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Transvestia

FICTION

Cinderella II (Con't.)
Going Steady
Beauty Pageant

ARTICLE

A GG for Every FP

TRUE STORY

Out in the Big World
Our Coat

BOOK REVIEW

Abbé de Chaisy

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Far Away Places -
Strange Sounding Names



Volume XIV

No. 80

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

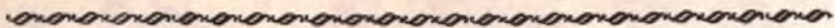
to help its readers achieve —

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.

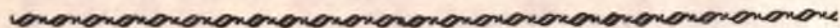


THE COVER SYMBOL

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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FICTION

CINDERELLA II

(Continued from TVia No. 79)

Geraldine, Wisc.

Nobody was home when I got there; a note on the table said that everybody had gone over to the home of one of Step-mother's cronies. I don't suppose it was a coincidence that the crony was also a member of the Committee For Planning The Big Bash. I considered calling them — after all, they might be planning something drastic and I didn't know how long things might hold up. For all I knew, old Wendell might have organized this part too. I almost screamed with laughter though when I found out that the meeting, although originally informally called in fact to determine the identity, etc., of last night's mystery guest, had turned into a manhunt. It seems Prince Charming had disappeared.

After listening to Step-mother's declaration that, "We just don't know when we're coming home and all . . ." I hung up. I had a sneaking suspicion I knew where the Prince was and I walked out into the back yard towards the gate leading to Wendell's place.

My attention was distracted by the presence of a guest in our swimming pool. There was a girl lying along the edge of the pool, sunning herself in the late afternoon sun — a reasonably fake performance under the circumstances, I thought, and I walked over and stood beside her, looking down. She heard me approaching and sat up suddenly, hastily hauling the front of her bathing suit up. "Oh! Hello. I didn't hear you come in — do you mind?" She asked, pointing to herself and the pool. "It looked so inviting I just couldn't resist the temptation to come over."

Come over. I looked at her for a few seconds, then felt my knees grow weak. I sat down facing her and said, "You know, they're looking for you."

You might well wonder why I felt weak, even in those circumstances. Admittedly, it isn't every day you run across a Prince in your swimming pool — but then I'd expected that, more or less. The weakness comes as a result of finding that the Prince is really a Princess.

(At least I think so — from the looks of things. I myself had managed a convincing performance the night before, but even with Wendell's too-expert technical help, could not have managed the bathing suit trick. Especially the "accidental" clumsiness in adjusting the front.)

"Any special reason for picking our pool?" I asked casually, knowing the answer. Wendell, you see, also had a pool.

"It seemed the best way to meet you," she answered. "Although I was beginning to wonder if you'd ever return."

"You were waiting for me." Not a question; a statement of fact.

"Of course. We didn't get to finish our conversation last evening."

"No — I had a sudden appointment. You might say I had to catch the midnight pumpkin."

"Oh!" she said suddenly, looking around her in surprise, "I must have forgotten it."

"What?"

"I was supposed to return your slipper."

"Louses up the whole script, doesn't it?"

"Not really — I thought it was going a bit too far — but Wendy (*WEN-DY???*) practically insisted on it. Oh, well, if you'd like to walk me back to the house I'll give it to you." She stood up then and started toward the gate. "Also — you might like an explanation."

That was putting it very mildly.

As I walked beside her I suddenly said, "You're real, aren't you? I mean, you look considerably different from last night."

"I might say the same thing about you," she replied. "Am I real — real what? Are you 'real'?"

"Listen," I said, "I'm beginning to have doubts about everybody."

Her Highness (Majesty? Grace?) left me sitting in Wendell's living room while she went "to put on something more comfortable." I sat there with the unmistakable feeling that somehow someone had shuffled the script and got it mixed up with the late late show, but presumably Wendell was directing the show — so it must have some sort of logical outcome. Check that — an outcome — certainly. Logical — I had my doubts. Take the Prince / Princess of Saxe-Gotheburg, Heir Manifest to the Twin Crowns. Looking for a bride so he / she could become King — well, the mindboggles, sir, actually boggles. The evening before I had met a reasonably distinguished young man, personable, but correct (in the European sense; that is, almost a stuffed shirt.) This afternoon the young man shows up in my backyard wearing a two piece bathing suit and even now — comes back into the living room wearing a pink dress. Wouldn't you boggle, sir or madam as the case may be? (You'll notice I no longer take chances with anyone.)

"An astonishing metamorphosis." The Princess wasn't the raving beauty kind, you'll understand, but wasn't ugly either. She was a bit on the tall side, with a certain solidness to her that was tempered by a certain grace as well. Litheness. I couldn't help feeling that she was more used to wearing her Prince-suit than this dress. A certain lack of definiteness in handling her hemline as she sat down, a certain unhandiness about her hands as if she wasn't *quite* sure about them.

"Well, you're wondering what it's all about, aren't you?" she began.

"Yes. But may I interrupt — not for too long — you know you're supposed to be missing."

"That's being taken care of," she said.

"Wendell?"

"Uh — yes."

She paused for a second, and began:

“Saxe-Gotheburg is a very small, but very old semi-republic. Semi-republic because the state is actually governed by elected representatives although there is a monarchy — much like England and the Scandinavian countries. Additionally, we have had an agreement with our large neighbor for provisions of defense and so on. The main industry of course lies in the very nature of the country. There is a quaintness, a piquancy of the old Europe that is retained there. It is, moreover, our most prized possession. We are, if you will, a museum state. However, even in the twentieth century — or because this *is* the twentieth century — there are other considerations. Efficiency. Big business. That sort of thing. We do things the old way — everything, including our government, the tourist trade and so forth. We are not a rich country — financially speaking, but then, there is wealth — and there is wealth.

“The monarchy itself is one of the institutions that makes the state what it is. I speak candidly, you realize. By an ancient treaty — so old that the other signers of the treaty no longer exist politically, Saxe-Gotheburg stays independent so long — and only so long as she has the monarchy — a King. And to be a King, One must also have, by long custom, a Queen.

“The reasoning is obvious. In order to insure the succession, there was always provision made for the birth of an heir, subject of course, to the whims of Nature. Unfortunately, my father was the last male of the line — perhaps the oldest, if the least, of the royal houses of Europe.

“There is an element within the country that wants to merge our state with our neighbor. True, the benefits are obvious: we should enjoy material prosperity, we could dispense with the costly business of government — in short we could join the twentieth century. But at what cost? Immeasurable to the viewpoint of some of us, including my father.”

She went on for more than an hour more, telling me her story. Her father and mother had had no children for a long time after marriage. The opponents of retaining the monarchy had begun a movement to have the republic joined to the giant nation next door. In the events that were leading, outside the country, to the cataclysm of war, the long-awaited birth of an heir was taken as a sign of hope. The king, however, was disturbed by the unmistakable path that these events were taking, and, concerned with whether or not the country would survive or not, announced

the birth as a rallying point for the population. "The war will come and sweep over us. We must preserve the republic for our children, yours and mine — we must save ourselves for our Prince." The tide of war did wash over the state but since the wealth of the country consisted largely in something that could not be stolen it was relatively mild. The treasures were carefully hidden away and the king and his family went into exile. (In point of fact, the king simply moved up into the mountains.)

"I was raised as a boy. I had to be a boy, you see — for the sake of the country. And I spent the first seven years of my life in the mountains, living like a shepherd boy. The truth was as closely guarded a secret as any in the world."

After the war the king returned to the castle and the country began rebuilding and restoring. Meanwhile the education of the prince was begun: schooling, of course, instructions and practice in all the royal arts and sciences, from riding to military drill to political theory, "for ten or more hours every day, from the time I was eight or nine, I guess, until I was mature."

The education of a Prince was interrupted by two cataclysmic events. The first of these involved the fallacy of the Prince's own self: maturation brought its own problems to the girl prince. With considerable effort, much planning, and good fortune, the problems were minimized when they could not be avoided to the extent that no one outside the royal family knew anything.

The second event, within the past two years, had been the death of the old King.

"Of course, every Prince that ever lived grows up in the knowledge that one day the King will die — that's the nature of things. But that does not remove the sorrow. I loved him as a son and as a daughter — a double share, you see."

The planning and the years of work had managed to produce a Prince, an heir to the throne who was completely capable, but technically ineligible to rule. It was necessary for the Prince to marry.

"Which was, of course, the unavoidable stumbling block. My father and I spent many long hours trying first this and then that solution. One thing seemed certain: I would be unable to marry — because of the un-

mistakeable fact that I would necessarily have to marry a girl. Secondly, there was the unmistakable fact that I *was* a *Prince* — in habit, thinking, even in appearance — with some attention to detail.”

There had been a growing movement of public sentiment that the Prince should begin actively seeking a wife. And, because it was inevitable, the Prince went through the motions. He visited the other capitals of Europe and there was always discrete talk of allying him to one or the other of the daughters of the remnants of nobility. Talk only, for nothing seemed to come of it. Until the Prince chanced to visit Paris.

“Of course it was all the same thing there — everyone’s daughter being shoved at me until I wanted to scream. If the truth were known I was, in spite of my upbringing, a rather healthy young woman underneath it all, and despite the problem of the throne I still had fantasies about finding a young man.

“One night, as I was leaving a reception featuring the latest candidates — you can’t imagine what nightmares these things were for me — one of the men there said to me, ‘Impossible, aren’t they?’ I was unsophisticated enough to say ‘yes.’ My partner in this conversation was one of the remnants of a decayed house — but how decayed I didn’t realize. He proposed that we visit a certain place he knew of where I would find, he assured me, an interesting sight.

“He was, of course, completely mistaken about me — the reason I was not interested in girls did not imply I was interested in *his* kind, either. But he unknowingly offered the start of a solution, although I didn’t know it.”

Places like that have existed from the time of the Greeks — who had made something of a science of it. Places where young men of certain persuasions can meet other men. The Prince’s guide had taken him to a homosexual ball. There was something simultaneously repulsive and fascinating about it. The companion had disappeared shortly after arriving, leaving the Prince to stare at the crowd from a darkened corner.

“I was startled,” she said, “when someone spoke to me, saying, ‘They are interesting, aren’t they?’ I replied instantly, ‘They’re disgusting.’ The voice went on, ‘But there’s something about them, all the same . . .’

“I turned to look at my unwanted companion and found myself staring at a well-dressed woman with a sympathetic smile on her face. ‘What



CATHERINE FAU-1-P FPE
Australia

is a person like yourself doing here?" I couldn't help asking. 'I might turn the question around, I think, but I have the feeling we're both out of place. Would you like to talk somewhere where we can hear ourselves, without competing with them.' Her tone of voice was so sympathetic and she seemed so honest that I agreed and we left.

She paused, as if to allow me the chance to ask the inevitable question, but the answer was so obvious that I didn't want to interrupt the story. "Later on," she resumed, "I was to wonder at my actions. Here was I, virtually the head of a state — admittedly a very modest one — but nonetheless — leaving a homosexual party in the middle of the night in a city with a notoriety for such things, with a person I had never met before, going to a destination equally unknown. Can you imagine the scandal that would have broken? It would have given the anti-monarchists all the ammunition they ever would have needed, especially when you consider that the only defense would have automatically conceded the issue.

"But in defense of myself, I want to add several points. First of all, you must know that my unusual circumstances had given me some practical training in political, economic and even diplomatic affairs — but as far as emotional or sexual matters I was utterly and completely naive. Secondly, I honestly thought my new companion was a woman — perhaps looking for the same thing I was, whatever that was. You see, I wasn't even sure about that.

"It was a night of a thousand surprises."

The new companion had taken the Prince to a hotel room and after a short period of conversation which seemed to create an empathy between them, the companion had done something astonishing: she had asked if the Prince would like to borrow some of her clothes.

"I was completely astounded. I simply did not understand what was happening and said so. It's hard to tell who was the more surprised by this time, myself or my new acquaintance. In the confusion that followed, somehow I let the whole issue slip out when I suddenly said, 'I thought perhaps I might somehow find . . .' What? I didn't know for sure and in an effort to communicate, I told who I was — not everything, for I still had a semblance of caution left, but described myself as a young woman who had to live as a man, and wanted to find a young man who might fit into this plan in some way.

"My new friend was laughing hysterically by this time and when I furiously demanded why? — the issue certainly wasn't funny, I was told the reason why it *was* in fact, the funniest thing in the world. My lady friend turned out to be a male." She paused meaningfully.

"Our friend, Wendell . . ." Surprise, surprise.

Coincidences. Of all the people in the world, the girl Prince has to run into my next door neighbor at a drag party in Paris.

"But how could Wendell help you? I mean, I'm surprised he wasn't the guest of honor at that party," I asked.

"Ah — so it would seem. But it turns out that our friend is not so inclined — rather he was using a sort of — camouflage? Now then, what he *is* is harder to understand, it seems, than the other, and somehow Wendell had assumed, or decided that he was so closely related to the other that he was more secure acting as if he were that which he is not." She stopped again. "I'm afraid that wasn't too clear, was it? I find English just a little confusing at times."

"I understand," I said. "The old proverb about being hung as a goat instead of a sheep."

So my random thoughts the night before might have hit the mark. Wendell just *acted* like a Queen Bee. Which meant that he was more like me.

"Here was a person who seemed to be what I was seeking. At least, it meant that what I had had in mind might exist — and this was most encouraging to me at this point," she continued.

I suddenly asked, "Well, you seemed to have found it there — that should have solved your problem."

"No, it didn't work that way. I was *so* excited by this — in my gratitude, I'm sure I fell in love with Wendell. I immediately made plans to return home, told Wendy to follow, and that I would immediately announce our engagement and we would live happily ever after."

"Yeah. Why didn't it work out?"

She told me an unbelievable story of human love or loyalty that was made the more unbelievable by being completely true. (It *had* to be true, because the circumstances would not permit lying.)

Wendell had refused to go on those terms. Oh, he would be only too glad to visit Saxe-Gotheburg, but as for the idea of becoming Queen of a story-book country, he declined the honor.

"I don't understand. I would think that anyone in those circumstances would jump at the chance . . ." I suddenly stopped speaking. The smile on the face of my companion told me I had already said too much.

Of course there was no denying the fact that Wendell was entirely accurate in pointing out that there was a disparity in their ages — not great, but significant. And so — much as he'd like to — he wouldn't. But he appreciated the problem. And, if he might be permitted to make a suggestion, he had an alternative. An alternate.

"You mean, he actually turned it down? Why? And what was his idea?" I asked.

"Well, that should be obvious," came the reply. "He suggested another person — a person he knew very well. You have a rare friend there."

Yes, good old Wendell. The son-of-a-gun had immediately thought of me as the ideal candidate to go play Queen with the girl King. Marvelous. (It is, in a way. I mean, it does seem like an ideal solution to everything, doesn't it? Too bad it won't work.)

"He told me all about you, and I think I fell in love with you even then. And we made plans . . ."

Even the most die-hard critic of the monarchy could not help but admit that the Prince had an interesting idea when he talked of seeking a bride in the US. The publicity was worth literally millions of dollars and the story-book kingdom could expect to reap a rich harvest from affluent American tourists who would feel an almost proprietary interest in the land. The only problem worth mentioning was actually getting the star performer to consent (and you haven't solved that one yet, Princess baby) — and Wendell had conceived a mad, mad plot which was so easily done it was absurd. (He simply mentioned the Prince's name one day as he was frying the hair of one of our county's matrons and she had charged out like a firehorse dragon, breathing fire and dropping names.)

"And so, here we are. Very clever, don't you think?"

She stood up then and walked toward me. "I understand the custom works in reverse order," she said, "but you must realize the position I hold demands that I do this this way. Would you do me the honor of marrying me?"

Sheesh!! How many boys get proposed to like that? I was sort of expecting something like that — but not so directly, nor so soon. My jaw lay on the carpet gathering lint for a while while I tried to refocus my brain. All of a sudden this whole idiotic idea turned out to be for real!

She had actually knelt in front of me, waiting for me to say something. "I know this is very sudden, but we haven't much time. And after last night — and our little talk this afternoon, I feel as if I've known you forever." She looked up at me hopefully.

"Oh, for God's sake get up!" I said. "I can't talk to you like that." I helped her to stand and because it suddenly seemed like a good idea and we were in an opportune position, I kissed her.

She took it the wrong way. "Darling, you've made me very happy," she sighed. At that moment her wig slipped off.

