and "uh huh" commentary. When he was done he had me get dressed again. Again I took the battery of tests. Actually they were more for show than anything else, but I did not know that then. We then sat opposite each other in his office.

"Well, Miss Walker, you seem to have a hormonal imbalance. There are no outward symptoms to show what is causing it. I think that it would be best to let it run its course. Again I suppose I could give you something to counter it if you wish. It would, however, cause a degree of hirsute, or hair, development. I believe in your profession that would not be advisable. However, I'd like you to check in regularly so we can chart your, uh, progress."

"Then there's nothing particularly wrong with me, doctor?"

"Nothing that I can find yet. We could run more extensive tests if you wish, but they would be expensive and probably would also tell us nothing more. It's up to you."



ROBERTA—WA



SHARON ANNE
FCBC-4-H



LISA—WA-11-R

"Well, thank you, doctor. I'll think it over. You feel they won't tell us more?"

"No, not really," he smiled over his glasses. "I don't believe you have anything to worry about. Actually it could work totally to your favor in your line of work." He rose and the session was over. I left not satisfied, but at least with less worry.

When I got home, Mrs. Mallet was almost gushy with her praise of my appearance. She commented on my pierced ears, wondering how long ago I had had them pierced, about my hair-do, and of course on my new and most feminine eyebrows. Erica just sat by beaming as this praise was heaped on me. When Mrs. Mallet pointed out repeatedly how feminine I was becoming, how utterly and totally feminine, Erica nodded in agreement with a degree of happiness that seemed almost to grate on Mrs. Mallet's nerves. And so a pattern started that was repeated day after day for weeks to come. Every chance she got, Mrs. Mallet would comment on how much of a woman I was becoming in actions, voice, and even in figure. For my breasts were now growing large enough that I began to dispense with the padded bra and using one of lace. After several months, however, I could not use the padded bra as it would make my breasts too prominent, especially for modelling. I had a pair of beautifully rounded "B" cup breasts that reacted to stimulation just as a female's. My hair was growing quite rapidly now and thickly. I returned to the beauty parlor for more waves and touching up of the color. Also, my beard became a thing of the past and my eyebrows were touched up where a few scraggly hairs grew back. They all insisted, of course, that I had requested these changes and I had no proof otherwise.

While this was going on, however, another area was fairing poorly. My sex life suffered with some degree of impotency. I nevertheless managed with Erica's help and understanding.

When I asked her about the wedding, she always put it off. After all, if we were living together, what was the need for a piece of paper? And in a way she was right.

At work I was ever in demand. Barb always found spots for me where I could be used to her great advantage as well as mine. She didn't make much comment about my ears. She giped me gently when I showed up with the arched and delicate eyebrows and new

hair. When a gown called for some cleavage and I came across a little too strongly, she managed to be there when I changed to go home. She noted the bra was lace and not padded and not with falsies. I can remember her quizzical look.

"Peggy, I've been meaning to ask you, how far do you intend to carry this deception? I can remember when you came with suit and tie. Now you have pierced ears, very feminine. You have eyebrows that weren't plucked and shaped but removed permanently as was your beard, very feminine. And now I see that the figure you sport is not just the fleshiness of a man but the breasts and hips of a woman. Are the hormones you've been taking under a doctor's direction?"

I had listened, saying nothing. Then I tried to give an answer. "Well, Barb, since I moved into the Mallets' house, these changes have come gradually but naturally. I feel at ease like this. I'm not on hormones! At least not knowingly. I see the Mallet's doctor regularly but he says I'm O.K." I continued dressing.

"Have you married Erica?"

"No, not yet," I touched up my make-up. "We keep putting it off and her mother doesn't say anything about it. She seems to want me to go further rather than criticizing me, although I don't know what further would be."

"Further? There's only one step further you could go to now, Peggy, or should I say ex-Dave. That would be to surgery to become a complete woman bodily. You sure have become one in every other respect."

That startled me and set me to thinking. Yes, Mrs. Mallet was pointing me in that direction. Erica wasn't really but she could go along with it. Maybe they together had a plan to make me a full-time woman—revenge or some other scheme. The family doctor could well have been brought into it and I fell directly into the pit. And here I was—in most ways—a woman physically and almost psychically. But how was I to find out? And was Erica really involved? How did I get the hormones? She was on the pill and certainly wouldn't take hormones yet the food and drinks were all enough in common that it couldn't be that way. I didn't know how but felt I should find out.

"I hadn't thought of it in just those terms, Barb. It is something to think about." I put the wires of the earrings through my ears, fluffed my hair a bit, grabbed my purse and looked at Barb as I stood up. "And I'll have to think this one out . . ." With that I up and left—destination, the doctor's office . . . after calling him first.

It must have been my tone of voice or what I said when I called for I came right in. I was set for a confrontation and he was not. "Well, doctor, what's going on?"

"Uh, what do you mean, Miss Walker?" He looked at me, pursed his lips and made a tent of his fingers, rather nervously.

"What I mean is that I have somehow been given some female hormones. You should have acted on it before now and these breasts would never have developed." I cupped my hands under my breasts, and hefted them for emphasis. "You have been stringing me on for months, why?"

"I don't know what you mean, Peggy," he attempted to get familiar. "I've examined you and found nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong?! A man develops breasts and hips, develops some degree of impotency and you don't see anything wrong? I should have been sent to a specialist long ago. But I suspect there's more to it than that. And I'm right, aren't I?"

The doctor stopped and thought. "Do you want to go to a specialist?"

This tack disarmed me but his manner suggested it was no more than a feint—an attempt to sidetrack me. "Maybe I should. Then I can discover the source of the hormones and see if there could be a case of malpractice." These words sort of shook him.

"I doubt that would be possible. The source leaves no traces after this length of time."

"What source?" I looked him in the eye and he looked away.

"Alright, Miss Walker." Here he put a slight emphasis on the "miss." "You are right. I'll admit it here but shall deny it if you ever ask me

again. There is a source. That source was implanted in your body shortly after you moved into the Mallets' residence. It is not eternal, however, and will be about used up in a couple of months. It is a fairly high potency female hormone. Even now finding the source would be difficult and eliminating it more so." He became quite serious. The smile left his face and his gaze fairly bored into me. "So you see, there would be no real use in going to a specialist. With time your body will revert unless you take steps to maintain it so. You may want to do so since I see you've gone further in your feminization by the pierced ears, eyebrows and hair changes . . ."

"Now wait a minute, doctor, those were not all my idea."

"Uh huh. I suspected as much but you did do it. And tell me, did Mrs. Mallet have anything to do with it? I suspect so."

"Mrs. Mallet? Erica's mother? What does she have to do about it?" Even as I asked, some blocks of a puzzle in my head were beginning to fall together to form a picture—not a pretty one, but a picture, nonetheless."

"How do you think you came by the hormones? You see, Peggy, she didn't want you to marry Erica but could not come right out and say it since she figured you two would elope."

"And we would have," I interjected.

"Well, she hit on a plan when she saw you two in the garden. She must have been drinking, a sure sign that she was upset since she almost never does. Well, she called me and arranged for a hormone implant. Do you remember that cut you received? That was a cover-up. She also got an anesthetic, a knock-out drug, if you want to call it that. When you were both out, the implant was placed where the cut was and thus healed without another trace. But the inner results have resulted in these changes you've gone through. That is what happened and why."

"And Erica? What did she have to say?"

"You see, Peggy, when you were made full-time, Mrs. Mallet figured Erica would lose interest, especially when the hormones began to work. Mrs. Mallet set you up to be a woman and has apparently done quite a job. However, her plans seem to have backfired."

I began to fear that Erica would indeed lose interest and began to be worried. But his last comment puzzled me so I asked, "What do you mean backfired? Am I not in almost all physical characteristics as well as psychically a female?"

"Oh yes, you are quite female. But you see, Peggy, it so happens that Erica loves you." He leaned forward in his chair and began playing with a pencil on his desk. Then after a short pause he looked up. "You see, she loves you. She must have some sort of streak in her that loves your womanish self even more than the part as a man."

"What makes you say that?" I thought of our love sessions and saw that she loved me well, no matter how potent.

"She has also been to see me. I did not tell her of the source of your impotency but she did ask about any further modifications that could be done yet. She has told me of how much she loves you and her loves of you as a female man as it were. So, Mrs. Mallet's plan to split you two has actually driven you closer together. That's part of why I am telling you this. The hormone implant has largely been used up and in a month or so you should begin to regain your full potency again. If you want to continue, I could arrange for another implant, but less potent. I would also not advise Mrs. Mallet of our conversation. If you do, do not be surprized if you are expelled from the house. As it is you have the best of all worlds with Erica, the free house and love between you two."

I was stopped cold. I looked at him and he looked at me. "Ah yes, doctor," I finally said. I stood up and ran my hands over my hips feeling how wide they had become. I then felt my breasts, hefting them up and letting them fall, feeling the straps of the bra take up the weight. Looking down I straightened my skirt. Then I looked up at him. "You may just be right. I'll have to think this one over. But before I decide on an implant I'll have to talk it over with Erica." I started towards the door.

"Just remember," he said as he rose and came around the desk, "what I've done is reversable but I don't think you really want to since it deals with your work. What Mrs. Mallet did was meant to do harm and has ended giving you a love of Erica probably more deep and solid than you yourself could have developed in years had you not come under her influence. He put his hand on my shoulder and our eyes met for an instant. "I will bank on the next implant."

"Well, I must go now. Erica may be worrying and I won't give her new worries, just yet, but we'll eventually have to hash this out. But you're right. I do love this role and that woman. I'm bound to be like this from now on. I can't really thank you but feel you should be." At that I hurriedly left.

Out on the street I was suddenly aware again of the skirt I was wearing and how it swung against my legs. I could also feel the weight of my breasts as I walked. I seemed to be able to feel every stitch of clothing I had on. I was not in any way self-conscious. I knew that the part I was playing was me and no one else. But the skirt and half slip as they played about my legs as I walked or the nylons and high heels that I wore reminded me of my femininity. I didn't feel the white blouse nor especially the bra that I was wearing other than how it reacted to my breasts. I knew that the casual observer would be able to see the outlines of the bra in the back and that where it pushed out the blouse in front there would be the pattern of lace that would show where the now amply-filled cups made contact. There was no pinch in the ears since the wires passed through the lobes but the movement I could feel as the earrings that dangled from those pierced lobes hit the side of my neck. Yes, I was aware as if anew of this femininity and I relished it. With these thoughts I went to meet Erica.

When I met her, I did not let her on that I'd seen the doctor. But I did want to probe her feelings. I apologized for being several minutes late. We went shopping and I watched her actions. There seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary. I was apparently a woman shopping with another woman. Finally we went to eat and in the seclusion of a restaurant I started the probings to find out what she thought and felt. I used the marriage approach. "Erica, let's get married."

"Why? We have all we need just as we are."

"I know, but I want to make it final. Your mother should know me by now and thus should have no reason to refuse. I love you, Erica, and want to complete our relationship."

She smiled and squeezed my hand. "All right, Peggy, I don't know just how we'll manage the clothes to make you enough like a man for the ceremony, but we can manage if you want to."

I felt then and there that she had not been a part of her mother's plot and that she had known nothing of it or was good at cover-up. The time to watch was when we told her mother, and indeed it was an interesting event to say the least. But as a prelude, I closed that conversation with, "It should be no problem since your mother has enough influence to accomplish almost anything she pleases."

That evening at home we were sitting around when I popped it on her mother with, "Erica and I have decided to get married."

"What?" Her mother looked at me with a most quizzical expression.

"I said that Erica and I have decided to get married. We wanted to discuss the details with you as to how to do it since I look as I do."

She looked at me and then to Erica, then addressed Erica, "Are you sure you want to get married? I mean, Peggy looking as she does and unable to really be a full, uh man, uh . . ."

I think that both of our eyebrows must have raised simultaneously. I know that I'd never mentioned what we did in bed and from the look on Erica's face I could see she did not either.

"What makes you think that I can't perform? Erica, did you ever say anything? I know I didn't."

"Neither did I. What do you mean, Mother?"

"Well, uh, I mean with the hormones and all . . . I . . . uh . . ."

"What hormones?" I wanted to pursue this one for sure.

"Your changes, Peggy, they had to come from, uh, female hormones."

"And where did I get these hormones?"

"How should I know?" She became flustered.

"I think you do know quite well!" At that she stopped and looked me in the eye. I returned her gaze steadily. "In fact, I think you know even more." At that I reached up and fluffed the curls on my head

and passed over the arch of my eyebrows. These notions were not lost on her. Erica did not know what was going on.

"I know I can prove nothing but know you have the influence to arrange our wedding regardless of how I look and so that nothing will be said, even if bride and groom both have floor-length white lace gowns. After all you have used your influence before and we both know it."

"What do you mean, Peggy, that she's used her influence?"

"Shall I tell her or do you want to?" Our eyes met when I said this. She proved to be the strong person who could have carried out such a task and admitted her part.

"I don't know how you found out but, yes, I did manage to have the hormones given to you and the beauty parlor was no accident either. Erica, I wanted you to have a man for a husband-to-be, a bread winner to whom you could be a good wife, bring his pipe and slippers after a hard day's work, not his negligee and mules."

"But, Mother, Peggy is all I ever dreamed of. She is soft and loving. And I'm not anti-feminist. I want my career too. I don't want to be subserviant to any man and I'm not with Peggy. And besides," she looked at me and smiled a warm, loving smile, "I love her or him. I seem to be able to think only in terms of her. After she asked again this afternoon, I've decided that we have all we want here in this house but I don't want to take the chance of losing her." She had sloughed over that her mother had done as if it did not exist but was only happy at the results.

"I yield," her mother looked a bit downcast. "I'm sure a wedding can be arranged, no further questions asked."

"Well, look at it this way, now you can have two daughters," Erica said with a smile. Thus her plan ended, not as she had originally thought but, as it were, by the gain of a daughter. I planned to stay this way but the future is yet unclear as to children and even my potency. So until we decide, we shall remain as Peggy and Erica, both tied into the fashion world and as most observers would never understand, even more tied into each other. Where it will end no one can say, least of all I.



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ARTICLE

LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE BUSINESS OF HAPPINESS.

Ann N.C.

1. PRELUDE.

We Americans have a phobia. To feel comfortable, we must have something tangible, a concrete event, a rational explanation, a definitive incident, a real reason for everything. We fear the mysterious and abhor the metaphysical.

I sometimes wonder if we into FPia are not also victims of this attitude. Are we not allowing ourselves to place too much emphasis on what is only one aspect of FPia, namely, a reason, an incident, accident, situation. Let us in the following call it just simply an "event", that may or may not have provoked or produced our Femmiphilia.

It is comforting to rationalize and analyze. It is flattering to the ego. It supports that good old American indomitable pioneer spirit, there is nothing we can't handle. If we can't handle it, at least we will find the world's finest excuses. Also, it seems to place the "helping" professions in a better light. If all cases of FPia — and all the other things under sundry labels — could always be analyzed and explained, it would seem to follow that they could also be readily cured.

On the other side of this picture, and I'm afraid it is the read side, it is a clear and outstanding fact, that with some of us, our gender orientation from early childhood was strongly feminine in ways that never could be suppressed and never needed provocation. The reality of this situation requires a good deal more than anglo-saxon pragmatism to explain.

The notions of sex and gender are basic organic functions. If we accept as a point of departure, that in all of us, both gender orientations, masculine as well as feminine, are always present — present with the male sex and present with the female sex, — It follows then that in each one of us, regardless of sex, these two gender orientations are, potentially or actually, conflicting. The final gender orientation, masculinity or femininity, is generally settled in early childhood years, sometimes because one is dominant by nature, but probably in most cases because the other is suppressed as a matter of assigned gender roles.

