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Transvestia

LEADING LADY

Struggle, Prayer, Patience

FICTION

The List
The Thief

ARTICLE

Notes from the Dressing Room
Transexuals and Pseudo Transexuals
Happiness Is "DREAM"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Survival II ' Food



Volume XIV No. 83

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

THE COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides — mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

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

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

A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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VOL. XIV

NO. 83

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD



OUR LEADING LADY
Ms. Maureen E. Warfield
CO-4-J FPE



LEADING LADY
STRUGGLE . . . PRAYER . . . PATIENCE

by Maureen E. Warfield

CO-4-J FPE

I am writing this in appreciation of all that Virginia has done through Transvestia, FPE, and personal contact to help me in my gender struggle. Also I want to share with you what can be achieved by a Femme-Personator under difficult circumstances while at the same time avoiding the marriage and emotional tragedies that often plague transvestites and their families.

Glance at the pictures. They were all taken in a normal public environment. Yet looking at me as a man you would say that at best I would be less than passable as a woman in public. I am 48 years old, 5'-9", 140 pounds, heavy black beard stubble, average masculine voice and have never had electrolysis or hormon therapy. But by using the techniques and methods described by Virginia and developing them to the utmost over years of relentless practice I am able to move about freely in public for the brief periods of time that my personal circumstances permit.

Nothing in my story should be construed to be an encouragement to any of you to go beyond the sensible limits of your own situation. For many of you a life in public may not be a desire, and may not even be attainable with any degree of safety. But there is much that the average FP can do to develop her femininity, her voice, her walk, her mannerisms, her appearance and all that goes into being a woman. Not only will this development bring you satisfaction but will also give you the solid confidence that could carry you through a marginal or unforeseen event such as car trouble when driving dressed to an FPE meeting.

Twenty-four years ago I married a wonderful woman. The desire to cross-dress that had been with me since childhood was markedly reduced during our courtship and I believed my problem would be finally ended in the fulfillment of marriage. The usual story. Within a few months after marriage I was frantic to dress again and the intensity of the desire had reached frighteningly new heights. We lived in a tiny apartment with no place to hide a feminine wardrobe. There was no way out except to tell my wife. After several weeks of trying to broach the subject, I finally waited for a quiet time together and then gently and briefly told her of my problem.

My wife was terribly shocked. Numbly she mumbled a few words of dismay. It seemed like her radiant love, her dreams, her hopes all died a little as she sat there in disappointment and confusion. It was obvious too that she was angry that I had withheld this information from her prior to marriage. My request for permission for occasional dressing was unthinkable to her. During the next few days she withdrew into a shell of despair and silence. I had broken her heart. Riddled with guilt and anguish I offered to get psychiatric help immediately.

By contacting the Denver Medical Society I was able to find a wise old psychiatrist who after a few hours with me was able to define the problem and recommend a solution. He had treated a number of transvestites during his long career and said that a cure was unlikely. Surprisingly, he suggested I accept the feminine side of my life. He recommended I dress periodically in the privacy of my home, entering into the role of womanhood as deeply as I desired for a few hours once or twice each month and thereby find relief and prevent the problem from worsening. This is remarkably similar to the FPE approach of today. He felt this was a practical way to handle the problem and that if I followed his advice with discretion, good judgment and restraint, it would have no seriously adverse effect on our marriage. He left the details up to me. Whether or not my wife got involved or witnessed my dressing didn't matter but it was important that she accept this solution in principle, and he offered to meet with her to assist in understanding and acceptance.

I went home to my wife in high spirits. But she refused to accept this solution, refused to even accept the psychiatrist's invitation to meet with her. She felt that the whole thing was too repulsive and dis-

gusting to even talk about and that if I simply stopped thinking about it the problem would disappear.

I waited a week for the tension to ease and then suggested she at least let me try dressing a few times to see what happened. Very reluctantly she agreed. I bought a simple dress, lingerie, inexpensive shoes and accessories. Wigs were prohibitively expensive in 1950 so I simply used a kerchief over my head for this experiment. To avoid any indication of overdoing it I refrained from using cosmetics. In the evening I changed in the bathroom and spent an hour or so quietly reading in the corner of the apartment. My wife eyed me with sickening apprehension and said nothing of the entire evening. For the next few days she was withdrawn and depressed. I tried dressing a few more times with the same results. Finally she said that my dressing made her so upset that she just couldn't stand any more of it. Shortly after this we gave the handful of feminine articles to the Salvation Army.

Crushed, I went back to the psychiatrist and tried to find a way out. He told me of the traditional technique of attempting to sublimate a problem such as transvestism into a socially acceptable hobby, work or other activity, but felt that this was generally unsatisfactory. He suggested I use my ingenuity to find a place to hide a small wardrobe of feminine clothes and dress in secret when the occasion permitted. He admitted that this too was a less than satisfactory way out because the furtive and clandestine nature of it tended to increase guilt and tension.

Finally he recommended I diligently work toward creating a shell of security and stability for our marriage, work toward acquiring a comfortable home, adequate money for the necessities of life, enjoyable vacations together each year for rest and relaxation, all the while loving my wife as deeply as possible in every sense of the word. This would provide a solid foundation for our marriage and build up an emotional storehouse for the day when hopefully I could call upon her for greater understanding of my transvestism. For immediate relief he suggested I at least experiment with attempts at secret dressing and with sublimation of the transvestism into a satisfying hobby, until such time as my wife softened her attitude toward cross-dressing.

I spent many days trying to sort out my thoughts and take stock of my situation. I tried to put myself in my wife's position and with an

aching heart, sadly understood her bewilderment at this bizarre side of my life. Like a man with an incurable disease the realization slowly crept over me that I was not like other men and never would be. My heart was tender toward my young bride and not wanting to hurt her with more discussion I temporarily withdrew from any further mention of cross-dressing. And while struggling for the answer I turned to another source of help that was to be my bulwark of strength from then to now — to something that is rarely mentioned in the pages of *Transvestia*.

Several years before marriage I had become a Christian, admitting that I was a sinful creature and accepting the substitutionary sacrifice of God's son Jesus Christ as my Saviour to cover my sins. In Christianity the payment for sin is done by Christ, and the sinner receives salvation as a free gift for having accepted Christ's payment on the cross. The Christian does not earn his way to heaven; rather, his life from then on is a postscript, an eternal thankfulness marked by a desire to serve Christ and bring glory to Him in appreciation of what He has done.

In all the other religions of the world, including the pseudo-Christian churches that pass for contemporary Christianity in America, salvation is made dependent upon human merit, upon individual performance being good enough to earn your way to heaven. Yet the Scriptures clearly show that no mortal can be good enough to achieve this performance, and frustration is the result, especially for the guilt-ridden transvestite who is well aware that his strange desires are not socially acceptable.

I realized that embracing the Christian faith does not guarantee removal of life's problems. The Christian experience is an integrating experience but the process of spiritual regeneration does not necessarily eliminate any personality difficulty an individual has such as the desire for cross-dressing. However, God does offer help and guidance to the Christian in handling his problems. The Holy Spirit guides our thoughts as we pray and read the Scriptures and yield ourselves. Cooperation on the part of the Christian is necessary and slowly a new life unfolds; but it is a life that must be cultivated by study, by fellowship with other Christians and by discipline. A Christian has the mental health resources not available to the non-believer, but the potential for problem solving, for psychic integration, for good mental health, must be utilized by the individual himself or else no significant change is likely to occur.

So now I tried to solve the handling of my cross-dressing problem in the light of the Christian faith as well as within the guidelines given me by the psychiatrist. I had no illusions of a quick solution; I proceeded to map out my plans in terms of many months, even years if necessary.

During the first few months of marriage I gradually became aware that my wife had a number of her own problems that bothered her, problems that she had not bothered to tell me about prior to marriage; several recurring physical ailments that were relatively minor but annoying, together with nervous headaches and insomnia. One by one over the next few months I brought up each problem and gently offered to help her find solutions. She acted surprised by all this and invariably turned aside from help, minimizing the problem. I persisted, reminding her gently that as husband and wife we were now united in body and spirit, and her problems were my problems, and when she suffered I suffered.

After much resistance she finally agreed to let me take her to a doctor and slowly over a year's time each physical problem was cleared up. As I slowly pushed on from ailment to ailment she seemed to smart from this invasion of her "private problems," yet appreciated my loving concern. As we moved from the physical to emotional problems she became even more resistant. When the physician finally suggested psychiatric help for the nervous headaches and insomnia she balked and refused further treatment. Yet I could see a glimmer of hope. She knew now I cared enough to help her solve her own problems; perhaps some day she would see fit to help me resolve my problem of transvestism.

Meanwhile I prayed and searched the Scriptures for help in relation to my cross-dressing problem. The gospel message emphasizes that Christ offers a man a complete pardon for his sins, and in Christ the man becomes a free creature. But along with this great freedom goes a serious responsibility, ". . . for you, brethren, were indeed called to freedom; only do not let your freedom be an incentive to your flesh and an opportunity or excuse for selfishness, but through love you should serve one another . . . (Galatians 5:13, Amplified Bible translation)." Gradually I began to see that as a Christian with a rather serious gender problem I was free to cross-dress occasionally as a way to handle this problem, but that I had the sacred responsibility

to manage this cross-dressing involvement so that it did not injure anyone else, especially my wife. To implement this concept is a difficult and complex undertaking requiring great sensitivity so that in the broadest sense of ethical, moral, spiritual and physical values my actions would not be detrimental to those around me.

The place to start appeared to be to learn as much as possible about the subject of transvestism. Each week I spent a few hours in the library of the local medical school searching for data. This systematic working on the problem helped drain off some of the desire and after many months I reached the end of available information.

I liked flying so I decided to learn to fly a sailplane as a hobby, in hopes of partial relief from my feminine desires through the sublimation technique described by the psychiatrist. I enjoyed soaring but it did not appreciably lessen my desire to cross-dress. I next tried piano lessons with no better success. Over the years I tried several more hobbies, some intensely masculine, but to no avail.

I began working to expedite saving up the downpayment for a home of our own as a way to begin creating the shell of security recommended by the psychiatrist. After a year of painfully slow progress I went to work on a two-year construction project with high pay and very long hours, in an all-out push to save the money we needed. Each night I came home exhausted and for awhile I thought that if I could continually work to exhaustion I would be too tired to want to cross-dress. But just as the psychiatrist had predicted, even the numbing exhaustion of hard work would not satisfactorily relieve the desire. At times I felt like quitting. But I prayed frequently for guidance and the answer always seemed to be to hang on and keep working toward buying our home.

At about this time the Christine Jorgensen story broke. I immediately subscribed to the *New York Daily News* and read every particle of information about her. I made no attempt to hide my interest from my wife and gradually she began to take note of the news articles. She reacted with apprehension, commenting but little, no doubt secretly fearing that I was in the same category as Christine. Seemingly as a result of the Jorgensen story my wife's attitude about "my problem" as she has always referred to it, began to change from anger to concern. Then one day at the height of the Jorgensen era she offered



First photo in public, age 43



At Casa Susanna
N.Y. state, 1969



Trip to Annette's in plane, Idaho, 1970



Picnicking in park near Denver

to let me wear a woman's nightgown to bed occasionally to see if that would solve "my problem."

I rejoiced at this softening of her attitude and every week or so when she seemed in the right mood, I wore the nightgown for a night. My real desire was to dress as completely as possible like a woman but I held my peace, thankful for this much progress. After several months the nightgown became an irritant to her. We were expecting our first child soon and so rather than continuing to upset her I stopped wearing it and disposed of it.

The baby arrived, the construction project ended and at last we had saved the downpayment for the house. Moving into a small home of our own now made it possible to find hiding places for a small wardrobe of feminine clothes. But despite the psychiatrist's suggestion that I dress in secret if necessary, I was loath to resort to such covert activity. My wife was also a Christian and I preferred that my cross-dressing be done with her knowledge to avoid any hint of deception or dishonesty. So once again I brought up the subject and requested her permission to dress alone once a month in the privacy of our home, suggesting I do so out of her sight in the spare bedroom. Once again she became greatly distressed and countered that after I had worn the nightgown for awhile she had hoped I had gotten it out of my system and wouldn't be thinking about such things any more. I calmly and carefully reviewed the seriousness of my problem and all the factors involved. She became increasingly agitated and finally cut me off saying, "We're just not going to talk about this anymore and that's final!"

Achingly I retreated. I was sick at heart but not angry with her. She had married me in good faith and had not bargained for this bizarre side of my life. Her dreams of love and marriage were now being fulfilled with our little home, the stability of an adequate income, the nice vacation we had recently had together and the new-found joy in our baby daughter. She wanted to settle down in peace and enjoy life, not grapple with this monstrous problem I kept bringing up. It was something she could not accept emotionally and she had now shut the door on it for the foreseeable future.

In my moments of solitude in the following weeks I prayed for help as to what to do next. I prayed for courage, for emotional stability, for sympathetic understanding of the needs of my wife, for an attitude of reasonableness in working toward a solution that would prevent further heartbreak. I remember reading the Scripture, "... love is

patient . . . love is never selfish, not quick to take offence. Love keeps no score of wrongs . . . there is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, and its endurance . . . (I Corinthians 13:4-7, N.E.B. translation).” I resolved to love my wife even more. Somehow I felt that if I could keep going in the strength of love, some day in the years ahead her attitude would change and the way would become clear for a reasonable opportunity to dress occasionally. In the meantime I determined to follow the best practical advice about transvestism that I could get, the advice from the psychiatrist, and dress as a woman in secret as opportunity permitted. I knew that God understood my turmoil and I felt that under the conditions my clandestine course of action would be justified.

After careful consideration I decided to store my feminine possession in the crawl space under the house, using several cardboard cartons hidden in among storage crates. My wife never ventured into this dark forbidding place for fear of the spiders and bugs that lived there.

Once or twice a month when my wife was out and the baby asleep I could work an hour or so on my little cache of feminine possessions. Piece by piece I slowly added to the wardrobe and accessories until I had finally gathered a few complete outfits. Curiously, partial dressing had relatively little attraction for me. My goal was to be completely dressed like a normal genetic woman and now at last I could attain this for a few hours each month. It took valuable time to unpack and repack each time, and it was difficult to keep the clothing neatly pressed, but still I was making progress for which I was indeed thankful.

Despite my optimism I soon realized that simply throwing on an outfit of feminine clothes and sitting in hiding for an hour or so was not as satisfying as I had hoped. Renewed hints to my wife about needing an opportunity to dress in the privacy of our home met with a negative response so gradually and prayerfully I tried to find new ways that would provide me greater fulfillment in the feminine role, still within the guidelines of not emotionally injuring her.

Slowly the idea came to me to use each opportunity to not only dress but also to develop the social attributes that a woman must have; poise, mannerisms, walk and the like. I felt that someday in the distant future my wife would allow me at least a minimal life as a

part-time woman and I decided that I should therefore work to prepare myself for that day of opportunity.

Using books on charm I slowly struggled toward that goal. And struggle it was. Learning the walk, the talk, the mannerisms of a woman is hard work. It takes learning as an actor learns, and practice, practice, practice. I would sit in front of the mirror, tense from the pressure of insufficient time, the clothes rumped from a month's storage, no make-up, and try to get into the right mood. Charm training is considerably more difficult when done alone in solitude like this than when taught and demonstrated by an instructor.

Two years after our first child, our second daughter was born. I carefully avoided any contact with either infant when dressed to avoid any hint of my femininity. On a few occasions when one of the infants awoke I hurriedly put on my masculine bathrobe over my dress to avoid detection when I went to their darkened bedroom. After the oldest daughter was three I adjusted my clandestine activities to such times as both infants were out with my wife. Despite all the obstacles and limitations in this home-grown monthly charm course I could detect progress and was encouraged. Then occasionally when my wife and daughters went out of town for a few days to visit relatives, I would put together all I had learned and make believe I was a real woman preparing to go out in public.

I had another idea that helped brighten my years of secret solitary dressing. As a young child I had often dreamed of magically turning into a girl and growing up to be a nurse, a lady musician, a lady pilot like Amelia Earhart, to be married in a beautiful wedding gown, to be pregnant and bear a beautiful baby, and on and on. These fantasies stayed with me through the years and many times at night when the desire to dress gnawed within me I would lull myself to sleep replaying these secret delights in the sparkling theater of my mind. Now with the freedom to dress, even as limited as it was, I could begin to flesh out these dreams. I played our spinet in my cheap house dress . . . and made believe I was in a dinner gown playing at the restaurant, the customers coming by with their song requests. I wore a nurse's uniform as I busied myself around the house . . . on duty at the hospital. Wearing home-made padding under maternity clothes I lived an occasional hour as a young mother-to-be.

In my heart I dared to believe that each of these roles could be carried out in public, and it spurred me on to keep trying . . . hold those knees together . . . rest those hands quietly now in your lap . . . no, don't fidget . . . smile, smile when the man holds the door open for you . . . don't look so grim . . . This entry into role playing seemed to mark the point where going out in public as Maureen first became a tangible goal to me.