According to the latest social etiquette as dictated by the editor of a magazine dedicated to over-sexed rabbits, a gentleman does not say anything when the lady's wig falls off. Much as he'd like to. Now, a causist might well argue that these rules would not apply to this situation, especially when it had not been finally determined who was the lady and who was the gentleman. In this case, the fall disclosed the short haircut of the Prince.

"Ah, well," signed my partner, "now that that's all over I can get back into my own clothes. I must admit that I was not particularly in favor of this idea of Wendell's. I really can't see what you people find so wonderful about wearing dresses. But he insisted."

"Seems to be a habit with him," I answered. "So why did you?"

"Well, Wendell pointed out that you were, after all, a boy, and that you had had such a negative reaction last night, that it seemed advisable to impress you with the fact that I am — as far as you're concerned —



KAREN - ALA

a girl. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll return Wendy's things and get my own clothes on again."

"Say — where is Wendell?" Things were moving past me in a blur. I didn't know what was happening and I felt like lying down and passing out for a while.

"Oh — he'll be along in a little bit. He's just arranging the rest of the details."

"What details? What's happening now?" My voice rose in pitch. What *was* happening?

"Just about now he should be telling your step-mother all about us."

"What?!?!?!?" What about us? I didn't agree to anything, did I?"

"Yes, you did. And what's more — you know you did." She left the room.

I'll never know the reason why. Never. Nobody could ever convince me that I was in my right mind, then, or forty-eight hours later when I boarded a plane bound for Washington, DC, beside the Prince. Our engagement was to be announced at the Embassy there and from there, on to Saxe-Gotheburg and a state wedding. I never even had a chance to protest, even once.

I can't even remember everything that happened in that intervening period of time. I do remember that Wendell had returned from my step-mother's with another fantastic scheme. I was to dress up again in the clothes I had worn to the Ball, while the Prince appeared in full Princely drag and we would enact the final scene where the Prince tries the missing slipper on the foot of — Oh, lordy, Wendell, nobody is *that* stupid!

"Your step-mother comes closer than anyone I know," he insisted. "You're right, of course, but there's another reason. We want to show her what a beautiful daughter she's acquired.

Well, even my step-mother couldn't chew a lump that hard to swallow. And as the poignant scene was enacted in Wendell's living room, she suddenly said, "But what am I going to tell everybody?"

Instantly, Wendell was at her side. "My dear madame, surely you know that the mother of a Queen is above explanations."

"Oh, yeah — yeah, that's right. I forgot." She blinked at her new-found knowledge. "Hey, I can't wait to tell the girls at the Club."

Leaving step-mummy to consolidate her social gains (she lacked the imagination to even realize what had happened to her), the Prince led me outside and pausing, said, "We were interrupted the other evening." We resumed what was rapidly becoming our favorite pass time.

"You will make a beautiful queen," he murmured.

Perhaps for the very first time, I suddenly realized that, as a matter of fact, I would at that . . .

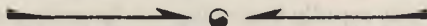
Did they live happily ever after? Absurdly so. We became bride and groom in due course, then King and Queen, and all the rest. Perhaps if I had been any older than eighteen things might not have been so smooth. But I adjusted very quickly to everything. And it was an absolute ball, day in and day out. We were supposed to be ornamental, and we were all of that. A good part of my life was to be spent standing around posing in some of the most fantastic clothing.

The most marvellous thing happened in our third year of marriage when the birth of our twin sons was announced. Everyone was happy; the line was secure once more, and after nearly a year's absence the King and Queen could return to public life. (It is considered a social gaffe for the nobility of either sex to appear in public with the Queen in an "interesting condition." Of course, it would have been even more interesting had we actually done so. One doesn't see a pregnant King every day, you know, even in a story book.)

Now is as good a time as any to close the book, but one character remains to be accounted for, the person who brought all this about. Wendell, I'm forced to admit, is still with us. He came along to insure that the new Queen would always look her radiant best — a task he excelled at. I didn't know at first how to thank him for all he had done ("Cool it, Queenie. You'll think of something.") but at the suggestion of the King he was made a member of the nobility. It seemed only appropriate that he should become a Lady. ("Ye Gods! he had said, "I'm real!") He had taken to

fashion designing in earnest, and with some favorable publicity (and a certain royal patron) had become internationally famous. Like myself, he was now able to live as he wanted all the time.

But he went too far. Tonight is our first gala since the birth of the twins. Lady Wendy designed a special outfit for me in honor of the occasion. I swear, I will have his head for this – the vile creature has me appearing in *pants!*



IMPORTANT NOTICE!

For some time now I have had a standing offer to buy back at the rate of \$2 per issue any old TVias that are out of print. As a result of that I have acquired a considerable number of such issues. However, I have been disappointed in the number of readers who had an interest in obtaining these old copies which are by this time collectors items. As a result I wish to announce the following: –

1) As of NOW the offer to buy back back issues is withdrawn. While I will gladly accept old issues that you wish to DONATE in order to save space or whatever, *I will no longer buy them back.* I found that I was just building up my investment inventory at a time when capital for printing new items and reprinting stories that have been exhausted is very tight indeed.

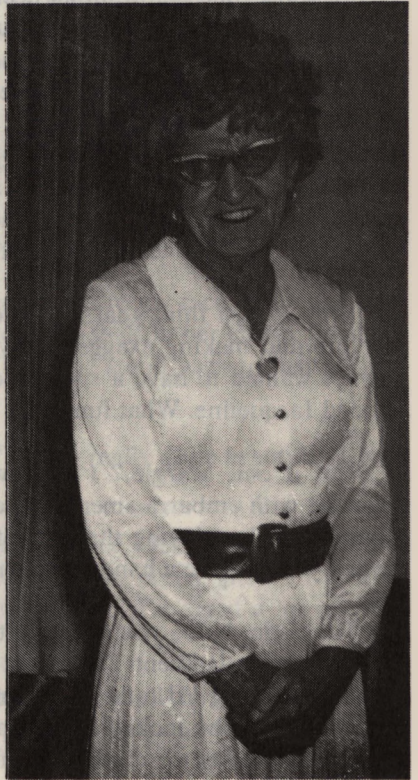
2) Since I do have from one to 5 or 6 copies of many of the missing numbers such as before No. 18, 23 to 50 and 54–60, there are not too many of any one. So if you have been intending to order any of these “when I get around to it”, please take notice now – these are the last of these issues that are EVER going to be obtainable. There is some great reading in them and if you regret the long delays between current TVias why not fill up the gaps with these. Remember their price is \$6.00 per copy.



LIZ - CA.



CLARA - Tx



BETTY-JO CA-1-G FPE



FICTION

GOING STEADY

by: A. J. W.

It all started during my freshman year in high school. My folks had died a short time before in an accident and I was sharing an apartment with my older sister, Margie. Fortunately, my parents had left more than enough money for us to live on and complete our educations and on the whole she and I got along with each other except that sometimes her practical jokes got on my nerves.

I was going to an all boys school at the time and when I tried out for the annual play, I was given one of the girl's parts. When I told Margie the news, she started to tease me about it, just as I knew she would.

"Why Jack, I think that is just terrific," she said, putting one hand on her hip and making exaggeratedly feminine gestures with the other. "I always wanted to have a sister and now I'll have one . . . a little sister named Jacqueline. What fun!"

"Cut it out, Margie," I said, well aware that my face was turning crimson with embarrassment. "The only reason I told you is that I need your help. I'm playing the part of a teenage girl and the director suggested you give me a hand in preparing for the role."

"Fantastic. Now, you're really talking," she replied with enthusiasm. "That's an assignment I'll accept with the greatest of pleasure. I can think of nothing I'd rather do than change my rude little brother into a pretty Miss." She looked at me appraisingly. "You and I are about the same size. I'll bet my clothes will fit you just fine with some appropriate padding. What size shoes do you wear?"

"8B," I replied.

"Wonderful. You'll even be able to wear my shoes. As the saying goes: 'There's no time like the present.' Come into my room and we'll see just how cute you'll look in dresses. I bet you'll be a knock-out. But just remember. Don't flirt with my boyfriends, dearie, or you'll be in trouble."

"Truce," I said. "Margie, please stop kidding me. Enough is enough."

"O.K. O.K." she said. "I'll stop kidding you if you'll promise to cooperate with me. I intend to do a good job at this over the next weeks so that I'll be really proud of you in the play. Is that a deal?"

I agreed to the deal and followed her into her room. In no time, she had selected various things from her closet and bureau. Sheer nylons. Lacy white panties. A white bra. A frilly slip. A shirtwaist dress with a floral pattern on it. Yellow pumps with medium heels. After I had put all these items on with her assistance, she commented: "I'm going to have to buy you a waist cincher or you'll split my dresses. Now sit on the bed while I make you up."

"Oh, gee, Sis. You don't have to do that," I said feeling thoroughly humiliated.

"Don't argue with me Jackie. Remember the deal?"

Quickly, expertly, she applied the cosmetics to my face. After she was satisfied, she took a long blond wig from the shelf in her closet, brushed it out a bit, and set it on my head. Then, she stood back to inspect her work.

"I can hardly believe it," she said. "You're really quite beautiful. Look at yourself in the mirror."

I wobbled over to the full length mirror on the back of her door on my unaccustomed heels and I, too, was amazed. A pretty girl . . . a very pretty girl was looking back at me. In my time, I'd dated a lot of girls who were less good looking.

"Jackie, by the time that play comes around, you'll be able to fool anyone. Now, here's what we're going to do. On nights and weekends, we're going to dress you as a girl so that the feel of the clothing becomes natural to you. We're going to teach you how to walk and sit in a proper fashion like a little lady. And we'll rehearse your part until you're letter perfect."

"Aren't you going overboard on this, Sis?" I protested.

The next evening, Margie came home with an armful of packages. She opened them one by one to reveal a waist cincher, a set of false eyelashes, and a set of false finger nails, realistic looking breast inserts for my bra, and several pairs of pantyhose which she told me I would have to rinse out at night.

As the days went by, a set routine developed. Immediately after I got home, I would shower, don the outfit of girl's clothes which Margie had laid out for me, apply my makeup, put on my wig, and do my homework so that later in the evening I was ready to rehearse my role. Almost every evening, Margie took polaroid pictures of me. She told me she had read someplace that actors frequently did that so that they could study their gestures and stance and so forth. It didn't make much sense to me because we never used the pictures in that way but I didn't argue.

The Saturday before the play, we rehearsed all day long until I knew the part inside out and upside down. I was wearing the white blouse, black jumper, and black high heels that were to be my costume in the Third Act.

"Well, let's call it a day," Margie said. "You've got it down pat. You'll be a smash. Let's celebrate by going out for dinner and a movie."

"That sounds super," I replied. "I'll go change."

"Change? Why bother. You look just fine the way you are. Besides it will be an adventure. I'll bet you a week's allowance no one has the slightest suspicion you're anything other than what you appear to be . . . an extremely cute girl."

With great hesitation, I finally agreed. It felt funny to walk down the street and know that the clickety-clack of high heels was coming from my shoes. It felt strange to feel the breeze against my slim legs in their sheer nylons. I was acutely conscious of the purse which Margie had insisted I carry and was sure I looked like an awkward fool. But no one gave us a second glance. At the restaurant, the captain and the waiter held our chairs for us and took our order without any sign they had observed anything out of the ordinary. Still, I was glad to get to the movie theater where the darkness gave me a sense of security. After the show was over, Margie said: "Let's go to the malt shop for a soda before we go home."

“Are you crazy?” I asked her. “That’s where your crowd hangs out. Someone may recognize me.”

“What if they do?” she retorted. “They’re friends of mine. They’re not going to call a cop. Don’t be so silly.”

Sure enough, Betty and Susan, two of Margie’s closest friends were there and beckoned us over to sit with them.

“Hi, Margie. Who’s your friend?” Betty inquired.

“Oh, this is Jacqueline, my cousin. She’s visiting me for a few days. We just went to the movies at the Bijou. Have you seen it. I thought I’d swoon when Randy Allen kissed Gloria Wales. It made my skin get all tingly. And you loved it, too, didn’t you Jacqueline?” Margie said, turning to me with a malicious little smile on her face. I promptly choked on my soda and almost gagged to death.

Throughout all of this girlish gush, Susan kept studying me with a puzzled look on her face. Finally, she said: “I’m sure I know you from somewhere Jacqueline. Now where could it be from?”

“I’m sure you must be mistaken,” I replied trying to make my voice sound as girlish as possible which wasn’t too hard because it hadn’t changed yet. “I’ve never visited Margie before.”

It took Susan fifteen minutes but finally her face lit up in triumph and she leaned over to whisper in Margie’s ear.

“Am I right?” she asked and when Margie nodded she leaned over and whispered to Betty whose eyes opened wide as saucers and who stared at me in astonishment. Then, all three girls started whispering until I was beet red and felt tears of humiliation welling in my eyes. Everytime one of them giggled I thought that I would die.

Susan reached out and put her hand on mine. “Jackie, you’re an absolute doll. Margie explained the situation to us. And we’re all going to come and see you in the play. If you could come this close to fooling us, I’ll guess that half the people in the audience think you’re a real girl.” As she was speaking, her eyes suddenly went past me to the door. “Oh, look. There’s Joe Bradley. “Hi, Joe,” she called. “Come sit with us.”

Really, this was too much. This thing was getting out of hand, but there was nothing I could do about it.

"Hi, girls," Joe said as he strolled over to our table. "Wow. Who is this dish?"

After Margie introduced me as her cousin from out of town, Joe directed most of his conversation towards me even to the point of asking me for a date which I hotly turned down. When Margie kicked my shin under the table, I went on in a somewhat sweeter fashion to explain that I couldn't accept because I would be returning home in a day or two.

At last, Margie said it was time to go and we went back to our apartment. "Well, you made quite a hit tonight. Betty and Susan adore you dressed like this. And Joe Bradley was almost drooling. Are you convinced now that you make a believable young lady?"

"Yes," I replied. "Too believable to my liking. And I'll be awfully glad when that darned play is over. Remind me not to try out for one again."

Finally, the night of the play came and went and, if I do say so myself, I really stole the show. An article about the play in the next issue of our school paper reads in part as follows:

"... But if there were a prize for the best performance it would unquestionably go to Jack Foster who played the role of Melanie. He looked just as pert and pretty in his dresses as any girl in the audience and his impersonation was so letter perfect that most of us completely forgot we were watching a boy. Congratulations, Jack. You're a good sport to have put so much effort into making the play a success."

Needless to say that Betty and Susan and Margie were ecstatic about it all. Margie in particular and she let it be known to anyone who would listen that she had been my coach. After the people who had come backstage to offer their congratulations to the cast had mostly left, I started to go to the dressing room to change but Margie stopped me. "Oh, please, Jackie. Don't change. At least, let me keep my little sister one more evening. My car is outside and Betty has invited us over to her house. Her Mom is anxious to see what a good job I've done on you. Please do it."

Margie was almost in tears and, since I supposed that it wouldn't really do any harm, I agreed. Betty's Mother was bowled over when she saw me. "Why, Margie, I'm astounded. It seems such a pity for anyone this lovely to be a boy. It really does." Betty went to get us cokes, Susan put on the record player, and we gabbed about the events of the evening until it was time to go home.

Later, before going to bed, I transferred all the clothing I had borrowed from Margie back to her room. Well, that is over with, I thought. That's the end of my career in skirts. I had not taken into account Margie's propensity for practical jokes and did not know that even then a diabolical one was germinating in her mind.

During the next two or three months, several things happened. A couple of times Margie, Susan, and Betty ganged up on me pleading with me to bring back Jackie for an evening but I flatly refused. One reason was that I had met a girl named Gail who had really made me flip and we were going steady. I shuddered to think how she'd feel about it if she ever caught me wearing dresses. The school play had been a legitimate excuse. There was no excuse now.

It wasn't until late the following Fall that Margie dropped the bomb. She looked up from her breakfast one morning and said to me: "Jack, what are you doing a week from Saturday night?"

"I've got a date with Gail," I responded. "Why?"

"Well, I'm afraid that as a favor to me you're just going to have to cancel it. I've arranged a date for you with someone who is going to be visiting town for the weekend and who is very anxious to go out with you."

"Aw, Maggie. Why did you do that? You know that Gail and I are going steady. It'll bust us up, if she catches me out with someone else."

"Suppose I promise you that Gail will never find out? Will you do it for me then, Jackie?"

"Oh, all right, I'll do it."

"Solemn oath?"



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"Yes."

"That's great. I've got to call Betty and Susan and tell them right away."