If both gender orientations are present in all of us to some though varying degree, it follows further that provoking or upsetting events *can* under certain circumstances generate cross dressing, in a person of the male sex with a feminine gender orientation not strong enough to surface otherwise. But it also makes it reasonable that when there has been a powerful feminine dominance in a male person, perhaps from birth, it is futile to look for "reasons".

It seems a word of caution is justified. The importance that can be attached to a specific "event" depends on how strong the feminine gender orientation was to begin with; something no one can in any way measure. Personality scales are not yet even thought of as scales in the continuum. They are strictly positional scales, and the positions are the commonly accepted societal stereotypes and assigned gender roles. Everything in between is suppressed to conform.

It is probable that only in rare cases has an "event" really been of great importance. In the majority of cases, the "event" merely caused something to surface that was latently there to begin with. And in numerous cases, there never was an "event", there is no reason, and there is very little choice.

In my own experience, with no identifiable "event" or reason or episode, just simply under an urge or compulsion I never myself understood, I began to dress in my early teens. It was not really a sudden thing. I had for some years been aware of a strange curiosity about girl clothes and women clothes, though not in a "sexist" sense.

My oldest brother at the time had begun after the fashion of teenagers to buy sex magazines. I found them disgusting. Perhaps I was

too young for sex at the time, but still, what I felt was different. I was vaguely aware that there was something I had to do, and although I have since understood from fragmented recollections, impressions, and dreams of my childhood that it was something that had been with me for some time, it was not until my early teens that I began to dress.

Much is said and thought today about guilt feelings. I never had them; it must be something modern. I found myself in the clothes of my sisters and my mother with many and mixed emotions. Other than unexplainable delight and rapture, I remember I felt a strange mixture of surprise and relief. Why? Why on earth should anyone do such a thing? And what if by accident someone should come and catch me? But guilt feelings I never had.

I felt surprised, and I felt I was doing something quite strange. But that was not all. I also felt I was doing something that — for me — was natural, something that, somehow, it was meant for me to do. I was frightened and shaken, but I was certain. I was certain I was satisfying something in me that must be satisfied and could not be satisfied any other way. I was giving way to a compulsion, and undoubtedly it was strong. I don't think I could have resisted it, even if I had felt that I should. What I mean about no guilt feelings is, that it has never in my life occurred to me that I should resist.

I suppose, never having experienced guilt feelings is something a psychiatrist would find hard to believe. But I could annoy a psychiatrist a good deal worse than that: I never all my life had any feelings, weak, proud, vague, strong, humble, diffuse, specific, or any other, of being a male. And that is likely to make any self respecting member of the profession blow his mind.

A psychiatrist attaches much importance to a concept called "identity". Every person is supposed to make one thing abundantly clear, namely, what his or her "identity" is. And of course, for a man, that means feeling the appropriate pride in being a male, the master of the world, God's gift to creation. And the male heterosexual TV in particular, is supposed to be strongly aware that he is a male "underneath it all".

It is strange that even in the modern up-to-date literature one finds this view strongly emphasized, in fact, emphasized to the point of

obvious oversell. When will it occur to the members of the profession that such reasoning is based on nothing but plain residual male chauvinism? To feel such inordinate pride in one's maleness as the psychiatrists consider "normal", is not possible unless a person at the same time feels that, to be a woman, is something very much inferior, or at least something lower and something less. This follows by the mere definition of such an attitude.

Male psychiatrists suffer from a strange affliction, they are all men. And they observe and study from an unfortunate angle, they only meet the sick. It will not happen in our lifetime that we will read a competent work on sex and gender, one without malephobia, until one is written by a woman psychiatrist. Surely, by this time, there must be a competent woman not completely under the thumb of the men established in the psychiatric profession?

Enough of conjecture. At the time I sailed through the age of puberty and teen development, the modern speculations had not been made, and all this business of pride in the male "identity" passed me by nearly unnoticed. There is only one way I can recall I ever reflected over my "identity": I know very well now, and I always have known that I am not a female, and will never become one. As a teenager, I never once reflected over the fact that I was a male. It was obvious that I was, but trivial. It never seemed to mean anything to me. It was the fact that I was not a girl that seemed meaningful. I used to wonder about that. I never exactly worried or fretted over it, nor did I even really wish it to be otherwise. It is just that this was something about me that seemed important.

I was not a female. I knew that, and I knew very well this would never change. I never had fantasies about growing up to become one. This too seems to contradict the psychiatrists. I have read in several books that little TV boys are supposed to send up prayers to God to let them grow up to become girls. This I never did, and never thought of doing.

I did, however, in my childhood, even before I started to dress, have a conviction of sorts, perhaps an obsession, that for years never seemed to make sense, and I do not know where it came from. It had started in a purely childish romantic sense, before I had developed an awareness of sex, and when of course I had not the faintest idea there were things females could do together in the way of sex.

For apparently no particular reason, I was convinced that if I had been born a female, I would have loved other females and never wasted my time on males. This confused sentiment did in the end turn out to have a significance, but it was not until quite late in my life that I understood what it was.

2. INTERLUDE.

I suppose I should mention at this point that my home environment would stand up under the scrutiny of the most critically inclined psychiatrist or educator. It was perfect, even to the point of being not too perfect. I grew up in a well to do home, where privation and insecurity were just hard to spell words. Yet, it was not a home of luxury or extravagance.

My father always had a large income, but he never made a great fortune in life. My parents belonged to what could be called the upper professional bourgeoisie, but they were too intelligent and liberal and creative to be snobs. Both had advanced education, but not so advanced they seemed out of reach or remote.

It was a happy home where schemes, fights, disorder, drunkenness, bad manners, and violent quarrels just did not seem to happen. It was a reasonably large family. I had brothers and sisters, and I was sort of in the middle. No one was afflicted with ill health or defects. All were gifted and reasonably well matched, spaced a year to a year and a half apart. To the best of my knowledge, no one had problems or difficulties growing up. It was the kind of family where everything seemed "normal", though normalcy was never stressed or preached.

In my earliest childhood, as far as guarded inquiries have revealed, I did not play with dolls, or show girlish attitudes, or do any of these whimsical things psychiatrists love to read out as things to come. I could mention as a curious though trivial parenthesis, that my youngest brother used to play with dolls and would rather be with his sisters than his brothers. This caused some consternation in the family, and is well remembered, because it was somewhat unusual in those days.

Actually, this boy grew up to become an aggressive and energetic business executive. He married early, raised a large family, and is

now Vice President of one of our largest multi-national corporations. He is tough, shrewd, and by far the most successful one of us all.

In my boyhood recollections, there is no overprotective mother, no domineering sister, no dress up occasions, no high school plays with girl parts. And I never in my life went to a costume party.

In adolescence, I did well in sports and athletics, but early displayed boredom with games and an almost complete inability to "mix". From my parents I received warm and sincere support. My education was thorough but liberal, orderly but not regimented. I was always encouraged, never pushed.

I was able early to obtain everything I wanted. "Hand-me-downs" were not practiced in the family, and my mother and sisters bought a fair amount of clothes. Anything worn or out of fashion was gathered in a large bag, marked for the Red Cross. In our community the Red Cross carried on somewhat as the Goodwill Industries do today. Old clothes were collected and patched up through voluntary labor, and then distributed as charity or for relief.

I helped myself to dresses, lingerie, girdles, stockings, more than I could conveniently hide or use. It was also an inconspicuous place to get rid of things from time to time. Whatever I took always got to the Red Cross eventually, though a season or two delayed.

I usually had the weekends available. Saturdays were dependable. Everyone left the apartment for a date or just going out on the town. I went out too with the rest, walked around the block a couple of times, and returned to find the place all to myself. I rigged up a convenient escape route to my room or one of the bath rooms in case of an unexpected early return.

My luck held. There were a few narrow escapes, but I kept my secret. World War II for me came in between High School and College, and turned out to be a peculiar sort of torture. Life in the barracks was by far the worst part of it. Overseas duty, despite the hazards, in many ways seemed a relief. Luck held again, and I came through it without a scar. College too left few scars. Perhaps college did not leave much of anything else either, but I had a profession and a job, and with that I went out to seek my fortune in our brave new world.



A sister from Illinois—no femme name given

The years that followed were happy. Nothing had changed about my FPia. I still felt that surprise; I felt it was strange. But I knew well then that in my life, this was not something that could be held back. I began to take it seriously, even though I still knew and understood virtually nothing about it. I keenly realized what a pitiful spectacle this must be, a man dressing himself in women clothes. But equally clearly I felt, that this might be true to all the rest of the world; but for some strange reason, it was not true about me.

I had not in any way lost self respect or self confidence. I realized that something so obviously and so intensely part of me, must be meaningful. It was too precious, I loved it too much, and I kept it jealously to myself. What concern was it to anyone else? I dressed constantly, but bothered no one and offended no one.

One thing I never needed was an audience. I am not in any sense of the word a ham or an actor, and I have never in my life impersonated or imitated anyone or anything. I put on a dress to be myself, I don't dress to put on an act. To me, the female impersonator is an unemployed actor trying something unusual to get a job. I wish him luck, and that is all. Nor have I felt the same urge I understand many FPs feel to get "out". Of course, I never had guidance, and that made it risky. I never did venture out except with extreme caution, and never out of reach of a ready escape. My most pleasant evenings I spent at home in my apartment in pretty dresses, making my meals, cleaning up, perhaps doing some work, and taking care of my things.

And still, there came a time in my life when I wanted to give up all this. No FP ever tried with better chance of success than I, because, as incredible as this may sound, all this time I never knew what it was. I did not know it had a name. I never knew others were doing it. I had lived a sheltered life, and I had never heard the word "transvestite".

I had fallen in love at the time, and wanted to get married. Suddenly, I began to think the dressing had been just delayed adolescence, something I could turn off and shut out if I only set my mind to it. Life was going to start for me in earnest. Enough of fantasies! The presence of a loving wife would surely set everything right.

Self deception and wishful thinking can do wonders, and I drew every erroneous conclusion about myself there was to draw. It would

have delighted a behavioral psychiatrist. I got rid of everything I had, and with all the conviction of righteousness, I strode down the matrimonial aisle ready to settle down to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Needless to say, things did not quite turn out as I had thought.

Far from being appeased, the girl within protested loudly at the sight of my bride in all her lovely things. During the first year, it did not unduly worry me. Rome was never built in a day, not even by Mussolini, and I was ready to give it time. Another year came and passed, and then, finally, the moment in my life when I began to learn about myself.

I suppose the turning point was the Christine Jorgensen incident, though strangely enough, I never paid attention to her at the time she was in the news. But it was in this connection that, through some chance remarks one day, I heard the word transvestite for the first time: I had to ask what exactly that was?

At the time, there was hardly any literature, no FP, no counselling. Still, it was an eye opener, and I began to read just about anything I could lay my hands on, for the most part of it medical and psychiatric literature. I soon began to dress again.

Years later and much wiser, I did make some effort to get through to my wife. To this day, I do not know if or how I succeeded. I don't know if in so many words she said, "it's your problem, I want no part of it"; or if she meant, "that's crazy, forget it". Or, perhaps it meant nothing to her at all. Whatever, it was it seemed a stone wall. I backed off fast.

3. EPILOGUE.

Dressing only furtively while raising a family, it has occurred to me how a feminine orientation will manifest itself in numerous and sometimes surprising ways. Being and dressing are of course the essentials, but there is more.

Thinking back on the subject of friendship, it struck me not long ago as something of a surprise that I never had male friends. I meet them by the hundreds, colleagues, associates, professionals, acquaintances, neighbors, relatives, enemies, friends, citizens, countrymen.

They are here today, gone tomorrow; and once gone, there is not one I will ever see again, or miss, or remember. I had not reflected about this until quite lately, because I have always thought of myself as a recluse.

But actually, I enjoy company, and I have had a long lasting and valuable friendship relations with several women in my life. Some have been with and some wholly without sex. All have been rewarding and valuable. I don't think I am really a loner. I have felt the solitude of my life, and I regret that. It has not been an unhappy life, but it has been lonely. It would have been precious to have someone to share it with.

As the years pass by, one must expect that the onset of old age can build up a penchant for sentimentality and silliness. Still, I believe that — rather than friendship — I have always been longing and searching for the sentiment of love in a romantic sense; searching, and it seems, not finding.

I read story after story in TVia, for example, that seem to end, at least I have that impression, in a somewhat flat and uncertain mood: TV couples continue living together "as sisters". All well and good, I understand the dilemma. But it is still absurd that the authors find themselves apologizing because the couples are still married — as most of us are — and, presumably, still lovers. Could it not be thought that they become lovers in a romantic sense?

What is so wrong with romantic love? Or have we become so imbued with masculine materialism and just plain toughness, that it escapes us today that love can be a romantic experience, and not just a sexual or erotic experience?

In any marriage, free personality development must imply that each be the guardian of her partner's personality, the guardian, the protector, the mentor, the sister, the lover. Romantic love, instead of blotting out the differences, recognizes that there must be differences; it means learning, observing, and understanding the differences, living with them and loving them.

And to a TV couple, it means surely also rejoicing that added togetherness which is either there, or that union can not be there; a togetherness and a reliance that never can be taken for granted, that

never can come to be stifled into commonplace middle class mediocracy.

Romantic love is really something simple. It means being in love with a person, whoever, and whatever that person is. It is neither love as a sex symbol, nor is it love as a meaningless middle class institution.

Still, at the same time, romantic love is not a puritan creed, not by any means. Romantic love does not mean abstinence; it does not mean that sex is not part of it. Sex is very much with it, because in any warm affectionate relation between human beings, the sexuality and the sensuality are part of the humanity and can not be divorced from it. Sex is part of romantic love, but it is not there as the principal thing, it is there because it can not be kept out. The difference is that it is no longer sex for the sake of sex, or an orgasmic cult. It is doubly precious, because there is much more.

Part of feminine orientation is probably also an almost complete inability I have always experienced to "mix" with other men. I simply do not know how to act, to feel as one with the group, to join the general male attitudes of "horsing around", bragging, story and joke telling, going for a night out with the boys, or gaping into a television set at sports event. I seldom go out, I don't smoke, and I don't drink. I never in my life have been drunk, and to admit that does not seem to embarrass me in the least.

It is not so much that things shock me. As a matter of fact, I have a horror of people who pass out moral cliches and are forever ready to pass judgement. These general male attitudes and preoccupations may be perfectly fine for the rest of the world, but they are just not for me. Something is lacking. I don't fit that image.

I have also in a more general sense become strongly aware of the absurdity of the exaggerated "maleness" of our whole civilization, its merciless scorn and arrogance, its icycold cynicism and materialism. Not to mention the poverty stricken spiritual ghetto in which the patriarchal Christian church has come to dwell; a church run by a clergy become a veritable bastion of male chauvinism and misogyny; a church heaven for man and disaster for woman. And in this same connection, I have strongly perceived the importance of the modern Women's Liberation movement; not just another social movement of

today, but perhaps the only chance left, our only hope: a sisterhood of all mankind to replace a brotherhood of man infested by greed, hatred, and intolerance.

Another surprise is that there does not appear to be any particular age bracket or age limit for FPia. I suppose it can be suppressed in so far as one can ever suppress a personality, but at a constant effort and a lifetime struggle. It is senseless to expect that it will "go away". Rather, it seems to grow stronger with the years. If I were to sum it up in just one word, I think I would call it an awareness; an intense, absorbing awareness that never leaves except in moments of complete concentration and distraction. In all my years since my early teens, there has hardly been a twenty-four hour period when I have not in some way felt this awareness.