The years went by like this from about 1956 to 1966. In the later years when I was alone for a few days I occasionally went out dressed in the early evening, driving around in the car. Wig work and make-up remained as my two biggest problems; I felt that at best I was less than passable so I avoided contact with the public and took no unreasonable chances. Several times over those years I mentioned to my wife my need for periodic dressing and drew the usual negative reaction. Rather than be discouraged I took heart in the progress I had made in secret and looked forward to a better day. Gradually as hope dimmed for my wife's approval on dressing at home, my aspiration turned toward some sort of an occasional life in public as a woman.

Despite the problem of transvestism these were happy years together as a family. We had achieved the stability and security that the psychiatrist spoke of, our love together as man and wife gradually strengthened, the children were happy and well adjusted. Our two daughters loved and respected me as their father and I enjoyed many happy hours of play and companionship with them. My wife and I found deep satisfaction and fulfillment in our Christian activities together and each year the four of us enjoyed a wonderful family vacation, sightseeing America. This is the happiness and contentment every family dreams of and I was truly thankful for it.

During those years I steadily worked long overtime hours to make the extra money needed to provide the comforts and luxuries that my family enjoyed and by 1966 the overwork was beginning to take its toll. After several bouts with severe exhaustion and pneumonia I was forced to slow down. At the same time my wife had to have major surgery followed by a long period of recuperation during which I had to wait on her, manage the house and take care of the children. Over the years my wife had continued to have emotional problems which she always rigidly suppressed. The resulting tension, headaches and insomnia worsened after surgery. Weary of all our problems I finally insisted on

a medical conference to try to bring the situation out into the open so that hopefully we could find solutions.

The family doctor recommended psychiatric counseling for my wife. She was aghast and rejected the idea. I told him about my transvestism, offering it as a possible contributing factor in my wife's problems. He had been a Christian missionary doctor and after having seen so much disease, sickness and tragedy in his years on the other side of the world, transvestism seemed to him a relatively mild problem and not a basic cause for my wife's problems. He agreed with the recommendations made by my psychiatrist 16 years previous and suggested my wife permit me to dress periodically, out of her sight, in the privacy of our home. Deeply chagrined and upset by all this my wife retreated in silence to think it over.

During this period I came upon a bootleg copy of Transvestia No. 13 in a back-issue magazine store in Denver. Amazed at what I read in it I went back and managed to find a few more issues. After reading and rereading every word I decided it was the answer to my need. I wrote Virginia and proceeded to obtain every available back issue of Transvestia. I learned more in a few days of reading this material than in a half a lifetime of self-experimentation.

With the prospect before me of joining FPE I felt that I was at a turning point in my life. I decided to discuss the situation with my wife now that the doctor had opened the door. She had seen the magazines and flipped through a few issues but had shown no real interest. After praying for wisdom and tact I carefully reviewed with her what Virginia was trying to accomplish through FPE and Transvestia, concluding that I believed I would find the answer to my cross-dressing problem in FPE. Finally, with some trepidation, she agreed to let me dress once a month at home and to let me pursue the FPE idea for awhile to see how it worked out. My prayers were answered.

My secret wardrobe was out of style by now and rather than complicate matters by dredging up the history of my secret dressing I simply disposed of my feminine possessions and started over. I bought a few simple outfits, accessories and one cheap wig, spending a like amount of money on clothes for my wife. Although I did not flaunt my feminine possessions in front of her, I made no attempt to hide them from her. Everything was kept in a locked closet that she had ready access to. She had no desire to see me dressed so I stayed discreetly out of sight during the few hours I dressed each month. The children were

told nothing about my cross-dressing; to this day they know absolutely nothing of my transvestism.

Annette flew in from Idaho to interview three of us FPs in Denver for FPE membership and we then started our Sigma Chapter. We met in one of the other girls' homes for the first year, each of us changing into our feminine clothes at the meeting. Virginia visited us in 1968 and with her advice and help I finally solved my make-up problems and began working toward a passable feminine voice. In my private dressing at home I concentrated on charm and poise practice, my spirits nourished by the hope that perhaps someday I could go out in public as a woman.

Our chapter gradually grew and during the next year wives began to attend. My wife attended three of these meetings during 1969 including a welcome for Virginia at our home. This was the first time she had seen me as Maureen since my ill-fated dressing attempts 19 years previously and she was shocked. She was taken aback at the extent that each FP went to in order to become as authentic a woman as possible. My wife handled herself well during the meetings but after each, was emotionally distraught for several days. Even though the meetings were quiet friendly events with everybody on the best of behavior, she finally told me that emotionally she could not stand it and refused to attend any more.

As part of a business trip to New York in 1969 I visited with Susanna and Marie at Casa Susanna for two weekends. Aside from Dream 73 this was the most important TV event in my life. They opened the door to what I could accomplish in passing as a woman if only I would make the effort. Both of these dear people worked tirelessly with me, coaching me on my walking, sitting, mannerisms and speech. Over and over Susanna emphasized the walk and the talk; I've never forgotten this. Marie fitted me with one of her superb wigs; it's the finest I've owned and is the one I'm wearing in the leading lady portrait. I left there glowing; they had shown me that my dream of a life in public as Maureen was within reach.

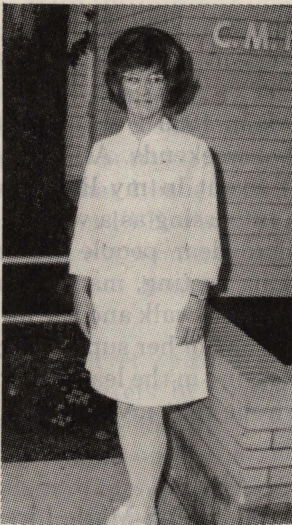
Buoyed up with encouragement from Susanna and Marie I went to work even harder on voice and charm practice. Using a tape recorder I practiced Virginia's voice technique for 15 to 30 minutes each lunch time at work, sitting out in the parking lot in my car



Woman in white



On duty at nurse's station in hospital



Private duty nurse at local hospital



Dream 73, Gleneden Beach, Oregon

reading a newspaper aloud. After about six months of daily practice I achieved a passable feminine voice. Meanwhile I worked diligently on walking, sitting and acting as a woman in my once-a-month dressing sessions at home.

My wife continued to let me attend the FPE meetings but gradually became disenchanted with my once-a-month dressing at home. Even though I dressed alone in a locked room out of her sight it nevertheless disturbed her to know what was going on. By this time I felt I was passable in public as a woman and so as a compromise it was agreed I would end my once-a-month dressing at home and instead would go once a month to a nearby motel in the afternoon and dress, then in the evening drive as Maureen to the FPE meeting. Dressing at home would be done only when my wife and children were out of town for a few days.

The novelty of sitting alone dressed all afternoon in a motel room was soon over and I began using the afternoon to go out. With the years of preparation the transition to public life was easy. I began by going out for dinner alone to a nearby restaurant. Then gradually I began walking around shopping centers, making small purchases in stores, stopping at filling stations to gas up the car, going to movies and visiting libraries. And now I go any place and do just about anything that a genetic woman does in public, though still on a once-a-month basis.

From the very beginning of my public life as a woman I made it a point to engage in at least a few words of conversation with each person I did business with so that I would have had the maximum possible experience with my voice to handle any unforeseen situation. This experience has paid off over and over again.

The first time I tried on a dress was in a small suburban dress shop run single-handedly by a middle-aged woman. She worked hard to please each customer, trying to offer extra attention and service to compete against the big stores. I was trying on the dress used in the leading lady portrait when she popped into the dressing room with another dress she wanted me to try on. Chatting amiably with me the whole time, she assisted me with the zipper and then proceeded to help me change into the other dress. Standing there in my slip trying to make meaningful conversation with a stranger was an unnerving ex-

perience that took all the confidence and calmness I could muster. There would have been no way to survive this unforeseen turn of events had I not had a passable voice and experience in using it. I still shop in her store and she always greets me warmly as Mrs. Warfield.

The first time I used a ladies rest-room I ran into a gabby mother and her 5 or 6 year old daughter. The little girl watched me touch up my make-up and before I was finished both of them were telling me about themselves, requiring appropriate responses from me. What could have been a disaster turned out to be another confidence-building experience, only because I was prepared with a passable feminine voice.

There have been a number of other experiences like this but one last winter was perhaps the most satisfying. Coming home from the FPE meeting on a snowy night a police car stopped me just as I was about to start down a hill. The officer came over to my car and explained that the hill had become so treacherous that they would have to make me wait 5 minutes or so while they got it sanded. Since I was first in the line of cars he stood there by my partially opened window, swinging his red flashlight and chatting with me the whole time. When finally it was sanded he thanked me, bid me good night and waved me on. You can imagine the outcome had I not had a passable voice.

In 1971 I went en femme to the St. Patricia weekend party that the Lambda Chapter held at Portland, Oregon. This was my first trip as a woman in an airliner, and my first experience as a woman with taxi drivers and in registering at a motel. Each step was thought out in detail and prepared for ahead of time and all went smoothly. I always carry a kerchief and ultra-lightweight rainwear folded up in my purse; it paid off on this trip as well as on several later occurrences by saving my wig and clothes in high winds and heavy rain.

My wife was aware of my increasing public life as Maureen. She knew from being with me at the FPE meetings that I was safely passable and she did not object as long as I limited my activities to once a month and stayed out of trouble. However she felt apprehensive at times as to how I would handle an emergency such as injury in a car accident while dressed. To put her mind at ease on this I obtained a letter of explanation from a psychiatrist that I had gotten to know through arranging medical seminars and television shows for Virginia on her trips to Denver. I always carry the letter in my purse but so far have never had to use it.

Obtaining the letter required a few hours of psychiatric evaluation and after I finished I arranged for my wife to talk to the psychiatrist in an attempt to further resolve if my cross-dressing and FPE activities were aggravating her problems of headaches, tension and insomnia. After several hours the psychiatrist concluded that there appeared to be no direct connection between my activities and my wife's problems. My wife is of the temperament such that emotionally she can not accept transvestism and she is best able to cope with it by never hearing, seeing or in any way getting involved with anything to do with transvestism. So that is how we continue to handle the situation. The only contact she now has with my transvestism is a note I make on the kitchen calendar once a month marking the date of my "meeting."

With the passing of the years my wife has gradually come to the point where she feels I am quite safe in public as a woman. I am deeply grateful for the freedom she gives me on my once-a-month jaunts and last year she generously agreed to my spending a glorious week as Maureen at Dream 73 in Oregon.

My wife is well aware of the extremely severe police handling of men-in-dresses in Denver and she realizes that my efforts toward maximum passability are necessary to survive safely. The Denver police take the position that any man dressed as a woman is either a homosexual or a criminal. Transvestites, unoperated transsexuals, and female impersonators in public are all arrested and booked as homosexuals. The penalty is usually one day in jail, \$100 fine and a permanent police record as a homosexual. Two of our chapter girls have been picked up by the police this way and suffered badly. Those who contest it get a public trial with newspaper coverage which usually results in loss of job and family tragedy. The only way to survive is to look, act and talk like a woman so thoroughly that even a police officer wouldn't guess. As severe as this police situation seems, it has the dubious advantage of forcing FPs to either achieve passability or else stay out of the public eye.

In keeping with the absolute necessity for staying out of trouble I carefully follow Virginia's advice of avoiding going out dressed with another FP that is dressed. Practically all of my hours in public are spent strictly alone. All contacts in public are made only as a woman. I have never revealed to anyone in my public life as Maureen that I am

a male or a transvestite; to do so would be extremely abhorrent to me emotionally and a needless added risk. A partial exception to this is a woman hairdresser that Virginia went to while visiting in Denver. Virginia educated her as to transvestism and found her willing to do wig work for our FPE chapter girls. I later went to her dressed during regular business hours and introduced myself as Mrs. Warfield, a friend of Virginia's. She accepted me just as she would any other woman customer, sat me down among her other women and restyled my wig. I still go to her for all my wig work. She has never seen me as a man and although she knows what I really am she continues to treat me just like any other woman.

The major risk factor in my public life continues to be my heavy black beard stubble. Using Virginia's clown white — panstick — pancake — powder technique I can achieve sufficient passability for even close up inspection for the first hour or two, gradually diminishing to marginal passability after 8 hours. Based on this, potentially difficult encounters can be safely handled for the first few hours. However, lengthy activities such as airline travel followed by taxicab and motel contacts require the utmost in planning and timing to maintain passability within my time limits. I have considered having my beard removed but in my professional life as a man I am daily in close contact with the public and cannot easily hide the skin irritation and swelling that results from electrolysis treatments. Also I've felt that a hairless face would present a less than normal masculine image to my daughters and tend to embarrass and offend my wife.

The average middle-age woman alone usually conducts her public life in the daylight or early evening, rarely after about 10:00 p.m., and I try to do likewise for maximum safety. I check into the motel at noon and am dressed and ready to go out by 2:00 p.m., giving me 8 hours of public life before 10:00. Beyond that time my only activity is driving from an FPE meeting back to the motel.

Many of the arrests in Denver of transvestites, transsexuals, female impersonators and homosexuals have been made late at night in bars. In my opinion any FP that frequents bars and nightclubs alone late at night is asking for trouble. I don't drink or smoke because it is unappealing to me and injurious to my health, but I feel strongly that the use of alcohol in any amount is a foolish risk for any FP that drives and moves about in public while dressed.

In order to maintain as youthful an appearance as possible I keep my weight down and for 15 minutes each day do the facial exercises in the popular book, *Miss Craig's Face-Saving Exercises*. I dress conservatively, apropos to my age, tastefully but not eye-catching. Men as well as women often smile at me in normal social contacts and I always smile warmly in response. I enjoy this friendliness and I believe that an FP who smiles and responds readily to social kindnesses is far more acceptable and passable than one who is dour and grim-faced.

And then there is one final preparation each time before I go out. Just before I walk out of the motel I take a few minutes to pray for good judgment, restraint and safety so that my hours in public as a woman will be a satisfying, relaxing time of release that will enable me to return to my family refreshed, a better husband and father. The Lord has granted me this. I've never had any police problems or embarrassing incidents, to the best of my knowledge I've never been read, and I've always returned emotionally restored and rested.

FPs that have never been out the door sometimes wonder what it feels like to go about freely in public as a woman for a day or so. For me there has never been much of a physical feeling or tactile sensation in the wearing of feminine clothing whether in public or private. There is a nice feeling of satisfaction as I get dressed but by the time I am ready to leave the motel I'm really not conscious of my physical sensation from the clothing on my body. Instead, the feeling of moving about in public is one of pleasant naturalness, of simply feeling consciously and subconsciously that I am a woman. At the risk of sounding romantic I would say that the feeling during my brief periods of life in public as Maureen tends to transcend the physical and becomes a kind of sweetness and buoyancy, a beauty and peace beyond the senses . . . as if it were always springtime and the tulips are out. No doubt this euphoria-like feeling would fade were I to remain in the role of a woman for many weeks or months.

The photos on these pages will give you some idea of my life as Maureen. Most were taken over the years by other FPs while they were dressed as men. None are retouched. For the leading lady portrait I went to a nearby professional photographer and introduced myself as Mrs. Warfield. He knows me only as a woman and was completely cooperative. The trip to Annette's in the private plane shown in the photo was highlighted by the only engine failure and forced landing in

my 30 years as a pilot. After several hours delay we got back into the air and continued on undaunted. The nursing and maternity pictures are included to show some of the more unusual and interesting things an FP can do.

With my strong interest in nursing it seemed quite natural to carry out this role in my public life as a woman. I occasionally dress as a nurse and eat dinner in the cafeteria of various large hospitals in the Denver area. After dining I spend a half hour or so walking all over the hospital in the areas open to visitors. Sometimes while eating or riding in the elevator I will be drawn into conversation with other nurses and doctors and I find this intensely satisfying to be accepted as one of them. I visualize myself as a private duty nurse visiting the hospital. No one has ever questioned my identity and no problems have ever arisen. Hospitals are very sensitive about photographs and so I went to the director of one large suburban hospital and asked permission to take a few photos of myself for a story I was preparing for a girls group, showing typical scenes of a nurse on duty. He agreed and the three photos shown are part of a series of 9 that were taken. I live out this rather unusual role because I am comfortable as a nurse in the hospital environment and enjoy it. But I would caution others that in order to do so with confidence and safety requires considerable knowledge of what nurses do on duty, details of hospital routine, and strict attention to even minor items such as the correct wearing of the cap and RN pin.

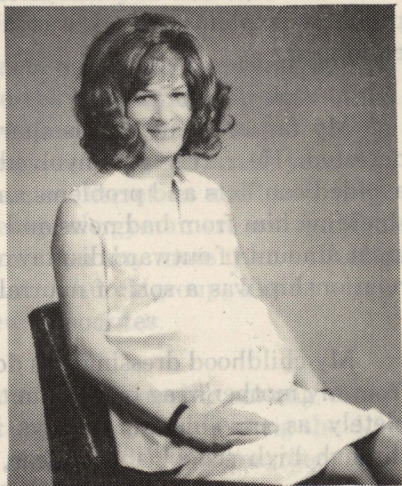
As a result of my life-long interest in the maternal aspects of womanhood I developed a form to wear under maternity clothes. A separate form is used to simulate the seventh, eighth and ninth months, each of which is of the correct configuration and weight to realistically portray that stage of pregnancy. The effect of the weight and the resulting bodily unbalance is rather amazing and in a very short time I find myself walking and moving in the characteristic manner of a pregnant woman. I usually arranged to carry out this role in three successive months. Beginning with the simulated seventh month I made the rounds of maternity and baby shops, making minor purchases in each and indulging in the usual conversation about babies. Each month I returned and the shop people would often remember me and chat with me. All of this was carefully arranged to avoid the places I usually frequent as Maureen and I used a completely different area of the city for each separate three-month period of simulated pregnancy. Once I was able to schedule a three-month period to culminate in a week when my family was out of town, allow-



Going shopping
seventh month



Playing golf
eighth month



Lady-in-waiting
at full term

ing me full-time life as a mother-to-be for the entire week. I wore the form 24 hours a day and the effect was overwhelming. By the end of the week every movement characteristic of a woman at full term had become natural to me and I felt locked into the role. This was without doubt the physically and emotionally most satisfying and fulfilling experience of my life. But now this maternity role must fade as my age advances.