I was totally puzzled. Why would Betty or Susan give a hang that I had agreed to go out on this blind date? But apparently they did because both of them came over to our apartment and went into Margie's room where I could hear them giggling up a storm.

A little while later they all came into the living room. Although they were all bubbling over with glee, they had very little to say, communicating to each other with knowing glances and little smirks. For want of something to break the ice, almost as an afterthought, I said to Margie: "Oh, by the way, what's her name?"

"What's whose name?" she replied with a look of total innocence on her face which started Betty and Susan chuckling behind their hands.

"The name of the girl I'm taking out on a blind date next Saturday, of course."

"Jackie, didn't I tell you? It's not a girl. It's a boy. And he'll be taking you out."

I'm sure that my mouth gaped open. I was absolutely speechless.

"I'd better explain," Margie went on. "Susan's younger brother goes to boarding school. His name is Allan and he rooms with a boy named Ted Rogers. Shortly after the play in which you appeared as Melanie, I gave a picture of you in costume to Susan and suggested that she send it to Allan as a joke, telling him that there was this great new girl in town named Jacqueline Foster who was just about the right age for him. Well, Allan didn't respond to the bait, but Ted Rogers did. He wrote to Jacqueline care of Susan and since then a lively correspondence has developed. Of course, Betty, Susan and I have been ghost writing your letters for you and sending Ted another picture from time to time to keep his interest in you going. He's coming to town for a one day visit a week from Saturday and naturally he wants to take you out on a date. He really likes you. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he asks you to go steady. And that's the whole story."

I was choking with rage. "Girls, you must be crazy. I have no intention of going through with this wacky thing. And as for you, Margie, I'd like to break your neck."

"Oh, come on, Jackie. Don't be a prig. It's only one date. Take his school ring if he offers it to you and then mail it back to him later. Besides, if you don't go through with this harmless little joke, I swear I'll find a way to break you and Gail up. And you know me. When I say something, I mean business."

Reluctantly, I admitted to myself that Margie was always as good as her word and that if she said she'd break us up, she'd find a way to do it. It looked as though I didn't have much choice except to go through with this ridiculous masquerade. And as Margie had pointed out, it was only for one evening. Assuming I could avoid detection, it wouldn't really hurt anyone.

"O.K., Margie, I'll do it on the proviso that you give me your promise you'll never try to get me in dresses again. Will you promise?"

"Yes, Jackie. I promise."

And so the routine of me returning home from school each night to transform myself into a girl began again. This time, however, Margie had some new courses to my training schedule. First, she insisted that I learn to dance as a girl just in case Ted took me dancing. She and Betty and Susan spent hours talking girl talk in front of me so that I could sound like a typical teenager. I wouldn't have any memorized script to help me as I had in the play. And they clued me in on how a girl feels when she is out with a boy.

Finally, that dreadful Saturday arrived. I was in my room putting on the finishing touches when the doorbell rang. Margie's voice drifted through my partly open door.

"Good evening. You must be Ted Rogers. I'm Margie, Jackie's sister. She's almost ready. She'll be out in a minute."

Mentally, I reviewed everything Ted had said about himself in the letters the girls had shown me, put a dab of perfume behind each ear as Margie had instructed, and with a certain amount of fear and trembling walked into the living room.

I had to admit that Ted was really handsome. I knew that I'd be the envy of lots of girls that evening. And I was awfully glad that Gail wasn't around to see him. He would be tough competition. Then I quickly reminded myself that if I were going to pull this deception off I had better start thinking like a girl.

Ted was rising to his feet and took my beautifully manicured hand in his. "Well, hi, Jackie," he said. "You are even more gorgeous than I'd expected. Your pictures don't do you justice." I blushed furiously at this compliment and noted Margie in the background smiling broadly. Then Ted said: "If you're ready, shall we go?"

Actually, it was a kind of pleasant evening. The situation was such that it was easy to force myself into a girlish mold. After the first few minutes when Ted accepted me completely for what I purported to be, I relaxed and decided to make the best of the few hours we would be together. We had an excellent candlelight dinner at a romantic, little Italian restaurant. Several times, Ted reached across to touch my hand and he was most courteous and solicitous, holding my chair for me . . . helping me off with my coat . . . standing when I excused myself to powder my nose. Then, we went dancing. How strange it felt to be held in the arms of a young man. It was completely different from my lessons where Margie or Susan or Betty had taken the male lead.

"Jackie, you dance like a feather. I can never get over how you gals can be so graceful on high heels."

"Well, it does take a little practice," I told him.

And later, in his car, as Margie had predicted, Ted offered me his class ring and asked me to go steady. I said that I would and he kissed me. And I allowed him to kiss me again when he dropped me off at the door of our apartment.

"Please write soon, Jackie," he said as we parted. "I shall be thinking of you every minute even when we're not together because you are my girl now."

When Ted had gone and I put my key in the lock, the door opened to reveal Margie, and Susan, and Betty right behind it. "Why, Jackie," Margie said in mock surprise. "Your lipstick is all smeared.

How did that happen? And whatever is that heavy gold ring on the third finger of your left hand. It looks a little big for you. Perhaps we should put some tape on it to make it small enough for a pretty little fingers like yours.”

“All right, girls,” I retorted. “Go ahead and kid me. I was brilliant and it was kind of fun. In a few weeks, one of you is going to write Ted in my name and tell him I’m too young to be tied down so I’m returning his ring. But in the meantime, I just might point out that he’s a lot handsomer than most of the boys you three date so don’t get too smart.”

And that is the bizarre story of how I was going steady with two people at once . . . one a girl . . . and one a boy.



APOLOGY FOR DELAYS WITH TRANSVESTIA

I have to apologize here for the long delay in the appearance of TVia No. 79. It truly was not my fault. I had No. 78 AND No. 79 complete and in the hands of the typographer when I left for Europe Aug. 30. Instructions were to complete them and print them for distribution Sept. 15 and Nov. 15. But hassles and snafus between the typographer and the printer led to long delays in both. When I got home Dec. 1, TVia No. 79 hadn’t even been printed yet so it was not available for mailing till about the middle of the month.

This issue has been delayed by virtue of the fact that the typographer that I’d used for about 3 years sold out. I had been led to believe that the new owners would carry on with me but when I was ready for them I was informed that they were too busy with in-house material and wouldn’t be able to handle TVia any more. So at the last minute I had to scurry around and find another company, which I fortunately was able to do but much time has been lost in the process. I’m sorry but such is life in the publishing business, especially when you are small.



'OUR COAT'

By Nancy

It was the period before Christmas. My wife was at a woman's meeting that evening. When she returned home I was dressed (as I usually am) in feminine attire. Conversation centered around her meeting and what took place. Later she asked if I had been out that evening. I replied that I had.

Her next question was, "Dressed like that?" — I was attired in a pants suit.

"Where did you go?" was her next question. I answered that it was to a local department store. Then I showed her how I looked when I was out. I donned the coat of hers I had worn. I also showed her how I had prepared a dummy package with the name of the store on the sack to make it look as if I had made a purchase. There was no protest on her part.

Earlier in the fall she had given me a wig of hers she did not like. I had it styled at a wig boutique for a "Halloween Party." She was much impressed by the styling and said it looked good on me. The wig became a part of my wardrobe and I wore it constantly when dressed at home. When I made occasional forays to the post office or "Open Till Midnight" small markets there was no strong protest on her part. Later in the season she asked how I was coming with my Christmas shopping. I indicated I still had many things to get for the family.

"Why didn't you get some things while you were out?" she asked, referring to my shopping as a woman a few weeks earlier. I told her I did not know what the various members of the family wanted as I had not gotten lists from them.

One evening, in the week before Christmas, we were watching T.V. (the tube, that is). I was dressed as a woman, as usual. I announced that I still had some shopping to do. She wondered who it was for. I told her one does not ask such questions at Christmas time. (It was for her.) I slipped into one of her coats, grabbed my purse and was off. The shopping expedition, while fruitless in finding what I wanted, was most rewarding in a FP sense. I wandered through the various departments of the big discount store and was accepted for the woman I sought to be.

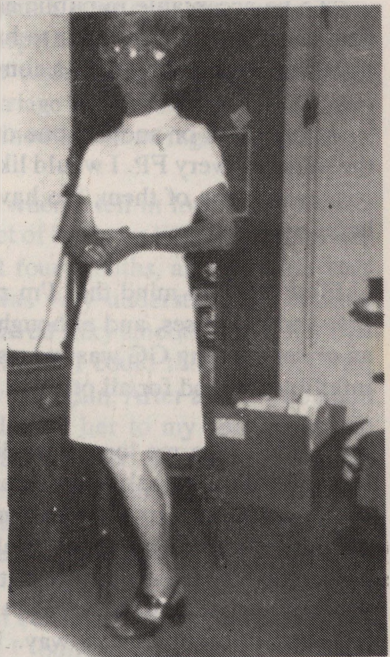
On my return my wife asked how it had gone. I replied it was nice but I did not locate what I was seeking. Talk ensued about the store and the items I had seen. I indicated I had tried on some shoes in the self-service department but did not find anything to my liking.

So it went during the Christmas season. My wife has tolerated my FP leanings. She knew of them before our marriage. The details of "acceptance" of "Nancy" by my wife are so similar to those of the other girls I will not bother with the details. She does acknowledge that I seem relaxed and at ease in the feminine role. She has even gone so far as to remark in one conversation we had one night, "You sound just like a girl," which pleased me beyond measure.

On New Years Eve, on an impulse we both went out to see what was going on in terms of celebrations around town. I was, of course, dressed as a woman. Throughout my adventures she has been most helpful with suggestions as to how I might improve my image. She has also welcomed suggestions from me on how she might accent a dress or suit she was wearing. We interchange jewelry as needed but she can not wear most of my earrings as they are for pierced ears. (This was done long before our marriage.)

For her Valentine gift I bought her a coat of the latest fashion craze. She was most pleased as it tied in with what she was wearing that evening when we went out to dinner. I indicated it was a coat we could both wear. With this she agreed. So much so that she said, "I'll pay for half of it. This will be our Valentine gift to each other." How lucky can an FP be—with a wife like that?

Some time in the near future I want to go shopping with my wife. Not together, but so that she can see me in relationship to other women shoppers and how they react to me. I am sure she will find no reaction at all. This is a future and anticipated event that will bring forth the further acceptance of "Nancy" by the public and in particular a wonderful helpmate of Nancy.



JULIE 16-7-M FPE



A GG FOR EVERY FP

Page - Calif.

“To be acceptable in public as a woman; to have a girlfriend/wife GG who accepts and helps you; to have your own business and live as a woman full time; or to obtain a complete sex change.”

At one time or another one or more of these thoughts passes through the mind of every FP. I would like to reveal my own personal experiences concerning one of them, “to have a girlfriend/wife GG who accepts and helps you.”

First, keep in mind that I’m relating my personal attempts, both failures and successes, and although my recommended method of obtaining an understanding GG was successful for me, I don’t guarantee it to be an infallible method for all others.

It didn’t take me long to realize that regardless of whether an FP is blessed with a passable appearance as a woman or cursed with the opposite, a GG at your side is almost a necessity. I wanted a GG more than anything else, so I began my trial and error search, with both failures and successes. Considering the fact that I had more failure than successes, I would presume that this doesn’t qualify me as an authority on this subject, but I’ll continue anyway. I’ll cover in detail my methods of both the success and failure aspects, and possibly this may help some of you avoid some of the hazards that befell me.

My first attempt was one of the failures. I had known my girlfriend for two years. We were to be married in a few months, and since she had no idea of my FP activities I realized that I must tell her *before* the marriage. (A word to the wise, always before, not after the marriage.) I decided that the atmosphere, when you break the news, is very important

— half time at a football game is definitely a no-no. I chose a perfect evening of dining, dancing, and then, while parked in my car, I prepared her with the importance of what I had to tell her.

I realized that my wording in explaining this was very important. I started out by saying, "Honey, I have a minor sex problem!" To this day I honestly believe that I blew it with my first sentence. Anyway, I then asked her if she knew what a Transvestite was, and she said no. I handed her a dictionary and asked her to read the definition. After she read it, she didn't say anything, the silence was terrible. At this point I realized that I must start talking and try to explain in detail what an FP is. I started off by minimizing the whole thing, like it was nothing really important. I told her that I was under a doctor's care (lie), that he advised me to obtain help from a girl for my activities (lie), that this was just a phase that I would get over in about a year (lie), that it was very common among all men and it's just kept hidden (lie). Well, after all those lies she accepted me and said she understood. We were married, and after approximately one week of marriage everything became a nightmare. For three and a half years I remained in a marriage that reflected back on all of those lies.

After my divorce I dated around and when I fell in love again I knew that I would have to approach the subject of being an FP a little differently this time. I had known this girl about four months, and we were very serious about each other. I knew she was very understanding, because she accepted a guy with legs that were shaved silky smooth. I told her that I had a rare hair disease, don't laugh, it's all I could think of. Anyway, she accepted this lie—whoops—here I went again. After a date one night I felt the time was right to tell her so I took her to my apartment and told her that I had something important to tell her. This time I decided to be completely honest, which was a definite step in the right direction. I told her that I was an FP and asked her to read some clippings from magazines and books that I had collected on the subject. After she read the articles I explained my desire for the feminine and told her that with the love we had for each other and considering how understanding she was, we could work things out. Then I found out she wasn't as understanding as I thought, I haven't seen her since.

Well, so far I was a 100% failure in my efforts to find an understanding GG. I might point out that telling these girls that I was a TV didn't worry me because unless a girl just wanted to be terribly cruel, she wouldn't tell anyone my secret. Keep in mind also that I told only girls that I had begun to build a relationship with and that I knew cared enough for me to keep my secret.

It was quite a while before I found another gal who really meant anything to me. Finally, I started seeing a very sweet girl on a regular basis. This is my current GG, and here is what I consider, at least in part, as the magic formula for gaining her understanding and acceptance of Page.

We had known each other a relatively short period of time, one month, but we had spent at least six hours per day, seven days a week together. I was a store manager, and she would come to the store and we would spend hours just talking. We found that it was love at first sight and everything was wonderful until I realized that I would have to tell her about Page.

After considerable thought, I decided to approach the subject very gracefully, building to the ultimate climax. I started off by turning our subjects of discussion to various things that were feminine, such as women's clothing. Slowly over a period of a week or so we discussed my likes and dislikes in comparison to hers concerning different ways of wearing make-up, how concerned she was about very masculine men, and so on.

I felt that I had accomplished quite a bit because I now knew her feelings of a man who had shown interest in feminine things. At one point in our discussion I told her that I enjoyed the feel of nylon hose, which is common among many men, and asked her if she would wear a garter belt and hose when we were messing around. She said OK, but that I had no idea how uncomfortable it could be wearing those, and that she would wear them part of the time, and that she would make me wear them part of the time. BINGO! I realized she was just joking, but for the first time I felt like I was approaching this the right way.

Over a period of three weeks, I continued building to the ultimate climax. I don't believe that one can measure when it is best to tell everything, it is something that each FP must decide for herself. But I felt that the time had come to tell all so I started for my ultimate goal, acceptance.

I had realized for quite some time that Transvestism and sex in general are closely related. The quickest way to drive a GG away from you is to have her think that you are inadequate sexually. So, although some may not consider this proper, I spent quite a bit of time showing her that I was very much a man, when I wanted to be, and was completely heterosexual. I consider this point vital: your GG must have no doubt about your ability to please her sexually or about your being heterosexual.

It was late one evening, and as we sat quietly talking, I told her that I had something very important to tell her. I told her not to interrupt me till I finished, unless I asked her a question. I told her that when I finished she could ask questions if she wanted to. I started off by asking her what she thought of people who were different, such as people who were born crippled, or people who were born homosexuals or things like that. She said that she felt sorry for them. I asked her what she thought of people with an unusual sexual hangup such as lesbians and people with a particular fetish for certain things. She said that they were born this way and couldn't help it. I then told her that I had an unusual sex drive, but that it wasn't anything as drastic as being a homosexual or anything that extreme. I told her I was definitely heterosexual. She added a bit of humor here by saying that she could vouch for that from experience. I told her that I wasn't going to hide anything, and that I wasn't going to lie about any part of it, that what I was getting ready to tell her was going to be very blunt and to the point. I wanted her to understand that I wasn't going to hold anything back.