And yet, I never felt tempted to go through the TS surgery. In the early part of my life, there was no such thing, but even after the surgery became a reality, I never considered it. Precisely why, is hard to say. I am attached to my family, and this is a reason, though it does not answer all questions. What if I had never married? And suppose the TS surgery had always been available, even during my youth, what would I have decided?

I have mentioned that there is only one way I ever reflected over my "identity". I have found myself wondering about the fact that I am not a woman; not wistfully, not in frustration, but in a factual way; something about me that always seemed important; a question worth asking, though there never could be an answer. But I always had with me, and I still have this conviction, that if I had been a woman, I would have been totally incapable of making love to men, only to women.

I could never conceive of ever performing acts of sexuality or sensuality with a man, only with a woman. And if through surgery, I were to change my sex, I know this attitude would not change. Surgery is a physiological change. I can love only women now, and I could love only women then. And this, perhaps after all, is the difference between femmiphilia and transsexuality.



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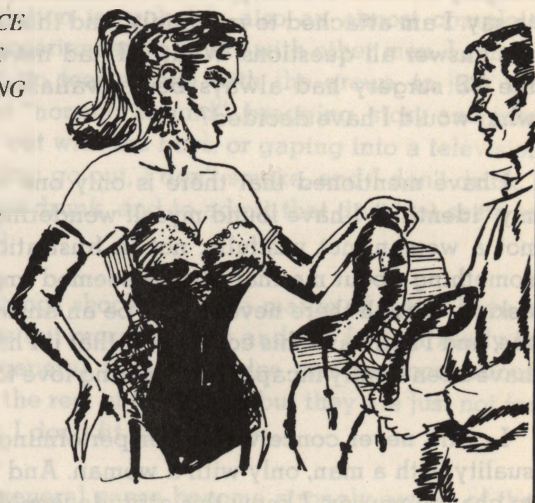
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FICTION



A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS

Laura—PA



Alan Wright and his mother were sitting around the breakfast table finishing up a leisurely meal one Saturday morning. It was early spring with no school for Alan and no need for his mother to go to the city's largest department store where she was head buyer for the women's department. They were both in their night clothes and robes, and Alan was carrying on a monologue over the difficulties he was experiencing making friends during his first year at high school. He was rather retiring by nature, although a naturally friendly boy, and missed the companionship he sought. There was one boy in particular that he much wanted to cultivate, a Richard Moore who was in the same class and of the same age. Although Richard appeared friendly, and being almost next door neighbors, they often walked home together from school, but this was as far as the relationship went. Further overtures on the part of Alan had been rebuffed, although not unkindly. Mrs. Wright listened with but half an ear and made no comment as she had heard all this before, and really had no solution to offer. What made the situation more difficult to understand was that at the same time she and Richard's mother had struck up quite a friendship during the past year. Both being widows and more or less in the same field of work, as Mrs. Moore was also a buyer, but in children's clothes and at a smaller store. Mrs. Moore had made it a practice to drop in on Saturday and Sunday mornings for a cup of coffee and gossip, but oddly enough had never invited Mrs. Wright to visit her house in return. The gardens of the two houses being back to back made it easy for Mrs. Moore to drop in without the necessity of going around by road.

Alan's monologue was interrupted by a sharp rapping of the door knocker, which announced the arrival of the postman with a package, as otherwise he would have put jut letters through the mail slot. Alan greeted the postman with a smile, as they were old friends, and received in turn a flat, oblong package addressed to his mother. Noting the return address he commented that it must be a birthday present from Aunt Jennifer, his mother's sister. While he was looking at the morning paper that he had picked up fromt he porch when collecting the mail, he heard his mother give a deep sigh and say, "Oh, not again."

He looked up and inquired, "What's the matter, don't you like Aunt Jenny's gift?"

"It's not that," his mother replied. "Actually I do, for it is three pairs of my favorite make pantyhose, a very expensive type and a lovely shade of beige, but she has again sent the wrong size. She did the same last Christmas and reluctantly I had to give them to the Goodwill Industries. I told her of this when she visited last month, but apparently she forgot."

Alan murmured absently, "That's too bad," and resumed reading his paper. As a result he did not notice the rather odd expression that came over his mother's face as she looked at him. Consequently, he was not only taken back, but believed he had not heard aright when she said, "Instead of my giving them away this time, why don't you wear them?"

Getting his mother to repeat her remarks to make certain he had heard correctly, he replied with some indignation, "You must be out of your mind. Why would I want to wear women's stockings?" And adding somewhat illogically, "And furthermore if they are too large for you wouldn't they also be too large for me! After all we are the same size." This was true for although Alan was only 15 he was tall for his age, and while slight in build was in nearly all respects the same size and weights as his mother. She often wore his old shoes while gardening, and her coats and robes fitted him when he had to throw on the nearest thing in a hurry.

His mother, ignoring his comments about "women's stockings," and referring only to the subject of size, replied, "That is true, but if you



PRISCILLA
PA-5-W



think for a moment, you will realize that while a woman would want her pantyhose to fit snugly at the crotch, a man has certain appendages there for which additional room is most desirable, and as a result these should fit you fine. In any event I want you to at least make an attempt to see if they fit, as they are too good to discard," and with a twinkle in her eyes, "Who knows, you might enjoy wearing them, and I for one am betting on that possibility. So after you have cleared off the table I want you to go to your room and try them on, and then come to my room so that I can see how they look on you. Further, do take care as to how you put them on to avoid causing a run." She then demonstrated to Alan, who, although trying to appear still opposed to the idea, was now becoming rather interested, how he should roll down the pantyhose leg until he was able to insert his toes, then to gently pull the garment up the length of his legs and finally to his waist.

Alan hurried to complete clearing the table and mounted the stairs to his room, anxious now to do what he had so shortly before rejected with scorn. Carefully following his mother's instructions, he managed to get his legs into the pantyhose without causing a run and finally brought the top to the middle of the waist. He readily recognized that the extra length provided ample room for his testicles and without discomfort. Looking in the mirror he was quite impressed with how shapely his legs looked and he also enjoyed the rather pleasant confining feeling of his waist enclosed in the upper part of the pantyhose. He then realized his mother was right when she had said, "You might get to like them." Although he was not then aware of it, he was to all intents and purposes "hooked," for he was already entertaining the thought that this would not be the last, but rather the first of many such wearings.

Now anxious to show his mother how they looked, he burst into her room without first knocking, as he had been told so many times. His mother gave him the usual admonishment, particularly as she had only just started dressing. As it was she stood there clad only in a pair of pantyhose identical to those Alan was now wearing, which Alan noted with a thrill, and was in the course of trying to fasten a rather fancy lace brassiere. As they had lived a rather informal life since the death of her husband, this was not the first time Alan had seen his mother in various stages of undress, and consequently she was not really upset. Alan eagerly called his mother's attention to the perfect fit of the pantyhose and it was obvious that he was thrilled to be wearing them.

She replied only, "Before I can give you any attention, will you help fasten my bra? It is a new one and the hooks must be bent." With his strong fingers he soon adjusted the hooks and completed the fastening. His mother then called Alan's attention to the fact that they were both wearing identical pantyhose, of which he was already well aware. She then remarked to his delightful surprise, "Well we might as well continue to improve on the resemblance. Will you hand me another bra from the top drawer, the same as the one I have on for I bought two of them, also two pairs of rolled up stockings?" This Alan did, though not fully realizing what his mother had in mind, but this she soon made clear. Placing herself in back of Alan she quickly slipped the bra over his arms and fastened it in back, at the same time stuffing a pair of rolled stockings in each cup to provide the fullness he lacked. His mother continued, "Now, Alan, will you hand me two pair of matched panties from the bottom drawer. While it is unnecessary to wear panties with pantyhose, I actually feel better dressed with them on as well, and so will you."

The panties were of white nylon liberally edged with lace and as he pulled them on he experienced still another vicarious thrill on this most unusual of days. After they jointly stood before the full-length mirror to admire and enjoy the experience of seeing each other in their now identical attire, Mrs. Wright gave her son a yellow linen dress to wear that fitted him perfectly and reached to just above his knees. His outfit was completed by a pair of matching yellow straw sandals, with built-up cork heels two and a half inches high. His mother finished her dressing by slipping on a white cotton blouse and a pair of black slacks and pumps. Before returning downstairs, Mrs. Wright applied a touch of lipstick to both her own and her son's lips.

Alan had some difficulty mastering the stairs with the unfamiliar high heels, but he made it without falling, and after a little practice soon became accustomed to the added height. Although only an hour had passed since the arrival of the postman with the fated package, Alan felt that his whole life had changed in the short interval, as in all likelihood it had. He felt somehow strange, and yet thrilled, but most of all very conscious of the soft feminine clothes in which he was now so completely attired. He admitted this feeling to his mother, who said she was glad he was so happy, and suggested that he continue to stay dressed the rest of the day with occasional changes in his costume from time to time to add to his enjoyment. All of which was music to Alan's ears as he had already become enamored of his new way of dressing.

The two were so absorbed in their discussions that they did not hear the back door open and were not aware of Mrs. Moore's presence until she was actually in the room and had spoken a morning greeting. Seeing what appeared to be two women, one of whom did not appear familiar, she made a move to retire, until a closer look she recognized that the second "woman" was actually Mrs. Wright's son. Alan and his mother were literally frozen with a surprise almost akin to shock. At the same time a myriad of thoughts raced through Alan's mind, all associated with exposure and disgrace before not only his desired friend Richard, but all his classmates.

Recognizing his embarrassment, Mrs. Moore quickly moved to Alan's side, and grasping his almost nerveless hands, said, "You look absolutely lovely, I would never have believed it to be possible that you could look so attractive dressed as a girl."

Alan's chagrin was so deep and so complete that he could take no reassurance from her words, even if he had heard them, which was questionable under the circumstances. However, her next remark shocked him out of his state of despondency, and he uttered a half-broken cry when he heard her say that she must phone her son Richard and have him come over immediately. At that point Mrs. Wright, recognizing the feeling of shame that had overcome Alan, felt that Mrs. Moore was being unnecessarily heartless and that it was time to bring matters to a halt, and to let Mrs. Moore know of her displeasure.

She spoke rather sharply to her neighbor, "What Alan and I do in our house is only our business, and whether you disapprove of my permitting Alan to dress in women's clothes has nothing to do with you or anyone else. Furthermore you are in my house without being invited and I suggest you leave now. But before you do, I want to say that your suggestion of asking your son over to ridicule Alan under the circumstances, I find most incomprehensible and unforgivable."

Mrs. Moore stood through this tirade with a shocked look on her face. The smile had been replaced by an expression of great discomfort. As soon as Mrs. Wright had finished talking, she replied with deep emotion, "Mrs. Wright, and you too, Alan, please forgive a stupid woman for unwittingly causing you both such distress. However, I am sure I can quickly satisfy you with an explanation that will

convince you both that I am not the heartless person you might believe. First, let me tell you a little about my son, Richard. I know that your boy likes him and has wanted to be his friend. I can assure you that the feeling is mutual, and your son's friendship is the one thing Richard desires above all else. Although he has until now not been able to make his feelings known, I now know that as a result of what I see here this situation has changed completely."

Alan and his mother sat completely confused, but somehow realizing that there was a reason for Mrs. Moore's former peculiar behavior, and they sat silently awaiting the promised explanation. Mrs. Moore continued, "As you know, my husband died five years ago. Fortunately he left us well provided for and with my job we have no financial worries. During this time I have come to depend increasingly on my son for companionship, and as a result our relations have become closer than the usual son and mother relationship, much indeed as with you, Mrs. Wright, and your Alan. About two years ago, on coming home from the shop one afternoon unexpectedly early, I found my son fully dressed in one of my outfits, from the skin out and complete with make-up. To say the least, I was shocked, and I confess rather angry with the boy. He on the other hand was most upset, and we both ended up in tears. Later, when he had resumed his own clothes, and I had had an opportunity to calm down, we were able to discuss the entire situation objectively.

"As Richard always arrived home from school at least two hours before I returned from town, it had been his practice to straighten up the house from the rather untidy condition we had left it on our mutually early departure. This included doing his room and mine, putting away our clothes and making the beds. Possibly I should not have asked a young boy to do what is generally considered to be women's work, but as I could not get home until an hour before dinner time, it would have been difficult for me to have taken care of this housework as well as to prepare an early dinner. Also, he had always expressed a willingness to help out in this manner. After a period of handling my clothes, including lingerie I had left lying around, he inevitably developed a curiosity as to how it would feel to be dressed up in such clothes. The outcome was predictable, and at the time of my discovering him that day, he had been dressing every day for the previous two years from the time he got home until shortly before my scheduled return. During this period he had many times wanted to confess his behavior to me, as we had always been close and with this

sole exception had never had any secrets from each other. He did not feel ashamed for his actions, and had wanted to tell me so that he could obtain my permission to dress openly for his greater enjoyment, but was afraid I would never understand. He also felt that he could not face my disapproval, also the possibility of being denied a practice to which he had become so accustomed and which he found so enjoyable."

Mrs. Moore continued, "This discussion, which went far into the night, was a traumatic experience for both of us, but it resulted in a deeper understanding and love for each other than before. After giving calm and careful thought to what at first appeared to be some form of perversion, I realized that I too loved my clothes for their softness, color and general luxuriousness, and why should a man or boy, who was similarly affected be denied the same pleasure? Apart from the general censure of the public to such practice, which would require a degree of secrecy on our part, why should my son be denied the opportunity to dress as he liked? The upshot of it was, that first from my own wardrobe, and later with purchases from the shop where I work, Richard has accumulated a wardrobe of which any girl would be proud. The only drawback, and it is a serious one, is that he has had no one to parade his clothes before except me. Now, let me finish. All this can change and unless I have read Alan incorrectly, he has the same love for feminine clothes as has Richard, and they could now be able to enjoy their dressing together.

"Now, if you approve, I will call Richard, who is at present sitting at home wearing a beautiful pale green chiffon dress with matching sandals that I brought home to him only yesterday, and that I know he would love to model for an appreciative audience."

Mrs. Moore then put in her call. Although they could hear but one side of the conversation, they could readily imagine the unheard responses. She started off by asking Richard to come over at once to the Wright's house and to go by way of the two back gardens. In response to an apparent question, she replied, "Yes, at once, and just as you are." Undoubtedly there had been a shocked reaction to this request, followed by a rush of words of which they could hear but a murmur. Mrs. Moore then said firmly, "Do as I say Richard and without any further discussion. Have I ever asked you to do anything against your best interests? All I can assure you is that you will be most happy that you followed my instructions."

A few minutes later there was a timid knock at the kitchen door, and on a bid to enter, in came a beautiful young girl attired in a light green chiffon dress that fell in floating folds to her knees, sheer stockings and matching high heel open toed sling back shoes. The most striking feature, apart from her beautifully made-up face, was a platinum blond fall of hair swept back from her forehead to reach the middle of her slim back. Although Alan and his mother knew that this was not a girl but actually Richard Moore, as assured them by his mother, it was difficult for both of them to believe their eyes. Richard, on his part, could only stare at the dressed-up Alan, and finally in a weak voice asked for an explanation.