Every FP wonders at times why they are a transvestite and many times I've sifted through the memories of my childhood days in search of reasons. There are several possibilities but I leave the answers to Virginia who has so ably analyzed the causes of transvestism in her treatises in the pages of *Transvestia*.

My early background is unremarkable and my parents quite ordinary people. For the first four years a grandmother took care of me during the daytime while my mother worked. My earliest memory of cross-dressing is at age four. My childhood memory of my mother is of a self-sacrificing unselfish woman. I cannot recall ever hearing her complain or raise her voice in anger. She wore very plain clothes, little if any make-up and did not accentuate her femininity. A few years ago I told her of my transvestism in hopes she could offer some clues as to the reasons for it, but to no avail; she disclaimed any knowledge of my cross-dressing activities. She described me as a secretive child which probably explains why I was able to avoid detection throughout childhood.

My father spent all his spare time in sports activities, which I detested. He rarely got involved with my childhood activities. He avoided conflicts and problems and my mother usually babied him by shielding him from bad news and trouble. Neither parent showed any great amount of outward display of affection toward me as a child; our relationship was a sort of neutral congenialness.

My childhood dressing was done in the attic using cast off clothes from my mother's rag bag. From the very beginning I dressed as completely as possible but always in secret. The dressing continued through high school and college, interrupted now and then by the usual purges. Only during courtship did the desire to cross-dress diminish for any extended period, as described earlier. I grievously regret that I failed to tell my wife of my transvestism during our

courtship; my withholding of this information from her until after marriage was grossly unfair to her. It is a tragic error to assume that marriage can solve gender problems.

So much for the past. What of the future? Well, I hope to continue to grow as a husband and father, and insofar as a happy marriage will permit, to continue to find fulfillment as a part-time woman. I will probably always be limited to once a month from a motel, spending less time on my transvestism than most men do on a hobby. But with careful planning much can be accomplished in those hours. And there will be more dreams, fresh hopes, new plans . . . but I must save these for another time.

Christianity places the responsibility for our actions squarely on the individual but gives a man a way out in Christ. In the final analysis I am responsible for my responses to my feminine desires. In Christ I have been able to experience a victorious life spiritually, yet hold my cross-dressing problem in perspective and under control. Many of you will scoff at this in today's moral climate where it is more popular to blame all one's problems on others or on society. Many have had no contact with Christ-centered Christianity and have turned away in disgust from the pseudo-Christian churches that replace Christ's salvation and love with cold formality, heartless decency, proud self-complacency and highly esteemed external respectability — churches that have no room for those like you and me.

As I've struggled these many years to handle my transvestism I've found strength and encouragement in the companionship with other Christians in a fundamental Bible-believing church where people don't cringe at admitting they are imperfect . . . sinners if you will. Even here the transvestite must exercise discretion and good taste since the average layman and the average clergyman are not familiar with the intricacies of gender disorientation any more than with the intricacies of the H-bomb. And in every church group, like in every group of transvestites, there are a few hypocrites.

So I draw spiritual strength from my fellowship among other Christians in our church activities, strength to help me along the difficult path of a transvestite trying to maintain a happy marriage and home and still have a small but meaningful part-time life as a woman. My life may be tragic but I want it to be purposeful and I am willing to struggle endlessly to preserve a happy family life for those that I love.

When the curtain of old age descends and my life as Maureen begins to fade, I will have the many photographs to relive the hours of glory, a stock of fulfilling and pleasant memories to savor, and the satisfaction of preserving and building a marriage that gave us much happiness together and enabled our children to grow up in an atmosphere of love, stability and security.

And then, when perhaps I will no longer have the strength for a public life as Maureen — in the evening of my memory — I can relive the twinkling adventures in the ballroom of fantasy . . . and dance till dawn in my gossamer gown of pink and never grow tired.

Life is the soul's nursery, its training place for the destinies of eternity. And when I cross the river I want no haunting regrets of a home wrecked by my selfishness in an unreasonable pursuit of an impossible dream, no remorse over a wife left to the numbing loneliness of divorce, no sad memories of children warped by my gender difficulties.

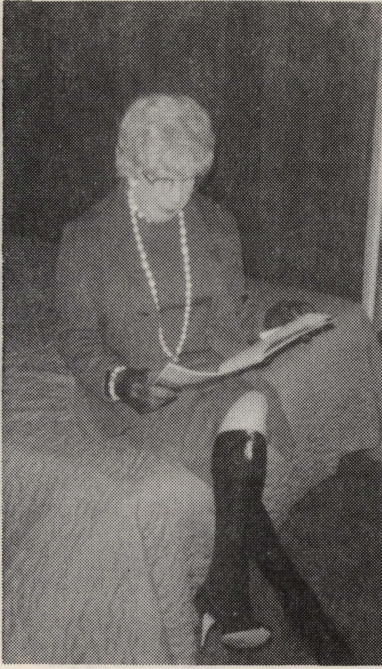
And on the other side, I believe there will be far greater joy than anything I have ever known in this life, even for that part of me that is Maureen; “. . . no mere man has ever seen, heard or even imagined what wonderful things God has ready for those who love the Lord . . . (I Corinthians 2:9, Living Bible translation).”



TEE-VEE TIPS

by June Daye MA-4-B

To reduce somewhat the utter confusion in your jewel box often caused when several strings of beads or necklaces become intimately entwined with several pairs of earrings, take a few seconds to drop the two earrings in each pair and their matching necklace into a small plastic bag. A small bag takes less space in your jewel chest than does a plastic box. The little bags are equipped with a “Ziploc” top closure to seal them, and they’re available at many hobby shops for a few cents a dozen.



Frances ME-1-G FPE



Alice MD-5-I FPE



Frances IL-5-I FPE



Melissa PA-12-S FPE



THE LIST

by Winnie NY-8-B FPE

Harry Cooper leaned back in his comfortable office chair, basking in the bright Spring sunshine streaming through the window. In his lap was the dossier on an agent he had selected for a rather unusual assignment. Harry was Chief of the Department of Preventive Surveillance, one of the many branches of the Federal Intelligence Agency. Yes, he thought to himself, agent Theodore Brewer would be the perfect man for the job—a very promising young fellow, should go far in his career with the Agency. He had the desirable physical attributes—23 years old, medium height, slender build, rather good-looking, light brown hair, clean-shaven. Also, he seemed to have the necessary degree of capability—in the top five of his class at the Agency Training Academy, graded high in acting ability, and gifted with a fantastic photographic memory. He had been highly praised by the senior agents for efficient performance on his first three assignments and had given a really outstanding display of cloak-and-dagger expertise on his last job.

Agent Brewer had brilliantly masterminded and executed a daring plot that had spirited Dr. Igor Zubinski, a defecting Russian nuclear scientist, out of East Berlin from under the noses of his so-called “assistant.” In reading the details of the case, Harry could not help but admire the audacity and nerve of Ted Brewer. His exploits read almost like a James Bond novel, even though the official report was phrased in stultifying bureaucratic jargon. At the bottom of the page, a hand-written note by his “control” on that job read: “I believe that agent Brewer is capable of performing any task that this Agency may require and recommend him most highly.” Yes, Harry thought, this is the type of man I need—I’m sure I’ve picked the right guy. Harry had found it necessary to pull some strings to get Brewer transferred to his branch—other Department Chiefs were anxious for his services, too.

As Harry replaced the thick file on his desk, the sultry voice of his secretary called over the intercom. "Mr. Brewer is here to see you, sir." "Thank you, Kathy. Show him in."

The door opened and Harry rose to greet agent Ted Brewer. "I'm very glad to have you on this case, Ted," he said, shaking hands vigorously. "I've just been reviewing your magnificent performance in the Zubinski affair," nodding towards the file on his desk. "My heartiest congratulation!"

"Thank you, sir," Brewer replied modestly.

"Oh, Kathy," Harry called as she was about to close the door. "would you fetch us some coffee, please?"

"Of course." The girl stepped back in.

Harry could not keep his eyes off Kathy Joplin – there was something about her red miniskirt and high white boots that warmed his blood. It was apparent that Ted appreciated her neat appearance, too.

"Cream and sugar?" she asked Ted with a smile.

"No cream, but sugar, Sweetie," he replied.

Kathy swivelled to leave, when Harry spoke again, bringing her around for a second time. "By the way, Kathy, did you get those things I asked for?" Kathy smiled conspiratorially, "Sure, boss. They're right there under my desk."

"Good. I'll call you when we're ready for them."

Harry waited until Kathy had closed the door. "Sit down, Ted, and let me explain the job I have in mind for you. I hope you will accept the challenge, but if you find that you would rather not do it, I'll understand and look for someone else."

"I don't mind if it's dangerous," Ted bravely volunteered.

"Well, it's not really dangerous, but there is one aspect that you might find distasteful."

"I understand that our line of duty sometimes forces us to do certain

things that society normally frowns upon," Ted pronounced grimly.

"No, no. Nothing gory. I'm afraid you don't quite understand what I mean. Let me start at the beginning. Cigarette?" Ted accepted, sat back, and listened to Harry.

"A few months ago, we almost had a serious security leak. Enemy agent attempted to black mail the top man in our laser-gun program."

"Oh! What goods did they have on the guy?" Ted asked with interest.

"Somehow, the Commies got hold of pictures of him dressed in drag – threatened to show them to his wife and employer. Fortunately, the creep was at least loyal and got in touch with us. We nabbed the Red agent. Then, we tried to nail the fairy for perjury – he swore he wasn't homo when he signed for Top Secret clearance. But the fink hired a smart lawyer, got a shrink to back him up, and managed to weasel out of it."

"How did he get away with it?"

"Well, the shrink was ready to testify that there are a few nuts who dress up in women's clothes just for kicks, and aren't really homosexual, though I still find it hard to believe. The defendent claimed he was one of those kind, and we couldn't prove he wasn't. Had to drop the case. Couldn't even get him fired – he threatened to sue for false arrest and discrimination. And, the way the Courts are these days, he just might have won." Harry mourned ruefully. "Besides that, we really *needed* the freak on the job – losing him would have set the schedule back by six months with a million-dollar cost overrun. And you know how *that* would make the brass unhappy."

"Yeah, I guess so. But where do I come in?"

"I'll get to that in a minute, Ted. Now it's my job in the Agency to try and prevent such incidents from happening. I figure that the best thing we can do is to find out who these clowns are and watch them like hawks. At least, we can tell 'em we know all about their queer habits, so they will cooperate with us instead of the enemy."

Kathy returned with a tray. "Here's your coffee, gents. Thought you might like some donuts, too."

"You must be a mind reader, girl," Harry quipped in appreciation.

Kathy gave Ted a sweet smile as she set his cup down on the desk. He winked back. Both men watched her fanny wiggle as she departed to the outer office.

"Great girl you've got there, Chief," Ted grinned.

"Been with me for four years. She can type, too," Harry replied with a grin.

"Lucky fellow."

They sipped and munched for a minute before returning to business. "I suppose you want me to locate these—er—transvestites?" Ted suggested.

"Yeah, that's the polite name for them."

"That might be rather difficult. They don't exactly advertise themselves."

"I have a plan. I've been reading *all* about them—had one of our staff psychiatrists give me a complete run-down on their peculiar behavior—it's all in this report," waving a sheaf of papers in the air. "It seems there's an outfit in California that puts out a trashy magazine catering to their tastes. And the shrink says none of 'em can resist reading it."

"So, where does that get us?"

Harry leaned over the desk and looked straight into Ted's eyes. "Ted, I want you to *get me their mailing list!*"

"I see. Good idea, Chief. That shouldn't be too difficult."

"Harder than you think. They guard it like Fort Knox. And once the stuff is mailed, we can't touch it. Don't want another run-in with the Post Office like we had five years ago. Ever since Watergate, we really have to watch our step."

"How do you propose I go about it, then?"

"You must gain their confidence."

"How?"

"By convincing these screwballs that you are one of 'em. Infiltrate their organization."

Ted scratched his head. "In other words, you want me to masquerade as a man who masquerades as a woman?"

"Exactly! Are you willing? It means you'll have to dress up in women's clothes – and act as though you liked to do it."

Agent Brewer turned a little pale. Then, somewhat reluctantly he said, "I'll do it, Chief." Declining the job would have marred his near-perfect record, he realized.

"Good man. I know you would."

Harry switched on the intercom. "Kathy, you can bring those things in here now." The girl tripped lightly into the office, with a wide grin on her pretty face and a merry twinkle in her eyes. She carried a large paper bag decorated in gold and purple stripes with "Madame Fifi's French Lingerie Shoppe" in bold black letters.

"To get you started and help you overcome any embarrassment, I had Kathy purchase some – er – unmentionables for you," Harry explained, "Besides, I want to make sure that you can act the part – this report tells how a TV freak is supposed to behave. Strip down, Ted, and Kathy will show you how to put these things on."

Agent Brewer hesitated a moment.

"Don't worry, Teddy. I won't look until you have your panties in place," Kathy promised.

Harry turned to question his secretary. "You *did* get exotic stuff, didn't you? The report says these nuts like their things fancy."

"Just like us. We girls adore nice clothes," Kathy grinned.

"Which is the only way it should be," Harry snorted.

Kathy ripped open one of the packages from the bag, producing a pair of pink satin panties overlaid with black lace. "How's that, boss?" she asked, holding the garment up for him to see.

"Say, that's just the sort of thing I had in mind. I guess you know where to shop, my girl."

"Same place where I usually get my own undies."

"Don't tell me *you* wear things like that!" Harry wished he had X-ray eyes.

"No, I *won't* tell. A girl has to have some secrets," Kathy teased.

Ted was now undressed. Harry handed him the panties and he quickly stepped into them. Kathy had the next item ready – a matching satin and lace brassiere with underwiring and push-in-and-up pads. She moved around to face Ted. "Here, dear, boy, slip your arms through the straps." Ted obeyed, and Kathy hooked it behind his chest. She returned to the goody bag and pulled out a pair of pink foam rubber falsies. "I'm afraid you'll need these to augment the padding," she laughed, tucking them into the cups. After adjusting the straps, Kathy stood back to admire her handiwork. "There! Now you know how nice a girl feels, having a pretty bust!"

"I-I don't feel much of anything," poor Ted stammered, "Guess I'm still a little dazed – I haven't worn anything like this before."

"I should certainly hope not," Harry enjoined, "but you should be getting excited, according to what the shrink says in this report." He looked up to see Agent Brewer standing rather stiffly. "Come, Ted, pretend you're happy to have those things sticking out in front of you – squeeze the tits, or something."

Ted ran the tips of his fingers over the bulging cups of his bra, feeling the lace decoration. "Ah-h-h-h," he sighed, letting out his breath slowly.

"There, that's more like it," Harry approved, "Kathy, what comes next?"

She opened a flower-decorated cardboard box and pulled aside the tissue wrapper to reveal a cute little waist cincher. Also in pink and black

it was a perfect match for the bra and panties. Except that the smooth satin was powernet elastic and the fragile lace hid long metal stays. When Kathy lifted the garment out of the box, six long black garters dangled below. She carefully wrapped it around Ted's waist and pulled hard. "Suck in your tummy, Sweetie, while I hook it up in back. There's a lot of them, so hold still for a while." Finally, Kathy straightened up. "There, now. Is that comfy?"

"It feels quite tight." Ted said rather breathlessly.

"It's *supposed* to feel tight, dear boy – to pull your tummy in, so you can fit into a pretty dress."

"And *you're* supposed to like tight garments," Harry added, studying the report in his hand, "Do something appropriate."

Ted rubbed his hands over the stretched fabric encircling his waist, which was a couple of inches narrower than it had ever been before. "Oo-oo," he squealed, a happy smile on his face.

"Good. Good! You're catching on fast. Stockings come next, I presume?" Harry said, turning to Kathy.

She already had a pair of hose unwrapped – extra long, sheer, dark grey nylons. "Sit down, doll, and I'll show you how a girl gets her legs into these pretties." Taking one of the pair in her hands, Kathy demonstrated the technique to Ted. "Roll and gather it like this, all the way down to the foot. Now, *you* take it. Be careful not to snag a loop on your nails – you need a manicure."

Ted gingerly took the filmy thing into his own hands.

"Point your toe and place it into the foot of the stocking."

Ted did so.

"Now pull it carefully over your ankle. Make sure the heel is centered properly." She watched as Ted followed her instructions. "Okay. Slowly unroll it all the way up your thigh, keeping it taut so it doesn't bag. But, be gentle – don't pull too hard."