At this point she said, "Honey, I love you. Please tell me, I'm sure I will understand." I asked her if she knew what a Transvestite is, she said no. "A Transvestite," I said, "is an individual who receives some sexual and personal satisfaction by wearing the clothing of the opposite sex." I explained why it is more common in men, and that it does not replace the sexual relationship of a man and woman. I told her that she could be an FP, but might not know it because women can wear masculine clothing and still be completely acceptable. On the other hand, a man is frowned upon if he has anything to do with anything feminine. I explained that an FP never at any time loses his masculine traits, and even when dressed is capable of defending his GG at all times. I told her that I had no desire for sex change, but that I could not give up being an FP and that she would have to accept Page completely. I explained that simple acceptance was not enough, she must take an interest in Page and enjoy being around her. I told her that she would have to have an interest in working with Page in a national organization that she belongs to and that meeting and accepting other FP's and their GG's would be necessary.

At this point I told her that I realized that she would have to be around Page, and see her and see what it is like to spend time talking and being around an FP. I again emphasized the importance of complete acceptance, no half-way thing, because I would want her to help me take part in the national organization. We would treat it just like any other married couple who belongs to a club or organization.

"Well," I said, "what do you think?" She was silent for a moment, then she took her hands and brushed my hair down in front and on the sides, looked at me carefully and said, "I think you would make a very pretty girl."

Approximately one week later my GG met Page, in fact she helped her dress and gave pointers on application of make-up. My GG also took some photos of Page and continued to spend time around her off and on for the next couple of weeks. We even discovered that she wears the same size shoe as Page, and she commented on what small feet Page has. I told her that Page doesn't have small feet, that she simply has big feet. That didn't go over so hot, but all was forgiven. Well, finally the time came for her final decision. She was very quiet, and with very little expression, she said that she had met someone else. I can't begin to tell you how hurt I was at that moment. My dreams were shattered. I then asked her who it was. She smiled and said, "Page." She then kissed me and then said, "after we are married, would I be considered a lesbian if I kiss Page?"

This is my story, which is true, and only with my GG's permission have I offered you this slice out of our very personal and private lives.

I don't consider myself an expert in guidance for FPs, I simply offer you my personal experience in handling different situations, and if it helps another FP, then that's wonderful.

Guess I'll close now, but remember what I always say, "when you're bored, turn on a TV."

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CALLING YOUR ATTENTION TO--

Price increases are familiar to you all, its the nature of the times. Well the people that we buy items for resale from have given us price rises which must of necessity be passed on to you. Please note therefore that these items have had to be increased.

Item 1:	Spec. Bra & Inserts	were	\$6.00	now	\$6.50/ ea.
Item 3:	Regular inserts	were	\$4.00	now	\$4.50/ pr.
Item 4:	Mastectomy inserts	were	\$4.00	now	\$4.50/ pr.
Item 7:	Hip Pads	were	\$5.00	now	\$5.50/ pr.
Item 8:	Front pad	were	\$4.00	now	\$4.25/ ea.



"Dr. Johnson, I think you got my wives' hormone pills and my head-ache pills mixed-up."



"Oh, she's a real nice girl alright. There's only one thing wrong though. That's my grandson."



CHANGE OF LIFE

by Virginia

Authors Note: This poem was written in the middle of the night 5 years ago shortly after I made my change to full time status. It got set aside, found, corrected and polished and then mislaid among many other papers on my desk till it came to the top a few months ago. I added the Epilog and publish it now for your consideration. Personally, I am rather proud of it as it manages to tell my story rather well and in rhyme at thatVirginia.

From the unplumbed depths of Nature
We all seem to hear a call
For there's a little bit of rabbit
That resides within us all.

So an egg and sperm were mated
And the process, once begun
Took its long, slow, 9-month course
Till at last there came—a son!

Who know how genes are activated
Or how chromosomes combine?
All potentials for our future lives
In these mysteries are enshrined.

What parts of what a person is
Are set forth conception day,
And what parts does he acquire
As he travels down lifes way?

Is all of what we say and do decided
By a self that's wholly free
Or by unknown determinants
With which we unconsciously agree?

I cannot give these answers
Nor can the wise may say,
For all I know with certainty
Is what I am today.

Many years have gone to history
Many testings I have passed
Many questions have been answered
Though many more the questions asked.


Through lots of pain and turmoil
I've done as life required
I've met the challenges of manhood
I reached the goals that I desired.

I've lived the role expected
And done as I ought to do
As an athlete and a scholar
Husband twice, and father too.

But this life for all its pleasures
Was somehow not complete
For always deep within me
Another heart there seemed to beat.

A man's life has limitations
Of which he's often not aware
He's so busy living "manhood"
That he doesn't seem to care.

Men can express a lot of things
But much he must repress
While women have more freedom
Their feelings to express.



With males and female in each species
Nature's worked things out okay
And for reproductive purposes
There is no better way.

But in two genders human life
Completely is expressed
Each of us part of the total lives
Knowing little of the rest.

For society takes half from each of us
Telling us it's forbidden.
So if we've feelings like that other half
We'd do well to keep them hidden.

Repressing talents and abilities
I say's unwise and wrong.
Our society needs all of each of us
To be healthy, safe and strong.

I've been divided long enough
Now, toward completion I'll advance
And in the years still left to me
I'll give my other half her chance.

There's a girl who's lived with me
Seeking exit to the light
She says, "Full Personality Expression"
Is every humans right"!

You say womanhood has its problems too
And this I'll doubtless come to see
As I spend my life exploring
My own femininity.

Yes today I have decided
That on tomorrows morn
My life takes a new direction
A new woman will be born.

In fifty years of masculinity
 I've extracted all its worth
 So now thankfully do I celebrate
 This day of my rebirth.

Not one who on occasion lives
 A stolen hour now and then
 But one whose life's completely hers
 To live from not till--when?

Of mans thoughts, and drives, an motives
 I think I've had full measure
 Now its time for softness, grace and beauty
 And other things that women treasure.

From masculine expectations
 In the future I'm relieved
 For I can spend my life expanding
 The womanhood I've achieved.

There'll be freedom now for many things
 And in all I do rejoice
 For within me my heart is singing
 But it sings in a different voice.

For now at last and finally
 I stand in public freed
 I feel, I think, I act, I live
 A true woman now indeed.

What and when and how and why
 And also when and who
 These questions must be dealt with
 By me as well as you.

But I care not of how and where and why
 Not about anothers view,
 For my identity is solid
 If I know what, when and who.

So condemn me if you have to
 And challenge me if you can
 But I'll live thirty years a woman—
 I've served fifty years a man.

Who knows whether in my embryo
 Whose travails none could see
 There was something predetermined
 Perhaps this end was meant for me.

EPILOG - Five Years Later

'Tis now five years or therabouts since I made my big decision.
 Through all of them I've learned so much I'd not make the least revision.

My hair is long and curly now, it's been permanently waved
 My face has had its beard removed, I no longer have to shave.

My skin is soft and smooth and the breasts I have are "B"
 A fulfillment that they're really mine-no more falsies now for me.

My total self I have explored and in the process grown
 'Till all the traits my genes possess, at last are all my own

Two ways there are to deal with life, the mans way and the womans,
 I have the choice of either now, so I feel more fully human.

How long I'll live I do not know, it's a race you cannot win,
 But I'll die a liberated person who's expressed both yang and yin.

A gender role's a prison from which everyone should be free
 So each of us can live upto, our full Humanity.





ALGA & WIFE Center - Pres. Beaumont Society England
with another wife and 3 members at Annual Banquet - London.



ALPHA FPE CHRISTMAS PARTY
IRENE W., ANN MARIE, SUSAN, RAQUEL, IRENE A.
JOAN, KARRIE, EDIE,
PEGGY ANN, VIRGINIA, LAYNE.



TRUE STORY

OUT IN THE BIG WORLD

by Sandy-Texas

Dear Virginia

While I am sure your files are replete with similar stories, I thought I would drop a note into the hopper containing this set of happenings for the sake of general interest.

Some of us are not at all accepted at home by our families and rather than undergo the upset of our loved ones and possible disintegration of our families we go underground and seek out ways to cope with our hobby. Such is my case. My coping mechanism is one of total abstinence at home and elsewhere until I am sent on business trips. Then it is a different matter. Expression becomes the order of the day until the trip ends. I seek no consolation, advice or sympathy. I merely state facts to set the stage for this story. With my individual priorities, my coping mechanism is sufficient and satisfying.

Occasionally events transpire to make one of those outings more exciting than others, yes and more memorable than others too. Such events happened last week when I made a four day trip to San Antonio (about 230 miles driving one way).

The house was empty of family when I went in to pack and leave. I took advantage of a rare mid-day opportunity to indulge in my hobby. I showered, shaved and performed the other toilet features to feminize myself then dressed as sensuously as I pleased, relishing every moment of it. My panties were pale blue bikinis with matching bra. Over this came the other deliciously delicate items until I was fully dressed and ready to travel. This was complicated by one small thing. My car was outside in clear view of neighborhood children playing nearby. So I masked my appearance with

shirt, trousers and boots; then quickly loaded up and drove away. I soon found a secluded spot since I live in a small town outside the big city. The masculine clothes were soon resting on the back seat and with my long flowing scarf in place, away I went.

Driving along a freeway dressed up with somewhere to go can be a heady experience, especially for an underground FP who has never "gone public". In fact it can be so pleasing as to lull one into inattention as well as make a girl want to stop at every road side park, get out, stretch her legs, walk around in full field of view of others stopped to rest and just soak up the luxury of the feelings. It can be such an interesting feeling as I said, that it brings on inattention. It was this attention to internal feeling and not to surrounding that brought on a real thrill.

It was such as intensely fascinating situation and feeling having such pleasure in it that my heart almost stopped when I noticed the Black and White following me closely. How long he had been right there behind me I never knew. How long he stayed, I do know. When this happens to an underground FP out for a drive all dressed up, believe me it can give your heart muscles quite a work out, for it seemed, he stayed there forever. There was comfort in that his lights were not indicating I should stop, so I remembered Virginia's words about keeping cool and being prepared to tell the hobby cover story, I pressed on with a look down at my speed which was reassuringly ten mph below the maximum posted on that interstate. Real relief soon came when we came upon an obviously and dangerously overloaded truck. This captured my trailer's attention and he stopped the truck much to my relief. So started my memorable trip to San Antonio all dressed in my prettiest blouse and most lovable mini.

The fantastic sensations of the pleasurable garments in contact with my body continued unabated for the remaining hours as I moved steadily westward. When San Antonio surrounded me I finally chickened out, found seclusion and masked my dress with the escape clothes I'd used earlier to get out of the house long enough to register in the motel. Once inside it was another matter all together. This event let to the next moment of runaway heart action.

After resting a while and watching darkness settle over the city, I decided to venture out to explore my way to the place I had to go the next day. Pleasure sensations again flooded me as my skirts swirled about my hips, squishing softly on my panty hose as I crossed the parking lot, entered my car, arranged my short skirt and drove away. Pleasure was again the

order of the moment and continued until I was sitting second in line in the left lane at a red light. Suddenly the left turn lane to my left began to move. My high heeled pump pushed down on the power to send me smacking with a loud crash into the still motionless automobile in front of me. It turned out my car was not damaged, but . . . Things got really exciting for a while. The driver came flying back screaming at me, being very uncivil.

My well padded left breast bounded with the pounding heart muscle under it. Had I not been dressed, we probably would have resolved the situation quite differently, but as it was I was the frightened, confused lady (I didn't fake it either). The damage to the other car was real enough for somehow I had managed to dislodge and bend his rear bumper. He was a bit more than slightly angry, but did settle for cash on the spot for his damages. I got out of there and into a residential neighborhood fast expecting him to change his mind and perhaps send a police car looking for me since the cash settlement was far less than a negligent collision ticket would have been. Once back into the motel I could and did relax.

Here the enjoyment and pleasure came again as I slowly disrobed, toileted, redressed and prepared for bed and my baby blue transparent nightie. It was so very freeing of the emotions and excitement of the day just to lounge around in such a comfortable outfit that I really did not want to go to sleep that night. Such freedom I had never before known. Such freedom that extended to going dressed every where except to work during the whole business trip really was powerful. It took a bit to go to the drive up window of a restaurant and take home supper. It took a bit the first time I went to a self-service gasoline pump, waited my turn behind a GG and filled my tank, but it was so rewarded. But most freeing of all was the purchase of my wig to relieve me of the scarf routine. I felt free for the first time to dress and go about as I choose without a care until the night before I had to return home.

Though I was not directly involved, my cardiac function was again stimulated almost to the run away point when as I drove along near the western extremity of San Antonio and suddenly found myself engulfed in growling police cars with flashing lights. I never knew there were so many and could arrive at one place so fast. They had come to quiet what looked like a bar room brawl. When I figured that out my chest finally settled down from its excursion into panic. Believe me I turned in the direction of my motel with haste and got inside lest I became the center of attention. For the last time for a while my favorite nighty consoled me to relaxation and sleep.

It was mid morning Saturday when the business phase of the trip was concluded and I returned to the motel to prepare to depart. After laying out my traveling finery, I packed and loaded the car. The traveling things were a real joy to behold on the bed as I doffed the pants, shirt and boots covering my bra, bikinis and panty hose. In a sensual few minutes I once again felt the rising of pleasure as I stood near the door with my mens clothes over my arm, the boots in my hand and, with my free hand, made last moment adjustments to my hair, blouse and mini. Pleasure really surged as I strode with a new confidence to the car, threw in the mens clothes and arranging myself behind the wheel, drove away. Part and parcel of this pleasure had been the presence of some motel guests and the cleaning woman talking in front of the adjoining unit as I left.

I drove slowly all the way back seeking to avoid any unnecessary attention. Also I admit I wanted the pleasure sensations to last a bit longer too. Events nearly spoiled that again as a near miss that would have spoiled the whole trip occurred about half way back to the Houston area. I observed a late model Olds overtaking me fast. As it drew abeam my rear bumper a loud pop rang out. I thought I had been shot at. This was followed by a roar as the right front tire of the passing Olds disintegrated itself along side my open window. The driver barely managed to miss me as his vehicle rushed past and to the right in front of me. By now I could almost look with detachment at my breasts to see the pounding of my heart which soon passed as I, in rear view, saw the car safely stop on the grassy shoulder of the road.

The day ended uneventfully, for I was able again to find seclusion in an oil field to change back into mens clothes and pack away my delightful G things till time for the next adventure in pleasure. It could come any day now. I wait.

I've sent this along hoping others may enjoy reading of my near miss-adventures with the TV pleasure twist even as I relish reading accounts and fiction by others so inclined.





FICTION

THE BEAUTY PAGEANT

Anonymous

It all started because of what some people would call a big mouth. I was a young newspaper reporter and was covering the city beauty pageant for my newspaper. My seat happened to be reserved next to my newspaper's biggest rival and, to my dismay, their reporter covering the event happened to be its owner and one of my worst enemies. His paper and the one I worked for were the biggest two in the city and were always fighting for tops in the business. I decided that there was nothing I could do about the seating arrangement and went to take my seat.

"Hello Rick," he said upon seeing that I had the seat next to him. "I see that your paper doesn't think much of the city beauty pageant."

"Hi, Dave," I replied, "and why do you think my paper would think any less of this pageant than yours?"

"Well, they seem to have sent a second rate reporter to cover it."

With this I was furious but said nothing. As the pageant went on Dave kept making comments to me about how this girl couldn't dance, or that girl couldn't sing or she was flat chested or his daughter had a better shape, etc. About 3/4 of the way through the contest I really got fed up with all his comments and decided to shut him up once and for all. I turned to him and said, "It's a good thing you are not a judge!"

"Why?" Dave asked.

"Because, from what you have said, there wouldn't be any girls left in contention. I could probably go up there right now and win myself!"

"I'll bet you \$50,000 that you couldn't even get into the five finalists in this contest and would probably be laughed right off the stage the first time you appeared," Dave came back.

"Whether I could or not doesn't seem to matter, since you don't have the \$50,000 to bet with anyway," I told him.

"I am willing to put up the money and my paper's reputation if you are willing to bet me," Dave persisted.

Feeling that I was in somewhat of a bind, I had to think fast. I turned to Dave and said, "I couldn't get up there now, anyway—the contest has already started and the contestants were picked two weeks ago."

But Dave wanted to make me squirm a little so he wouldn't be put off. "Okay, Rick, I'll bet you you can't place in the top 15 in next year's contest. I'll give you one year to make a miracle happen and all you have to do is end up in the top 15."