At that point everyone started to talk at once, which only added to the confusion, but finally Mrs. Moore took charge and gave a satisfactory explanation of all that had occurred that day to change Alan's life. At long last when everything had been made clear to Richard's satisfaction, there was a long silence as the two femininely dressed boys sat staring in wonder at each other. Then Richard arose, walked over to Alan, then picking up his two hands, pressed them gently and said, "Alan, now we can be friends as I know you have long wished and as I have also wanted. You now know why I have rebuffed you in the past, as before I could not run the risk of your coming to my house where you inevitably would have found me fully dressed as a girl. I could not have chanced your misunderstanding with the possibility of my way of life being made known and ridiculed throughout the school. This will also explain why my mother never reciprocated the kindness of your mother who has entertained her for so many months over coffee in your kitchen on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Now these reasons are no longer existent and all of us can visit back and forth at will. To make the first start on repaying some of our obligations, I extend on behalf of my mother an invitation for both of you to come to dinner tonight. Please come early, Alan, about five, as I want to show you my extensive wardrobe of which I am so proud. Also, I believe I can help you with hints and suggestions as to how you can become a more convincing girl, assuming that you want to be, and I believe you do." Alan's silence was sufficient answer. Richard continued, "Will you please wear either a cocktail dress or an evening gown, as I am dying to dress up formally and this will provide the opportunity." Both mothers beamed approval and said that they also would dress to honor this festive occasion. One other thing," said Richard. "If we are going to dress as girls, we must drop the Richard and Alan routine when so attired, so we must decide on some feminine names."



LINDA



MICHELLE—NY

After Richard and his mother left, Alan hugged his mother and said how very happy he was, and in the same breath, that they should immediately get ready for the party. "Whoa," said his mother laughingly, "first things first. It is only 11 o'clock, although it does seem that ages have passed since breakfast when it all started. Yes, you are right we have many things to do to get ready for tonight, and the most important I feel is dressing your hair in a more feminine manner. Fortunately you have always worn it overly long for my previous liking, and you are now actually overdue for a haircut. Now this can be to your advantage. I want you to go upstairs and shampoo your hair thoroughly using my fragrant shampoo. Do not bathe as yet, that comes later when I will want you at the same time to shave off all the fuzz on your legs. It is not really noticeable, but the removal will make your legs look better under the sheer hose you will be wearing. You need only take off your dress at present, and when your hair has been washed, come down as you are in your bra, panties and pantyhose. I will put your hair up in rollers so that you will have waves for tonight. Later, after school is over the end of this month, we may consider a permanent for you. While your hair is drying after being set in rollers, I will leave you for an hour or so and go down to pick up some inserts for your bra that will give you a more convincing bust than those rolled up stockings. Mrs. Moore told me of a shop where she has purchased such inserts for her son. They are plastic sacs filled with a jelly-like liquid that I understand gives a more realistic appearance to the wearer, also the feel of movement which is lacking with the rubber foam inserts.

Alan sped upstairs, and after shedding his dress, also taking another long satisfying look at himself in the mirror, clad in his exciting lingerie, proceeded to vigorously shampoo his longish hair. Following his mother's instructions, he barely touched his hair with the towel, just enough to keep it from dripping, so that the rollers could be used to get the maximum set. Under his mother's skillful handling, his head was soon a mass of rollers, and after spraying these with hair spray, he was told to sit in the sun for his hair to dry.

Before leaving, Mrs. Wright turning to her son who was now wearing one of her robes over his lingerie, commented, "Alan, should someone come to the door in my absence, I want you to answer it no matter how you may wish to do otherwise. I do not want you to ever feel ashamed at what you are doing, and if you do we will stop now and go no further with your dressing. You saw what happened to Richard because of this kind of thinking, and until today this could have

seriously affected his life. If you continue to dress, and I assume you will, people are probably going to find out unless you live as a hermit, which I will not permit. How we will handle such situations in the future I cannot say at this time, but handle them we will. Furthermore, such occurrences are rarely as bad as you think they might be."

Alan, with misgivings, gave his mother the requested promise, but with the fervent hope no one would think to visit them while she would be gone, and no one did.

On her return, Mrs. Wright not only presented her son with the liquid-filled inserts that indeed gave the promised life-like feel to his artificial breasts, but also a beautiful blue chiffon nightgown with matching peignor. His very first and thrilling nightgown, also the start of his own feminine wardrobe. He almost wished for the night to come to experience its soft loveliness. This was but a fleeting thought for he knew too much lay ahead of him before the night would be over. The next thing on his agenda was a hot bath during which time he shaved off all of the almost imperceptible fuzz from his legs so that they were satin smooth. Having no hair as yet on his chest, this area required no attention and he was soon ready for the next step of his toilet which was the application of a pale pink polish to both his fingernails and toenails. After his hair had dried, it was released from the rollers, and after combing it out he found to his delight that it now fell into soft waves, which his mother, with a little trimming, was able to arrange in a passable page boy style.

As it was approaching five o'clock, a decision now had to be made as to the dress he would wear. After a careful review of his mother's wardrobe it was decided that Alan would wear a rather short black lace cocktail dress, saving for some later day the thrill of his first floor-length formal. On getting dressed he had the new experience of putting on his first girdle, a black net waist-high garment with a black satin front panel and three garters to each leg with which to attach sheer black nylons. Next, a black satin brassiere in which he placed the newly-acquired liquid-filled inserts. Alan by this time was almost swooning with excitement, and he repeatedly stood before the mirror to watch each stage of his dressing. Never had he realized the sensations he would experience dressing in these beautiful new clothes. Finally, a pair of black nylon panties and a matching half slip and he was ready for the exciting black lace cocktail dress that his mother settled over his head. It fell to just below his knees, but

showing an ample expanse of nylon-clad legs. Next came his make-up. Just a touch of pink on his already glowing cheeks, pink lipstick and a delicate touch of blue eye shadow completed his toilet. He was then allowed another glance in the mirror. He found it hard to believe that the beautiful girl that looked back at him was indeed Alan Wright.

Now he could hardly wait to show himself off to his friend, and it was with ill concealed impatience he waited for his mother to complete her dressing. She wore a conservative black evening gown with a minimum of jewelry so that she would not steal the show from her now glamerous offspring. At the last minute she draped her own string of real pearls around Alan's neck, and attached matching earrings to his ears. Finally they left, taking the long way around to avoid to avoid mussing their dresses going through the gardens. Alan was on tinterhooks until he reached their destination for fear he would be seen and recognized by one of his schoolmates. His fears were actually groundless for no one would have recognized Alan Wright in this pretty girl, who appeared to his mother now so completely feminine. She could not help but wonder at this point whether she was doing the right thing in developing in her son his now apparent love for women's clothes. She signed, but after a glance at his radiant face realized it was now too late for such thoughts, at least for this evening, as it was obvious that he was now without question well involved in this new way of life.

Richard was eagerly awaiting them and had the door open even before they could ring the door bell. He was both radiant and beautiful. It was difficult to believe that this lovely creature was indeed a boy, and again Mrs. Wright had misgivings that they were trifling with nature. However, she shrugged off this gloomy thought on seeing the glowing happiness reflected on the faces of both boys who were actually more beautiful than most girls she knew, and decided to enjoy with them this evening of new found pleasures.

Richard also was wearing a short cocktail dress but in deep red that set off his blond beauty. He wore his platinum blond hair piled on top of his head in a most effective manner, while around his neck he had a choker of rhinestones with matching earrings in his pierced ears. His silver pumps with four-inch heels were handled with grace that showed long practice in their wear. Once they had divested themselves of their wraps, and both Richard and his mother had had

an opportunity to admire Alan's gown and makeup, Mrs. Moore and her neighbor settled down to discuss the changes that had so dramatically taken place in the lives of their two sons that day.

Richard then led Alan upstairs to show him his extensive wardrobe of feminine clothes. There was a lavish array of both morning and afternoon dresses, pants suits, cocktail dresses, and several evening gowns as well as house robes and negligees. In addition, there were drawers of slips, bras, panties, girdles, garter belts and stockings. Richard explained that as his mother was a buyer for girl's and women's wear, she had an opportunity to buy all his clothes at a substantial discount. Alan gave generous praise to his new found friend's clothes and expressed a hope that he, too, would soon begin to build up a collection of such exciting clothes, and described the gown and peignoir he had been given that day.

As a departure from their excited discussions, Richard suddenly became very quiet, and on Alan asking what was the matter, he complained petulantly, "What is the good of all these beautiful clothes if I can only wear them in the house? Mother forbids me to go out in public dressed in anything but my boy's clothes, although she does admit that I could probably pass without difficulty for as you will admit I make a very convincing girl."

Alan then recounted the conversation he had had with his mother that afternoon on the same subject, and that as a result, he fully expected being able to appear in public dressed, as soon as he had become accustomed to his attire and had cultivated a suitable voice range and manner of walking. Richard was quite excited to learn of this discussion, and commented, "My mother and yours are already good friends, and I know my mother thinks highly of your mother's judgment. Maybe she will convince my mother to also accept her way of thinking on the subject. Anyhow I am going to work on the idea so that in the future we can go out in public together." They then returned to the living room to find that dinner was ready, but not before Alan had inquired regarding Richard's pierced ears. "I have never noticed before that your ears were pierced, and I am sure I would have during the many times we have walked to and from school together. Also, how have you been able to get away with this at school without causing comment and certain ridicule?"

Richard laughed, "The secret is in a tube of flesh colored make-up. I merely fill in the small holes in the lobes of my ears with this ointment and it stays in place until I again want to insert my earrings. You can do the same thing because I know you will want to wear this kind of earring which is much more fun than the screwed-on type. Also the latter can be painful to wear for any length of time and they can fall off and be lost." Alan made a mental reservation to ask his mother that night to arrange for this small operation now that he would not have to worry about this being detected while dressed in his regular school clothes.

Following an enjoyable dinner accompanied by lively and interesting conversation, and after the dishes had been cleared by the two boy-girls, they all settled down in the living room for coffee and a liqueur, the latter as a special treat for the occasion. Mrs. Moore, in an opening remark after toasts had been made, asked Alan whether he had yet decided on a feminine name to be used when he was dressed as at present, and as originally proposed by Richard earlier. Alan replied that in spite of so much happening in so short a time, he had actually given a little thought to the subject and had chosen as his new name, "Jennifer." He explained that not only was this the name of his aunt, his mother's sister, and who was his favorite relative, but also because of her having sent the gift of pantyhose that had triggered this whole chain of events. He felt it only right that she should be so recognized. His mother beamed her approval. Richard in turn said he had often wanted to take a girl's name in the past as he disliked being called Richard when dressed as a girl, but as the subject had never previously come up, was hesitant to make the suggestion for fear of incurring his mother's displeasure. Now that this possibility no longer existed, he would like to use the name of Elizabeth, which was his mother's middle name, and to be called "Betty." It was obvious that Mrs. Moore was well pleased with this compliment by her son. So the two boys had now acquired the names of Jenny and Betty that they immediately put into use.

The time being late, Alan and his mother put on their wraps, and after bidding an affectionate goodnight to "Betty" and Mrs. Moore, returned the way they had come. This time however, all of Alan's nervousness had left him and he walked with assurance by his mother's side. On the way, a neighbor in passing bid Mrs. Wright a good evening with only a casual glance at Alan, obviously without recognition. Alan felt he had passed his first test with flying colors and that he could, after practice, soon appear in public without fear.

Before retiring, Mrs. Wright asked her son to take off the clothes he was wearing and put on the new night gown and peignor she had bought him that afternoon and rejoin her in the breakfast room for a glass of milk and cookies, also for a few remarks she wanted to make at this time. Alan soon shed his clothes and after carefully hanging up the dress and assuming the beautiful and exciting night gown and robe, he rejoined his mother.

"Alan," Mrs. Wright began, "today has been an eventful one for you and I am very happy for the pleasure it has brought, and which should continue in days to come. Frankly, I have always wanted a daughter as well as a son, and now in you I have them both, so I too am happy. It will be fun planning "Jenny's" wardrobe, also a pleasure buying her clothes in which I hope we can both share. However, there must be certain ground rules that I am sure you will agree as being only fair, and that will enable you to live both your lives with a minimum of difficulty and the maximum of pleasure. First of all, I am turning over to you for Jenny the spare bedroom, where she will sleep Friday and Saturday nights, also during holidays and your coming vacation when I assume you will be living mostly as Jenny. You will keep in this room all your girl's clothes and in this way keep that life separate from that of Alan. On Sunday night you will return to your own room, prepared to resume your regular clothes and regime for the school week. Under no circumstances are you to mix these roles. In other words, at no time when dressed as Alan are you to wear also any feminine garment such as panties, nylons, etc. This could too easily lead to your being found out at school with inevitable ridicule and humiliation. In addition such practice could not help but confuse your normal feelings. Later we can discuss when and how often you will appear dressed in public. As you have few close friends at school, recognition should be unlikely, but this is a risk you will have to take. I am planning some kind of a trip for us as soon as school closes, during which time you will be completely Jenny. By the time we return you will have become so accustomed to living the life of a girl that detection will be most unlikely."

To say the least, Alan was entranced with this prospect and readily agreed to all his mother's restrictions. He then told her of the conversation he had had with Richard, now "Betty." Mrs. Wright said that while she did not like to interfere in such matters, she felt that the subject was of importance to both boys, and that she would explore the idea with Richard's mother at the first opportunity when next she came over for her customary cup of coffee, and which would probably be the following day.

Although Alan hardly expected to sleep after such an exciting day, day, combined with the stimulating effect of the different bed and the soft glamorous gown in which he was attired, he dropped off immediately and knew nothing more until his mother shook him awake. She suggested he not bother to dress, but after washing, to put on his matching peignoir and join her for breakfast. Similarly as with the previous day, Mrs. Moore dropped in before they had left the table. Alan was surprised that Richard had not accompanied his mother, but under the impression that the two women had matters to discuss, made excuses and busied himself in the next room with the Sunday paper that had just arrived. A consciousness of the exciting, and to him, still unaccustomed garment he was wearing, made it difficult for him to concentrate on what he was reading, in addition he was terribly curious as to what the two women were discussing of which he could hear but faint murmurs. Finally he heard the outside door close and sped into the kitchen to learn what had transpired. As he had expected, Richard had told his mother of last night's conversation regarding their appearing in public dressed as girls. Mrs. Wright then expressed her views on the harmful effects of too much secrecy and the importance of both boys learning to adapt naturally to their new roles which included an occasional appearance in public fully dressed as girls. Finally Mrs. Moore agreed, but with certain reservations to be spelled out later as to times, places, frequencies, etc. that would govern such occasions, all of which Mrs. Wright approved. She then mentioned her plans for "Jenny's" vacation and suggested the possibility of "Betty" coming along. Mrs. Moore was more than pleased with the idea, although she would miss her son very much, but would leave the decision up to Richard.

The next day being Monday, and a school day at that, Alan abruptly returned to earth and his former way of life. At breakfast that morning he voluntarily offered to forebear entirely from dressing during the week, restricting this to weekends only until the end of the school year which was just three weeks away. He had a series of exams to face before the end of the term, and it would be best to avoid anything that would distract him from his studies. So the weeks passed before vacation and the promised trip to which Richard had since eagerly agreed. Now the two friends walked to and from school each day, each looking forward to the weekends when they could end their self-imposed prohibition on dressing as they wanted. Saturdays and Sundays they visited back and forth through their gardens

dressed in their feminine best. Neighboring houses on both sides overlooked their gardens, and it was inevitable that they were observed, but as these neighbors were all rather elderly, they either felt that it was none of their business or possibly a new fad of the young people who they readily professed not to understand. In any event, nothing was said. In the meantime, Mrs. Wright was gradually acquiring clothes bought purposely for Alan so that he was no longer obliged except on special occasions to raid her wardrobe. One Saturday morning, although dressed in his regular school clothes, he accompanied his mother on one such shopping tour where together they looked at and purchased bras, girdles, and panties, as well as several outfits to be worn on the trip. If any of the clerks were curious as to why a 15-year-old boy was so interested in such articles, they showed no sign. On the other hand, this may not have been the first time they had experienced such interest by a young man in such intimate items of feminine wear. Mrs. Wright was pleased to note that Alan showed no nervousness or embarrassment during these sessions and discussed each item of apparel with his mother at complete ease.