Ted made it up to his knee without any trouble. Then, quite suddenly, he stopped. His body gave a little quiver. A glazed, distant look came into

his eyes. His mouth hung open, breathing slowly and deeply.

"Ted? Ted! Are you all right? Something wrong?" Harry was puzzled. He snapped his fingers in front of Ted's nose. Ted didn't move a muscle.

Kathy put her hand up to her mouth and giggled. Harry turned angrily to face her. "So, *that's* it, Kathy! You're embarrassing him! This is no lark - it's serious business. Maybe you had better leave the room."

"Very well, boss, if you say so," she answered haughtily and stalked out of the inner office with a pout spoiling her pretty face.

"Okay, Ted. She's gone now. I warned her to keep quiet while you were dressing in these things. Feel ready to continue?"

Ted blinked his eyes and nodded his head. "Y-yes. I'll be all right, now," he replied softly.

"Good." Harry glanced at the psychiatric report again. "It says most of these stupid TV characters get a big thrill from putting on nylons. So, act like you're really enjoying yourself."

"Sure, chief," Ted winked. He stuck out his leg horizontally, stretching his foot to a point, and slowly pulled the stocking all the rest of the way up his thigh. "Mmmmmmm!" he hummed, an ecstatic look on his face. Then, stretching each garter in turn to meet the welt of the hose, he snapped them in place. Looking very excited, Ted treated his other leg to similar beautification. Sitting back in the chair, he gently rubbed his limbs together and slowly ran his fingers up the hose from ankle to thigh. "Ooooo!" he moaned, eyes half closed.

Harry beamed in delight. "Very good acting, Ted. You look like you've really flipped your wig over the silly things. Let's see, now. There should be something else. Ah, yes, the shoes!" Harry looked around, but couldn't see any. "Kathy, did you forget the shoes?"

"No, boss, I have them right here." She re-entered, carrying a box, and knelt on the floor in front of Ted.

"I hope you were able to find a pair of really high spike heels to fit him," Harry remarked, "The higher the heels, the better these idiots like 'em," he again referred to the report.

"Five inches was the highest I could find—hope they'll do," Kathy replied, pulling a pair of shiny black patent pumps from the box. She quickly slipped them onto Ted's feet. "Just the right size. I'm glad we keep a complete record of all our agents' body measurements."

Seemingly eager to try walking in his new footwear, Ted gingerly stood up. After a brief pause to gain confidence in the strange balance of his body, he began to walk rather shakily around the office.

"Take smaller steps and keep your feet pointed straight," Kathy advised him.

After completing a few circuits around the desk without stumbling, Ted grinned at Harry. "I think I'm getting the hang of it now. Watch this." Ted minced down the whole length of the office, making his heels clack rhythmically on the plastic tile floor. The flounce on his panties shook. Reaching the door, he turned to face Harry, then threw his arms in the air and wriggled his torso.

"Wheeee!" he cried, a ridiculously happy drool on his face.

"That's just great, Ted. Brilliant piece of acting—fits the shrink's description of the way these weirdos behave to a Tee. I think you are ready to go on your mission now."

"I wish you had let me get him a complete outfit," Kathy lamented, showing considerable disappointment, "I could fix him up so even you would whistle at him."

"No, Kathy, he's got to get the rest of the stuff for himself. Must learn all the sneaky tricks a real FP—as they refer to themselves—uses to get his hands on women's clothes and cosmetics. They've got to believe he's just as screwy as they are. Here, Ted, take the report with you—it's full of pointers on how to lie about poor sick mothers or wives in wheelchairs."

Ted took the thick stack and leafed through it, pausing for about one second on each page. He handed it back to Harry.

"Don't you want to keep it?" Harry was dumbfounded.

Ted smiled confidently. "I've got it all up here," tapping his skull.

"Wow! Some memory!"

"Yes, Chief. One glance at that list, and the job's done!"

"Hey, that's just dandy! Well, now to get you at it. Kathy, bring in his suitcase. Ted, you can take those foolish things off and bury them under your shirts."

"Just the shoes. I'll keep the other items on under my regular clothes."

"What!?" Harry's eyebrows popped up to his hairline.

"On page 17 it says that many TVs wear ladies' lingerie under their male attire," Ted explained. "Check the report if you don't believe me. Might as well start living the part now."

A visible wave of relief swept over Harry's face. "Oh! I see. Guess I missed that part. Well, I'm glad to see an agent plunge into a new assignment with such enthusiasm."

Ted slid his nylon-clad legs into his pants.

"While you are putting your clothes back on," Harry continues, "I'll brief you on the details of your assignment. Your undercover name will be Edward Foster. The usual ID papers are in this wallet. Here is an airline ticket to Los Angeles. Rent an apartment; get a cover job – something sissy like interior decoration would be best. The address of that publisher is on this slip of paper. First thing you do is subscribe to their magazine. Next, join their club and go to their parties – they all dress up in feminine finery and act like silly girls – you'll have to do the same, of course. Then, you volunteer to help with the magazine – copy editing, proofreading or something. From then on, you're on your own. I'll allow you no more than six months to get that mailing list – sooner, if possible. Report back directly to me. Got it?"

"Yes, Chief. One question. Women's clothes are quite expensive – on my salary, I find it difficult enough to keep well dressed in men's apparel without having to buy women's wear, too."

"H'mm. The Agency doesn't consider clothing to be an allowable expense."

Kathy spoke up, "I checked with the Chief of Accounting, boss. He agreed that, in this case, it *is* allowable under the category of 'Special Clothing - wearable only on assignment.' They opened a charge account in the name of his alias. Here's the card, Ted."

Ted examined the plastic closely. It was standard Ameribank card, except for some fine print at the bottom: "Special Government Account. Payment Guaranteed by U.S. Treasury." One agent had used such a card to charter a jumbo jet (the only plane available) to pursue a foreign spy fleeing with the blueprints of our latest missile submarine. Since the documents had been recovered, the expense was approved—it was results that counted. Ted signed the card and inserted it into his wallet.

"Now, be careful to use it only for *women's* things," Kathy warned, "or our computer will dock the bill from your paycheck."

"Excellent, Kathy!" Harry beamed, "That solves *that* problem. Get anything you need in skirts, Ted."

Kathy produced a sheet of paper from her purse. "Here's something else to help you, Ted. I translated your body measurements chart into ladies' clothing sizes. Sixteen dress, 36C bra, size 9 shoes, and so on."

Harry was proud of his secretary's efficiency. "Good thinking, girl. We don't want our agent wasting the taxpayers' money on clothes that don't fit."

Ted folded the paper and slipped it into the wallet next to the credit card. He had completed dressing and snapped his suitcase shut. "I see the plane leaves at two. Just enough time to get to the airport and have lunch."

"Er—Ted, do you realize there's a bulge under your jacket?" Kathy reminded him.

Ted looked down at his chest and turned beet red. Harry gave him a funny look.

"Guess I was in too much of a hurry," Ted suggested sheepishly as he reached inside his shirt and removed the rubber artifacts, tucking them into his pockets.

Harry checked his watch. "Gee, it's later than I thought. I would be

glad to drive you to the airport, but I've got to prepare a presentation for the Case Review Committee."

"That's O.K. I'll grab a cab."

Suddenly inspired, Harry turned to Kathy. "Say, why don't *you* drive Ted to the airport? Or have you made some other plans?"

Kathy hesitated. "Well, I *did* promise to eat with Joan."

"Then, you can *both* take him - charge it as a business lunch." Harry was in a generous mood. The morning had gone well, he thought. Kathy looked skeptical.

"Look, if you must be honest, dear girl, put it down as 'instructing an agent.' Give him some tips on makeup, wigs, or something," Harry winked at the pair.

Kathy brightened noticeably. "Will do, boss!" she smiled.

As the girl went for her coat, Harry nudged Ted. "Wait till you meet Joan - she's Kathy's roommate, and even better looking, if that could be possible. Smart, too - works in Cryptography on the second floor. Why, she's devised codes none of our other experts can break - living proof that beauty and brains *do* sometimes go together. I often eat lunch with the pair of them. Those girls are a lot of fun."

Ted grinned in anticipation. Kathy accepted his arm and they departed.

To be continued in TVia No. 84

TEE-VEE TIPS

by June Daye MA-4-B

When out in public, carrying a handbag, remember that women, alone in public, are the prime targets of purse-snatchers. The safest way to carry your handbag is by holding it firmly by the clasp. Do not trust the strap or handle to secure it on your arm. Always keep your bag on your lap; don't place it on the seat next to you when in a theatre, traveling on a bus or streetcar, or when sitting in a waiting room. Always know exactly what is in your purse so an accurate list may be submitted in case of loss or theft.



1972



At DREAM '74

TINA CA-69-R

Aug. '74

Domestic Type



"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Ed. Note: The following is an exchange of letters I thought might be of interest to TVia readers.

The first letter Rita sent me and my reply to it are no longer in existence, but what follows is her response to my counselling letter and my reply to her reply.

Dear Virginia,

Much has happened since your kind but "gutsy" memo reached me, and incidently I thank you for being frank and blunt, even though I don't necessarily agree with everything you say. However, to quickly recap — yes! — I *have* given up all ideas of surgery; yes! — I have (I believe) come a long way in getting rid of "poor little frustrated me" concept — *and it is due to my wife* (God bless her!).

We *did* get your book on the TV and his wife; we read and re-read it many times, separately and together. Edith made a tremendous effort to "break-through" and she asked that she and I go away to a cottage, by ourselves, and share my experience — we spent *five days* together, sitting, talking, listening to music in front of the fire, going for long walks (some of which involved meeting strangers "head-on," passing pleasantries, etc.). The first day, we opened ourselves to each other as Roy and Edith; for the second, third and fourth days, as Rita and Edith; the last day as Roy and Edith evaluating. What a heart-searching experience — what a revelation — what an exquisite joy for me! — and what a wonderful understanding wife I have! She told me that several times she was so at ease with Rita that she forgot her negative feelings and accepted her companion as a warm, loving woman.

Edith still does not *like* it — but now that she has experienced it and has seen the joy and fulfillment it gives me, her *acceptance* is complete. We are going to repeat this “sharing” the end of September for another four to five days.

We are now ready — *both* of us — to try and help others through this tremendous experience — talk about a “baptism of fire”!

Referring back to your letter — I realized that the physical distance, lack of experience on my part, etc., would preclude Edith and I from “putting the magazine together” or “writing (your) counselling letters” on a national scale, but surely we can help and counsel “locally” — after all, Toronto and its environs comprise about 3,500,000 people, *some* of whom must be just as bewildered and looking for understanding and help as we were. If we can help in *any* way to reduce the agony and loneliness and fear for someone or ones we are anxious to do so.

Since writing you last, I have placed my situation before Dr. John Wynn, a personal friend and physician here. He has accepted me as a male “woman” and assured Edith and me that this revelation (he didn’t even suspect it up until now) in no way changes his personal or professional feelings towards me or Edith. I am sure he will be of great help to us all.

So, Virginia — thank you for your understanding help to date, and your book on TV and Wives has been of immeasurable assistance to Edith. Any expediting of my application for membership would also be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,

Rita

Dear Rita:

Thank you for your long letter of just a month ago. The long delay is a measure of how far behind I am.

Relieved to know that you have given up the surgery idea. Now the only thing left to do is for you to give up the “poor little frustrated me” position of one who wants surgery but because of responsibilities can’t have it. Obviously you have been very successful both as a male

(husband and father) and as a man (gender — as architect, army officer, respected member of community). Thus you are not inadequate on any score sufficiently to try to deny all of yourself and start over in the hope of accomplishing more in the new sex and gender.

What's with you is what's with me and all the rest — you love, admire and are envious of women and their femininity. It's because you love them that you want to partake of them. But it's not because you envy them their ability to take a penis into their body. If you admire being impaled on a penis that much then you would be a homosexual in your mind already and I don't think you are. Therefore you don't envy them their anatomy — genitals, that is, or their physiology-menstruation, etc. Rather you envy and want to be part of their gender — their femininity. This can be done short of surgery as I and as Mary have done it. We know from experience that we are just as fulfilled femininely now after six years as a "male but a woman" as we would be with surgery. The only new thing we could do then would be to be able to go to bed with a guy and have sex with him frontally. As this was not and is not our motivation what is the point of getting the equipment for the act if you aren't going to use it. We have just come to KNOW that being feminine is entirely a psycho-social matter and that one has to learn it with or without surgery and it's no easier with than without so why bother.

So let's change your underlined statement, "I'd like to live and die a WOMAN (not female)." That is what you really feel whether you will admit it or not. It's just that you like most everyone else is so imbued with the idea that sex and gender are inseparable that you feel that you can't really be a woman unless you are also "female." Well the kind of "female" that surgery makes you is just a male with a hole in front. It doesn't change your chromosomes, your body chemistry nor your 57 years of programming, so forget even the longing for surgery as well as the fact and get about with understanding your real self.

Now did you ever order the Wives book for your wife? If not, you should. It would probably help her to better understand what it is all about.

Next, your offer to help is appreciated but it is not possible to farm out tasks such as writing counselling letters like this. Obviously, you can't put the magazine together for me so there isn't much that you can do for me. You can do things for others by helping find them and counselling them if and when they need it.

Don't know where you live relative to Toronto but there are a number of nice people in the group there (and in Detroit) which would give you some interpersonal fulfillment. Doubtless in cooperation with them you will find people to help. I don't turn you down for lack of confidence in you but for the simple mechanics of the situation. Others offer to help, too, and I haven't figured out how — except by writing useful things for the magazine.

As to further correspondence I am always interested in knowing how people are coming along but I don't have much time for long correspondence (like this). So bye for now, got to get on with other letters.

Sincerely,

Virginia

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

Thanks so much for getting in touch. When I first "met" you I was quite a chatterbox. I was taking my first baby steps, and it's been six flights down and still tumbling. Sisters writing articles in *Transvestia* sometimes say, "I wonder if this will help . . ." If I could only express what it's meant to me. I've read about nine issues, and somewhere in each I've cried tears of release and relief.

When "82" came to my door today, it was like talking to a composite friend who knew me more than myself. I shared a special time with Tecla, and Betty's theory (para. 3) described to a "T" what I sensed but couldn't fathom about my marriage. While I long to meet my sisters, *Transvestia's* friendship is a lifeline that I would never wish to see broken.

I hope contact comes soon here on the East Coast. Lately it seems I just tilt my head and a tear rolls out. I hear the creak of the deck gun being lowered, and at this point I'm caught between wishing we could be friendly and wanting her to pull the trigger.

Take care,

Shelly
MA-14-Y

Dear Virginia,

Enclosed is my contribution for the TV-TS research project that you and Dr. Bentler are working on. I can't really afford this and if I could I would like to have spent it on a new dress. But in the long range view this contribution is the best investment I can make for myself and my family.

The occasional sex*gender disorientation information given out by the news and medical media tends to intermingle transvestism with transsexualism. This has an unsettling effect on many of us and especially on our wives, and the very process of our finding self-acceptance and maturity as a TV is often misinterpreted as an inexorable moving toward transsexualism. If your research can cut through this haze of TV-TS interrelations it will be of tremendous value in helping us find renewed stability as TVs.

Looking forward to the results,

Sincerely

Maureen CO-4-J

Dear Virginia,

This is Joan writing. John has let me come out tonight for the reason that we are in San Francisco on business and away from John's wife Jean, who doesn't approve of me at all.

When John was in the hospital for his operation, Jean found my wardrobe and literature and disposed of it. John swore to his wife that he would "mend his ways" and no longer give me any expression. But, as we all know, that's easier said than done. On this trip John has gotten me a new outfit and I am wearing it as I write this letter. I have on a white satin blouse, long black skirt, bra, stockings and garterbelt and panties. He didn't get me any shoes as I require a large size (11 1/2 B), and no shop was readily available. I feel so wonderfully lovely wearing this outfit. I wish sometimes that John would divorce his wife so that I could come out on a fairly permanent basis. But he says he loves her too much to do that. So I will have to be satisfied with this outing for now.

I have never told anything about John's life or when he first became aware that he was a femmephile. I love this term much better than transvestite, as it does not have any of the vulgar connotations of transvestite. So I think that it should be used to denote a heterosexual TV.

Well, enough digression, so like we ladies though isn't it. Now back to John. He is 39 years old, 5'11" tall and weighs 175 pounds. Not exactly a petite woman. He is married, has no children and earns his living, and mine, as a C.P.A. John first wore female clothing when he was about 12 years old. He came home from school early one day and found no one home. For some reason, he went into his sister's bedroom (she is 2 years older) and opened her dresser and looked at and fondled her clothes. Soon he had stripped naked and dressed himself completely in her clothes. He found the feeling exquisite and delightful. The whole thing lasted about a half hour. Soon he was wearing her clothes every chance he got. One day while looking in the attic for something, he came across a brown satin slip, which he immediately put on. It fit him perfectly! He wore it many times; even under his regular clothes, until he outgrew it.

He knew then that he was destined to wear dresses the rest of his life and knew that he would do so. Today, he would rather buy ladies' clothing than even the necessary men's.

Through reading books and magazines he became aware that there were others like him who loved wearing lingerie and dresses, but he did not have the means or know how to meet them.

During college he was unable to dress up and had to hold me in check, not an easy thing.