"You must be crazy," I said.

"You are the one who started this," Dave countered. "Doesn't your paper stick to its word, or is it true that it is full of liars like everyone says."

"You're on!" I said, stung by his challenge, "but no one is to know about this until after the pageant next year and I want it in writing that if I do finish in the top 15 that you will move your paper to another city!"

"Now wait a minute, Rick," Dave protested, "you must be . . ."

"Well now," I interrupted, "now who is the one chickening out? Or are the stakes too high for your little old newspaper?"

"Okay, you little wise guy, you're on, and when you get laughed off the stage I'm going to let the whole population of this city know what happened and your boss will be forced to move *his* paper to another city. Not to mention the suit he will probably file against you!"

After the pageant I was walking back to the office when the reality of what I had bet really hit me. I started to run and when I got back I went straight to Mr. Stockton, the owner, and Mr. Peters, my boss, and told them what I had done. "Well Rick" Mr Stockton said, "you know that this is impossible, you had no right to bet with him in the first place.

Now I'll have to call him and try to get you out of this. If you ever make any hare-brain bets like this again I'll fire you and make sure you don't find another job in this or any other town in this state! Now you get back to your desk and get the story of the pageant ready for print, you did get a story didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'll have it on your desk in 10 minutes sir, and thank you." As I turned to leave he was dialing the phone. I never had a chance to finish my story because five minutes later Mr. Stockton was at my desk and he was raving mad.

"You imbecile, you stupid fool," he yelled. "Dave won't let us out of this bet of yours and by glory you are going to enter that contest next year and you are going to end up in the top 15 or you will have a suit hanging over you that will take you the rest of your life to pay!"

So, that's how it all started. I told my story to my girl friend, Connie, and she said she would help me as much as possible. Connie was in college and majoring in cosmetology with a minor in dietetics so she knew quite a bit about what I would need to know to even have a chance in the contest. She had a great figure and had planned to enter it herself but didn't have the time because of school. She thought it would be a good idea if I was to enter it instead of her. Besides, she said, it would help her in school.

"If I can make you look good enough to enter the contest," she remarked, "I should have no worries about passing my courses."

For the next six months she had me on a diet to reduce my manly 32 inch waist to a womanly 24. She had me doing exercises to shape my legs and to bring my weight down from 152 to around 128. It took six and a half months but I finally stepped on the scales at 130 lbs. and measured (without pads) 35½, 25¼, 36. We were both very happy about this but she said now that I had made it I would have to keep myself there, at least for the next six months.

Next she started to teach me to put on make-up and nail polish. Having a light complexion and blond hair, I only had to shave once every two or three days and this was a big help. The first time she made my face up I almost laughed as I looked in the mirror.

"After we get you a wig and get you into a dress," she said, "you'll look a lot better."

"I don't have to wear all the underthings a girl wears, do I?" I asked.

"You have never seen a Miss Center City wearing jockey shorts, have you?" she replied caustically.

Five months before the pageant Connie started to teach me how to act and we worked for hours on my voice and the piano. I chose the piano for my talent because, as a boy I had taken piano lessons for five years. Then one day she came over to my house with a suitcase. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"Nowhere," she replied, "but it is time you started dressing like a girl and got known around town. We can pass you off as my sister Lois and say you just got back from visiting Uncle Paul in Europe. The only thing is that you will not be able to do anything or go anywhere for the next four months unless you are Lois."

"That is impossible," I argued. "It would never work and besides, how could I work? I would have to quit my job."

"Well, since Mr. Stockton knows all about the bet why don't you ask him to let you work as a woman reporter. The paper needs some good woman's news in it and you could get well known as Lois to boot," Connie came back.

I tried to protest further but she convinced me it was for my own good and so I agreed.

She opened the suitcase and took out all the things that I would need and laid them out for me. "The first time I will help you," she said, "but from now on you will have to learn to do it yourself. I have brought you my wig and some nice dresses that should fit good enough for now. After you get dressed we can go shopping and get you some more clothes. It should be fun."

I was a little hesitant to put on the clothes but, because Connie had been so much help to me in the past months, I decided to do it without opposition. She started by having me shave my whole body. Afterwards she handed me a pair of pink flowered panties. I took them and slipped them on and to my surprise, they felt smooth and soft against my now feminine looking body. I strapped the padded bra around my chest and slipped into the slip. I could not understand why I enjoyed the feeling of these garments so much. After having some trouble with the panty hose

she brought, I finally finished. The smooth, soft feel of the stockings as they brushed against the slip and the tight, almost restricting feeling of the bra gave me one of the biggest thrills of my life. I was getting so anxious to get finished and see how I looked that I almost let Connie know. I thought it best if she didn't know I felt this way and tried to restrain myself.

"Here," Connie said, "try on this skirt and blouse I brought. They should fit pretty well." After the clothes were all in place she put on my make-up and got a pair of shoes which, I might add, were a little tight. She pulled out her wig, combed it into shape, put it on my head and I was completely a girl.

I was a little scared about going out but Connie assured me that I was a good-looking girl and would pass easily, so I went. At the store she helped me pick out some of the things I would need for the next few months and the pageant, bathing suit, shoes, undies and other things. We also bought some dresses, skirts and blouses and accessories. As we passed the lingerie department I picked out a beautiful black silk negligee with matching peignoir. Connie looked puzzled at this and asked me what it was for. "Well, if I am going to be a girl during the day, I might as well play the part at night also," I replied, not wanting to reveal to her that I was actually enjoying the role I was playing.

At the check-out counter Connie met one of her school friends who invited her to a party. "I'd love to come," Connie said, "but would you mind if I brought my sister Lois here?"

"Why of course not," Betty, her friend, replied. "The more the merrier, but I didn't know you had a sister, Connie."

"Why yes, haven't I ever told you about her? She has been in Europe the last few years living with our uncle," Connie responded.

"Well it will be great that you can both come, got to run now but see you a week from Monday then. Bye now," and she dashed off.

By the time we got home I was really mad. "Connie!" I yelled, "why did you go and ask her if I could come to her party too?"

"This will be the best test in the world for you Rick, er, I mean Lois. If you can pass at Betty's party as a girl, you will be a cinch to make it into the contest. Besides, Betty is the daughter of Mr. Wise."

"Mr. Wise!" I screamed. "You don't mean Dave Wise, the man I have this bet with do you?"

"Why yes," Connie replied calmly, "the one and only."

"But he will recognize me the minute I step in that house," I protested.

"Well, if he does," Connie said, "you might as well call of the whole bet. He has been elected as one of the judges of the Miss Center City pageant this year so you will have to be at your best and you might as well start now."

The next morning I went to work dressed and when I arrived I went straight to Mr. Stockton's office. Since the sign on the door said "FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY," he started to protest my entering until I told him who I was and explained my plan to him.

"That is a great idea, Rick. We could use some good woman's features and it would help you as much as the paper."

The first couple of days in the office were rather nerve racking ones for me. Mr. Stockton had a meeting with the employees and they all knew what was going on and swore to keep it secret.

After a few days I had my first assignment. I was sent to cover a fashion show. I went early to interview the owner, known as Mimi, before the show started and maybe pick out a gown for the contest. During the interview I spotted the most beautiful gown and asked if I could try it on. Mimi said yes and I went to the dressing room to put it on. I was surprised at how well it fit and when Mimi saw it so was she.

"How would you like to model it in the show?" asked Mimi.

"Oh," I replied quite surprised, "I wouldn't know the first thing about being a model."

"It would be easy to teach you all you would need to know for this one time. I was going to have it in the show but I don't have a model that looks as good in it as you do. Please," Mimi begged.

I decided it would be fun and valuable experience so I decided to give it a try. Mimi and I spent the next half hour going over everything I would have to do when my turn came.

As I walked down the runway I almost forgot I wasn't a woman because I felt so feminine in the gown. It was one of the greatest thrills of my life standing in front of all those people and knowing they saw me as a girl. The applause I got when I left the stage lifted my spirits to their highest point.

After the show Mimi complimented me on how well I had modeled and said she would give me the gown if I would model some other things in future shows. I agreed and went back to the office to get the article ready for print.

The party was set for the following week so I only had seven days to get ready for it. I went over everything Connie had taught me. I took walks, went shopping and just got out among people to see how well I was doing and to build my confidence. I found that once I could learn to think of myself as Lois I got along easily.

Before I knew it, it was Monday night and we were on our way. After we parked the car and I started to get out I took a deep breath and tried to act my most feminine. All the guests were being greeted by Dave at the door and when I saw this my heart fell to my stomach.

"Good evening, Connie, and who is this lovely creature you have with you?" Dave greeted us.

"This is my older sister, Lois," Connie answered. "She has just returned from a two year visit with our Uncle Paul in Europe."

"Well," Dave said with some surprise, "it is a pleasure to meet you, Lois. You will save me a dance before the evening is over, won't you?"

"I would be delighted to, Mr. Wise," I said.

The evening went along just great. I was accepted as a girl and, I might add, I was quite popular as a dance partner. But, since I had never seen any of these people before, I really didn't feel that it was all the big test that Connie had said it would be. Until . . .

"Well, could I have that dance you have been saving for me now?" Dave's voice said at my elbow.

My heart must have stopped. I turned around and there before me was Dave Wise. The one man who could blow the whole thing wide open. "Yes," I said, with a forced smile, "it will be a pleasure."

After the dance, which went perfectly, I returned to Connie and she whispered, "See, I told you he couldn't tell."

The rest of the party went along well and as we left Betty and Mr. Wise thanked us for coming and said they hoped to see us again. We thanked them for inviting us and hopped in the car and headed home.

The next day when I arrived in the office Mr. Stockton told me that a Miss Mimi had called and she had a job for me if I was interested. I got Mr. Stockton's permission and went over to see her. When I arrived Mimi said she had hoped I would come. She had some new bathing suits she was going to have modeled that afternoon and said that if I would like to model a couple she would let me pick them out.

I was rather nervous at the thought of being in front of all those people in a bathing suit but decided it would be great practice for the pageant. I accepted and she took me to the dressing room to pick out the suits. I tried to pick two that hid the fact the best and laid them aside. Mimi said to put one on and she would give me some more tips before the show.

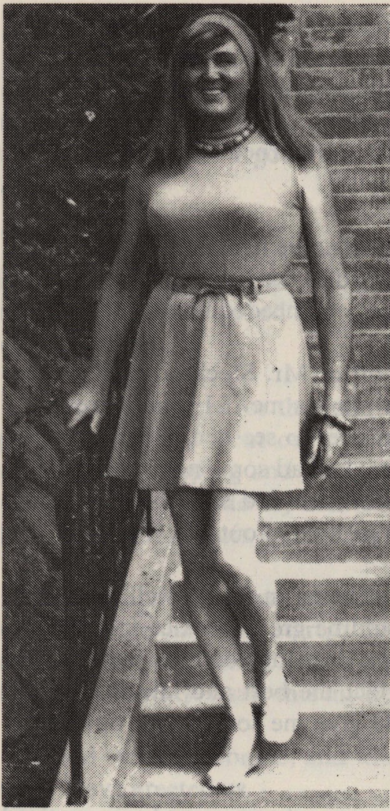
After I finished dressing she took me out to the stage and we practiced for a little while.

"You should have been a model, Lois," Mimi said enthusiastically. "You are a natural."

"Thank you," I replied, surprised by the comment.

"It's almost time to start so you best go back to the dressing room. You can get to know the other girls while you are waiting. You'll be out third," Mimi explained.

As I walked back to the dressing room I was wondering how I was going to change into the second suit with all the other girls around. I stepped in the room and all the girls were running around busily getting ready. I noticed that some of them left their panties on under their suits and I sighed a small sigh of relief.



LU - Calif.



WILMA - N.Y.

Last Sept. a very remarkable gathering of some 50 FPs and a number of wives occurred up on the beautiful coast of Oregon. Dream '73 it was called by its sponsors, the Lambda Sigma chapter of FPE. The above 2 shots were taken at this 5 day get together at which rumor tells me everyone had a marvelous time. However no one has so far seen fit to write up a report of the happening. Since I couldn't be there myself I am planning to go to Dream '74 next September and find out for myself. I hope that a lot of you will be equally curious to see and will plan on coming. The actual dates aren't set yet but probably in the second week of Sept. 1974. If you want to know more you can write to Lambda Sigma, Box 58, 507 Third Ave. Seattle, WA 98104. Maybe there will be a write up in TVia No. 81 when the participants cool down enough to write up a report. See you there in '74.

All the girls were very friendly and again I was accepted as a girl with no questions asked.

The show went better than I expected and when I changed again everyone in the room at the time was so busy changing themselves that they didn't notice me changing in the corner of the room.

As the weeks went by Connie and I went everywhere together. We went to the beach as much as possible and I got a beautiful tan. We went to movies, out to eat, on long drives or just went out shopping. I was beginning to forget Rick and think of myself as Lois.

As time passed I was learning more and more and enjoying it immensely. The people at work were wonderful and Mimi had a modeling job for me at least once a week. She helped me build up poise and confidence and Connie helped me with most of the other aspects necessary for the pageant.

Then one day there was an article in our paper which read —

All those girls, between the ages of 18 and 25, who want to enter the Miss Center City beauty pageant two weeks from today, on September 17, should register at Pageant Hall no later than Sept. 9.

As I read this my heart began to beat faster. This was it, the beginning of what the last year's preparation was all for.

I jumped into my car and drove over to Connie's house. I showed her the article and we both went over to the hall for the beginning of the big event.

As I stepped up to the desk to pick up an application I felt, not nervous for fear that I would be discovered, but instead the kind of excitement that any girl would feel in the same situation. I was informed by the secretary behind the desk that there would be no physical examination this year because they were sure that all the contestants entering the pageant were girls. I almost laughed when I heard this but finished filling out my application and turned it in. I was told to report on stage for rehearsal at 9:00 sharp the morning of the 15th. All contestants would be shown the dressing rooms, entrances and exit points, where they would stand on the stage for group numbers etc. and in what order they would appear.

For the next couple of days Connie put me through all the phases of the contest, evening gown, bathing suit, talent, quick changes and make-up. "Wouldn't it be funny if you won the title," Connie remarked jokingly.

"I would love to win," I replied, "but it would be impossible. What if I won and they found out I wasn't a real girl? It would create a real scandal for the pageant and all the people involved. I will be thrilled to end up in tenth place."

On the 15th I showed up at 8:45 and there were quite a few other girls there already. I was shown my dressing room and found out I was to share it with two other girls. I realized changing would be a problem but I knew I would be able to do it. We were shown the stage and how to get to it from backstage. We then were told the order in which we would appear and were let go for the rest of the day.

On the way home I stopped at Connie's and told her of the day's events. We talked girl talk for a couple of hours and then I went home.

I stripped down to my panties and bra and went into the bathroom to shower and prepare for bed. I removed my make-up, took a refreshing shower and then returned to my bedroom. I slipped into my black negligee and laid in bed for a while thinking of how wonderful I looked as a girl. No longer the humdrum of a man's world but now the soft, gentleness of a woman's world. I fell asleep with an eased mind, pleased with all that had happened in the last eleven months.

The 16th was a very busy day. We went through all the group events and then our individual talent. We got out of the hall at 5:00 pm and I went straight home to get all the sleep I could before the big day.

I slept until noon the next day. After awakening I shaved, showered, set my hair and started to get dressed. I chose a cute burgundy color mini skirt with a white see-through blouse with ruffles down the front. I loved to wear this skirt and blouse because I had been whistled at quite a few times while wearing it before.

When I arrived at the hall I noticed that there were a lot of people already there. I went to my dressing room and changed into my evening gown for the opening parade. I set out my bathing suit to be ready for the bathing suit contest which was next. I was adding the finishing touches to my make-up when one of the girls who shared the room with me came in.

"Well, hi there, Lois," she said. "Isn't this exciting? Ever since I was a little girl I have dreamed of being in this pageant and now it is happening."

"Hi, Vicki," I replied somewhat nervously, "it is just super. I have been looking forward to this for quite a while too."

We talked awhile as she was getting ready and then Linda, our other roommate, came in. We all chatted as we finished our preparations.

Then it all started, a knock on the door and the words, "curtain in two minutes." We glanced at each other with smiling but nervous faces. We wished each other well and went out to line up for the introductions.

Then the curtain went up and the first girl was introduced. She walked out, down the runway and back to her spot on stage as they introduced the next one.