During the last week of school, Mrs. Wright received a reply to a letter written previously to her sister, Jennifer. Aunt Jennifer, with her family, lived in a suburb of Detroit. When writing, she had thanked her sister for the birthday gift of pantyhose, but could not help telling her at the same time and in some detail, all that had developed as a result of this gift. This included mention of the ultimate adoption by Alan of the name Jennifer for his new role as a girl. She also told of her intention of their taking a motor trip to the West after school ended when they hoped to visit with them for a week or so. This of course depended on whether or not they would be embarrassed having two boys dressed as girls staying with them, and also how this would set with her husband, Alan's Uncle Ralph and his cousin, Steven.

Aunt Jennifer in her reply assured her sister that she was delighted not only with the idea of their visit but also intrigued to see her nephew, and also his friend, dressed as they planned. She was flattered that Alan had chosen to be called by her name, for after all, wasn't he her favorite nephew, and now looked forward to welcoming him as her "niece," Jenny. As far as Uncle Ralph was concerned, as a professor of psychology at the University, there was nothing about people that could surprise or disturb him, and he added his welcome. Regarding his cousin, Steve, they could be assured he would be his

usual pleasant self. Actually Steve had expressed no little interest in this transformation, and was looking forward to seeing Alan, nee Jenny, again, also meeting his friend Richard. So now everything was set for their trip, and as both boys had passed their exams with high marks, there was nothing ahead but anticipation of an exciting vacation, if a most unusual one.

Following the last day of school, Alan had his first permanent at a small hairdressers, who, as a friend of his mother's, would be discrete. At the same time he had his ears pierced like Richard's. This would now permit him to wear the type earring designed for use with pierced ears that he had long wanted to do.

To be continued in TVia #92



**IF YOUR BOYSELF WEARS GLASSES
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IMPORTANT NOTICE – PLEASE READ

One of my good readers wrote me a couple of months ago and told me to stop apologizing for things but to just go ahead and do them, that my readers would understand. I hadn't realized that my comments came across as apologies, but the present statement is not an apology, it is simply a cold statement of circumstances and an explanation for the necessity.

Everybody these days is aware of inflation and of the increase of prices. None of us like it whether we are suppliers or consumers, but it is a fact of life that both sides have to live with. The prices for my printed merchandise were established many years ago. *Transvestia* became \$5 per issue in 1970, for example. I know what everybody is up against and I have tried to hold the line. For the last 18 months or so I tried to do it with the 10 percent surcharge on invoiced amounts. But this did not even pay the total postage costs, i.e., *TVia* requires 57 cents and 10 percent equals 50 cents. It took a little of the heat off but not enough. Getting out half-way decent looking publications requires a typographer to set type with a computer so that it will have a straight margin on the right side and then to "paste up" the galley sheets to page size to get it ready for the printer. This takes considerable time and patience with a resulting cost. Then the printer has to do his thing and as part of his work the pages with pictures on them have to be sent out to make a special metal plate for printing or else the pics wouldn't show up at all. Printing labor goes up. Paper and cover stock have gone up several times. After the printer comes the bindery and their prices go up. Finally, there is Uncle Sam and we all know how postage has gone up and we have been told to expect 15 cents per ounce later this year or early next year. Of course there are a lot of other supplies like forms, envelopes, etc., which also go up.

So, the upshot is that I just can't continue to put out the items on the price list at present prices. I haven't been able to make changes every time something goes up because the price lists are not only in the magazine but they are printed up separately to be sent out to new subscribers and they can't be being changed all the time. So I've just had to sit back and absorb it, but there comes an end to everything and this is it. For example, the urethane foam from which

I cut out the hip, phanny and front pads, has gone up 10 to 20 percent five times in the last 18 months. It is now at a point where I have no choice but to change their prices, too.

The bras with inserts have gone up again to such a point that I cannot feel right about selling them at the price they would have to bring—about \$10, so I am *discontinuing the bras completely*. The two kinds of inserts and the jelly will continue to be available, but recent increases to me by the manufacturer of the inserts requires them to be jumped another 50 cents, too. It's never ending, but that is the nature of inflation.

Please therefore consult the price list at the end of this issue and note the changes. The 10 percent postal surcharge will still be necessary.

The mail order part of Chevalier has never paid much more than the cost of production and postage. It hasn't paid me. My income from Chevalier has come from the commercial sales since, although they get the items at wholesale, I can personally take the entire payment since the items have been paid for from the mail order side of the business. But costs to me personally have gone up also as they have to all of you so that I have been in a personal squeeze, too. Thus I have the choice of making Chevalier economically worthwhile or else closing it up and looking for other ways to supplement my income. I know that most of you don't want that last possibility to come to pass. Many of you have written to me to that effect—"Don't let Chevalier go under, we need you." I appreciate the fact that *Transvestia* is unique in its field. I founded it on that basis and have kept it that way. While there are other publications in the field, they all go much further afield into fetishism, bondage, homosexuality, transexuality, and other "trips." That is fine with me, there are lots of people interested in that sort of thing and they need literature, too, but not being into any of those things myself and knowing that there are a lot of others like me out there, I prefer to stick to something I know something about and let others take care of everything else. Thus *TVia* is alone in its field—not only the first and oldest publication but, in my not too humble opinion, the best. It is that way not only because I keep it that way, but because you, the readers, make it possible. Naturally subscriptions keep any publication alive, but I'm referring here to the fact that you contribute your stories, articles, pictures and other contributions that make it possible. So I know you want it kept

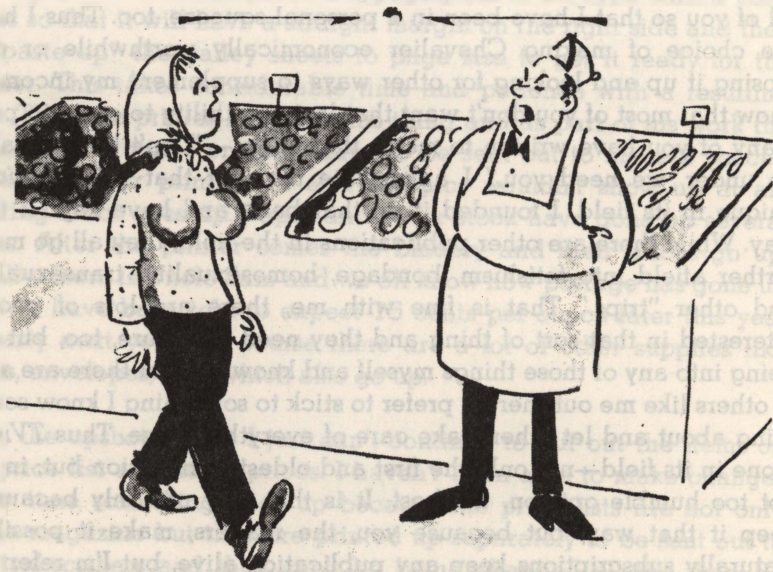
the way it is the same as I do. With these unhappy but necessary price changes I think we can hang on to what we have all enjoyed in the past.

In regard to price changes I must make it clear that any contracts entered into before this issue gets into your hands—subscriptions paid in advance at the old price—will continue to be honored at that price. No "make up" payments will be asked for. But from the time you receive this issue the new prices are in effect. Again I say the above is an explanation, not an apology. I regret its necessity, but you have experienced this in other fields so it won't be much of a surprise. After all, what else has the same price today it did in 1970?

Your Editor,

Virginia

P.S. I'll continue the special price on *TVias* #20, 51 and 52 as long as they last but I must ask 50 cents each for the postage as the 10 percent doesn't come anywhere near the postal costs. There aren't too many of these issues left so if you want in on them at the reduced price please act promptly.



"Nice try mister... But that'll be 25¢ a piece!"



CHRISTINA'S ODYSSEY

Christine, N.Z.

As a prelude to a short winter holiday on one of the nearer Pacific islands, I planned to drive half way in easy stages to a certain city where my GG would fly to meet me (she was having less holidays than I), and we would then drive together to the city in the north from which we'd fly out to the Pacific.

I duly set off, as my brother, but with a vague resolve to pack him away at the earliest possible opportunity, and for as long as possible. My wardrobe was necessarily limited, but, I thought, adequate, having carefully suggested three changes of clothing, one (best, favourite) wig, and the minimum of makeup, jewelry, etc.

On the first afternoon, I soon arrived at the home of my GG friend, a divorcee living alone, where we had tea, chatted, then I had a long soak in the bath. Already feeling deliciously voluptuous in the warm and completely accepted atmosphere, I felt all the cares slip away as I powdered my shaven body, and dressed slowly and carefully.

First my bra with jelly-filled inserts, then a small suspender-belt and a pair of sheer nylons, flesh-toned; then a deep roll-on girdle and a second pair of nylons. In winter I prefer double quota for warmth, as I haven't the youthful resistance to cold winter weather. Sometimes at this stage I add an all-in-one foundation garment but

without stockings attached. I love the cozy and nicely held-in sensation it gives me as well as the warmth, even though this causes me to lose some of the bounce from the jelly-filled bra. Next, a dainty pair of blue nylon panties with a floral motif sewn on one side, then another pair, inside which I have sewn foam padding for hips and bones, then a pantie girdle over the lot to round off any edges, and keep the lot secure.

Next I put on a royal blue satin slip with white lace trimming, a short pale blue skirt with one large box pleat in front, and tucked into it a black satin body shirt; over all an orangey crocheted vest. On my feet I put my latest acquisition, a pair of plum-colored suede shoes with cross bar straps and two and a half inch heels. Make-up and perfume followed, a little jewelry, and my favourite wig, curly, blonde and medium long.

All this was done under the eye of my friend, who would make occasional comment, or help at some point and suddenly it was time for our evening meal, to which I sat down feeling marvellously feminine, and spoiled. M insisted I was her lady guest, and would not allow me to help with the washing up, but sat me down by the fire with some women's magazines and the television set.

M already had an engagement for that evening which I would not permit her to break on my account, so reluctantly she agreed, and having no car, consented to let me drive her to the venue, especially as the evening had turned very wet and cold. She gave me her doorkey to let myself back in the house. I played a little while with her two poodles, read a little, turned on the television set, then turned it off as being uninteresting. Then there came to the surface of my mind a notion that had been lurking there.

The focal point of the city is an area known as The Square, surrounded by large shops, banks and business houses; several streets meet there, but inviolate within is a park-like area of trees, flowerbeds, shrubs, statues and fountains, a pleasant place, day or night, and I had a yen to walk around The Square. I felt that familiar sensation that always accompanies a new situation. It is partly fear (of what?), partly thrill at the challenge, and anticipation of another victory for Christine.

My brother tried feebly to intrude with the usual logical common sense reasons for *not* doing what I wanted, yet half feared, to do. But of course I soon silenced him, as I was already on the way towards the "high" of the familiar jag, and quivering with suppressed excitement.

I changed my shoes to a pair of beige courts, also with two and a half-inch heels, donned my mustard wool coat with a small fur collar, touched up my makeup and perfume, added a chiffon scarf, new white handbag and gauntlets also white, and with my new blue umbrella, and not forgetting the doorkey, I was out! I stood on the front step and breathed in the moist, earthy odour of the air, then with a happy quiver, I set off, in the rain.

It was about 9 in the evening, and I tripped along the half mile or so to the Square through alternately lit and dark patches, past car sales yards, closed premises, homes, etc. A few pedestrians were about and lots of cars passing. A police car cruised past on the other side of the road but didn't alter speed. Two youths came closer on a motor cycle, shouted something unintelligible and roared away. I passed a small, middle-aged lady waiting at a bus stop, but she only glanced once at me. I smiled inwardly as I thought I could have given her 10 years.

I strolled along, not too fast, not too slow — then the rain stopped. Half fearfully, I felt more naked as I folded my umbrella and continued. A car slowed alongside me, then sped away. Then, happily, the rain resumed just before I reached the Square.

The brilliance of the shop lights over-awed me so I ran the gauntlet of the traffic to cross and walk along the park edge by the trees, winter bare so the umbrella was still needed, and there it was less brightly lit. I completed the circuit, a little sadly and crossed the street to head for "home." Three youths trotting past gave me a glance of interest, but no more than might be usual, for which all my senses were alert. I started down the highway, then decided on a little detour. As a result I arrived at the house from the opposite direction, and as I approached, I heard hammering and banging in the house vicinity. On reaching the step I discovered that M had returned earlier than expected, and had been given a ride home. She was not perturbed, but thought that I had possibly fallen asleep before the fire. Asleep! When I explained what I had been doing, she

was merely concerned that I might be soaking wet. When I reassured her on that over supper, she was not the least annoyed, and I was very grateful for her beautiful acceptance. We chatted some more and eventually turned in late.

Next morning I delighted her by serving her breakfast in bed. She said she was not accustomed to such spoiling. I was wearing my ankle-length lavender nylon dressing-gown over a waltz-length coffee-colored, two-layer nylon nightie with black lace trim, and of course, my foam-filled sleeping bra. I also wore my gold and black mules, but no wig or makeup at that stage.

Shortly thereafter, my hostess rose and we chatted, puttering about the kitchen in dressing gowns, being very casual, and having a cup of tea, when her daughter-in-law arrived. I was sitting thus at one end of the table and offered to disappear by signs, but she quickly gestured denial. I was introduced briefly as "Chris" to the sturdy, no-nonsense type who entered with a birthday gift for M with whom she chatted for five or ten minutes, mostly ignoring me, then she went off.

My friend M stifled my attempted apologies with, "No. If she can't accept my friends in my house, as she finds them, it's just too bad." I have no idea to this day what impression, if any, the daughter-in-law had of me.

An invitation had come to M, as a social worker, to attend a local meeting of the Gay Liberation group that evening; she asked me if I'd like to go also, and I said I'd be delighted to do so. During the afternoon, she brought out from hiding, still in its box, a new silver-blond curled wig that she had bought, but never used. Not surprising this, because her beautiful hair just off-white and always well-groomed cannot be improved upon by artifice, I'm sure. She offered it to me to try on, which I did without makeup, thinking that if I liked it thus, it would be ever so much better after makeup, and this was so. M also said she liked it on me, and that I should keep it as a gift from her. Of course, I just had to give her a kiss and a hug of thanks. With a smile and a glance at the window, she said, "If any of the neighbours are watching, they'll be saying, 'There's two lezzies having a go.'" "Let's give them more ammunition," I said. Somehow I felt pleased by her remark.



DIERDRE—NO. IRELAND



JACKIE—MA

By about 7 we were ready dressed to go. I wore a dark blue skirt instead of the pale one, as the weather was still wet and miserable, and black nylons on top. So all dolled-up we went out to the car. Yes — it wouldn't start. No alternative but to phone for a taxi. To To save time we arranged to walk to the main road at the end of the street. Even so, we had to stand around the brightly lit intersection for five or ten minutes before it showed. I felt very happy and less vulnerable, being with my GG friend there, and actually revelled in being seen with a handsome, impressive woman, also very well dressed.