Once out of college and working, the second thing he did (the first thing was to find a place to live) was to buy me an outfit. At that time he did most of his buying through the mail order houses, principally Sears and Lane Bryant. Today he goes freely into any women's shop he wants to and buys what he wants in sizes to fit me.

When he married Jean, he disposed of my wardrobe and shut me away in the back of his mind. This period of confinement lasted eight long years. It came to an abrupt end one day in 1973 when he read an ad in an underground newspaper offering black satin maid's uniforms for sale to men, as well as other women's clothing. He went to the ad-

dress and found a shop catering to transvestites and female impersonators. Needless to say, I was overjoyed at this discovery. Now I can try on dresses and such to see if they fit before buying them. John soon had given me a whole new wardrobe and lease on life.

But, alas, it ended when he went into the hospital. Now I can only come out when he goes out of town on business, which is not very often.

There are certain things that he lets me to do express myself somewhat. These are things that any FP can do, provided he doesn't go into them whole hog. He shaves all the hair from his arms and body. He shaves his underarms and uses his wife's deodorant. She hasn't said anything about these. He has plucked his eyebrows into a definite feminine shape and is unnoticed. Once he plucked them into a very feminine shape and had to blame his barber when his wife asked if he was plucking his eyebrows. Now they are a bit fuller, but still feminine. He has not shaved his legs because this would be too noticeable. He uses a moisturizing lotion each day on his face and neck and his skin is softer and lovelier. This last is done with his wife's okay, as she thinks all men should cream their faces. He has allowed his nails to grow longer than as man and shapes them like a woman's. These are all things that any FP can do to express his feminine side.

John loves shopping for women's clothing and enjoys talking with the clerks and shoppers about this.

One time he was in Uba's Fashions in Venice trying on shoes when 3 G.G.s came in to look around. He made no effort to conceal the fact that he was wearing stockings and high heels. None of the girls paid any attention to him. He reads all of the ads for ladies clothing and buys what he sees that he likes.

Today John is happy to acknowledge that he is a femmephile, and has given me my name of Joan Marie. He thinks of himself in terms of me as much as possible. As far as female body characteristics go, the only one that he thinks he might like would be a small pair of breasts. Big enough to know they are breasts when seen naked, but not big enough to show when dressed. But this is not possible, so he has acquired a set of your bra inserts and jelly and I do with them. They are very good and give an excellent feel and look under clothing.

I am sorry that this letter is not typed, but I do not have access to a typewriter. I do hope that you can read this though. John would love to subscribe to *TVia* but he has no where to have it sent. Today he bought copy #81 in a bookstore on Market Street in San Francisco. Usually he buys it from Uba.

Must go now as he needs his sleep.

Love to all,

Joan



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*THE THIEF*

Larry R. Sherman

I'm an FP and married to a D wife. I have been married for 5 years and I would say that my marriage has been successful except for my FP activities. My wife discovered my FP activities after we were married for three years. She discovered me dressed in one of her old dresses. When she saw me she screamed at me, "What are you doing?" I answered her rather strongly, "I have obviously put on one of your dresses, but before you get the wrong idea please read a section in a book by a psychiatrist." She angrily answered, "OK, but not until you remove that junk." I was wearing one of my wife's old dresses, a pair of shoes which were thrown in the trash after a church bazaar; I had used one of my wife's lipsticks, and had even polished my nails.

I quickly changed clothes and went into the den where my wife was angrily sitting. I took one of Harry Benjamin's books off the shelf and gave it to her. She was surprised at my authority and after reading a few paragraphs she calmed down. She continued to read and I sat silently waiting for her to finish. When she was satisfied, she meekly asked, "Are you one of these?" I answered "Yes." She responded, "Well, I guess I can't do anything about it. If you want to do this stupid thing, I guess it is OK but don't do it when I'm at home!" I agreed to let her know when I would get dressed so that she would not surprise me. This arrangement has been going on for two years.

I no longer needed to hide everything but my wife seems to ignore the one section of the storage closet where I hang my feminine attire. She once made a sarcastic remark that I had not removed all the lipstick; except for that one incident, the subject is never discussed.

Thursday evenings my wife goes to a Bridge club. She leaves the house between 7:00 and 7:15 and returns between 10:15 and 10:30 except when the Bridge club meets in our house. I have an engineering meeting on the second and fourth Thursday evening and on the other two Thursday evenings I get dressed.

On the first Thursday in February she announced she was going to her club but would need my car; her car was in the garage having some work done on it. I kissed her goodbye, turned off the lights and went upstairs to get dressed. I had just bought a new dress and wanted to try it out. I gathered the clothing and makeup I wanted and took everything into the bathroom with me. I took a bath, powdered myself, put on a girdle and bra, and sat down and gave myself a fashionable red manicure. While the nail polish was drying, I applied my makeup. By the time I finished the makeup my nails were dry and I put on a pair of beige pantihose. I put on a slip and then tried my new dress. It was a dark blue A line dress with long sleeves and white collar and cuffs. I put on a pair of 3 inch black high heels, a brunette wig, simple gold ear rings, a gold bracelet, and red lipstick which matched my nail polish. I looked at myself in the mirror. I felt like I looked like a fashionable woman and decided to go downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs I got the surprise of my life!

As I stepped into the hall at the bottom of the stairs, someone grabbed me and put a hand over my mouth. I was too frightened to move. A man said, "Where did she come from?"

"I don't know, I thought the house was empty."

"Come on sister." With that remark I was pushed into the kitchen. I had also gathered my wits and realized that these must be housebreakers; now I was more afraid they might find out I was a man. One of the men said, "Don't do anything and you won't get hurt." They pushed me into a chair, one of the men put my hands behind my back and began to tape them with my wife's labeling tape. As the one bound my hands the other tore up a dish towel and gagged me. By this time the one who had taped my wrists was finished and he taped my ankles together and then taped them to a chair leg. It was only a few minutes since I had started down the steps and now I was bound and gagged in my own kitchen.

The man who had bound my ankles stood up and grabbed my right breast. I became very scared, but the other man grabbed the first one's free arm and commanded, "Leave her alone; let's get out of here."

"But we haven't found anything yet."

"I know but what if her husband comes home! Let's get out of here before we find more trouble." With that remark they both disappeared out of the back door.

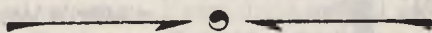
I waited a few minutes but did not hear them drive away. Then I tried to get free. I struggled for about five minutes with no luck, I rested, and then tried again. Still no luck. I just gave up and decided to wait for my wife.

I heard the clock in the living room strike 10:15 and almost immediately heard my wife drive into the garage. She was utterly shocked when she walked into the house and saw me. She screamed, "What have you been doing?" and took the gag out of my mouth. She refused to untie me until I explained. She was skeptical at first but there was glass on the floor where the thieves had broken a window to get into the house. Only then did she believe me.

We checked everything in the house and when we realized that nothing had been taken, we decided not to report the incident to the police. The only loss we had was a broken window; and we felt we could afford the window more than the embarrassment.

I explained to my wife that if she had been home the thieves would not have broken into the house. After that incident it was decided that I would only get dressed when she was home. I guess this change will classify her as a C wife?

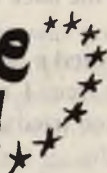
I wonder if she'll become a B wife if those thieves return?



TEE-VEE TIPS

by June Daye MA-4-B

An invaluable little safety device to carry in your handbag: a police whistle! If you are hassled, blowing the whistle on the hasslers will usually discourage them from bothering you further. It doesn't take up much space and is sure to attract someone's attention to your plight.

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- Bedding Daily 



NOTES FROM THE DRESSING ROOM

Sonia-Calif.

There is a behavior modification technique used by psychologists based upon the concept of oversaturation. The technique may be used to stop someone from sprinkling his conversation with doses of nasty sounding four and five letter words. In practice, the inveterate cusser is forced to use swear words in between every pair of words he uses. I am told that he soon tires of using these words. He cannot speak effectively and is oversaturated by the swear words.

At this point, you are probably thinking what I am thinking. Maybe someone will try that technique on me to "cure" me of my FPia. I think it would be fun to try, but my thoughts are really going in another direction. Most of us feel that we are in an FP desert and have little fear of drowning. I bring up the concept of oversaturation to show you that there is a compensation in being in the FP desert. Perhaps we may all jump at a chance to leave the desert and dress to our heart's content, yet there is a benefit here that cannot be found elsewhere. When you are in a situation in which you cannot dress with anything near the frequency you would like, if you are like me, you tend to see the negative side of the situation. Only recently have I begun to appreciate, the blessing of dressing on special occasions. I may dress up and go out once a month. This one time during the month is like the first home cooked meal a traveler has returning from a long journey. It is the cigarette that a sailor has after a long night's watch on the bridge. It is the county fair for the farmer who has tilled his fields all year. It is Christmas for the serf on a feudal estate.

When we dress up several times a week, over a weekend, or for a protracted period if we are so fortunate, we lose the sense of excitement, the gala feeling that courses through the body as the special day draws near.

Who could sustain that emotional investment for an activity that takes place daily? Perhaps this is one reason GGs do not understand our feeling. The less often we dress, the more the event becomes a pageant.

I plan the day or night as the case may be, very, very, very meticulously. I plan the preparations for that day. I almost write a computer program and conduct a systems analysis. First of all, I look to my requirements. There must be no unnecessary body hair exposed. My options are to remove it or to conceal it. Removal calls for perfect timing. Usually I am concerned about my eyebrows, my hands, and my legs. Unlike the hero in FP novels, my brother is hirsute and has brown instead of invisible blond body hair. The hands can be shaved using an electric razor on the day if the hair isn't too thick and long. This means that about a week before, some attention must be paid to the hands. There is much more body surface on the legs. Less has to be removed if boots are worn. Still it is a job for the night before. Otherwise it takes up too much time. More touchy are the eyebrows. They call for plucking. It is not good to do too much at one time. Plucking from underneath only, I usually start about a week beforehand and pull about fifteen to twenty hairs from each upper lid and lower brow a night. My eyeglasses tend to hide any change that might be noticeable otherwise. These things all take time and planning. They could become a chore.

It almost goes without saying that the last bit of hair removal, the shaving of the face, should be postponed just up to the moment of dressing. I find it helpful to shave with a longer beard than usual. For me, the new Gillette twin track blade works quite well. Ordinarily for day to day living I use an electric razor. Since the twin blade shaves me so much closer and seems to hold up for eighteen hours I do not worry about my beard growing through.

These preparations are the mechanical part. They must be done, but they offer little joy. It is the price men pay for trying to look like women. It is the rest of the planning that is pure pleasure. Systems analysts say that you start with the end to be achieved and work toward that. My end is the schedule of activities in which I will engage. To date, my activities have been limited and designed to minimize unnecessary contact with the general public, particularly children. I try to schedule safe places. Places where people if they recognize that I am not a woman will shrug their shoulders and pass it off. I am convinced that I am a poor judge of how well I look. I do know that on some nights I feel positively radiant and on others I feel like a dog. Underneath it all, I probably

look the same; only my attitude is different. What I have really experienced is that some people will read me no matter what I do; others read me perhaps inadvertently, by something they pick up subliminally; many take me for the real thing; and there seem to be some that would think a dress on a stick is a woman. I have had a woman laugh as she passed me on the street outside a Sears, and I have exchanged small talk with another woman who was trying on a new dress in the back room of a thrift shop where I was browsing. The first experience was demoralizing; the second exhilarating.

Obviously the street is not a safe place. Being in a room where females are disrobing is not safe, either. On the other hand there are risks that one is exposed to whenever you go out dressed. The trick is to minimize them.

The store where this event occurred is one where I know the owner. Although the woman changing her clothes did not know about me, if she had exhibited any concern, the owner would have handled it. I would have left the back room if I felt there was any sign of trouble in the air.

I try to minimize risk by knowing exactly where I am going and how long I will be there. I try to prepare myself for the eventualities that may arise. In actuality, many arise that are unanticipated, but what else is new?

My repertoire of activities is limited. I go shopping or to cosmetics studios. I visit some local clubs that have female impersonator shows. I meet a TV friend for a quiet evening of conversation at her apartment. I eat dinner at a Japanese restaurant where I am known.

Those being the type of activities in which I will engage, I then plan to minimize my driving time, my walking on the street, and my searching for a parking spot. For example, it may be desirable to arrive at a show earlier than necessary so that space will be available in the parking lot, not a block and a half away. The activity dictates the fashion. I have a lovely textured pullover long-sleeved blouse that I like to wear with a miniskirt and boots. It is eminently suitable for daytime wear, but impractical for trying on clothes. There is no way to remove it without taking off my wig. Have you ever tried on a dress with a blouse underneath. Similarly, it is silly for me to wear a dress that zips up the back on these shopping excursions. Such dresses are hard to put on once a day, let alone three or four times in an afternoon.

My wardrobe is small. That is probably a typical woman's comment, but in my case rather true. Still I have a lot of flexibility in mixing and matching my blouses and skirts, and in planning my accessories. It is always a lot of fun to think for several days about what I am going to wear, to finally settle upon the exact costume, and then at the last minute change it to suit my whims. If I dressed every day, I might just pull things off the rack without a second thought.

Virginia is undoubtedly correct in her remarks about an FP being able to make up with a bare minimum of cosmetic goods. But cosmetics are my weakness. I love to have bottles, jars, tubes, creams, powders, lotions, sprays, and lots of paraphernalia. I have three different shades of moisturizers. I use a cleanser after shaving, and then a skin freshener. Of course, the moisturizer goes on next, and then I can select from a number of bases or mix them or try shading. I won't go through all the goodies I have; I certainly couldn't use them all at one sitting without looking like Emmet Kelly, the clown. I am aware of my foible so I try to restrain myself in applying the base and rouge and eyeshadow. Still there is a lot of it that I could never use up if I were a GG and a lot that I carry around in the makeup bag in my purse that I don't need that day. It's the girl scout in me saying, "Be Prepared." For what? Oh, maybe a rare Southern California rain that will ruin my makeup and require me to start all over again. That's the fun of being a woman; the logic need not be too sound. It's the feeling that counts.

The very last activity which I perform before going out is doing my nails. My real nails are rather long. Some other time I'll pass on a tip about using false nails an FP friend showed me. But to date, I have always wound up my ritual by putting on a coat or two of polish, occasionally using a base underneath. Few things feel more feminine than sitting and waiting for your nails to dry. It requires patience and serenity. It gives me a chance to relax before saying, "Bon Voyage."

II

In our society, TVs are a covert group. Those cross-dressers the public sees (and recognizes as cross-dressers) are the homosexual drag queens or the female impersonators. The public also sees the term "TV" used in various sex ads placed in the Underground Press and Drag Magazines. We, heterosexual FPs, particularly we married ones with families, do not care to be characterized in these groups. While I per-

sonally feel those groups have the right to follow their desires, I do not want to be known as one of them. Most other heterosexual FPs I assume share this feeling. Hence, the public view of FPs is reinforced as homosexual or bizarre sexual, since it sees like or no other types of individuals as cross-dressers. This is a vicious circle.

Many of us would lose our jobs, our social standing in the community, our family ties if our transvestism were generally known. Thus it is only rational that we are covert. We protect ourselves by various screens, employing false names, using mail drops, and renting boxes. We hide our clothes and cosmetics and practice our gender transformation in private, sometimes nervous and afraid of outside interferences that may compromise our position. The view of society poses a stigma and plants the seeds of guilt. The covert practices tend to give credence to the feeling of guilt. After all, if it is right why do we hide?

I am suggesting that we hide for rational and seriously practical reasons. I am suggesting that it is society that is bent out of shape. It happens more often than we like, let alone admit. I am suggesting that we should look at any guilt that we may have and see whether it is warranted or imposed from outside.

Removing guilt clears our personal life. That is always important, one of the highest priorities. However, what can we do to educate the public without jeopardizing our places in society? This, of course, depends on our objectives as individuals. Those who are content to dress in private or to meet at secret gatherings and who are willing to allow things to go on as they have been will do little. Many of us are that way about most things. Yet over the past ten years or so I have been observing not only a change in myself, a growing maturity, but also a significant movement in the form of FPE. From the outside, I have seen the beginnings of a professional corps of FPs, who devote their life to acting out their convictions. These people, Virginia and Mary, and others are neither heroines nor martyrs; they are merely the forerunners or pioneers of our future shamans. Our civilization is predicated on specialization. Part of our gender problem is based upon the nature of civilization to specialize between the roles of men and women. But, at this point, we amateur FPs, and I use amateur in full English sense of the word as denoting a high level of achievement but only as an avocation, are creating an economic market that will sustain professionals. This concept suggests that changes in the views of the public toward FPs lies not only in the political and public relations arenas but also in the economic sphere.

In a phone conversation, Virginia once mentioned that the number of FPs was quite large. If we could mobilize this force and channel its profits to developing a professional nucleus of FPs, this would go a long way to improving our position and to removing the "c" from covert. The Virginia's and Mary's would be supported by us and represent us. They would be immune or less vulnerable to public economic sanctions and able to demonstrate through their behavior that there is a whole world of FPs out there who are maligned and mistreated just like any other minority group.