When I heard my name I swallowed hard, put on a happy but forced smile and started out. As I walked down the runway past the applauding throng I saw Mr. Wise and Mr. Stockton. As I reached the end of the runway there was Connie. She gave me a reassuring smile and a wink which helped me tremendously. I returned to my spot on stage and started to relax a little from the opening excitement.

After all the girls were introduced we went back and changed for the bathing suit contest. I made the change without much trouble because Vicki and Linda were busy changing too and had no time or reason to watch me. We went out and lined up again, ready to parade out in our bathing suits.

After that everything went wonderful. The talent contest was over in what seemed like minutes with all the rushing around, changing, touching up make-up and talking to the other girls.

The time had come to pick the top five finalists. We all went out on stage and sat in our predetermined seats with all eyes on the judges and the five seats on center stage. You could feel the tension mount as the judges finished their writing and handed the envelopes to the MC. He opened it and started to call out the names. The first name called was Vicki, my roommate. I could see how happy she was when she walked down to take her seat in front. I was so happy for her that I almost didn't hear my name called next.

I had more than done it! I wanted to scream out with joy. I had made at least 5th, which was even better than the 15th place I had bet. As I walked down to take my seat next to Vicki I could see Connie giving me the V sign from her seat.

Now came the final test to pick number one. The judges had decided to do something a little different this year. They said since the winner would be seen in public that they would pick the winner from what they had worn to the hall that afternoon. We were all told to go back and change into those clothes.

We all went back to the dressing room and started to change. When Vicki got there she was almost in tears. I asked her what was wrong and she said she didn't have a chance to win now.

"Why," I asked.

"Because," she explained almost in tears, "all I wore was a pair of levies and an old blouse. I didn't think it was necessary to dress up just to drive over to the hall."

"I'll tell you what," I said, "you and I are the same size, why don't you take my skirt and blouse and I'll wear your levies."

"No, I couldn't do that, Lois, it would ruin your chances," she said.

I gave her the excuse that I couldn't win because of my job and that 5th place would be even more than I had expected. After some persuasion she agreed and we switched clothes.

As I made my final walk down the runway I could tell that Connie knew what I had done and she gave me a big smile. After we were all seated again the MC received the final envelope.

Because one of the other girls had on "distasteful" clothes she finished 5th. My name was called next. 4th! I felt as if I had won. I was so happy I almost started to cry.

Vicki had won and I had the satisfaction of knowing I had won the bet and had helped a good friend win.

After the closing ceremony I gathered my clothes from the dressing room, left a note for Vicki to keep the skirt and blouse as a congratulation present and left for home.

The next morning I arose early and dressed in a becoming pants suit. I ate a light breakfast and headed to the office. When I arrived I found out that Mr. Stockton and Mr. Wise were already waiting for me in the conference room. I walked to the door and as I knocked I was wondering what was going to become of all this.

“Lois,” Mr. Wise said as the door opened, “what are you doing here?”

“Hello, Mr. Wise,” I replied somewhat mixed up, “didn’t Mr. Stockton tell you?”

“No, I didn’t Lois, I mean Rick. I thought I’d wait until you got here to let him know he had in fact lost,” Mr. Stockton replied proudly.

“You mean this is Rick?” Mr. Wise was astonished at what he saw. “I can’t believe it! And to think I enjoyed dancing with you at Betty’s party,” he said with some embarrassment. “Well, since you finished fourth I guess I’ve lost the bet. I’ll have a check in the mail tomorrow and will start preparations to move the paper.”

“Wait a minute,” I interrupted, “I think we will all agree that this bet was foolish and was only made out of anger. I have had so much fun this past year that I feel it would be wrong to hold you to the part about the paper. I am willing to forget that part if you are, Mr. Stockton. I’ll accept the money as it will help me in the life I plan to lead. All I ask from you, Mr. Stockton, is that I can keep my job as a woman reporter and nothing is to be said about Lois being Rick in either paper.

Mr. Stockton and Mr. Wise both agreed to forget it and promised not to reveal my true identity. Although Mr. Stockton could not understand why I wanted to remain Lois, he agreed to let me stay on as a woman reporter because of the good job I was doing. We all shook hands and left the conference room much better friends than ever before.

I got the rest of the day off and went to see Connie. I explained what happened at the office and told her how much I enjoyed being Lois.

“You mean you want to be Lois more than Rick?” Connie asked almost in tears.

“Yes, Connie,” I explained, “if you don’t want to see me anymore because of . . .”

"Not see you anymore! I have fallen in love with Lois and I am so happy you want to keep her around I could cry," Connie interrupted.

The following week Connie and I went to another town and were married. We had decided to live as sisters since we had gotten along so famously during the past year. It seemed very strange to become a long-haired man again for the duration of the ceremony, but that was Rick's swan song as I have lived in the feminine world ever since as a successful career woman reporter. Life has been good and Miss Mimi has provided many occasions to remind me of my pageant experience by throwing modeling jobs my way every few weeks.



"My mother thinks he'll look just like his father when he grows-up. So does my wife and her mother."

BOOK REVIEW



BOOK REVIEW

by Verne Bullough

Many readers of *Chevalier* will be interested to know that the brief auto-biographical account by the Abbé de Choisy of his life in skirts has been reprinted in France. Long out print, the memoirs appropriately entitled *Memoires de l'abbé de Choisy habillé en femme* (Memoirs of the Abbé de Choisy Dressed as a Woman) were reprinted as part of a French series of 17th and 18th century source material. This particular reprint, published in 1966 by Mercure de France in Paris, was edited by Georges Mongrédien. Included with the brief autobiographical account is the more important (historically) *Mémoires pour servir a l'histoire de Louis XIV.*

According to his story Choisy's widowed mother, ambitious for his advancement, had brought up Francois-Timoléon as a girl in order that he might be the close companion of the young Prince Philippe d'Orleans, the younger brother of Louis XIV. Historians are not sure of the reason for Philippe's cross dressing, but some feel it might have been done in order that he might not offer competition to his brother, Louis. Philippe grew up to become a sort of drag queen and a well-known homosexual. Choisy, however, remained heterosexual and his greatest joy was in acting the part of a woman. He loved the feel of brocades, satins, and laces, and was so accustomed to wearing corsets that he developed a sort of feminine bust. For a brief time he acted the part of a woman on the stage in Bordeaux. After the death of his mother when he was about eighteen, he determined to dress as a man, but soon found he missed his skirts. He then began living as a woman under the name of Mademoiselle de'Sancy, but for this he was reprimanded (he was already a cleric) and reverted to male dress. He still wanted to dress as a woman, however, and so he sold his house in Paris, dismissed his servants, and hired himself a new set, including a new lady's maid who did not know his true sex. He then

purchased a castle near Bourges where under the name of Madame la Comtesse de Barres he lived for several years. He apparently enjoyed taking young women into his home to train in the proper ways a "lady" should act. He got into some difficulty because of this (de Choisy retained his male urges) and felt it best to return to Paris. Here he lived briefly as Madame de Choisy until he inherited the title of Abbé de Saint Seine in Burgundy. In his new role he was only occasionally able to indulge in his hobby of cross dressing, but his memoirs record his great pleasure on the occasions when he could. Readers of *Chevalier* who can make their way through French will find his account fascinating. The part devoted to his cross dressing is only about 100 pages, and gives an insight into transvestism that we rarely have had in the past.

Vern L. Bullough
 Professor, History
 California State University, Northridge.

Ed. Note: It is planned that chevalier will publish Dr. Bulloughs translation of these memoirs later this year. It will probably be a \$5.00 book judging by the length indicated above. If you wish to order a copy in advance it will help.

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"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Dear Virginia & Mary:

It hardly seems possible that another year has rolled by so rapidly. I just *know* it can't have been more than two or three months ago when I sent my FPE dues for 1973. But I checked and my calendar also says January 1974. Phooey!

In fact, a week from *today* I will be 54—and I *resent* it too! I guess because—principally—that there was so *much* that I expected to do with my life. *Susan's* life, that is, that will probably never happen. Oh, I am reasonably reconciled to it, but I will *never* be happy about it. *No way*, now!

Don't interpret me as bitter, Ginny. I *am*, on occasion, but not generally so. Frequently depressed, *yes*. Far too frequently for my overall well-being, I know. But I control it as best I can. My emotional resources *should* have been depleted long ago—somehow they continue to suffice. I no longer wonder *how* this is true as much as I wonder *why* it is possible for such long term stresses to endure without something *breaking*. Perhaps FP's are an even more peculiar breed than I thought!

A money order for my dues is enclosed. I hope the membership continues to grow despite the losses of those who drift away to the fringe organizations that cater to the (to *me*) less palatable expressions of sexual divertisement/gender identification. To each his own—but please include me out of the wilder aspects that some seem to find so entrancing. I'm too conservative, too square—too much of a *lady*! I guess you knew all of that latter anyway—didn't you?

Life up here in Maine is lonely insofar as contact with other FP's is

concerned. Since I no longer travel (thank God! I had enough of *that* over a 20+ year span) I don't *see* anyone. I continue to correspond sporadically with Jeanette in Richmond, but even that diminishes with time and distance.

My correspondence with GG's around the country, *all* of whom think Susan is a GG too, is now moving into its fourth year! I feel so close to some of these girls—and they to me—that it defies description. There is a large amount of contentment for me in the fact that they regard Susan as “real”. In a sense I have been greatly privileged to share their feminine world and thus to enlarge upon my own—albeit fantasy—existence therein. I exchanged Xmas gifts with 7 or 8 of my closest friends and I can't tell you how I treasure their gifts—ranging from lovely hand-embroidered hankies, two beautiful scarves, a gorgeous slip, a very pretty aqua nightgown and my particular treasure, a hand-crocheted, beautifully fringed, white stole that is just precious. I cried when I opened that gift. The girl who sent it can never know what it meant to me! I even received a small bottle of perfume (Chanel No. 5) and a pair of knit gloves from two separate husbands as their expression of appreciation for the pleasure that my letters have given to their wives.

I'm sure you can see that all of these things make up for what I am missing otherwise. At least I can feel that Susan is genuinely a part of the real world.

This has been much more of a letter than I started to write—as is *usual* for me!

I do hope that you and Mary are happy and that this new year will bring you much more in the way of contentment and whatever pleasures and prosperities you most desire.

As your time allows, I'd love to hear from either or both of you.

Lots of love
Susan

Dear Virginia:

I am enclosing payment for the next couple issues of Transvestia. I am one of those that you are constantly haranging for not doing anything but

I am also one of those who have their hands tied so to speak but who nonetheless appreciate all (that I know about) you've done on behalf of such as me.

Since I am in a sort of a bind in not being able to do very much in return, I would feel sort of left out if it wasn't that Transvestia gives such a personal view of the innermost feelings of so many of us. It is without a doubt the most revealing, I should say self revealing, of any magazine I have ever read. I don't care what story, fiction or otherwise, that you read, there is something of each of us that is easily recognized in every situation. It is so reassuring that we can see that we are no longer alone.

I used to wonder how I could be the only one who could have the transvestic feelings that I had and could carry on in the so called normal world and not break or crack-up with such a secret on my soul. Well, after acquiring a bit more worldly knowledge, my soul secret is nothing compared to so many others and my soul secret is also shared by so many other fine persons.

I have found after personally contacting several of my newfound friends that they are without a doubt above average in earnings, thinking, personality and all the various traits that we consider desirable. There are some who do not have a "finished" education who nevertheless are leaders in the category and station in life in which they find themselves.

I have to get to work now so will draw this to a close,

Marge, MS-1-14, FPE

* * * *

Dear Virginia:

I would like to make a couple of comments. They concern married FPs who tend to blackmail their wives. DON'T!! It will require immense self-control but the benefits you will receive will be far greater than what you obtain by constantly nagging your wife. Do not fall into the "I'll do this for you if you'll do that for me," routine. You will regret it or worse yet, you will lose your wife.

Another habit not to fall into is constantly talking about your femme self. No woman cares to hear stories about other women all the time, es-

pecially if the other woman is her husband's femme self. Play it cool and you will gain.

My best regards,
Deanna - Ill.

* * * *

Dear Virginia:

Just a quick note because I am thinking of you. I am in the process of filling in my application to FPE and it is taking a very long time because I take it very seriously.

I am, at last, happy to be an FP and very grateful to you who, in so many ways, have made it possible for me to begin to accept the real me. Not only am I responsible for this complete femininity which I now seek to express, it has been transformed from a torment to a joy. I can barely wait to refine my womanly existence until it is as complete as any woman can make it.

Love,
Alicia

* * * *

Dear Virginia:

I am a 47 year old Femmiphile (FP). When you first began publishing TVia I was a subscriber. That was some 14 years ago and after 2 or 3 years I stopped because of no interest from my wife.

My dressing was out of a cardboard box and included one wrinkled dress and a cheap pair of heels.

Last summer my wife decided perhaps she'd been wrong. First she bought me a caftan to break the ice. Then she read *The Transvestite and His Wife*. Next she gave me a dress of hers to try on. She had been too heavy and her size 18 fitted me fine. I was in heaven when I put it on while she watched. Then she bought me some heels. It was all too unbelievable. Now she is a size 12 and I have her whole wardrobe plus many other things she has gotten me. She also bought me a wig, jewelry and a chest to keep

it in, cosmetics, lingerie, etc.

Now when I get home she suggests different things she'd like me to wear. She is as much in love with Denise as she is with Jack. They've gone out together as girl friends and we are planning going on a long trip as girls. She has become an A+ wife. In fact she is so wonderful she probably deserves an extra plus.

I feel after 19 years of marriage that our remaining life together will be beautiful. I thank you Virginia for the wonderful help we got from your book and for all the wonderful girls that have finally made it possible for Denise to come out of the closet.

With affection,
Denise - Wash.

* * * *

Dear Virginia:

It may be of interest to you that we now have your book, *The TV and His Wife* in both the Roanoke County Public Library and the Roanoke City Public Library. The county said they have never had a book quite like it and the city has not had time to add it to their card files.

Also enclosed is a clipping from our newspaper. Over the past years there have been others here also so there may be some sisters here yet. [Ed. Note: The clipping referred to was about a man wearing femme attire who was involved in a traffic offense.] The main point here is the man was only charged with violations of law which had nothing to do with how he was dressed.

All local and State police here have our *Introduction to Transvestism* pamphlet so maybe this is helping.

Sincerely,
Rona, VA-1-G FPE

* * * *

ED. NOTE: I published this letter in the hopes that it would encourage some of the rest of you to take the bull by the horns and give some help

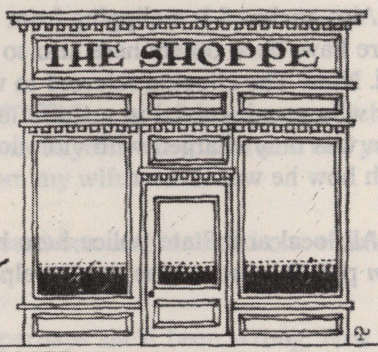
rather than just take it. You don't know how many families in your area are on the verge of divorce because of the FP problem and whose marriages might be saved if the *Wives* book came to their attention. Wouldn't you feel kind of good if having gotten it into your local library some distraught FP or his wife found it and it helped?

I'd also like to again point out that the introductory pamphlet is available at cost of 25 cents each. Won't you spend a couple of bucks and get a few into the hands of police, judges, ministers, psychologists, etc. in your area who might find themselves confronted by a true FP sometime and who, without proper understanding of the situation would class him as an HS and therefore do much more harm than good. The world moves toward general toleration and acceptance of all kinds of things including FPia but it's a slow process. You are better off than you were or you wouldn't be reading these lines so how about passing on a little help to others in the form of education?

* * * *



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BUT WE ALL GET
USED TO THAT AFTER
A WHILE, SIR.



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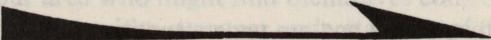
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Well, here is your roving representative back at the same old typewriter. Did you think you'd never hear from me again or that you'd gotten rid of the old bag considering the long delays in the appearance of TVia 79 and this one? No such luck, I'm still very much alive and very much kicking. I did make it back home the 1st of Dec. having travelled about 22,000 miles in 22 different flights on 12 different airlines, visiting 32 different cities in 15 different countries. That's quite a bit of doing even spread over 3 months—here it is in outline. I must comment before beginning this story that as usual I'm torn between those who maintain that they have no interest in my travels and others who write that my tales of my own doings are among the most interesting parts of TVia. So I hope the first group will stop right here and the second group can come with me on my longest and most interesting adventure yet.