Soon we were deposited at the address across town where we were met by the host and ushered into a large room with diffused lighting, and eight or ten people present. We shed our outerwear and were given a glass of wine and sat down in comfortable chairs. The room quickly filled up, a few greetings and introductions were made, and in general I found myself quickly accepted, though some polite curiosity was of course in evidence. I felt most happy and relaxed in this place.

I had gone there with the intention of remaining an observer, and keeping my big mouth shut, but when, in the course of the not too formal meeting, some statements were made and pursued that I knew from experience of the business world to be totally untrue and unrealistic, I felt constrained to put in my two cents' worth. I spoke quietly, and noticed the sudden hush of attention that met my words. I was duly thanked and the matter was steered into sensible channels. At the informal period later, I made a point of speaking individually to quite a number of the members present, of either sex, explaining about myself, frankly and without embarrassment. The president of the group extracted a promise from me to return at some date and speak to the members, to which I happily agreed. Two of the GG's there very kindly drove M and I home despite the inconvenience and the pouring rain, and I felt pleased, that it was largely due to my having made the effort I had to communicate openly. On the whole, a very satisfying and enjoyable evening.

I was amused and pleased when subsequently my friend M told me of meeting one of the members in the street, some two weeks afterwards. She had known him personally for some time. He had been at the opposite end of the room from M and I and had left early so that I didn't have an opportunity to converse with him. The conversation in the street went as follows:

He started by asking, "Who was that big mary I saw you with?"

"What? Who? Where? When?"

"You know. The tall, blonde piece who came to the meeting at _____ with you; at least I was sure she was with you."

"Oh, you mean Chris?"

"Yes, if that's the one."

"That's no mary, that's my TV friend, Chris."

"You're joking!"

"I'm not. Honestly!"

"Well, I'll go to sea!! Will she be around again?"

"Some time, probably."

"Oh."

Needless to say, learning of this exchange made for me even more memorable an evening already to be cherished among my tiny victories.

Next morning, I had arranged, somewhat reluctantly, to leave and drive to another city to stay with a widower friend, some hours' drive away. It was still raining after breakfast, and postponing to the last possible moment, the re-emergence of my brother, I went out to inspect the car in daylight wearing unisex clothes. That is to say, the usual femme undies, black satin body shirt, still with the sleeping bra and foam fillers, and brick colored crimplene slacks. Because of the rain, I still wore the femme shoes, and a plastic grey raincoat and sou'wester completed my getup. I soon located the trouble and easily fixed it, then tested the engine to make sure, and loaded up the car with my luggage.

I kissed and thanked M most sincerely for all the encouragement and understanding, and drove away. I soon felt uncomfortable driving thus dressed, and decided -- why not? So only a few miles were

covered when I turned off a side road, and with the minimum of getting wet, did a change to total femme image, and immediately felt 100 percent better in the outfit I'd worn the previous evening. I glanced into the field beside which I had stopped to see a man working in the rain a short distance away. I don't know what he thought or what he saw, but I smiled happily anyway as I drove away, and wearing my newly acquired wig gave me an extra lift, as this was the first true daylight public appearance of Christine.

As I drove along at a leisurely pace in a euphoric state, contemplating a whole month away from work cares, and as yet unspecified hours (?) as Christine, I felt the thrill of excitement recurring at the thought of anticipated but unknown adventures that might lie ahead. Having done some acting on the stage as well as experimenting with accents and dialects both on and off, I decided to project the image of a spinster tourist from Holland, recently arrived in New Zealand. I even worked out a plausible background as balanced and detailed as possible, "just in case" some fantasy situation needed it. It is a maxim of writing to know ten times more about your subject than you use, and the same applies to acting a part, with which this had to be a parallel. So, consciously "thinking myself into the part," I reached a country town where I decided to do some shopping.

When driving past the main intersection I was momentarily panicked by seeing the uniformed figure of the local fuzz standing in the hotel doorway. Watching in my rear view mirror, I was relieved to see him then cross the street and disappear. I drew up on the edge of town, and taking my vanity case, umbrella, keys, and after checking my appearance, I exited as gracefully as I knew how, locked the car and walked away, erecting the umbrella as I went. There was a moment of panic as I realized my situation. ME! in a busy town, in daylight, and quelled the urge to hastily call it off and slink away before disaster struck. I conquered it by reminding myself of my decision to play the part well, and appear as "foreign" as possible in the true sense, in the hope that it would overcome such natural disadvantages as my squarish face and 5'11" (in my nylons) height.

Determined thus to convince "them" of my authenticity, I gained confidence and thrilling to the core with rising happiness, I reached the main intersection without encountering a living soul. I paused,

glanced briefly to the right before stepping off the curb, and there, in a doorway not 20 feet away stood the law. I glanced away as casually and naturally as I could, and though my heart was fluttering, I stepped across the street and went along by some shops, stopping before the window of the first displaying women's clothes. A brief gust of wind and rain at the critical moment of crossing had given me an opportunity of dipping the edge of the umbrella a little more to the right, and I carefully controlled my feet. I stood at the window not seeing a thing, but listening, but no heavy tread ensued, so with rising courage, I strolled on.

I reached the end of the short block without finding what I sought, so with calm, deliberate movements, I turned and crossed the street; whilst turning to look both ways to see if clear of traffic. My body's movements within my clothes intensified the awareness of my situation, and I thrilled again with the bounce of my breasts within their confines. I smiled inwardly and looked with something like pity on all those other people around me who were denied this ecstasy, albeit a secret one. Two women gossiping on the curbside glanced at me with the frank curious stare reserved for strangers, and did not pause in their conversing. The shops I sought were not in that area either, but when turning the next corner I spied a stationers, and to it I gracefully made my way.

At the counter, one lady was talking with the proprietress, so I stopped just inside the door by the postcard rack, and unhurriedly selected a card to send to my GG associates at the office where my brother works. It was to be her birthday on the following day. The other woman left, and I presented the card at the counter, paid what was asked, and, just before leaving, I decided, this was my speaking debut. My voice is a fairly light one naturally, and I thought if I raised the tone of it slightly, the effect would be about right. In a Dutch accent I asked the whereabouts of the Post Office, the woman politely gave me directions, and I walked out. Even so, in my self-congratulatory mood I missed it, and had to ask elderly female passer-by for directions. There, I wrote the address and message then presented it to the male assistant for posting. I asked in a hesitant manner if there was sufficient postage on it to reach its destination on the following day, or would it need to be airmailed. He politely assured me that it was sufficient, so I thanked him, gathered my accoutrements, and left.

The next stop was the chemist's where quite a number of people, mostly women, were being waited on by the two or three assistants. I stood pondering by one of the racks of cosmetics and soon a smartly dressed lady of about 40 came to my assistance. I said I wanted some eyebrow pencil that would match my hair, pointing, and she quickly brought out a shade which she said was appropriate. Next I asked for some green eye-shadow, choosing a shade and asking her if that was suitable for me and "not too old-fashioned"? She assured me it wasn't, and I completed my purchases with a box of tissues, as I had suddenly become aware of a sensation of a runny nose starting. Whether this was because of the heat indoors, the excitement suppressed, or any other factors, I don't know. All the time, of course, I was testing the atmosphere for her demeanour, alert (are we oversensitive about this?) for an indication of a jarring note, and "playing my part" to the hilt. I paid for my purchases and left, heaving a sigh of relief as I became aware of the tension under which I had been acting. Trying not to laugh in hysterical triumph I started making my way back to the car. I was just about to turn the corner at the main intersection again when I realized I was outside the hotel door.

In country towns and villages frequented by tourists particularly, there is no opprobrium attached to a solo female entering a "pub," and I felt rather in need of a sit down and a little drinkie, so I entered and made my way to the rather sleazy lounge, where the sole occupants were two GG's seated at a small round table. The duo, in their early 20's, were having a liquid lunch and hardly glanced at me as I entered and sat at a table across the room from them, after depositing all my things on a nearby chair.

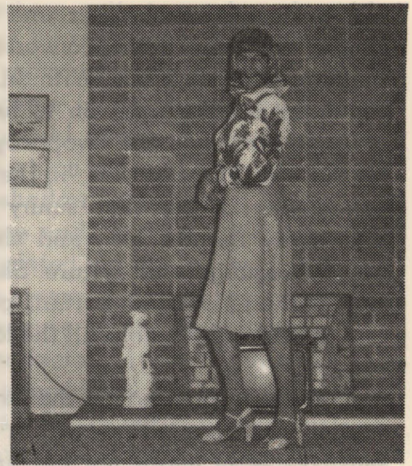
At the bar I obtained a long, weak, refreshing drink. The barman paid no more than the usual attention to me as he served me unhurriedly, at "country pace." When I sat down again, I found that the two had gone, and in their place sat a small, middle-aged woman, plainly dressed, who had come through from the public bar with her glass of beer before her.

Fingers shaking ever so slightly, I took a gulp and put a cigarette in my mouth, then found that my lighter didn't work. I crossed and bent over by the woman and asked her for a light. Cheerfully she passed me a box of matches, along with some innocuous comment, about the rain I think. Then, having lit up, I paused and asked if she'd mind if I joined her. This I did, dumping my things nearby

and we toasted each other, and there was hardly a discernible pause before she opened the conversation by telling me she had several hours to wait for a bus. With only very little and occasional prompting from me she went on to tell me all about her recent move to a house far out in the "wop-wops" some 30 or 40 miles from where we sat. Her husband was "in the railway" and he had just been transferred from a pleasant sunny town on South Island, where they had many friends, etc., and she had been a part-time teacher of Maori language and culture. She was "in town" today for some new linoleum and other important purchases, and enjoyed having someone to talk with, to help fill the long hours.

She was fascinated by the brief sketch I gave her of the "foreign tourist" and regaled me with a list of places I must see and things I must do — I "might not get another chance." She told me a little I already knew, and much I didn't know, about the Maori people, and especially the attitudes of the parents to education. She was a very sweet and kindly person, and very soon I forgot I was playing a part. Occasionally I had caught myself listening to myself, and even asking myself if this was real, but an involuntary movement of my nylon-clad legs, or the sight of my startling red nails when I made some gestures, assured me that indeed it WAS real, and happening. I was fascinated, and thrilled together, by the new and beautiful insight I had of a person that would never have come the way of my brother. Time wore on, and we "shouted rounds" alternately, according to irrefutable custom, and I became increasingly concerned that it was long past the time when my friend in another city expected me. With sincere thanks for a most enjoyable interlude, I gathered my paraphernalia and returned to the cold and the rain, but not before I "paid a visit" and repaired my makeup.

When I stopped at the next place, a tiny hamlet, the rain was even fiercer than before. I splashed my way into the tiny Post Office where I asked the plump, pleasant-faced woman there to put a toll call through for me to _____. G's cheerful voice welcomed me and asked where I was and if I was in trouble. I told him guardedly, emphasizing "Kristina" in my strongest accent, that I was all right and would be reaching him soon. He told me, equally guardedly, that he no longer had the nose, often-dropping-in female neighbour, and to get there safely. I paid for the call at the counter and had a brief conversation with the lady, also asking how much driving time it would take me to get to my destination. Again, there was nothing



CATHERINE
FAu-1-P



FRANCES—ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA

detectable or untoward in her manner. I filled up with gas across the street, and resisted the impulse to engage the man in conversation, before driving on.

G, a widower living alone, greeted me as I drove into the front, chasing me indoors while he did the luggage transfer like a gentleman, in his shirtsleeves, despite the pouring rain. He was the first of Christine's acceptors, outside my GG and naturally, there will always be something rather special about our relationship. He is a delightful person, with a generous, flexible nature, and nothing ever fazes him. He sat me down comfortably and we talked while he prepared afternoon tea, bringing him up-to-date with my adventures. He was amused, and happy for me, and the afternoon flew on wings of good companionship, he treating me appropriately in his incomparable way. I felt wonderful, safe, protected, and able to relax and be MYSELF in a beautiful atmosphere.

I bathed leisurely and then he asked what I wanted to do about dinner. I challenged him to take me out to a restaurant — which he immediately accepted. I also reminded him of an earlier promise to wear the expensive fur coat of his late wife that still hung in a well-protected cover. Asserting that he always kept his promises, which I knew, he phoned for a table, produced this beautiful musquash coat, and I delightedly prepared to make myself as beautiful as possible.

I wore the pale beige slip this time, over it a white evening top with silver lurex pattern through it and full sleeves, that my GG had recently bought for me, then a white crimplene knee-length pleated skirt. A white wool belt with a gold buckle over the top, plus my newly-acquired wig, and with makeup, perfume, a little pendant of crystal, and I was raring to go. I was glad of the warmth, as well as the luxury of the fur coat, as he escorted me from his car into the restaurant, which was only moderately busy at this time in the early evening. Several glances were frequently sent my/our way, but, deliberately not paying attention to them, I was in no mood to try interpreting them. For the first time, I felt able to relinquish my cares to my tall, capable escort, and so concentrated in playing up to him as if no one else existed. I was so "high" I was almost light-headed, and not because of the wine that was brought to accompany the excellent dinner of oysters mornsy. The soft lights, muted music, warm opulent atmosphere, all my sensuous awareness of body,

clothing, combined with the attitude of my charming, considerate companion to render a mood of such euphoria that many would consider it bordering on dangerous. This, I reflected, was surely a zenith of victory for Christine and her self-expression campaign.

Eventually leaving, I asked if we might walk about a little, as I was sure I had overeaten, and my escort charmingly consented, despite the cold and the intermittent rain. We walked the length of the main street, pausing occasionally to look briefly in some shop window, then on again, arm in arm. When almost back at the car, my companion suddenly turned into the ornate foyer of the city's swankest hotel. I meekly followed, slightly shrinking into my fur coat as we passed into the large, warm lounge, and chose a table far from the majority of groups present. I sat and slipped the coat off and on to the back of my chair, settling down as naturally and poisedly as I could manage in view of the many stares directed at us from various directions. I felt sure that I must have been read, but could not permit myself to show it. We had a couple of drinks taken slowly to the background music of a modern combo and subdued chatter all round. Once, the bar manager, who like most of the clientele, knew and was known to G, came past with a scrutiny and a polite greeting, which I returned with as much aplomb as I could muster. In due course, we left, running the gauntlet of stares and (I imagined) snide remarks muttered. We drove home and relaxed after what had been, for me, one most unforgettable day.

The morning was dry and a wan sun worked to shine through, though it was still cold. I decided after the briefest moment of indecision, to continue as myself, and with the vague intention of changing en route somewhere. That moment I hated, and wanted to postpone for as long as possible, the return of my brother from limbo. My destination this time was a city to which my GG was flying to meet me on the day following. It was our intention there to talk with some real estate agents, probably look at some houses for sale, and feel out the prospects of employment. Obviously therefore it would have to be (regrettably) as my brother, but for the time being I wanted to prolong the ecstasy I'd been revelling in, so I left G's in the mid-morning, after expressing my deep and sincere thanks, and blithely drove north.

When travelling any distance from home it is the habit of GG and self to take a prepared picnic basket, and in these circumstances

it was particularly suitable for having a light meal as and when desired. So in the early afternoon, I was thinking of stopping when I came suddenly on a small town. As the sun had come out in earnest then and I had misplaced my dark glasses, I deemed it urgent to remedy that by purchasing some new ones right away, and as I was also getting low on currency, to cash a traveller's cheque. I wore the white evening top and white pleated skirt of the evening before, and my mustard coat, as being the most appropriate for the sunny, spring mood of the day, and stopped my car more or less in the middle of the small town, or large village.

