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Transvestia

FICTION:

The Compulsive Gambler
On a Local Television Station
World of Pamela

ARTICLES:

Evolution of the Femme Self
Transvestism Among Aboriginal
American Indians

HISTORY:

The Real Me — A Girl

TRUE STORY:

The Story of "Charmaine"

BOOK REVIEWS

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS —

The Girl Within Again



Volume XIII

No. 74

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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The Compulsive Gambler

by EILEEN - I. W. T.



It was another one of those nights. He could throw a few sevens and once in a while he threw a cherished eleven, but let him "catch" a point and he'd seven out every time. The stack of chips which he had purchased for seventy five dollars had dwindled to less than ten dollars.

Martin Gray couldn't overcome the gambling fever. He won just often enough to keep the flame deep in his twenty-three-year old soul. Overseas he had won quite a bit of money because he knew the odds and played according to them, and because he was playing with less skilled gamblers. Now in this professional gambling hall in what is known as Orleans Parish, Louisiana, he had gone up against pros and was having a bad streak of luck.

The worst part of his losing for the third straight night was that he was losing in a house run by a beautiful woman. She was smiling but distant as he placed his "come" bet after throwing an eight. He tossed his last chip at the pretty boss lady who was cashier at this table. "Put it on two fours."

The first roll, which he made after blowing on the dice in his fists was acey-deuce or crap out. That cost him his "come bet" and the next

roll was a four trey which meant he was now busted again. He hadn't brought his total cash along. Each night he had brought nearly a hundred dollars and had lost it. He had about a hundred left at home. The rest of his savings from military service had been invested in the snappy Chevy convertible which was parked outside the gambling den.

He swore softly as her voice said: "Tough luck sir. Want more chips?"

"I think that's enough for tonight. Maybe I'll be able to do better tomorrow night. My luck has to change some time."

He got his coat from the rack and slipped into it before he opened the door to go outside. It was winter in New Orleans, and the past few days had been pretty cold. That was another phase of his bad luck. His only skill was laying concrete which requires dry, above freezing weather. Since he had been here the weather had worked against him and his finances kept dwindling because of his gambling excesses.

"If only I could have got one streak going tonight," he grumbled as he unlocked the door of his automobile and slid in. "I have never had such a lengthy losing streak before. I guess it's time to stop when you lose better than three hundred dollars and go home broke for the third straight night!" Home was a furnished room in Gretna, across the new highway bridge from downtown New Orleans.

"I told you so," a demon within him kept saying as he drove along in the traffic one finds in New Orleans at almost any hour. "You should have stayed home and had a few beers." It was like this every time he drank, gambled and lost. He had fought against it a hundred times. It seemed that a part of himself rebelled at his continual gambling and losing.

"I won't give in tonight," he promised himself aloud. "I just won't." Even as he drove along he began to bawl himself out for losing money he couldn't bear to lose, that he couldn't afford to cast away. Before he crossed the old bridge he had reached a point he had arrived at so many times before. A masochistic inner self was demanding that he suffer for losing at dice. By the time Martin had reached the beginning of the dwelling in Gretna, his eyes were on the lookout for clothes hanging on a line. It was almost two A.M.

He turned off long before he reached the street on which he had rented his room in the private home of the McGee family. The nice con-

vertible was toiled around the streets until at last he saw several clotheslines full of garments hung out by some woman desperate enough to try even the bad weather to get some clothes dried.

He circled the block and before he reached the clothesline again, he had switched off his lights and at the right moment he cut his engine so that he could coast silently to his goal. It was dark enough, and bad enough weather, that no one was stirring and the lights in nearby houses had been extinguished.

He sat without moving for several minutes, trying to overcome the compulsion to do this thing he had done so many times before. It was no use. It was stronger than he was, because of the effect of the whiskey he had been drinking while gambling. He was weakest when he drank.

The light of the door on the driver's side did not go on when it was opened. He had disconnected it the first night he had prowled after buying the car. He boldly walked to the clothes and began selecting the garments he had need of. A girdle was there in a small size. He took it, and panties, a slip, a brassiere, stockings, and a skirt and finally a slip-over top.

He bundled the garments together under his coat and quickly walked back to his car. Seeing no one he opened the door, got in and started it. He drove for a block without lights, away from his own room and then after he turned the corner he switched on the lights and hurriedly drove to the room. He had a private entrance so he eased in quietly and locked the door.

The first thing he did after lighting up the room was to take a big drink from a bottle of whiskey that was open on a table. As the warm liquid burned it's way into his stomach, he lit his gas heater and began to undress in front of it, throwing his clothing carelessly on a nearby straight chair. When he was completely naked, he began to put on the wet cold clothing of a woman he didn't know from Adam. Only when he had struggled into every garment, beginning at the tight girdle and then adding the panties, the brassiere, the slip, the hose and the skirt and top in that order, did he slow up for a moment.