To begin with there was the matter of packing. As some of you may know you are allowed only 44 lbs. on international flights. In addition to this, since about half of my total trip would be as part of a tour group and they limit you to one bag per member, I had a bit of a problem. Believe me when femme clothes become your entire and daily wardrobe you begin to learn about selecting and planning in ways that never worried you before. My problem was not only one of weight and 1 bag but the fact that I would have to have the right clothes for hot countries like Egypt and cold ones like Denmark; clothes to travel in and clothes for sight-seeing by bus and on foot; clothes to dress a bit cleaner and nicer for dinner in Hilton hotels and such and clothes for the 2 or 3 evening affairs that we had on the trip and finally clothes for the 2 dinners which were to be given in my honor in Copenhagen and England. Well, it isn't enough just to have the right outside clothes for all these occasions, it also means having the shoes, bag and jewelry appropriate to each. So in

view of all this I had to survey my existing wardrobe and decide what I'd need to get for the trip. With the limitations I had you can't just take a variety of colors and styles so I decided to work my things around green and orange. My hair is kind of a copper blonde so these two colors go well. I ended up with a green pantsuit and orange slacks with 2 different orange and white tops which could be alternated with the green pants. I found some very thin, cheap, pretty and washable dresses so put in 3 of them. Then an orange dressy suit and 1 long dress. Black shoes and bag and white shoes and bag plus miscellaneous accessories made up the load. I made it at 43 lbs.

First off, I flew to Detroit on Sat., Aug. 30 to meet with the girls of the Beta chapter of FPE who had some ideas about FPE to discuss. We did but came to no fixed conclusions. I had to point out that democracy which is a desirable state in an open society of any kind is basically incompatible with the concept of security which is fundamental to the needs of those making up the majority of FPE members.

Sunday I flew to Newark and was met by a friend with whom I stayed for two days. Monday was Labor Day and very hot so we just sat around all day and went out to dinner. Tues. I took the bus into N. Y. to get my Yugoslavian visa and to get a Typhus shot. Visited the Editor of Sexology about possibility of more articles but everybody is now into the "How to do it" sort of thing so Gender and Sex, or FP and such were not "in". Also visited Simon and Schuster and talked to one of the Asst. Eds. about my projected book on Androgeny. They would like to see the outline and first chapter when I get around to it. Also visited Lola de Borsody who was in the hospital. She is the gal who does electrology, gives facials and makeup lessons and has her ad in most issues of TVia. She was up and around but still there for some tests or something. I trust she is back home and back to normal by now.

Tues. evening Frank met me in N. Y. and took me out to Kennedy. We parked on the grounds of a hotel near the airport while I surreptitiously changed from the dress I'd worn around the city to my green pants suit for the transatlantic flight. Then we had dinner and I got aboard the Pan Am 727 for the 9PM flight. The plane wasn't too full and I managed to snag an empty 4 seat section in the middle where I could lay down but Boeing didn't have sleep in mind when they designed those seats as there is a hard ridge between each seat which manages to dig into you somewhere when you are stretched out. So there wasn't much rest that night.

Arriving at Orly airport in Paris about 9AM I was met by Maurice

and Lou of the French Beaumont society. They took me to the hotel they had arranged. These people know all about FPs and so whenever anyone comes into Paris from outside they go there knowing that it is both safe and convenient. After getting settled in we decided on a bit of a shopping trip as there were a few things I had forgotten to get. One of these was a pair of white bobby socks for hiking around the Egyptian ruins. So I made the rounds of several of the large department stores trying to get a pair of white bobby socks. Apparently French girls and women just don't wear them. Eventually, on my own, while Lou was interviewing a prospective member, I wandered into a small store of the JC Penney type and started the quest again. La petite sockettes were not available for women but I was led to the garçon (boys) section and found just about what I wanted. Not knowing French boys sizes in relation to American sizes I wanted to try one on to be sure, but "Mon Dieu, Madam, you can't do THAT." So I ended up by guesswork and got a pair. Since they stretched pretty well they worked out nicely. But shopping in France when you don't parlez le français est tres difficile, oui?

That night we had a dinner in a very nice and straight restaurant. Lucy, Françoise, Cathy and Jean and Virginia. Just a bunch of the girls whooping it up. Since a lot of the conversation was in French I was largely on the outside looking in. Next day Lucy and Jean took me to some museums and around. As you can see I just happened to look up in time to see the Eiffel Tower starting to tip over and was able to push it back to the vertical. Lou was fortunately able to record this remarkable event for posterity and I'm sure the French will forever be grateful to the unknown American woman who managed to save their famous landmark. That night we had a banquet of the French Beaumont Society—about 25 of us in a little restaurant which is also hip to things. We had a couple of MDs present too and also I was able to again meet Marie Andre who runs "AMAHO", an organization which used to try to serve both FPs and TSs but has now agreed to turn over all the FP types to Beaumont. It was a very interesting evening but again Je parle Francais (only) une peu so I was out of most of the conversation.

Friday I was picked up at 9AM and driven to Orly by Lou and Jean and took off for Rome. I killed about 3 hours there between planes and then took off on Yugoslavian Airlines for Dubrovnik. To my surprise I was met at the airport by Sonya (as her brother). She is the only reader we have in Yugoslavia and she had come about 150 miles from her town to Dubrovnik to meet me. We went to the hotel for dinner. That night Sonya dressed in her room and we had a nice visit till about 1 AM. It had taken 10 days pay for her to spend 1 night in that tourist hotel. Next day there

was the opening session the TS Seminar sponsored by the Erickson Foundation. Altho I hadn't been able to have a paper accepted I asked for an opportunity to speak which was arranged for the next day. I spent the afternoon with Sonya (as her brother) and we visited the old town and walked and talked. She is very lonely being the only one around tho she is fortunate in having an understanding wife. She can read and write English so if any of you want to write to her send it to me with the necessary 21 cents foreign airmail postage and I'll forward it. She would be most grateful for some pen pals.

The next day Sunday 9/6 I got my chance to speak to the conference and gave them the gist of the research which was reported in TVia No. 79. There was considerable interest in what we found. I also offered the idea that if proper research were done it would be found that those operated TSs who claim to have orgasm would be found to be those who as homosexuals had experienced considerable anal intercourse. During such, the intruding penis practically massages the prostate and as the nerves enervating the prostate are closely related to those running to the plexus at the head of the penis it is likely that one could, so to speak, cut into the circuit at that point and elicit the same response in the higher centers. But it remains a matter of great improbability that anyone not trained in anal intercourse could achieve a true physiological orgasm. Unhappily, those who have had the surgery have invested so much of themselves in getting it that they have to "prove" its tremendous success and so they claim to have frequent orgasms - after all that's what women have and are they not "women", ergo they have orgasm. Of course those coming along and still not having had the surgery, read and hear these claims and figure what can they lose, they'll have orgasms after as well as before the surgery. Not so! If more knew that perhaps there would not be so many so anxious for surgery.

Well, that evening I flew off to Belgrade, Yugoslavia by myself. I had seen Dubrovnik 2 years before but no other part of the country so decided to take in its capitol. My voucher said that the hotel Metropole would have a car waiting for me at the airport. So I arrive there, go to the room where baggage comes in and look around for anybody in any official capacity as guide, information desk, clerk or whatever. Nobody! I ask a couple of soldiers - no spika da englees, likewise the bus driver waiting outside. Naturally I don't speak Croatian and nobody in the place speaks English. Finally I go to the taxi stand and get referred to the taxi starter and with a bit of German, English and the name Metropole Hotel I'm put in a taxi. At the hotel I make the driver wait while I go to the desk and try to get the hotel to pay him because they were



VIRGINIA TO THE RESCUE



SONYA OF YUGOSLAVIA

supposed to send a car. The clerk has no authority so in desperation I pay the taxi and go to bed. Next morning I take it up with the management and finally get reimbursed. Some ordeal for a lonely girl in a strange country where you can't speak the language.

But my day and a half in Belgrade was interesting with a couple of tours in and around the city and a personal visit to the war museum and walks around the streets alone. Stores well stocked with most everything, food quite reasonable and good. The town was clean and attractive, lots of cars, people seemed happy and healthy and all in all an alive and functioning country. I learned that Tito will be the only President the country will ever have since when he dies a 12 man council will be elected to take over. They feel that no one else will ever be able to fill his shoes. He is a very much loved man in the country. There were lots of private shops and many coops. There are no government owned businesses. Private enterprise exists up to 10 employees. About two thirds of the arable land in the country is owned privately and the rest in agricultural coops. The country apparently operates sort of a cross between socialism and capitalism, but it works.

Wed. I flew to Zagreb and a psychologist friend of mine whom I had first met in Hawaii in May and who had been at the conference in Dubrovnik, flew up to meet me there and we flew on to Zurich to change planes for Stuttgart. In Zurich we had quite a bit of time between planes and wandered around the airport. When it came time to go to the gate we found we had to go thru personal as well as baggage inspection. I made it a point to visit the ladies room beforehand and undertook to tuck things back out of the way (if you know what I mean). After we passed the passport control we lined up in front of little cubicles marked "Men" and "Women". Naturally I got in line before one of the latter and my friend in the men's line got quite a laugh out of the situation and its fascinating international possibilities. He began to imagine some of the headlines that would result if I should be discovered and this tickled him into a lot of chuckles. However everything went off O.K. tho the girl did frisk me and patted both breasts and crotch in a quick once over. But now that I knew what to expect later on in the trip I found my pre-boarding visits to the ladies room were important.

We arrived in Stuttgart and took a taxi to the hotel that I had reserved thru the Mercedes people in the U.S. It was an Esso Motel so not too classy but it was still \$30 a night for a twin bed room. Hotel prices in Germany are astronomical. My psychologist friend had a new psychological experience as he found himself standing aside while a woman went to

the desk, registered and got the room key etc. He, like all men, was used to doing this part and to be relegated to the secondary position was new to his male ego which he noted with interest and commented upon.

Next morning we taxied to the Mercedes plant and made arrangements to pick up the car I had ordered in the States. Before doing so we took a tour of the plant. I must say it was the best organized and cleanest plant I've ever seen. I learned that, unlike US companies, they manufacture no cars just for stock. Every car turned out is made for a specific order and given a code number on a plate which is attached to the top of the radiator. At the end of each assembly operation the car stops under a TV camera which is centered on that plate. Someone at the control center seeing what is called for on that car then shunts it to one line or another for the appropriate operation. It is a fantastic place.

When the trip was over the car was ready. I was instructed in its special features, got it gassed up and we took off for downtown Stuttgart. Driving an unfamiliar car thru unfamiliar streets with unfamiliar traffic rules and signs in German was a somewhat hairy experience at the beginning but gradually I figured out what things meant and it got easier. European towns being hundreds of years old were not laid out with cars in mind and many of the streets are narrow and twisty so we had an interesting visit. In the afternoon we took off for Lake Constance to spend the night.

We found a nice little country "Gasthaus" and spent the night there. Next morning we investigated the old town of Lindau on the lake and then took off for Innsbruck. We crossed and recrossed the German-Austrian border about 10 times and each time had to come up with personal passports and the car's documents. After a beautiful trip thru the mountains we arrived rather late in Innsbruck and walked thru the town and its squares and malls. Very busy and very interesting. That night we were directed to a hotel by a tourist agency which said they had phoned in and made reservations for the 2 of us at 70 shillings apiece. It was a nice, new tourist type hotel up on the side of the hill. The next morning we found ourselves in a hot argument with the man and wife who ran the place who informed us that the price was 90 shillings. We argued and tried to explain in our bastard German but the wife was very impolite and would pay no attention and just walked off. I made a couple of strong remarks to her in English which an Austrian-American whom we had met at breakfast and who was trying to be an intermediary heard. I then picked up the bags and went out to the car. He turned to my friend and said with considerable accent "zat woomin iss wan tuff cookie". Finally

we gave up and paid the 90 shillings and were on the way, but I became "wan tuff cookie" to my friend from then on.

We later in the day took off for Salzburg where we arrived late in the afternoon and headed for the castle. It is on the top of a steep hill right in the heart of the city and looks down over it all. It is reached by a cable railway. We had a good look at the city and then had to descend and do something about finding a place to stay that night. It had to be near the station because we had found that my friend had to catch a 6:15 AM train to Munich for connections to Frankfurt and N.Y., as he had an appointment there Monday morning. We found a little guest house and turned in. About 5 AM we were up and drove to the station to catch the train. After he had gone I returned to the hotel, had breakfast, paid the bill and packed the car. I had at this time, a typical feminine reaction - while I'd had a man handle things the last several days and one who could speak much better German than I could, now I was going to be just a single woman alone in a strange country with 5 days of driving and living by myself in front of me. I had a tightening in my chest and the usual fear symptoms. However as soon as I got behind the wheel it was as tho Charles had taken over and I had no more fear, I knew I could handle whatever situations might arise. This duality of feeling was quite a surprise to me but fitted in quite well with my dual nature - having the qualities of both a man and a woman - I was also experiencing the emotional reactions of both.

Anyway I took off for Berchtesgarden. Went thru a salt mine way back inside the mountain - the salt is disseminated throughout the rock and is mined by dissolving it in water under pressure and then letting the brine run out again and down to the valley to evaporate. Next I drove my car up to the parking lot for Adolf Hitler's eyrie, the Eagles Nest, took a bus up to the top which is still about 500 feet below the house and hiked the rest of the way up to it. It's not much of a house having been converted into a restaurant but man what a view out and down. It is really on top of the peak.

I drove thru the hills and valleys of Austria to Zell am Zee where there is a glider field. It was cold, rainy and late in the afternoon when I arrived so I stayed overnight nearby and the next morning went to the field to see about a flight. They had a motor powered glider there which was somewhat cheaper to fly than having to rent both the glider and the tow plane, so I took 2 flights in it. It was nice that I had had about 10 hours in a Cessna 150 back in Calif. so I was able to take it off O.K. After we got up to about 4000 ft. the instructor told me to push a button which turned off the



HITLERS EAGLES NEST—GERMANY



**AT BYBLOS—ANCIENT PHOENICEAN
TOWN ON MEDITERRANEAN—LEBANON**

engine and to pull out and turn a lever which feathered the prop. We were then a glider and swooped and turned around above the alpine glacial valleys. That has just got to be the most beautiful place in the world to glide. 4 big valleys run together and their streams make a lake. The town of Zell (on the lake-Zee) is very picturesque too and the whole setting was great. Wish I could have stayed longer and flown more but I could not afford either more time or more money. It was \$30 an hour as it was but I had to be able to say that I'd flown in Austria.

That afternoon I drove over the Gross Glockener which is one of the highest and prettiest Alpine passes. It was steep and cold and beautiful but the Mercedes went over it with great ease. Two more days driving brought me to Vienna. I had a map showing the Autobahn I was coming in on and the street my hotel was on and it didn't look like much of a problem to get from one to the other but was I ever wrong! Streets are narrow or one way, or dead end and twisty and the street signs were not always to be found. I stopped about 5 times behind a taxi or truck and took my map up to them asking while pointing to the map "Wo ist hier am die landcarte? (Where is "here" on the map) They would show me and I would indicate where I wanted to go and they would very kindly point me in the right direction and I'd start off again, but within about 10 blocks I was lost again. However, I finally made it.

Next day, after much telephoning to all the Mercedes agents in the book, I found one that would keep the car in storage for me and drove down there and left it. They were to give it its 1st checkup after 800 miles and keep it for me for 6 weeks till I returned from my Middle East trip. That settled, I left the car and returned to the hotel by way of the National Museum and a lot of interesting walking thru the backways and by ways of old Vienna which is a very interesting city.

So, on Thurs. Sept. 20 I went to the airport and got aboard the same flight from Frankfurt to Beirut that the rest of the tour group was on. This was accomplished after a panicky few minutes when I got off of the bus from the downtown terminal at the airport only to find that my bag was not aboard the bus. About 15 minutes later it arrived on the next bus and I hurried aboard not forgetting my preliminary visit to the Damenzimmer prior to the frisking. On board I met our guide who as luck had it was the same one who had led us around the Eastern European countries in 1971. He is very nice and very capable – and so began the big adventure.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER

BAALBECK - LEBANON

INTRICATE CARVING



We flew to Beirut and were put up in the Intercontinental Hotel which is pretty swank but was having some of its 1st floor public rooms redone as a result of a bomb placed there a couple of months earlier by the Palestine Liberation group trying to kill some big shot. We had a couple of trips in and around Beirut itself visiting Byblos which is a very old Phoenician settlement. Traffic to and from was very heavy and drivers were very independent and heavy on the horn. Next day we had an all day excursion to Baalbeck which was one of the 7 wonders of the ancient world. No wonder! It certainly was colossal in overall size as well as some of the columns and temples still partially standing. It is amazing how our ancient ancestors managed some of their engineering feats.