Looking once again into my crystal ball, I see other portents of change in the lives of FPs, portents that are beyond our immediate control even if they are favorable. More than ever, our country is faced with controlling a diversity of behavior situations that are now called manifestations of crime or mental illness but are not necessarily dysfunctional to the individual and the societal unit. While robbery is not dysfunctional to the robber or the fence when it is successful, no one will argue that this increases the value of goods produced in general. So we begin to distinguish between crimes against property, crimes against the person and crimes against the self.

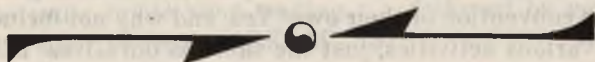
There is a change taking place regarding the thinking of establishment spokesmen in regard to the treatment and handling of drug, alcohol, and homosexual behavioral situations. The test criteria seem to be moving away from the mandated biblical injunction that is extracted and arbitrarily selected from multitudinous injunctions found there to the examination of the implication and impact of the behavior on the individual and society in general. There is talk about marijuana use as well as marijuana abuse, just as we accept alcohol use and recognize alcohol abuse. Moreover, a closer look is being taken at the right of individuals to engage in these acts without losing their jobs. A while back, teachers were fired for growing beards, and long hairs are still discriminated against. Yet, a respectable Eastern schoolteacher underwent transexual surgery and is suing to retain her tenure. (Editor's Note: She lost the case.) Let us then translate the implications of these trends to the acceptance of FPs.

Society faces no real problem with FPs. The arguments against this form of behavior do not really hold up under impartial scrutiny. As I see it, the abuse dangers boil down to fears that men may take advantage of women in rest rooms. The dangers of criminals disguising through cross-dressing are even less relevant.

Still society sees no de facto problem because very few transvestite confrontations with FPs occur. If there were to be a sudden transvestite explosion, the issue would become important. It is now important only to us. My crystal ball says that as these other situations become resolved, transvestite situations will become more tolerable. In ten or fifteen years, a man may go to his job dressed as a woman. People may or may not know, but they will not make a big thing of it. The FP will be accepted as an individual; depending upon his adjustment to the group he will be liked or not. I still think that society will distinguish between men and women; there will be less distinction between economic and perhaps even sexual roles, but other lines will be drawn.

One thing is certain about the behavior of people; they arrange themselves into groups. The problem with the FP is that he is identifying himself with another group and upsetting everyone because they thought they had a sure fire test for distinguishing members of that group. So I think that at a more basic level, FPs will continue to be seen as disruptive. While we do not endanger other people nor do we harm ourselves, we do attack the basic beliefs that most people hold. I believe that we owe it to ourselves to uncover the true reasons for the attitudes of society toward FPs and expose the psychological and emotional biases. In the meantime, FPs will continue to be a covert group.

Editors Comment: The basic reasons Sonya refers to are very simple and obvious. Animals are concerned about the sex of others of their species - watch dogs sniff each other. Humans are basically animals but we have a computer in our heads and we have used it to build the whole gender structure with its sets of expectations, rewards, penalties etc. But basically we are still sexists in that we haven't yet grown human enough to see people as people rather than as a sex. Thus society sees us as violating its basic presumptions about the sex of others as indicated by the visual cues of dress, hair, make up, etc. Thus until people learn that anatomy is really not the most important distinction between people we will be seen as being "disrupting".





ARTICLE

HAPPINESS IS "DREAM"

By Marilyn WA-8-I

Until about four years ago Webster assumed that the word "dream" had been nicely identified as to all possible meanings. But that was before "DREAM"; yes, spelled with all capital letters!

Transvestites across this land, in Canada, indeed in many other parts of the world, then were introduced to another meaning—one much more important and surely a lot more fun for them. What was it? Well, in the "Peanuts" vein but with reverse emphasis . . . HAPPINESS IS "DREAM." Let me be more explicit.

We turn the clock back to February, 1971, and look in on a Portland, Oregon, banquet of Lambda Sigma, the northwestern U.S. and the British Columbia chapter of Phi Pi Epsilon. The guest of honor was the director of Portland's finest finishing, fashion and modeling school. She spoke that evening on the subject of the Art of Femininity and her audience was spellbound for almost an hour with her enthusiastic and very exciting message.

The words she spoke planted the seeds which were to grow and in time be harvested in the "DREAM" programs. For it only takes a feminine word or two to set TV minds to "dreaming" . . . Why not, we "dreamed, a four-day program featuring several hours of professional instruction just like that we had heard only a few minutes before? Why not do it at a private, comfortable—maybe even luxurious—resort on the beautiful Oregon Coast? Why not have catered banquets, an ocean cruise, a fashion show . . . everything that real girls (GGs) might do at a convention of their own? Yes, and why not include those GGs in the various activities, just the same as ourselves? BUT—and

we "fainted away" at this inevitable brilliance of thought – why not *dress continuously* as real girls for the full four days?

Why not? There well may have been excellent reasons why not, but we would hear none of them. Our minds were closed to all but the developing and producing of a "DREAM" program.

And so the wheels began to turn. Slowly but with steadfast purpose we made our way forward in what was becoming a rather large venture. Our first "DREAM" was scheduled for September of 1972. The promotional literature went out in May and we waited for the "thousands" of applications. But we were to be disappointed and provided our first lesson: It takes *time* to sell any new program . . . even a "DREAM" . . . and, yes, even to TVs.

Lambda Sigma would not be denied, for we *believed* in "DREAM." And so we set our minds to "DREAM" '73 and scheduled it for September of 1973.

That "DREAM" '73 was held and that it was successful is now history. Approximately 60 TVs and GGs from Canada and the United States were there. Remarkably, about one-third were from distant points east of the Mississippi. And we're very proud that the unanimous opinion seemed to be one of genuine satisfaction at the "product" they had purchased.

Most importantly, we found that the impact of "DREAM" '73 had been constructive and beneficial to the lives . . . indeed, marriages, too . . . of those in attendance. And so, although initially not a part of our "dreaming," we now felt it important that there be a "DREAM" '74. Once again the wheels moved and, with new ideas blended with the basic "DREAM" '73 program structure, we proceeded with the development and promotion of "DREAM" '74.

This time we worried about whether we would be able to make the "encore" as enjoyable as the "first performance." We asked ourselves: would those who were at "DREAM" '73 be bored by possible "repetition"? That they weren't and that "DREAM" '74 was every bit as successful as her predecessor is captured, we feel, in Roberta's happy-spirited "DREAM '74 . . . For Real," which follows. We enthusiastically invite your reading . . . followed by your *presence* next September 15-19 at "DREAM" '75!



Lu-CA, Miss Most Improved
 Sally-TX, Miss Charm
 Sharon Anne-BC, Miss Dedication
 Sandi-CA, Miss Congeniality



Jean-NY, Marilyn-WA
 Elaine-CA



Marilyn-WA
 Winnie-NY
 Sandi-CA



*"DREAM" '74 . . .
FOR REAL!*

By Roberta, Wash.

On Wednesday morning of "DREAM" '74 I was a little uptight. We had breakfast in our beautiful condominium suite at the "DREAM" site on the Oregon Coast, watching the pounding surf on the beach below. Then we dressed carefully for our trip to the well-known resort a few miles up the beach where Glorea and her talented staff of one of the nation's finest modeling schools, would teach us comportment—that is, the body language of graceful standing, walking, sitting, going up and down stairs, and getting in and out of an automobile.

The reason I was uptight was because of the weather. It was a beautiful, bright, sunny day at the beach, and that meant harsh, merciless light. Frankly, when I go out dressed, I prefer the friendly shadows of evening, or the dim, flattering light of a cocktail lounge. I know you understand.

We boarded the chartered bus and Floyd, the driver and our friend from "DREAM" '73, toiled expertly along U.S. 101 and parked at the top of a rise overlooking the restaurant at the resort. From there we would walk down the hill between the restaurant and the motel, and then down a flight of stairs to the banquet rooms under the restaurant and overlooking the beach. There were a few resort guests in sight, but they were at a distance. Then suddenly, when we were all out of the bus and trooping down the hill, a strange man and his wife, on the way to the beach, emerged from the motel and fell right into line with us.

It was a moment of truth. Darn that bright sunshine

The man looked at his wife. "What's going on here?" he asked. "Look at all the pretty ladies."

As Jackie Gleason says: "How sweet it is!"

There would be fun and conviviality all week. A fresh salmon barbecue on Monday night (two Sarons, one from British Columbia and one from New York, prepared the delicious meal); the Sugar 'n' Spice Banquet at the resort on Tuesday; and on Wednesday our slightly progressive dinner parties "at home." (We divided into groups of 10 or 12, with each group socializing in one suite, followed by a catered Chinese dinner in another.)

The climactic event was the Pink Banquet on Thursday evening at one of the spacious banquet rooms of the resort, and organized by Sandi of California. This was the time to wear your very best. Following the social hour (with background music by Pennsylvania's Melissa on the organ) and an excellent dinner presided over by Dale, Lyle and our other good friends of the resort banquet facilities, there was a fashion show modeled by selected TVs and GGs of our company. A fashionable dress shop from Portland, Oregon, provided racks of dresses (in the right sizes) for the show. Casual, dressy, evening, and even luxuriously furred fashions were paraded for the guests. All the dresses modeled (and many, many more) were, of course, for sale at the Dress Boutique at the "DREAM" site. Here was the perfect opportunity for those who chose to do so, to select just the right dress after first trying it on!

A display of talent followed the style show, with singing, dancing and comediennes. Then came awards to Miss Charm (Sally of Texas), Miss GG Charm (Wisconsin's Jean), Miss Congeniality (Sandi of California), and a special certificate to Lu of California as the most improved since "DREAM" '73. But the evening's special thrill to each was saved until last when Glorea presented graduation certificates from her abbreviated but very valuable course in the Art of Femininity.

The highlight of the daytime activities was the Wednesday luncheon at the resort where Virginia Prince spoke to the assembled group. Virginia was with us the entire week and it was a special thrill to hear and talk with this highly regarded leader of the transvestism movement.



Virginia-CA

Marilyn-WA

Welcome to Dream '74



Glorea and Girls in Costume Class

The most difficult problem for any TV (or GG for that matter) is to properly and realistically evaluate herself in terms of face, figure and type. What hairstyle? What makeup? What clothes? What are my good points to emphasize? What should I play down? Glorea's answer to these questions, new for "DREAM" '74, was to schedule a series of private "personal critiques" for every TV and GG, with the talented experts on her staff. It opened a whole new world to us.

ITEM: Hairstyling—Patti is not only a talented hair stylist, she is also a tall, beautiful blonde. As Glorea says, Patti would look gorgeous in a gunnysack. Patti looks at your face. "Your face shape is rectangular, especially with a square chin. Your flip style giving width at the sides is good, but the crown has been teased too much. If your wig shop does that again, just push it down firmly to flatten the top. Your bangs are good, but they should start higher on the head for a more natural look." All the time Patti's comb is flicking quickly through your hair, combing and arranging. When she has finished, it looks marvelous. You learn a new trick: if your wig has not been combed out on your head—as it should be—and the sides stand out from your cheeks, just apply a spot of eyelash adhesive, about the size of a quarter, high up on each cheek and hold the hair against the spot until it adheres for a more natural look.

ITEM: Makeup—Tyrone is a makeup artist in the Portland vicinity. He carefully looks at you: "Your best feature is your eyes which are very large, and you have a nice, upswop to your eyebrows. However, you should square off the inner corners of your eyebrows and extend the outer ends well beyond your eyes. Your most is your least attractive feature, so you shouldn't wear such bright lipstick. Reduce the size of your upper lip—make it thinner—and enlarge your lower lip, it's more feminine. You need more coverage on your nose, it's inclined to be red. (On my mother's side I am distantly related to Sir John Barleycorn!) For that I suggest a green toner. Your nose is also a trifle broad, so I suggest a white streak on the bridge of the nose blended well with your foundation base, then dusted with powder, to highlight the bridge and bring it forward." As he talks, Tyrone works deftly with eyebrow pencil and foundation creams. The improvement is immediately apparent.

ITEM: Voice—Penny teaches voice. She is five foot tall on the outside and nine foot tall on the inside. The range of her voice scares you—all the way up to a piping cherub, then down to a drill sergeant. She has a technique for teaching feminine voice to TVs. It isn't easy. It

takes practice. But you take home a tape recording of your voice for future study.

ITEM: Wardrobe—Linda is a strikingly beautiful brunette and a real, live, beauty contest winner from one of Oregon's larger cities; Rusty is a tall, lissome redhead who is one of Portland's top models. Each is a specialist in wardrobe planning on Glorea's staff. Do you know your type? Feminine? Wholesome? Executive? Dramatic? Or some combination of the four? You must know your type if you want to save money on clothes. You are less likely to buy clothes you never really like and seldom wear. More important, you will not buy clothes that emphasize your masculinity rather than concealing it. Are you short? Tall? Too slender? Or too heavy? This is where you learn how to camouflage your figure defects. Love hats? There are a dozen different hat styles and you can try them all on to find the shapes that flatter your face. And you'll receive marvelous advice from the experts, Linda and Rusty!

ITEM: Wig Salon — Ruby operates three wig salons in the Portland area. She is assisted at "DREAM" by Johnny who has his own beauty salon in eastern Oregon. You sit down at a table in front of a mirror. Around you are boxes and boxes of wigs. All shapes and colors. "I need a new wig," you admit cautiously, "that will acknowledge my advancing years." Ruby looks at the shelves and brings forth three wigs made of Tevion, a new synthetic that looks and handles like human hair, but is so easy to care for you think you can clean and style it yourself. That color Ruby selects is an ash blonde streaked with silver. It's a marvelous color. You try on the first one and Ruby expertly styles it to suit your face shape. It's nice, but the back tapers more than you think it should. You try on another one — this with bangs, waves at the sides and a big cluster of curls at the nape of the neck. Much better. "Let's try on this pageboy," Ruby suggests. Mmmmm, just a little too severe for your age, you think. Back you go to number two. "I like this one," you say finally. Ruby does a complete styling of the wig. You watch her closely so you can try it yourself. Johnny says: "I think you made the right choice." Off you go happily to your suite to get ready for the party that night. The ash blonde wig will go well with the yellow silk dress.

Suddenly it's Friday. It doesn't seem possible. We've had the entire condominium to ourselves all week and have seen only five men: Gene (the condominium manager), Dale, Tyrone, Johnny and a meter

reader!(He didn't know who we were until one of the maids told him.) Now as the girls return to street clothes, the place is alive with men. Some of them you don't recognize. But you know them because you know their GGs. Of course, there are always a few who just don't want to go home at all. Linda and Jean (GG) are in bathing suits and heading for the beach. Some of the veterans of "DREAM" '73 came a day early on Sunday and now stay over until Saturday. Lu cooks dinner for the diehards, and it is delicious.

But it has to end sometime. Like Saturday. And if we play our cards right, there's always next year.

"DREAM" '75, anyone?

For further information on "DREAM" '75, write to DREAM, Box 58, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98104.



All dressed up and somewhere to go — to the Pink Banquet

IN MEMORIAM

It is my very sad duty to report to you the death of two of our old and strong members.

Kathryn Spencer, MI-6-S, was one of the original team councillors that I assembled in the first days of FPE. She took care of Michigan area. She was very sincere in her efforts at helping the FPs that came to her for interview in getting into the group in Michigan and in assisting them any way she could. She had a great sense of humor and enjoyed puns as I did so we used to have a great time exchanging them both in person when I would be in Detroit and by mail in between. All the girls in Detroit area will miss her friendly, helpful, easy going and humorous personality, as will I.



Here in Los Angeles in my own Alpha group we lost Donna CA-43-Y. Donna was a former president of the chapter but was better known to many of you as the one who helped me hold FPE together after Fran was forced to discontinue her efforts. It was when illness on her part forced her to drop that activity I had to reorganize FPE into its present form. She, too, was a good friend and a big help.

Death unfortunately comes to all of us. These two sisters were not the only ones to leave us in 1974. I can't take space for reporting all of them, but these two were special and deserve these few words of eulogy.

Virginia



ARTICLE

TRANSEXUALS AND PSEUDO-TRANSEXUALS

By Virginia Prince, Ph.D.

Editor's Note: This is a paper delivered at the Harry Benjamin 4th International Symposium on Gender Identity, Stanford University, Feb. 28-March 2, 1975. I hope it will shed a little new light on the subject for readers of TVia as well as the surgeons, psychiatrists and psychologists at Stanford.

If you will forgive a slight alternation of the famous soliloquy from Hamlet, it seems very expressive of what I want to talk about.

*"TS or not TS — that is the question;
Whether 'tis wiser to suffer the slings and arrows
Of frustrated desires, or, to seek surgery
Against the sea of troubles and by reassignment end
them.
To die — to sleep, to live no more and by such death
To say we end the heartache and the thousand natural
shocks
That flesh is heir to.
To die, to sleep — perchance to dream; ay, there's the
rub."*

"Perchance to dream — ay there's the rub." How could it be better expressed? The whole concept of change of sex is the death of one aspect of self and a hoped-for rebirth of another. But dreams of escaping the "slings and arrows, the 1000 natural shocks —" etc. are often just that, dreams. There is many a "rub" in the process and these are but little understood by the presumptive "transsexual" and frequently not by the professionals who treat them. I refer to an understanding of the basic motivations underlying the demand for surgery, the probability of its fulfillment, and the other alternative ways of satisfying the same desires.