I cashed a cheque at a bank chosen at random; but an interesting sequel to the choice came soon. The pretty woman teller of 35 or so who served me gave me no more than a polite glance. I crossed the street and was discussing face powders in the chemist's with a pleasant young lady assistant when I heard a male voice say behind me, "Excuse me a minute, please." I turned round calmly while my heart leaped with fear that it was myself being addressed, to see a short, middle-aged man in not-too-smart sports jacket and trousers gazing at me. "Did you just cash a cheque at the bank?" He continued. I could hardly deny it, in view of my conspicuous figure, and nodded, at the same time saying perplexedly, "There is something wrong?" — showing a little concern, but not to appear worried, just what I thought would be right in the circumstances. He muttered something about being "out at the farm" when I called, and would I "mind coming back over to the bank" for a minute. I thought he also said something about the exchange rate on foreign currency. I completed my purchase and we left, he preceding me across the street, watched by half the village, it seemed. I wondered, frantically, what sort of spot I was in and, more important, how I was to get out of it without ignominy. My first thought, as expected, was that I had been read, but I couldn't imagine how one might possibly reveal this to me in a diplomatic way, even if a hundred percent certain. I reviewed my brief list of actions, words, movement, etc., since stopping, and could find no obvious blunder — all this in the brief time that it took to follow him into the bank and into his office. I concluded he was not positive, though maybe he had his suspicions, but — how to prove them?

He invited me to take the visitor's chair, and I thought, there goes my second and final daylight appearance. You've overreached yourself, girl. I composed my features and clasped my bag in my lap, not

too obviously, I hoped, and wondered what it contained that would be a lot of use in jail. He paused, searching for the right words, making a steeple of his hands, underneath which I could see on the desk the cheque I had signed not so long before. Though I had used my brother's signature, with the initial only, it didn't honestly look very Dutch.

"Where did you get this from?" he finally asked. I decided to be vague, and told him, playing the silly foreign tourist to the limit. (It was clearly printed on the cheque, the office of origin.) I became voluble, and explained that I was from Australia, going north on tour of the country, then flying to a Pacific island, and back to Australia. I half proffered the book of cheques from which this first one had come. He ignored the offer. After a brief pause, I added that "they" had told me quite distinctly when issuing the cheques, that there would be no difficulty in cashing them anywhere. I ended on a puzzled note, in as guttural an accent as possible, to indicate "genuine" perturbation. My tone and manner indicated that an ignorant female had been misled by the business (male) world in general and bank employees in particular. I said that I had run out of local currency sooner than anticipated, and that I was to receive some at my next destination (from GG) — both true — but that in the meantime I needed something to cover small expenses and had resorted to the foreign currency cheques. Were they really not legal here? I wanted to know.

He thought for a moment, then the question I had dreaded came. "Do you have a permit for the overseas currency in and out of the country?" Now that, I did have, right there in my handbag, and what's more, I could see in my mind's eye as clearly as if it were photographed, how it was worded and made out to "MR. _____ (full name) _____ (and address). I knew that if he saw that, I was surely sunk. With a vague wave of the hand, I said, "Oh, that! Yes, I have it. Somewhere among my luggage in the car." I paused, and waited, before venturing as if helpfully, "Do you wish me to try to find it?" This was the crucial question. I did the wide-eyed innocent for all I was worth. He paused, then came to a decision. "No. It will be all right." He shuffled his feet, and made movements to indicate the interview was at an end. He had made a choice, be it right or wrong. "Sorry I have put you to some trouble," he added with total insincerity, that I took, however, at face value. "I had no idea there would be any difficulty," I said, with injured innocence. He made

a flick of the hand and shake of the head to indicate "No matter now." He had a word or two of jargon with the lady teller who had been hovering nearby. She glanced from him to me once or twice, and I was escorted to the door.

Outside, I resisted the temptation to glance back at the solid grey stone, two-story, ultra-respectable and Victorian edifice. It was a surprise to find the sun still shone, and the world, or a small portier of it, still went about its business. I stood, uncertainly, fumbled in my handbag for a moment vaguely, then walked along the street. At the drapery, two charming elderly ladies attended to my requirements, then finally, a pair of sun-glasses and back to the car, never at any time appearing to be in a hurry to leave town. I was dying for a cup of something to drink.

I drove just a few miles out and stopped beside a large wood to eat, but answered first of all a call of nature. When I emerged from the trees, I was perturbed to see that a large, plain van had drawn up a few feet behind my car. I had noticed no sound or seen no movement about the vehicle, and wondered if some occupant was playing a devious game. If so, I thought, I'll be devious, too. I strolled past it and into my own car, did a U-turn and drove back the way I had come for a mile or so, then suddenly turned into a half-blind entrance to a field that I had happened to notice in passing previously. I sat and waited, but the pangs and need to take in food were urgent, so I had a light meal. I did not see the van return past my hideout, though it could have done so, and I could have missed seeing it. Refreshed, I resumed my driving north, but never saw the van again.

My good spirits soon returned and I drove cheerfully, occasionally smiling when I thought over things that had been said, and the way things looked during the "incident," and I was still debating where I should stop to make my "change" when I reached the outskirts of the city that was my destination. "The hell with it," I thought, doubtless having gained courage from coming through the afternoon unscathed, so I drove right to the motel which had been recommended to us, and checked in, still en femme. It was admittedly a purely impulsive deed, but the proprietor, who looked faintly skeptical (not uncommon among the breed), accepted me at face value.

I settled in and relaxed completely for an hour or two, then wrote some letters, read, and freshened up, wondering what I should do about dinner. Another problem became more pressing on my consciousness, which was, the primary reason for visiting that city. As a result of my laxness combined with some impetuosity, I had "painted myself into a corner," because obviously it was impractical, outside of a pleasant fantasy in *Transvestia*, to inspect properties, talk business with real estate people, etc., as Christine. The motel unit being face to face with the office, it was neither possible to check out as my brother, nor do so as me, then quickly change and sneak out as a strange male. For the time being however, it was essential that I keep my strength up somehow.

I found an unpretentious place to eat towards the edge of town on the highway. It was nearly empty as, evidently it was close to the usual closing time for this particular establishment, although the evening was still young. I chose a table near the door and far from the business end. A television set was playing at the back, but I ignored it for a while, until half-way through my dinner, while the owner stood near the door locking it after each customer left, I heard from the TV set unmistakable German speech. I turned round to see on the machine an image of Hitler haranguing a huge crowd in Berlin. During the "Sieg Heil's" that followed, I turned away from the set to see the owner half watching me, so I made a derogatory nod of my head to the set, at the same time an ironic smile on my face. The man, a short, tubby Maori, nodded, and grunted something appropriate. "Big trouble-maker," I said, getting on with my meal, and half nodding to the set, again. He agreed, and soon I was launched into my usual spiel. He displayed polite interest, no more, and as far as I could tell, accepted me completely. I paid and left, and drove back to the motel.

I dressed carefully next morn, taking great care with my makeup, and wore the same as before, but left off the mustard coat. The day was bright and sunny, though cool breezes blew from the west. I drove to a prominent landmark and viewpoint. There was only one other car parked there, containing a youth, languidly slouched on the front seat. When I stepped from my car I was shocked by the ferocity of the wind in this exposed spot, and it swirled my pleated skirt up in a most revealing manner, whilst I made apparently frantic attempts to hold it down, at the same time holding on to my wig for fear, and in another hand, I had a small scale map of the area. I

turned my back on the other car, ostensibly to try recognizing some landmarks and comparing them with what the map showed, but to no avail. The breeze played mischievously with my skirt, so I did not prolong my pose there, but resumed my seat in the car. I had been trying to find a small wood from on high, or some other place suitable for my "sex-change," but in vain. I drove away, not looking to see if the youth was still watching me, and headed for the hilly countryside, indicated with the sign on the map as "Scenic Drive." I lost my way at one point, and stopped another car, driven by a smart lady, to ask directions, but she was also a stranger to the district. Eventually I reached open country, but even a continuously changing view always held some cottage, or farm house, or similar domicile, never too far away, and no small copses to be seen anywhere.

Finally, in desperation, I stopped the car on a long straight stretch of road, with the nearest visible house over a quarter of a mile away. Keeping inside the car as much as possible, I sadly did a complete change, ensuring that every trace of makeup was gone. With a quite heavy heart, I packed all of my lovely nylon, dainty, fragile things away in their suitcase, then my wig, makeup, jewelry, etc., and drove, a very different person in every way, back to the city and to a different motel.



"Gee, I'd like to get into your pants . . . and bra and slip and dress and those naughty high heel shoes, too!"

"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Dear Virginia:

I felt I should write you this note to let you know how much I am enjoying your publications. I have finished reading *Understanding Cross Dressing*, *The TV and Wife*, and several others. The biggest impression I receive from your writings is how similar my case is to most all other heterosexual FPs. And for 40 years I thought I was alone in my desires. This is what bothers me. How many young boys and young men are there who feel they are also alone because they have not been exposed to your writings? This is a national tragedy and somehow they must be reached to assure them that they have thousands of "sisters." I don't pretend to know how to do it but perhaps someone has ideas. I shudder when I think of the thousands of young men who are or will be going through what I did in my younger years.

I guess education and publicity are the answers. This will probably occur if you can get a foothold into some of the popular magazines read by the average American family—such as Sunday newspaper supplements or the popular women's magazines found in the supplements. The way you explain our compulsions should (I hope) convince the average person that we are not homosexuals or other figments of their imaginations. If I may be so bold to suggest it—this is the way you should go now. The explanatory material is written, now it has to be disseminated to the public.

Regards,

Jeanne, PA-20-N

Dear Friends:

I have recently experienced a miracle! After reading Virginia Prince's book, *The Transvestite and His Wife*, I gained the most elusive quality of life—respect for myself. This has freed me from my prison of self-hatred and opened me to the greatest of joys—that of fully experiencing my love for my wife whom I cherish above all. Although I must admit that life isn't perfect, now it can never again be as bad as it was.

I am very much a man and I am very much a woman. The two are no longer mutually exclusive. I am on the path to a totally integrated personality. For that I wish to thank Virginia Prince and that lucky twist of fate that allowed me to be a transvestite. But most of all I thank my wife's love for making life worthwhile.

Love,

Dianna—CA

Dear Virginia:

Enclosed is my check for your new book, *Understanding Cross Dressing*. I hope you enjoy a good sale, to not only defray costs but to return a small profit at least.

I was glad to receive #88 of *Transvestia*. Frankly, I was becoming somewhat concerned that our publication had suffered its demise for I know you have had rather hard sledding during the past year. Hopefully your appeal will result in a build-up of readership.

You are to be congratulated on the way you have kept this little magazine going over the years with the same high standard of writing, with never a compromise into sensationalism in an attempt to build up circulation. Possibly you have often wondered if it was all worth while when at times it may have seemed your efforts were not fully appreciated, as evidenced by a falling off of subscriptions. However, I believe I am speaking for many of us who like myself have been a reader since the long ago issue #1, that we admire what you are doing and look on you as a friend, although we have never met. In short I hope you will be able to keep going for the foreseeable future. You go with our heartfelt best wishes.

Since I retired a couple of years ago I keep busy with several worthwhile volunteer activities. The one I enjoy most is working with a chapter of "Recording For The Blind." This is the recording on tape of a wide range of textbooks for graduate and post-graduate students. The books we read for these students, include all the subjects found in the usual college curriculum including psychology. In this area you will be interested to learn that in two different books dealing with transvestites among other subjects on sexual behavior, they make mention of *Transvestia*, and in both instances very favorably. The comment in each case was that this was the only honest, unsensational magazine published for transvestites that endeavored to help such individuals understand why they practiced their own particular life style, and to do so without having to feel a sense of guilt. In the last book I read, they also spoke highly of you, Virginia, giving a brief resume of your life and how you came to start your magazine, also the many speeches you have given in public in an effort to gain public acceptance of the transvestite. Unfortunately, I did not think to jot down the name and author of this particular book, but possibly this article has been previously brought to your attention.

I spend one full day a week from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the studio, during which time we read and monitor from four separate books, giving an hour and a half to each. As a result we each read but portions from each book, using a number of different readers before the book has been completed. Under the circumstances, the books when completed are returned to the library in New York and are no longer available to us. I mention this in explanation of why I cannot go back and dig this out for you should you so wish. Anyway it is nice to know you are not only finding your way into textbooks, but are also receiving most favorable mention.

Best wishes,

Laura—PA

Dear Virginia,

I am writing to commend you on your fine book, *The Transvestite and His Wife*, which I found to be a great asset to both my wife and I.

I am a transvestite and have been for as long as I can remember. I have always been burdened with anxieties and frustrations which go with being a closet FP. At the time of the marriage, five years ago, my wife had no knowledge of my transvestism.

It was after two years of marriage that I found I could no longer keep this terrible mountain of anxieties and frustrations pent up inside of me. I had to open up to someone. I chose to tell my wife in hopes that she would understand and help me in my distress. I can't say I made it any easier for her inasmuch as I did not really understand my dilemma myself. I really didn't know how to explain to her why I enjoyed dressing in feminine attire or fully what a transvestite was.

After I had told her she was pretty much in a state of bewilderment. At first she would agree to let me dress, but did not want me to do so around her or our child. I've tried, as I know other F.P.'s have, to quit. But, it turned out to be a fruitless effort. Above all else, I wanted to keep as much harmony in our marriage as possible.

As time passed my wife saw that it was causing me discomfort to keep my dressing suppressed. She agreed to my dressing. So I dress whenever possible and have accumulated all the feminine attire I need to have a complete wardrobe. I get to go out occasionally with my transvestite friends, dressed, and am quite content in my world of cross-dressing and femininity.

The thing that made the difference in my marriage was when an F.P. friend loaned me a copy of your book which both my wife and I read. I can't tell you what a change it has made in our attitudes and understanding of transvestism. I would like to say that reading your book has made a big difference in my F.P. world. That, and a most wonderful lady that I'm married to. I've found a greater love for my wife because I am able to share my entire self with her. Thanks for writing your book for transvestites and their spouses. I hope your book has been as rewarding to many others as it has been to my wife and I.

Sincerely yours,

Veronica—MO

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

Thanks to you and your books I have come a long way towards perfecting my femme self. My wife has also made enormous strides in accepting and understanding my other personality known as "Vikki." She is rapidly becoming an A wife and the credit for her accomplishments must be placed with you, Virginia.

For the first time recently we have met and visited with other F.P.'s. The experience was most rewarding for both of us. She had certain (and understandable) reservations about contacting these people at first. You see, she led a rather sheltered life as a child in which things about people which were different were kept from her.

I think that in the last two years since I have literally come out of the closet she has come a long way in her understanding. Now she enjoys my dressing and states that it has enhanced our sex lives tremendously. I am inclined to concur wholeheartedly. We enjoy going in public as two women frequently. Her only objection is that I sometimes draw more wolf whistles than she does. I suppose that would be somewhat of a blow to be outdone by an artificial female but it does wonders for my ego.