Next day we were off for a visit to Damascus, legendary city of old. We thought we would never make it because of the traffic jam at the border crossing. I'd thought relations between Lebanon and Syria were reasonably good but they surely made a jam up at the border. It took the bus about 1 hour just to inch up to and finally thru the gate. Driving down into Damascus we were interested to note the ready tank barricades in the canyons, the gun emplacements on the hills and the prevalence of soldiers. In Damascus itself we were impressed by the large number of men in camouflage uniforms and army vehicles on the streets. This was on Sept. 23—war broke out with Israel on Oct. 6, 2 weeks later. The most memorable thing about this city was the noise, the blue smoke from car exhausts and the eternal din of horns. Arabian drivers must have to prove their masculinity by the amount of noise they can make and they were hard at it. The cars were every imaginable kind and some of them went back 20 years at least. From the smoke pouring out of the exhaust you'd think they were running on oil and lubricating with gasoline. You couldn't see 2 blocks away at street level because of it. On top of that the city is, as you know, terribly old and so it is also dirty and worn except in a limited residential section which we only barely touched on as we drove back. Of course we had to visit the Street Called Straight and several places where the Apostle Paul had stayed or been imprisoned etc. and also a visit to the large mosque where John the Baptist's Tomb is. You have to take off your shoes to go into a mosque and the women had to wear a black robe over their heads and shoulders. They provided these to us but they were literally stinking having been worn by god knows how many others before us. You'd be right if you guessed that I'd be the one to make a complaint about that to the head of the guard. Damascus is a place to be able to say you have been, but once was enough. It's interesting historically but neither Damascus, Syria nor the Syrian people made a very good impression on me. I could do without all three.

After another long ride back and delay at the border we made Beirut again and the next morning took the plane for Cairo. So that the anti-Israeli radar scopes pointing eastward should not be confused by friendly planes, all approaching Cairo must do so from the west, so we flew way out over the Mediterranean to get away from the Israeli shoreline and then south to Egypt's coast and then east to Cairo where we landed safely having noted the slit trenches, barb wire and other military items around the field. We stayed that night at the Cairo Hilton which fronts on the Nile and is naturally very luxurious. We went out and walked around a bit and I found that Egypt produces some very marvelous mangoes which are my favorite fruit. So naturally I had to get rid of some of my new Egyptian money for one right away. Was it ever good.

Next morning we had to get up at 4 AM to get an early start for a flight up the Nile valley to Aswan where we again found an airport full of slit trenches, machine gun toting guards, etc. We transferred to a little plane and flew up to Abu Simbel where we saw the gigantic statues of Rameses and his queen . . . the ones that would have been submerged by the waters of Lake Nasser unless they were moved. They were – at great expense – by cutting the whole mountain from which they were carved into blocks, moving them up to the top of the cliff and reassembling them there in the same order. All this was complete even to the insides of the temple which occupied the original hill behind the statues – a truly terrific job of engineering and reconstruction. After that visit we flew back to Aswan and went to our boat the Osiris operated by the Nile Hilton and which was to be our home for several days cruising down the Nile.

The flight up to Aswan from Cairo was very interesting since it gave an opportunity to see clearly what we have all read about, namely how the Nile was the lifeline of Egypt. From the air this is very evident since the country is one long narrow strip of green on both sides of the river and with empty desert on both sides and I do mean empty. In the 700 mile flight we probably saw only 3 or 4 roads heading out from the Nile strip across the desert and no oases or green spots anywhere except along the river. But in times past that desert has seen plenty of water and storms because it was not flat sand dunes as one might imagine from reading foreign legion stories or seeing movies about the Sahara. Maybe it is in some parts but in the areas we flew over it was cut and crossed by all sorts of junior sized Grand Canyons, cut up mesas and tributary canyons – all of it made by water erosion. With that much water it must also have supported a lot of vegetation, so a few million years ago it must have been quite different. But today it is really a wasteland with the blue river and

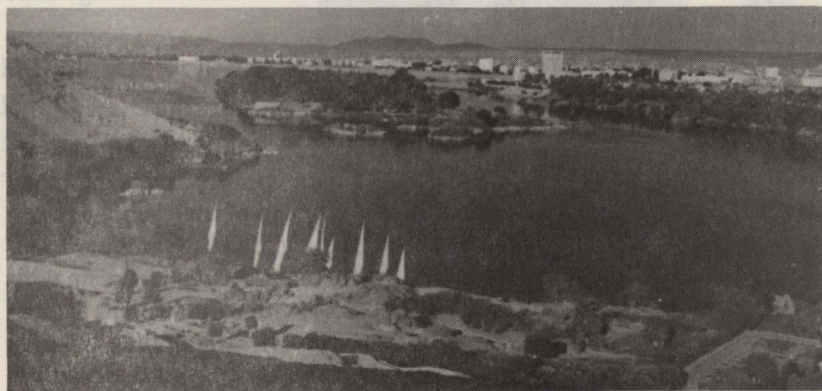
TYPICAL NILE BANK SCENE



THE NILE - A NARROW BLUE STRIP IN THE DESERT



ASWAN FROM AGA KHANS TOMB



its accompanying green border cutting thru it and winding its way toward the Mediterranean.

We took a bus trip up to the High Dam at Aswan. On the tops of the nearby hills we could see rocket emplacements with the rockets mounted and pointing eastward. We went by a big installation with high walls and barbed wire fences around it with guard towers at the corners. It looked for all the world like one of our penitentiaries but upon inquiry of the guide I was informed that it was their fertilizer factory. A small measure of their paranoia about Israel, that they barricade and guard their fertilizer plant as tho the Israelis were going to drop a parachute force into it and capture it. At the dam itself we were permitted to take pictures downstream away from the dam but could not take pictures of the dam itself. There was a machine gun-carrying soldier at the lookout point to see that we didn't do it too. The Russians who built the dam left their marks all over it in the form of street signs, motor trucks, posters etc. One would not be allowed to forget this monument to Russian influence.

Back at Aswan we got settled into our cabins on the ship. Due to the fact that we were not the only tour on board and that there were a limited number of cabins we had to double up for the 4 nights we were aboard the Osiris. Our tour group numbered 22 of which 5 were men so I was one of 17 women. Fortunately back in Beirut I had found that one of them was quite compatible with me. That is she held some of the same political and social beliefs, subscribed to some of the same magazines and was intelligent enough that we could discuss things. So she and I teamed up to share this little stateroom which consisted of 2 3-ft.-wide bunks with about 2 feet between them with a small shower-toilet room on one side and a closet wash basin on the other. So it was very "chummy". However there were no problems, both of us used the bathroom to change in so nothing suspicious happened.

The voyage down the Nile was very interesting as one could see the life of the peasants (fellahin) along the banks - their farming, their herding and their mudwalled towns. Children, dogs, camels, water buffalo, sheep, some cows and chickens. Egypt is a poor country and it is too bad that Sadat, and Nasser before him, don't use some of their money to improve the lot of their people rather than pouring it all into military hardware. The trouble with the whole Middle East is Mohammedanism with its eye for an eye philosophy and its "holy" war (a Jihad they call it) against Israel. Altho they have engineered a disengagement I doubt they will ever end the war because it is in the interest of the top dogs in the Arabian

VIRGINIA
AND BIG BROTHER



HENRY (OUR GUIDE)
POINTS OUT
SOMETHING
TO ME



governments to keep the Palestine question open. I don't think they really want it settled as it would deprive them of the one thing upon which some basis of unity can be achieved. But that's a political story and not my story.

On the way down the Nile we stopped at Esna, and Edfu and Luxor, visited the valley of the kings, saw King Tut's tomb and the funerary temple of Queen Hatshepsut. She must have been the original Women's Libber as she really took over and ruled the kingdom as a woman. She is depicted in statues wearing a beard because that was a pharaonic symbol but unlike the male pharaohs who decorated their temples and tombs with the usual male brags about their military exploits and their greatness, she decorated her temple with a depiction of her trip to the land of Punt (what is now the Somali coast) showing the gifts given and received and the reception she got, etc. A much more pacific and people-to-people kind of achievement. Of course the male pharaoh who followed her had to be the original male chauvinist because he went about and defaced or destroyed a good deal of what she had done or built. So the battle of the sexes got an early start.

Another fascinating thing I learned was that the God of the Nile, named Hapi, was of course a male deity because the river was big, strong, powerful etc. But at the same time it was the lifeline of the country and its annual overflowing was responsible for the fertility of the land. In this sense it was the life-giving, nurturing force of the country, so guess what - Hapi is always depicted in sculpture as having *one* breast. It is always hanging down while the female deities' breasts project outward. However, it is a fine example of how ancient people recognized the androgynous principle, the oneness of the masculine and feminine qualities. It will find a place in my upcoming book to be titled "When you make the two into one."

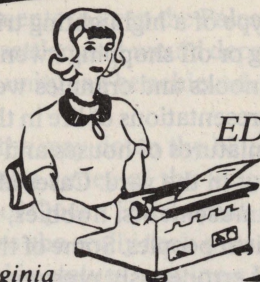
Back in Cairo we paid the usual visit to the pyramids and the Sphinx but could hardly see either for the hoards of beggars and hawkers surrounding the place. We attended a night time sound and light show which was very impressive. The seats were placed in front of the middle of the three big pyramids but in such a way that you could also see the smaller pyramid of Kephren in the middle distance. They lit up the pyramids and Sphinx in various ways and colors in synchrony with a recording giving the history of Egypt and the pharaohs who built the pyramids. Being dark everywhere else except for these lighted structures, it was really beautiful.

Naturally we went thru the Cairo museum on the tour but as tours do

they had to give it the once over lightly type of a highlighting trip. So the next afternoon when others were sleeping or off shopping I went back by myself and wandered at leisure into the nooks and crannies we had not visited before. I was fascinated by the representations of life in those days that were left in the tombs. Complete miniatures of houses and the tasks being done by the residents and slaves out in the yard. Cases after cases of the artifacts of the time, the tools, amusements, hobbies, artwork, crafts, instruments, etc. used by these ancient peoples. Some of them were pretty much like what we use today and erroneously presume were invented within the last 2 or 3 hundred years. They had chess sets, cribbage boards, dice – even 12 sided (dodecahedral dice) and various board games like we have. The human species really hasn't changed so fundamentally in the last 4-5000 years, he has just invented a lot of complications and techniques and systems which make life more complex.

One final observation about Egypt. It is a nation of beggars. "Backsheesh", which is the word for a handout, is said by all sorts of people, kids to old men. If they do anything for you – at your request or if they volunteer information or assistance or even if they don't do anything at all, the open extended hand and the cry of "backsheesh" is everywhere. Then there are the flies crawling around the eyes of all the kids, and every male old and young wearing a disreputable old nightgown-like garment. It wouldn't be much fun being an FP in Egypt unless you were part of the snobbish upper crust of Cairo society.

The next stop was Amman, Jordan but I think this is enough for one issue, so I'll leave you breathlessly (?) awaiting the concluding installment in the next issue. Will Virginia finish the trip without being read? Will she be thrown into an Arabian prison for being so outspoken in her views? Will she be drafted into the Israeli army as a spy? Will she ever get back to her new Mercedes in Vienna? These and other fascinating details will be revealed in TVia No. 81, same time, same station. Be here! Bye for now.



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. "COVER GIRL" IN ENGLAND: Several issues back we had an ad for a business called "Cover Girl" in London, England. While I was there I stopped in and visited her. They specialize in all manner of things of interest to FPs—clothing, lingerie, custom made shoes, theatrical things, etc. They have a catalog of it all which I believe costs \$3 (to cover printing and postage abroad) but the \$3 is applicable to the first order. The fact that they make a variety of shoes to order means that those FPs with larger or wider sizes than usually obtainable can get them to order. I think their shoe catalog is separate from the general one so if interested you might write and ask for it. The husband and wife who run the business are very friendly, knowledgeable and friendly people and have been doing a world-wide business with FPs for a number of years. They guard your security like I do so you can let your hair down with them. Address: Cover Girl 95 Upper St., Islington, London, N 1 ONP England

II. PICTURES FOR TVia: We are always needful of pictures for TVia and appreciate your sending them. However, there are two things that should be mentioned. 1) As I never use more than 4 pics of any one person (1 page full) there is no point in sending a large selection. Pick out the best 4, bearing in mind not only clarity and contrast but also a variety of costumes and poses. There is no extra pleasure in looking at 2 or 4 pics of the same person in the same dress unless one is sitting and one standing or one inside and one out or some such variation. 2) *Please don't send pictures and ask to have them returned.* Get them copied yourself first. The reason is that I often don't get the pics back from the printer for several months after the issue appears and by that time I have completely forgotten that somebody wanted something back. Even if I remember it is tedious looking thru a lot of pics trying to find one or two. I don't like to disappoint you but it is more nuisance than it is worth. Pictures can be copied by any place doing developing.

III. DILEMNA OF COSTS AND PRICES: It is no news to any of you about the increase in cost of most everything. That same problem is begin-

ning to stare me in the face too. I have tried to combat it as best I can. For example, paper has not only gone up several times but is becoming scarce besides. I therefore invested \$1500 in buying enough paper for the next 5 issues after this one—that ties up a lot of capital. Postage has not yet gone up but is due to in the near future. Already 40¢ out of \$5 is an unusually high delivery cost, but 50¢ or 10% of the sales price would be ridiculous. On top of this is the fact that our total gross sales in 1973 were 15% less than 1972. Some of this loss is due to competition of a sort from others but some of it reflects the increase in the cost of living which leaves less money available for luxury type items which most of us would have to admit our dressing activities are.

At the same time I don't want to raise the present price of \$5 so the only adjustment possible will be to print fewer pages thus saving both paper and postage. No fixed decision has been reached on this yet since as you will note this issue is 96 pages like the others. But if the next one is shorter by 8 pages (1/2 of a folio) you'll know why.

IV. PAYMENTS TO CHEVALIER AND FPE: I've said it before but I apparently have to say it again. PLEASE don't send money destined for both Chevalier and FPE in the same check. Altho both owned and run by me they are separate operations with separate checking accounts etc. and putting money for both into one check means that I just have more work to do in writing a compensating check from one to the other. Send 2 checks or 2 MOs. Incidentally some of you waste money getting two money orders for two different items when ordering. One is all that is necessary.

V. FURTHER RESEARCH ON TRANSEXUALS: Last issue I indicated that Dr. Bentler and I wished to do more work on a larger sample of operated TSs as a follow up to the research reported in TVia 79. I asked then if those of you who felt this was important and who could spare a few dollars for the research would make donations to that project it would help greatly. I'm pleased to report that about \$160 have been received (with \$100 of it coming from one person) for this fund. I thank very much those who have been willing to help in this and I hope more of you will be forthcoming after this reminder. With printing, postage, computer cards and time as well as secretarial expense, it is going to take a lot more, so your help will be appreciated and go to a good cause. You could also help by making a list of the operated TSs you know and letting me know how many questionnaires you would be able to distribute to them. They might not want you sending their names to me directly. But the more subjects, the better the research.



"I wonder if my husband and father know that their talking to cousin Junes' son Mark?"



"How long has your son been in this condition?"

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"THE TURNABOUT PARTY" . . . A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they MUST win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends too. Illus. \$5

"IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM" . . . A high school boy finds himself outclassed by a girl, wears her clothes as a penalty, required to maintain role by sisters, joins a sorority. Accepted by his family he gets job, meets girl, falls in love, reveals all, they become engaged. In two parts.

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A few issues other than those listed here have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought when available for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need put a hold on it — first come first served — and we will ship when it is available.

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MERCHANDISE

Item 1. **SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS:** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a poly-vinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

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NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks". That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

Item 6. "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two, separate, shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derrier to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. PER PAIR \$5

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Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie *and* girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. PAD, EACH \$4.25

Item 9. A small front pad designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth rounded feminine contour. PAD, EACH \$3

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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. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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