I am not referring to the verbally expressed motivations such as "I hate my penis," "I'm a woman trapped in a man's body," "I think like a woman," "I have to have hormones and surgery or I'll commit suicide," etc. We've all heard these ad nauseam. They are the catechism of those seeking surgery and their very identity from patient to patient ought to be a caution light to any professional working in this area. Each person is an individual and when a number of people say exactly the same thing for the same purpose, it is a fair assumption that the expressions have been gleaned from something written or said by another who was seeking the same solution to the same problems. The statements are made on the theory that if they worked before for someone else they might likely work again for the speaker.

These verbalizations are NOT the true motivations. I am referring to the logical motivations that can be deduced from the psycho-social forces in our society and their effects on the people who must live under them. There are three sociological forces that bear on individuals claiming to be "transsexuals." They bear on everyone else, too, but most people learn to deal with and adjust to them without recourse to surgery. The individuals we are concerned with find this difficult. First, is the fact that we live in a horizontally polarized society, divided between two polar opposite psycho-social behaviour types — the stereotypes of masculinity and femininity. These are generally congruent with the sexes, male and female. Secondly, our society is vertically polarized in the sense that manliness is seen as, in various ways, superior to and dominant over womanliness. Even though this is gradually changing as women's liberation succeeds in demonstrating to society that women are as capable as men in many aspects of life, it is still a male dominated, male organized, and largely male run society. Thirdly, there is the general unawareness of most of society and of many professionals as well, that the phenomenon of sex and the manifestations of gender, although basically related, are not synonymous concepts but rather have their own rules, functions and expectations.

Since we all live and function under these concepts and misconcepts, for most people consideration of their effects on individuals would be regarded simply as an academic exercise. But for those involved in sexual and general conflicts they are of paramount importance, and understanding their impact on such individuals is essential to any real understanding of their motivations, their needs and their goals. Let us ask what possible uses a vagina has? 1) It is the way out

for a baby at birth, 2) it is the way in for a penis in sexual intercourse, and 3) it is an anatomical validation of femaleness and the implicit legitimization of the femininity or that goes with it. Obviously No. 1 has no validity in the problem but Nos. 2 and 3 are of vital importance. The vagina, as an orifice to receive a penis serves an entirely sexual function. A vagina as a legitimization of womanhood serves an entirely general function. This dichotomy clearly points up the misconception that sex and gender are essentially the same, and the corollary inference that since sex is essentially immutable and inescapable, the gender that goes with it is equally inevitable and inherent in the sex. Why else do we refer to "sex" reassignment and not "gender" reassignment? Part of the so-called "transsexuals" see womanhood as a condition impossible to attain unless one has a vagina. Ergo, have the penis and testicles removed, an orifice constructed and PRESTO, one is now a "woman." Not so! Womanhood is a gender phenomenon not a sexual one and moreover it must be learned by living, whether by a natural born female or be someone newly assigned to that status. It does not come as a package deal . . . "1 Vagina, 1 Woman." Surgery can provide the genital alteration but no psychosurgery exists to construct a woman in the gender sense. The only possible route to such an attainment is personal experience and social acceptance, and that is a long, hard trip.

If a person is strongly oriented toward males as sex partners then acquisition of the necessary genital equipment has a degree of logic to it though it remains a cop-out procedure with high price tag both financially and psycho-socially. Thus there are clearly two basic motivations; the sexual one of being functional as a partner for a male and the general one of being able to live as a woman. This motivation is illogical and confused since surgery is not necessary to be a woman. It is only a painful, expensive, dangerous and misguided attempt to achieve between the legs what must eventually and inevitably be achieved between the ears.

Since I have been outspoken in my opposition to surgery on the scale it is being practiced today, many assume that I am against it completely. Not so! I have met individuals for whom I would give approval for surgery if I had anything to say about it. Many of those active in this field have expressed the opinion that only perhaps 5 to 10 percent of those presenting themselves as candidates for surgery really warrant having it. I agree, but I think that these persons make up a special group.

A male person who, for reasons of physical handicap, psychological trauma or social circumstances, finds himself to some degree "out of it" with other boys in his pre-adolescent years, will not develop a normal degree of self-esteem and self-confidence. That lack will make him less sexually successful with females. His socio-sexual development will be stunted. While he may compensate with homosexual activities, more than likely he becomes more or less asexual with either males or females, relying largely on masturbation as his only sexual outlet.

His earlier social inadequacy will be compounded by his sexual inadequacy as he grows up until, as a young adult, he neither functions properly on a sexual nor on a general level. Not only is he a nothing with women sexually, but he is not successful as a man among men either . . . that is, on a general level. There is therefore, a great disparity between society's expectations for him as a man and his individual level of performance. This large gap is the source of great personal dissatisfaction with life and possibly of various neurotic complications. Now, since we have a vertically stratified society, with men above and women below, less is expected of women. Thus surgically reassigning a person like this to the sexual and general status of female and woman, greatly reduces the disparity between expectations and performance and would probably render the individual a happier and more productive citizen. Such people are the only "true" transsexuals in my view and those for whom surgery is an appropriate answer.

I think, therefore, that the first thing to ascertain about someone seeking surgery — and I am dealing only with males — is the qualitative and quantitative side of his sex life. If it has been quantitatively small, whether with males or females, or both, the person likely belongs to the 5 to 10 percent for whom surgery will likely be beneficial and indicated. But if he has had any reasonable amount of sexual experience, with either males or females and particularly if he has been able to impregnate a female, then a great deal of deeper study of the underlying motivations and goals is indicated before surgery is approved.

All such persons can be graded somewhere on Kinsey's 0-6 scale of sexual performance. It is unlikely that 3s (the comfortable bisexual person) would seek change since they are comfortable working both sides of the street. Two's and 4s probably provide a very few subjects

because these persons are bisexual too but weighted a little heavier on one side or the other. This leaves the 0s and 1s at one extreme and the 5s and 6s at the other which make up the 90-95 out of a 100 applicants and which I term pseudo-transsexuals.

At first glance this might seem strange since these are the two opposite extremes. One might presume that these two groups must have a lot in common since they both demand the same things, i.e. hormones and surgery. This is the short-sighted view because it doesn't get into the question of the underlying motivations. Why then should two groups that differ only in their sexual object choice, both conclude that sex changing surgery is the answer to their life's problems? The answer to that is that there is a separate and different reason and motivation for each group. One is general and one is sexual and it is important to ascertain which applies to whom.

Although this conclusion was arrived at on a theoretical basis long ago, it was confirmed in the results obtained on a preliminary questionnaire to operated "transsexuals" the results of which have been reported in *TVia*. The confirmation lies in the fact that the preoperative homosexual group gave much higher scores on all questions dealing with sex and low on those dealing with gender, while those in the heterosexual group gave high scores to gender type questions and much lower scores on the sex-type questions.

Since there are essentially three different types of people seeking surgery for three different motivations and three different goals it is very important to consider these goals and whether surgery is the most appropriate means of achieving them. Dr. Fisk has coined the term "Gender Dysphoria" to replace "Transsexuality." I must object to any such all-inclusive terms other than the simple, descriptive statement, "people seeking sexual reassignment," because such umbrella terms obscure the fact that what appears to be a single condition, describable by one single term is, in fact, three separate conditions with one common symptom. Different conditions spring from different causes and must be treated differently. Gender Dysphoria *does* describe the condition of the 0 and 1 Kinsey groups but not the others. Those that come from the homosexual side — the Kinsey 5s and 6s — suffer from sexual dysphoria . . . that is, they are not happy about their sexual equipment and the limitations that it imposes on them. The remaining group, the more or less asexual types (with no appropriate

position on the Kinsey scale) who are the "true transexuals" (if that word *must* be used) suffer from what might be termed "social dysphoria." They are uncomfortable, inadequate, ineffective and unhappy in the sex-gender condition they find themselves in because of too great a disparity between expectation and performance.

So, in view of these different motivations and purposes is there any better alternative? For the heterosexual or gender motivated candidate I believe there is. What the patient (and often the doctor) doesn't realize is that it is perfectly possible to change names, legal identification, passport, bank accounts, credit cards, diplomas and other documents and BE a woman without having sex surgery. I speak from personal, first-hand experience here because that is just what I did six and one-half years ago. It is possible to shift one's identity into the head and away from the genitals and if this is accomplished surgery is superfluous because it does nothing for the individual except to enable her to sleep with a male. For a previously heterosexually oriented individual to rearrange that programming so that she could achieve a comfortable and rewarding sexual relationship with a male, let alone a long-term gender relationship with a man in a marital situation is rather unlikely. Such a relationship is difficult enough between ordinary unaltered males and females as indicated by the divorce rate, but for the new woman who has not been indoctrinated with the concept of femininity since she was a baby, it is improbable to say the least. The concern of the new woman should not be so much that such a partner would detect the artificial sexual apparatus — after all an orifice is an orifice—but that he would "read" her assumed femininity as lacking in depth, naturalness and self-assurance. Thus the long-term prospects for such a "new woman" ought to be examined in depth instead of just assuming that with a new vagina and a new dress all will be well.

What then of Kinsey's 5s and 6s? Such persons' sexual experiences have been with other males. They are "penis oriented" which is to say that they look to another person with a penis as a source of their sexual pleasure. This will not change with surgery and of course they do not want it to. All the surgery will accomplish will be to make it possible to receive a penis in front and thus to simulate more completely the accepted biological and social norm for sexual intercourse to be between a penis and a vagina. Additionally, whatever guilt there was about being a homosexual previously has now been magically removed and one can have intercourse with a male both

legally and morally. It has to be rather ironic that while psychiatrists still debate whether homosexuality is a sickness, a biologically based behaviour or just a socially unaccepted way of life, so many of them are willing to assist in the great cop-out of rearranging things so that the devil can be cheated and what was bad and wrong yesterday will be good, right and appropriate tomorrow. Such operated persons are still "homosexual in the head" for that is where homosexuality is. It is NOT in the penis. That organ is just a mechanical means for sexual activity.

It would be both more honorable and more helpful to the patient if the psychiatrists would encourage the patient to forget about surgery and set about becoming a happy homosexual, able to function free of guilt and comfortably in society. Sex isn't all there is to life nor does one's interest and ability in that area last forever. Age does come and life for elderly single women is not too comfortable for born females. How much less satisfying and financially limited it will be for the sex changed woman when sex is a thing of the past and when she has realized only very few advantages from being a woman for just a part of her life span. This long range few should be given a lot more attention by both patient and professional.

Basically, the problem involved in the whole sex reassignment matter is one of extreme male chauvinism both on the part of the applicant for surgery and of the professional dealing with him. This will sound like an absurd proposition, considering that these individuals wish to leave maleness behind and embrace pseudo femaleness. But it is not, when you consider the essence of the male-dominated society's attitude toward women . . . primarily as products of their anatomy, not as complete and equal persons in spite of, not because of, their anatomy. The newly reassigned female is trying to achieve her womanhood precisely by way of her new anatomy because that is the way HE (before surgery) thought of women. The misfortune is that neither the patient, the psychiatrist, nor the surgeon really know much about womanhood in spite of how much they may know about femaleness. There are very few females involved in the decision-making side of this process and I will venture to assert that even those that are, have not stopped to realize how fundamentally they are programmed in this male philosophy and how truly chauvinistic the whole phenomenon is.

If the medical profession would put some of their energy and professional clout into educating legislatures that there is simply no

need nor justification for having sexual anatomy specified on drivers' licenses, for example, many of these people could, in comfort and peace live out their lives as women without the expense, pain and travail of surgery. As it is they want the vagina as a validation and legitimization of their womanhood so that society cannot deny them the lifestyle they wish to live.

There is one further thing I think needs to be mentioned. Sex reassignment surgery is a communicable disease. Like other such conditions it needs a susceptible subject, a causative agent and an exposure in order to spread. There are certainly of susceptible subjects among the transvestites and drag queen population. The causative agent is the very idea of surgery and its fantasied results. The exposure occurs every time an operated person, a doctor or an organization publicly speaks about the subject on radio, television or lecture platform; writes about it in magazines, books and newspapers or otherwise brings it to the attention of the public. Such publicity acts like a spring shower on dried ground . . . hundreds of new shoots spring up . . . it acts like a trigger mechanism to fire up another whole crop of so-called "transsexuals" who fervently say, after reading or hearing about the surgery, "Why that is what I am. Surgery is the answer to my problems." I can speak to that from personal experience, too. When I read about Christine Jorgenson I immediately said, "That's for me." Fortunately I was broke at the time and therefore able to resist the lure of surgery. That gave me 15 years to discover that it wasn't necessary anyway.

In conclusion, I think that professionals in the various branches of medical science dealing with these matters should learn to distinguish between the concept of sex and the concept of gender and thus between the motivations their patients have; should look at the long-term effects rather than the short-term fantasies and demands, and should attempt to minimize the discussion of this type of surgery in the public media in the interest of lessening the number of persons "turned on" to the idea and who then swell the ranks of the "ladies in waiting." For every one person for whom surgery is indicated there are at least nine others for whom it is not and who, if they had never heard, read or seen something about sex surgery would never have "gone the route" themselves. I have watched too many of my friends and acquaintances go down the tubes, breaking up marriages and homes along the way, all to accomplish what? The opportunity to live their own chosen lifestyle which they could have done anyway and been \$5,000 or more dollars ahead besides, if someone had helped them to really analyze and understand their true motives and goals.

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JAN BROWN - NY

SURVIVAL II
— FOOD —



Well, you didn't kick and squirm too much about my editorial in No. 82—in fact you didn't complain at all by which I mean no one wrote in and said that I should not have done it. The *only* letter I got about it was favorable and thanked me for doing it and for pointing out what I (and she) considered to be important. So if you don't fight back you get more of the same, namely this article, but I guarantee that I won't do it again next time.

Seriously, there is a corollary area to what I wrote about last time which was economic survival. I'd like to say a bit this time about literally biological survival — staying alive. Everybody takes that for granted, and figures that only old age, cancer or a heart attack will carry them off. Unfortunately there are a lot of non-medical conditions to think about such as a freeway abutement or being run over as a pedestrian, etc. I'm not concerned with accidental deaths like that. I'm thinking of the oldest fashioned way there is, namely partial or total starvation. Now before you say that is ridiculous let me hasten to add that I don't think any of you are literally going to starve to death, but I do think there is a reasonable possibility that you may get pretty hungry.

You will reject that out of hand because you are all used to going to the supermarket a couple of times a week and picking up whatever you need in the line of food. Of course you complain a bit about the price of beef, milk, sugar and other things, but at least they are on the shelves — if you have the money. But think a minute about what it would be like, and I'm going to be so bold as to say, very well *may be* like if you go to the store and don't find what you need! Perhaps even not some of the substitutes you expect to be there. It's a possibility

clear out of a nightmare, isn't it? You've all experienced shortages of various things. Those of you who lived during the war years with rationing and all of its problems remember what it was like not to be able to pick and choose at your own discretion what you wanted to eat. It wasn't fun, but we all got along because the war-caused shortages were expected, planned for and in a good cause that we all supported, namely winning the war. So we all made do with what we could get when we could get it and many of us supplemented that with Victory Gardens. But let's look at the possibilities of the near future.

The world is different today from what it EVER was before. We are not just in the middle of one of those periodic slumps, recessions or whatever term you prefer to use, that have come and gone over the years of your lifetime. They caused some minor inconveniences, the stock market went down, there was a rise in unemployment and things weren't as good as they used to be but we all felt underneath it all that it was just a matter of outliving it and the natural forces would gradually straighten things out and we all of us and the country at large could go on to making things, bigger, faster, more efficient, more fun, better than anyone else could make, and in greater quantity. Well usually that happened and it tends to make us think that it always will. But will it? As I said the world today is unlike any other period in man's history and the factors at work and the developments likely to occur will not be just a repeat of the fall of Rome or the Middle Ages or the Depression-Reconstruction period after the Civil War or even the Great Depression of 1929-35. Consider a moment!

The world's biggest problem is over-population, not oil, not falling stock markets, not unemployment but just too damn many people. Not too many because there isn't room to stand but because there isn't food enough to eat. Too many of the poorer countries don't know how to control births and what's more don't want to do so. Those under Catholic influence are influenced by the Church not to practice it. Other countries like India, Bangladesh and elsewhere have other philosophical-religious reasons not to do so. Thus they are growing at a fabulous rate. Faster than other aspects of the economy can keep up. For example, Egypt had Russia build the high dam at Aswan. I've seen it, it is impressive, it backs up a big lake with lots of water and it has put a lot more acreage under cultivation than before it was built. But what was predicted at the time has come to pass. The increased productive land has not improved the total situation one bit. All it has done has been to put off a catastrophe a little longer. The population

of Egypt has increased in the days since Nasser first dreamed up the dam to such a point that food production per head is just where it was before the dam. The increase in irrigated lands occurred alright, but the number of mouths to feed increased right along with it so that it only put off the evil day of widespread hunger.