Now I feel as composed and confident in public in women's clothes and makeup as I do when dressed as a male. The most difficult part about going out and one in which I need constant reassurance is in talking. I have had to talk several times and it seems to work out all-right. I find it easy to say simple words such as "yes," "no," or "cash" (when asked at a checkout counter how I wish to pay for purchases). It is complete sentences that give people a chance to really analyze your voice and then give you the onceover. By applying your suggestions listed in the "Voice and Talking" section of your book, *How to be a Woman Though Male*, a passable feminine voice can be developed. Practice with a cassette tape recorder and then playing it back helps tremendously. I have made recordings in this manner and played it for friends whom I see every day and they didn't know it was me. One woman thought it was a professional impersonator. But like you say, other people who have never seen you as a man have no alternative but to accept the voice that is accompanied by the face (and figure) they see. It is a wonderful feeling to be accepted as a total woman. This kind of confidence is not gained overnight. It only results after many outings as assurance is strengthened within one's self. I have gotten used to having men step aside for me in stairways, holding doors open, and being seated at restaurants. For me, the novelty of passing is renewed each time I venture forth.

About the only thing I haven't got the nerve up to doing is dancing with a man. A few days ago my wife and I, along with a neighbor lady, whom I call "Slim" (due to her shapely figure) went to a cocktail lounge. I'm not sure whether I looked the part that well or if our gentlemen callers were in a slight degree of intoxication but all of us were asked to dance. One remarked, "I don't know which one to ask, they all look pretty good to me." Flattery will get you nowhere, I thought. And it didn't. I wouldn't get up. As the evening progressed we were approached three more times and I offered three more rejections. A word of caution, don't drink to excess so that you keep your wits about you. It wouldn't do to get stoned and lose your cool, displaying the masculine qualities that you are suppressing while in dress.

On several occasions I have been in the company of people from the town in which I live. They know me very well as a male but haven't the slightest conception of my femme self. They had no reason to suspect that I was anything else other than a new woman being introduced to them for the first time. Of course, dim lights do effect a shrouded atmosphere for such undertakings. I plan to continue my public excursions often as I love being taken for a woman. I do wish all the best to all sisters and their wives and if all people such as my wife and Slim would accept those of us who are different, the world would surely be a better place to live.

Sincerely,

Vikki, IL-40-M

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF

Referred to as TRI-SIGMA for short, this is our sorority for heterosexual male cross dressers. You may request a membership application after having purchased (and read) either 3 issues of *TRANSVESTIA* (any three) or the book *Understanding Cross Dressing*. This requirement is simply to give you a chance to see if this sort of organization is for you. We have members all over the country and provide a correspondence service to enable them to contact each other. The sorority also published a bi-monthly newsletter *The Femme Mirror*.



OBSERVATIONS PERSECUTION OF MINORITIES

Virginia

By this time I imagine everyone has heard all about the Dade County Florida election and the way Anita Bryant and her reactionary backers managed to win an election whose purpose was to revoke a municipal ordinance guaranteeing nondiscrimination against gays in housing and unemployment.

Now right off the top probably there are a lot of you who are very strongly anti-homosexual and are saying "bravo" to Anita Bryant. I hope by this time you will all know that I'm neither personally gay nor am I a promoter of that way of life. However, I think the circumstances warrant making some comments about the Miami event that some of the less thoughtful among you might take as indication of a pro-gay slant on my part. But that is a chance I will have to take. It is important to all FPs to understand what is going on in this matter.

As you are all aware, we have been living in a more and more open and permissive society. There are those, particularly the fundamentalist religious sects who would like to push society back to Victorian times if they could. There is a wave of reaction under way in this country today and you ought to be aware of it. Anita and her activities in Florida are only a small aspect of it. There may be a lot of things about a more permissive world that you don't care for or support—that goes for me, too. But I want to point out to you all that FPs enjoy a much more tolerant climate today than they did when I started *TVia* 17 years ago. Neither freedom nor repression are very selective—they tend to be all or none kinds of things. Thus if the anti-gay rights movement is successful, you can expect a lot less freedom for yourself, too. Remember that as far as society is concerned, FPs are the same as gays. Society in its ignorance does

not make the distinction. Thus if the gays are suppressed and discriminated against, it will be discrimination against you and other FP's, too, and don't forget it. When reaction gets under way, it doesn't stop with the suppression or elimination of just one minority. When what is considered the worst is out of the way the previously next-worst becomes THE worst and it in turn becomes the victim.

The Jews learned that the hard way in Germany. When the Nazis had finished off various political minorities—communists, homosexuals, and free thinkers of other types—they came to the Jews and they became the least desirable group and you all know what happened after that.

So what am I leading up to? Just this . . . you don't have to be black to realize and to speak out for the human rights of black people. You don't have to be a female to recognize the rightness of the Women's Movement. You don't have to be Irish, or Japanese, Catholic, Amish or Jewish, or a member of any other minority group to recognize that in a pluralistic society like America, ALL people have a right to live out their lives in their own way providing they don't injure somebody else's rights in the process. Thus you don't have to be gay to take the position that they, too, have a right to live, to have a job, to be able to rent an apartment, and the other things that the Miami ordinance attempted to guarantee them. Therefore I urge each of you in your own way to speak out about the absurdity of what happened in Miami because if you don't, it's liable to happen in your town or city, and if it does, remember you either go underground like the old days, or you live in fear of being classified as gay and treated accordingly. The time to stop a leak in the dam of tolerance and understanding that holds back the waters of bigotry and repression is when the leak is small—like the little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in the hole in the dike. We'd all better get in there and put in some good words against bigotry and intolerance NOW when there is only a trickle of it. When it gets to be a tide or a flood, it will be much too late—for you as well as for them. Think about it! You don't have to give people the impression that you are gay or that you are promoting gayness, but you can say to most any one of most every opportunity that Anita Bryant's crusade should be stopped in its tracks or bigotry, intolerance and repression will be right around the corner.

VIRGIN VIEWS ^{by} VIRGINIA

I'M GLAD I WASN'T BORN A GIRL

I'm sure that is a surprising title for an essay to FPs. Most FPs think to themselves at one time or another, "I wish I'd been born a girl." It sounds like a logical expression of feeling and an expected feeling for someone who "enjoys being a girl" in the middle of their life as a man. But there is another side to it that really isn't perceptible from where most FPs stand. It is perceptible to me and I want to elaborate a bit on it.

Earlier in my life I too had those thoughts. Girlness seemed a most marvelous state of affairs, certainly one which was free of all manner of problems that beset boys and if I had been a girl I wouldn't have to bother with them at all. Everything would have been "sugar and spice and everything nice." But would it? During the last 10 years that I have lived, lectured, traveled and read and exposed myself to the world as a woman and been reacted to as a woman, I've learned a few things and learned them in the rather unusual way of being a "male woman."

To begin with, I've read many of the first books on women's liberation, such as *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir, *The Feminine Mystique* by Freidan, *The Female Eunuch* by Greer, and a number of others. My perceptions of the problems girls and women have to put up with were greatly broadened (and it's an appropriate pun). I heartily recommend that all FPs educate themselves in this area and Germaine Greer's book, *The Female Eunuch*, is an excellent place to start.

Then as most of you know, 10 years ago I decided that I'd had enough of manhood, having participated in all the major forms of it—high school and college athletics, academic and scholastic exper-

ience while earning my advanced degrees, maritally through two marriages, parentally with one child, and economically, executively and competitively through founding and being president of my own manufacturing corporation for 15 years. Although there are numerous specific experiences that individual men have had that I have not, these areas cover the main aspects of a man's life. I'd operated in all of them and satisfactorily, so when my second marriage went down the tubes (not because of my being an FP) and I had sold the business, I had the free choice of what to do with the rest of my life.

I felt at that point that I had a pretty good working knowledge of that half of the totality of humanness known as masculinity and my forays into the world of femininity begun so long ago at the age of 12 and which in the early and mid-sixties had widened out as the results of radio and TV appearances to a month or six-week excursions as Virginia, had given me glimpses into the other half termed femininity. However, these were always vacations from manhood you might say because I was aware that I always had to come back to that as a base line. So when I no longer had business nor domestic pressures to restrict me to the masculine world I decided to swing over to the feminine. So for 10 years now I've lived as Virginia.

During that time I have not just visited womanhood, I have become part of it—sharing largely (but not entirely) in its advantages and having to put up with most (but not all) of its disadvantages. Since I am not a female (though I am a woman), I cannot share the wife-mother aspects of femininity. By the same token I do not have to put up with menstruation and the oftentimes unfulfilling role of being a female to an aroused male. But on a general level (woman), not sexual (female), I think I have learned pretty well what life is all about. Enough at least to realize that I would not have been ahead in the total game of life if I *had* been born a female and raised as a girl.

If that had been the case I would just have *been* a girl, accepting my female and feminine life as just the way life was. Boys who become FPs can dream and fantasize about the wonders of being a girl but a girl who is naturally a girl doesn't do that. In fact she may very well feel very constrained with the biological and social limitations that are put on her and rebel against them. Surely she doesn't rhapsodize about the marvels of being a girl. And if the fantasizing FP had in fact been a girl—she would not have had the motivation to rhapsodize about it because for better or worse she would be stuck with it.

As it was, having been born a male and raised as an ordinary boy who then somehow discovered the reality of my own inner femininity, I was in a position to fantasize about this never-never land of womanhood and so see it through the eyes of a boy and young man. So I, like you, could and did build it up out of all relation to actuality. Thus, when I decided to emigrate to this new land of permanent femininity, I had something to compare it with. I was better able to appreciate it, better indeed than anyone who was "born to the pink," as it were. Thus the last 10 years have given me an unique opportunity to integrate the masculine and feminine sides of my total self and to be able to use one or the other in some given situation as I might decide at the time was appropriate.

Realizing that I now have my options back—I have all the choices open to either a man or a woman—I feel that I am a much more "together" and unified person than I could possibly be as either a man or a woman. I long ago got over the super feminine attitude that some FPs feel it necessary to adopt when they are out in the world. Gradually I got so that if there was some attitude, behavior or task to do that would more generally be assumed by or performed by a man I would do it without a second thought. "Charles" is alive and well in the back of my head. All those attitudes, experiences, skills and strengths that he had, I have still. Nothing can be forgotten. So although I prefer to present myself to the world in feminine clothing, hairdo, nail polish and lipstick in order to elicit from that world the kind of treatment and response that I wish, internally I don't have any specific feelings of womanliness or manliness. Rather I just am aware of my personhood and of my having access to all of my human potentials rather than just one half or the other depending on whether I am living a masculine or a feminine role. This is a great state to be in. I feel whole. At this point, I can't help but come up with an appropriate pun. While *I* feel whole, transsexuals feel hole.

While that is a pun, it is a peculiarly appropriate one because it is largely true. What I mean by that is that the transsexual allows his/her identity to originate between his/her legs rather than from between the ears. To them woman is equivalent to femaleness and as that state is primarily characterized by the vagina—a hole—their womanliness, their identity becomes fixated on their genitals. They ARE a woman because they have the hole and they couldn't be a woman without the hole because all women have that hole. So runs the basic logic.

I, on the other hand, do not yearn to be a pseudo female with that hole. It isn't good for anything except to be filled by a penis except insofar as it provides the source of one's self identity. I would much rather, and do as a matter of fact, base my identity not on being one or the other of the two halves of total humanness but rather on having arranged my life so that I can have access to and a choice of both halves. And two halves make a whole not a hole.

In due course I came to realize that this wholeness could not have come about had I been actually born a girl because then I would only be an expressor of the opposite half of my potential. But a half is only a half regardless of which half it is and thus I would not have been able to achieve wholeness that way either. Now the burden of this essay is to try to get any of you who still think "I wish I'd been born a girl" to give it up and to realize that you have far more potential by virtue of knowing a lot about one half and a little about the other. That little may become a lot as the years roll by, even as it did for me. But even if you never go full time into the opposite gender role, you are better off as a male raised as a boy who found his girl within and therefore access to the rest of himself than either a natural born girl/woman or a non-FP male/man.

A second purpose is to try to influence any of you who are toying with the surgical trip to a reappraisal of the situation. Going from the frying pan to the fire is merely trading one set of psychological-physiological-sociological-economic problems for another set of the same thing. Because while a man's world and a woman's world can be toted up on a scoreboard and on any given item one or the other will have an advantage or a specific disadvantage, when the total score is taken into consideration, things are about equal. If you think about it philosophically, it couldn't be any other way. On a physical basis if you were to split a human being right down the middle through the nose and the belly button you would end up with two half human pieces characterized by the fact that wherever there was a special part such as the left arm on one there was a specific lack in that same location on the other—and conversely for the right arm. The only reason why one life style seems to have net advantage over the other is for the same reason that the chicken crossed the road and the cow looked over the fence with longing at the lush grass on the other side—namely because one tends to match up the disadvantages of where one is with the advantages of where one is not. Seldom do we do it in reverse to match the advantages we already have with the

problems and difficulties that the other half has to face. Perhaps if those contemplating surgery would do just that they might reconsider. In short, it is better to be one whole person than either half alone.

To most of the world I would be a freak—a person with both breasts and a penis—because to them I, so to speak, can't go either way. I don't have the hole to go with the breasts to attract an opposite person, and I do have breasts which conflict with the penis and would tend to drive away those female persons who might be able to appreciate the penis but not in the same body with the breasts—items that they would use as aphrodisiacs for a male themselves. But what they and most people don't see is that while sexual activity is great fun and generally satisfying, it is after all a very small part of one's whole life experience and giving up some of that (especially if one has already experienced it as a male with a female) in exchange for achieving wholeness in all the rest of your life's experiences is by no means a hard bargain.

I have two small qualms about this essay. One is that to some of you it may sound like a brag which is not at all what is intended. I talk about myself because I have to have an example for what I want to express and because what I want to express is precisely what I have learned from being the kind of a person that I am. Secondly, I don't want my words to be taken as some sort of a lure or an inducement to anyone to "come and do likewise." I don't urge anyone to follow my path who is relatively stable where they are. But if one is not satisfied with where one is at and is thinking about that ultimate tobaggan slide down into surgery, then I hope what I've been talking about will set up some new thought paths that may induce such a person to consider changing their gender, learning to be a whole person rather than depending on becoming a "hole" person to solve all of their life's problems. Over and above that, however, is the simple fact which has gone on since the very first "Virgin View" article and that is that when I come up with a concept or a point of view in this whole fascinating field, I write it up here to share it with my readers so that they can do with it what they wish. For me this column serves as a library of my own insights and understandings as they have come to me over the years. It remains a fascinating thing for me to go back 10 or 12 years and read an editorial that I wrote then. It shows me the mountain up which I've climbed and all I'm doing in sharing the view from the ridge where I stand with you.

Virginia

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MERCHANDISE

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Publication Policy

Transvestia is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be for all. It is published for the enjoyment of all heterosexual cross-dressers and as your magazine, your support is needed. Material is solicited on the following basis:

1. All contributions resulting in five or more printed pages will be entitled to one free copy of the magazine whether that issue or any other. Such free copies will become payable upon publishing the material, not upon submission. There is no way to determine in advance which issue a particular piece will appear in, so please do not ask for a free copy of the issue in which your contribution will appear. After it has appeared you will be sent a credit slip for any issue.
2. The editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and the free issue payment will be based on the final printed page. Shorter material will simply be accepted as your contribution to the interest and enjoyment of all readers.
3. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
4. 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 in the best interest of the magazine to do so.

The Society for the Second Self

This is our social organization. Application for membership in the Society (more informally known as Tri Sigma Sorority) may be made after fulfilling either of two prerequisites: a) having purchased from Chevalier Publications *and read any five issues of Transvestia* or b) purchasing and reading a copy of a special booklet about the Society obtainable from the Society at the address below. Acceptance into the Society is dependent upon approval of the application payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in making your entry in the Directory of Members of Tri Sigma Sorority. Admission into local groups generally requires an interview by some member of that group. Five or more members may form a group and request designation as a chapter.

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