The world is also suffering from two other new problems — over exploitation and over pollution. We use up our raw materials for non-productive and unnecessary purposes because our society pays homage and pays its rewards to the entrepreneur who can invent, manufacture, advertise and sell anything whether it serves a really useful function or not. The world got along very well for thousands of years without Hula hoops and Frisbies. True they provide a few people with a little entertainment . . . and they provided their inventors and merchandizers with sizeable fortunes, but did anyone ask whether the petrochemicals that went into the plastic raw materials for those items could have been better utilized elsewhere? Certainly not, he would have been called a communist and a nut if he had. These are trivial examples but they illustrate the point. Our raw materials are not inexhaustible, we ARE on spaceship earth with a limited supply of raw materials in the hold and with NO ports of call where we can refuel and reprovision our vessel. It's time we took stock of our stock and utilized it more intelligently.

A by-product of such individual (and this includes corporations, of course) ambition and effort has been the dumping of the by-products of industry into the air, the water and onto the land of our spaceship to the point where it threatens our food, our water, our air and through them our lives themselves. This will have to be stopped but the corporations . . . and a lot of the public . . . who find themselves under pressure to reconsider their activities fight the environmentalists, and everyone else who gets in their way, by every means at their disposal. They feel they have a god-given right to dispose of their refuse as they please. After all, the air, water and land won't be so polluted that *they* can't eat, drink and breathe during their lifetime, so let the next generations worry about it. "Whatever is going to happen let it happen after I'm done with my sojourn on this earth." At the time of the French Revolution the expression was used, "Apres moi le deluge." It means "after me the flood." That is exactly the attitude of big business today.

Well this is not intended to be a commentary on our political-economic system, but those factors I've mentioned come home to roost pretty quickly. We all know that prices are going up, people have less to spend, they don't buy automobiles and houses like they used to, as a result the auto makers lay off thousands of men. The housing industry does likewise. This means less need for steel and other products that go into cars and houses so the companies supplying them lay men off, too. All these laid off workers live for a time on unemployment checks, pensions or federally-paid jobs. In any case their purchasing power is cut so they don't buy as much and that lays more men off and on and on it goes.

Even if you are not one of those laid off or you own your own business, or you are retired or whatever, you are affected like everyone else so you'd better think about it. When this same thing happened in 1929-35 we had long bread lines and men stood on street corners selling apples to earn a few pennies. It was tough but we came out of it. How? Largely because of Hitler's rise in Germany and the necessity to first re-arm and later to fight a war. That always brings full employment, fat paychecks and prosperity . . . except for those who die in the struggle. We have just finished our period of "prosperity" due to the Viet Nam conflict, but we also poured uncounted billions of our money, labor, and resources into that rat hole to say nothing of the lives. And it was a rat hole because it gained us absolutely nothing valuable. Now we have depression and unemployment and rising cost of living. But there is something different from the 1929-35 period. Now we have lived through Viet Nam, Watts, Detroit, Baltimore, Jersey City and other places and times. Our people know and understand violence because they have had a lot of practice. No longer will people be content to stand on street corners and sell apples. If their kids are starving they will go out and TAKE what they need and they have the guns and ammunition to stop those who get in their way.

Official figures put unemployment at about 7.5 percent but that counts people who *were* employed and have been laid off. It does *not* count those who have been out of work for so long that they no longer appear on the unemployment insurance rolls; the young people who have never had a job and so never got into the job census in the first place; the old people long out of the count, the sick, crippled, bedridden, etc. We doubtless have more than 15 percent of the people in this country not only unemployed personally but with no other employed person bringing home the bacon . . . or the grits. On top of that it is rising. Just how long do you think unemployment insurance

will go on; government jobs will provide employment or food handouts will sustain these people. Consider that every loaf of bread given away to the needy, every dollar paid to someone on some make-work project, every bushel of corn or wheat sent overseas to help the famine-stricken of other countries, had to be paid for by someone. The farmers who grow the grain and the bakers who baked the bread not to speak of the packagers, the shippers, the distributors, etc., had to be paid, too. And who paid them? You did . . . or will . . . through your taxes. This will reduced the spendable income of a lot of still employed citizens who thereby having spent the money for taxes can't spend it for consumer goods and the companies who need their business to stay in operation in turn have to cut salaries and wages or lay people off which further increases the unemployed rolls and so on, and on and on . . .!? It's frightening, isn't it?

Now what happens when some of these unemployed get tired of not eating or partially eating on some sort of dole? Very simple, they go and take it! From where? For food they will wipe clean the shelves of Safeway, A and P, Grand Union (or whatever big chain you are accustomed to in your area). When that sort of thing starts in a small way it will gain momentum in a period of three days to the point that stores will look like a field just swept clean by a cloud of locusts. Then what happens when you, the law abiding, employed, middle-class citizen goes to the store to shop for *your* kids and find nothing? Chances are that in a relatively short time *you* will do the same thing because you aren't going to sit quietly in the front room while the baby cries from hunger. ARE YOU? Would anybody? Think it over. Really look our times in the face. If it doesn't scare the holy hell out of you, you are either stupid or don't give a damn about yourself or your family. And even if you refuse to face those probabilities you can rest assured that there will be a lot of thousands of others who will and you will be caught up in the results.

Don't take refuge in the idea that the police can control the looting, or the National Guard or even the Army. When things get that bad there won't be enough of all three to do the job. But one more thing. Remember that the people making up these agencies are the sons and daughters of just ordinary citizens. When they see what is happening to relatives and friends will their sympathies and loyalties reside with the oaths and loyalties to the police, guard and army respectively or with the hungry people? Think that one over. Though you may not like the comparison it is very apt. When the Russians staged their revolution in 1917 the mobs stormed the Winter Palace in

Leningrad. The authorities tried to stop them. The sailors on the Navy ship Aurora anchored in the river got into the act and fired their naval guns. But they were the sons of the people and peasants who made up the mob. So who did they fire their guns on . . . their own people in the mob? Certainly not, they fired on the Winter Palace thus helping the mob to victory. What would happen here under similar circumstances?

Well, O.K., what can you do about it? I've written the above to give you some food for thought and to stir you to think over some of the possibilities and then to do something about it. In the last issue I put in a plea for you to own some silver so that you will have something spendable when and if paper money becomes relatively or completely worthless. I hope at least some of you have taken that advice. But having silver to spend is great only if there is something to spend it for. Safeway, A and P, Grand Union or other supermarkets will be glad to take that silver for food IF . . . they have any. Suppose what I outlined above should occur. You'd have the silver but your family will be hungry so how can you prevent that? That is what *this* editorial is for.

You can lay in a supply of dehydrated and freeze-dried foods NOW before the need arises. Now I don't just talk, I've done this and thus learned just as I did with the silver. I've bought a year's supply of assorted foods for one individual for about \$400. It does not consist of K rations or hardtack but of good, nutritious, tasty regular food, such as dried milk, peas, beans, potatoes, corn, carrots, spinach, apple sauce, fruits, wheat, etc. Even such things believe it or not as dried butter, peanut butter, cottage cheese, etc. Although I didn't buy it, would you believe freeze-dried chocolate ice cream? No? Neither would I till I tasted it and it's the real McCoy. Okay, where and how, right?

Some of you are Mormons and some of you who aren't know that the Mormons have for years followed the biblical idea of a famine (at least a bad year) every seventh year. Thus as a tenet of their religion they are all urged to keep a year's supply of food available. So naturally it was this group that really went into the dehydrated food business in a big way. Canned food doesn't last too well and that in boxes and bags is not even that durable. Naturally fresh foods of any kind last only a few days. So after much nutritional research from the point of view of learning how to retain the nutritional value, prevent spoilage

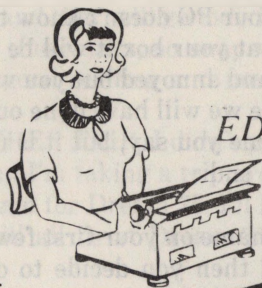
and also how to select a variety that will give you all the essentials of a good diet they have come up with answers to all these matters.

I'm writing this to put the problem before you, to urge you to do something about it and to tell you how to go about doing so. There are a number of companies around the country selling dried food products, but there is a catch to many of them. Oxygen may be an essential to life when you breathe it but it is a bad thing in stored foods because it oxidizes the essential substances. Thus while not spoiling the material in the can in the sense of decay, it is very greatly degraded from the destruction of specific necessary vitamins and other substances which are necessary for good health. So it isn't enough to just put the dried food in a can, neither is it enough to spray it with a stream of nitrogen to replace the surface oxygen before putting the lid on. This doesn't remove the oxygen between the pieces of food in the can. So the best thing to do is to put the cans under a vacuum to suck out the oxygen, bring the tank back to room pressure by admitting nitrogen to it, thus replacing the oxygen with nitrogen . . . then put the lid on. This is what the company mentioned below does. It results in a guarantee of only 2 percent oxygen in the cans. This assures the longest possible shelf life.

If you can find a reliable distributor in your part of the country, deal with him, but if you can't, I'd like to strongly suggest that you write to The Storehouse, 2838 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90465. Please tell them that you heard about them from Virginia BRUCE. *Don't* mention the name Prince as they don't know anything about my being a TV, it is a perfectly straight deal with them. I'm just another woman customer and they like me so don't mess that up. But if you write and become interested enough to order something, I'd like them to know that I helped them obtain the account. They not only have good things available but they have been very nice to me. So I'll be doing a good turn to them and to you by telling you about it. Thanks.

Virginia

And remember! It wasn't raining when Noah was building the Ark.



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. THANKS: I must start off by expressing my real appreciation to those of you who remembered me with cards, and some gifts, at Xmas time. I couldn't possibly send them out myself so I gave up trying several years ago, so don't feel slighted but if you sent me a card please accept my, Mary's and Jeanne's thanks.

II. LEADING LADY: We are fortunate to have an interesting lead story by Maureen in Denver in this issue. It has been a long time since one was submitted. Lead stories have to be a little different than other histories. They need to be really interesting and reveal the person in some depth. Those selected must also have presentable pictures. When a wife or a non-FP picks up the mag and sees the frontispiece portrait the individual shown speaks for all of us and must therefore speak well. If you can provide a good story interestingly written and look well enough for a portrait shot send the story and pics in. I don't look for Miss America, so don't be bashful. I just want pics that are sincere, realistic if not idealistic and an interesting true story. Try it, you might make it.

III. CHANGES: PLEASE Please, please! Don't expect Jeanne and me to be Sherlock Holmes and then bitch if we can't solve the problem. I'm referring to those of you who originally order under one name and later decide to be someone else and don't tell us. Or those of you who move and don't specifically point out that fact just assuming that we will mail to whatever address is given. We will, but we also keep record cards and we sometimes don't know whether we have a new customer with the same name as a former customer but at a different address or not. If it is a new address please say that it is so we can change the old address card.

Sometimes people take out a PO Box under their true man's name and then send us an order to be mailed to the Femmename. That is O.K. with us but if the box man at your PO doesn't know that Susie Q or whatever, will be receiving mail at your box it will be returned to us. You will not only be frustrated and annoyed but you will be asked to send the reshipment postage since we will have done our share the first time. We'll mail under any name you say, but it is up to you to have that name recognized at your end.

Some of you start out with one name on your first few orders, we make a card under that name and then you decide to order under some other name. We have no way of relating the new name to the old one and if anything goes wrong you write and ask in some annoyance about where your order is and we have no information because you don't give us the name it was ordered under. You'd be surprised how many readers act as though they were our only customers and we *ought* to know these things. We try and we do figure out some stumbers but we aren't psychic.

IV. PRICES: Please note that the applicable prices are those in effect at the time you order. People are always ordering from the price list printed in an old issue or on one of the fiction books which may have been printed six months to two years before, then they get mad when we point out that they must send in another \$1 or \$2 to make it up to the current rates. I don't like raising prices but I can't do much about it, so if you have an old issue and the price is changed please don't get upset by our telling you what the new price is and asking for the diff.

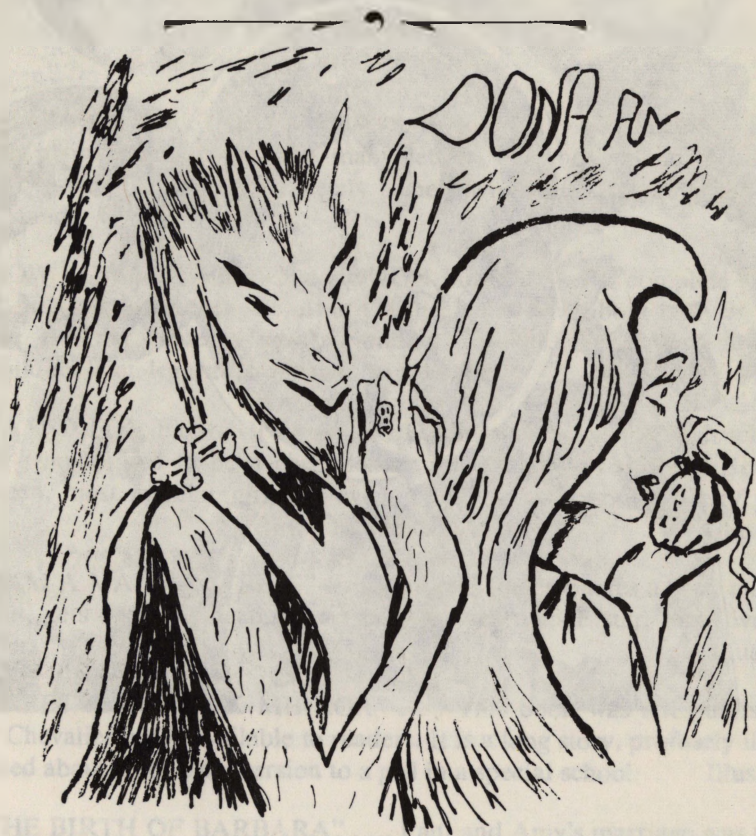
V. CORRECTION: It was previously announced in the magazine itself but failed to be corrected in the price list, that of the \$6 sent in on rentals only \$3 (not \$4) is returnable to you on returning the magazine. Postal costs make this necessary.

VI. CLIPSHEET: Due to insufficient interest the Clipseet has been discontinued with No. 39. There are still five issues in stock at \$1.50 each or any four for \$5.

VII. OLD ISSUES: For a long time we have had a back issue deal of six for \$20 which came to \$3.33 each. We have reduced the stock now to Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 48, 49, 51, 52—nine issues all told. Since you might not need six out of that list they will now be available at a reduced single price. Nos. 20, 21 and 52 ONLY are going to be reduced

to \$2.50 because I discovered a box of them I didn't know we had and so we have about 100 of them. The others listed are between 20 and 40 copies each and they will go individually at \$3. There was a lot of good material in those days, so snap them up at bargain prices and help yourself to good reading and me to liquidation of inventory.

VIII. ANOTHER TRIP: I didn't go anywhere last year to save up for this year and I'm taking a trip around the world starting in June, ending in Oregon for Dream 75. I'll have a fascinating story to tell and I hope you will all be at Dream 75 so we can meet and talk.



Gertie, cancel that call to the police. The peeping tom says he has a trade that I cannot possibly refuse.



each of any four for

Only 3 of the 9 children above are females. Can you guess which without checking? The picture is from an English magazine of 1911 when all boys apparently started out as girls. The GGs are Nos. 1, 8 and 9. Surprised?

PRICE LIST

"TRANVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.
Per Copy, Issues 61 and after (all are available) \$5
Per Copy, Issues prior to No. 61 IF Available \$4
Annual Subscription \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.
Single copies \$1.50
Four copies in advance \$5

SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4.50

"HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE" . . . A complete guide for the cross dresser. Everything you need to know about body alteration, clothing, jewelry, wigs, feminine attitudes, behaviour patterns, public conduct, legal aspects and change of status. \$7.00

"FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. Illus. \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. Illus. \$5

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. Illus. \$4

"THE BIRTH OF BARBARA" . . . Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. Illus. \$5

"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.

PART I "DOWN TO DEFEAT" Illus. \$4

PART II "MARILYN MAKES IT" Illus. \$4

"SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE" . . . Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girl's school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$4

"HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS" . . . Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie . . . and stays that way. \$3

MARTIN TO MARION — A novel in Three Parts

MARTIN DISCOVERS MARION — PART I \$3

MARION GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II \$3

MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III \$3

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA

Any 6 of back issues listed here \$20

The following back issues are still available: 15, 18-22, 48, 49, 51, 52. Every issue is new until you have read it.

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.

We have retained a lending library of 3 copies of *all* issues of TRANSVESTIA. They may be rented for \$6 per copy, \$4 of which is a deposit and will be refunded or applied to something else upon returning the rented copy. This way you can read every issue from No. 1.

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.

BRA and INSERTS \$6.50

Item 2. **JELLY KIT, FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals — one liquid the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided suggestions for producing "cleavage".

JELLY KIT \$5

Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 4. **MASTECTOMY INSERTS:** For those desiring a larger bust it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give thus being more natural on a larger figure.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 5. **"PRETTI PANTIES":** If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a "must". Nylon, lace trimmed, and with ribbons threaded through lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical. Sizes large and medium. Manufacturer varies colors.

EACH \$5

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

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline.

PER PAIR \$5.50

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

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
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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.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. After having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues, having read them, and deciding that we are your kind of people, ask for an application to join. Acceptance into FPE is dependant upon approval of the application, payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in the FPE Directory of Members. Admission into local chapters of the sorority requires an interview with the appointed interviewer for that group. Five or more members may form a group and can request designation as a chapter.

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 members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressee's femmename and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted where appropriate.

Ask for rates.



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