Shivering both from the contact with the damp clothing, and from the effect of the clothing upon his senses, he stood as close to the heat as he could for a few moments to stop a slight chill he had developed. Now he took the bottle again and gulped several large swallows down.

Then he had to go to his pitcher of water which stood on the night table and drink a few swallows to put out the raging fire in his throat.

Even as he neared the heater again he could feel the effects of his rapid drinking. Intoxication began to numb any objection of what he would do to himself next. From a locked suitcase he took some slender nylon rope and then he climbed on the bed with his head almost spinning in dizziness. He tied his feet together at the ankles, below and above his knees he tightly bound his legs. He fastened one end of the rope to one side of the metal bed and the other end to the other side, leaving himself lying on his back.

He took the remaining rope and managed to tie his wrists tightly together and then attach the ends of the rope to the head of the bed so that he would spend the night in self inflicted punishment. It took him a long time to drift off to sleep because of the tightness of the ropes.

Since he did not eat with the family he rented from, there was no need for them to call him the next morning which was Saturday. As a result he fitfully slept until ten thirty and woke up cramped, aching and angry at himself for giving in to this aberration of his subconscious. It took him quite a while to untie the knots which had tightened from his pulling against them in his sleep.

Once he had freed himself, he hurriedly yanked off the clothes which now offended him. They had served their purpose and would be thrown into the muddy Mississippi at his first opportunity. His wrists and ankles were deeply trenched where the ropes had chaffed him. The signs would be there he knew for at least a whole day.

"If I could just overcome this desire to punish myself in women's clothes" he said out loud. It stemmed from his mother dressing him in his sister's clothing once, when he had done some childish mischief. He knew that much. "But why women's clothes?" he pondered.

Martin went through the day drifting around town. In his billfold was the last money he had in the world, a hundred and twenty bucks which had been hidden under his mattress. It drizzled cold rain all day and by dark he had watched one early movie at a Canal Street theatre. He made the rounds of several Bourbon Street bars, drinking a beer or two in each. About ten, after watching the first floor show in one, he went to his car, knowing he was heading for the gambling joint the moment he left the bar.

There weren't too many gamblers at this hour but enough were there that the boss lady was back at the last table near the men's rest room. He bought fifty dollars worth of \$.50 chips to start with and he began to bet systematically. It wasn't long before he had a run of good luck and he had almost two hundred dollars worth of chips in front of him. Then he made the mistake so many make and exchanged the chips for \$1 and \$5 chips so that he could play on a larger scale. Within twenty minutes he was tossing his last chip at the lovely cashier. "Put it on two fives." He had ten for a point, and immediately he rolled a seven. Angry at himself he took another fifty from his pocket. He lost it. The last ten bucks of his hundred and ten remainder was now invested in \$.50 chips again. He hit and brought his pile up to \$75.00. Again he tried to increase the size of his betting and again he lost steadily. Persistently he stayed at this poor system until he had sevened out on his final chip.

The lovely manager was honestly beginning to feel sorry for Martin because she knew he couldn't afford such losses every night unless he was stealing or obtaining the money through robbery or something. She could tell the slim handsome boy was not rich by the cheap clothing he wore, even if it was clean and neatly pressed.

He had to force back tears when he realized that he had gone broke this time, really broke. He didn't have over \$.75 in his pocket. He went up to her side and asked if they granted credit. "No . . . The policy of the house is cash or major credit cards. Are you broke again?"

"Yes maam. I've got a good job and it pays well, but I won't have any money before Wednesday. They pay me then."

"I'm dreadfully sorry but the owner forbids credit."

The gambling bug hit him so hard he asked: "What about a loan on my car outside? It's a new Chevy convertible. Could you advance me some money on it? If I win I pay it tonight. If I lose you can keep the keys till I get paid."

"Look . . . why don't you quit? You're no gambler, you've just got the fever. I've watched you play unwisely for the past four nights I know. I hate to see you throw away your money like that."

"I can't quit now," he complained. "I'm hooked too much. Look, let me have a hundred dollars and I'll turn my keys over to you right now. If I lose I'll leave the car with you till I redeem it."

"I'll let you have just a hundred. If you lose that, you'll have to quit tonight. I don't want to see you lose the car."

She gave him the money in chips after he signed a note promising to pay it back in a week's time. He promptly lost the hundred dollars and it went so quickly that he had put his last dollar up before he knew it.

She began to shake her head negatively as he started to ask for more money. "I cannot. You promised to quit if you lost and you have."

"But my luck will change," he protested.

"I'm sorry Martin. I can only loan you what you can repay, and you only have a week. If I let you have another hundred you couldn't pay it.

"I'll sell you the car then," he exclaimed. "I own it outright and I'll sell it to you. I just can't quit this far behind."

"Where is it Martin?" When he said "outside," she asked one of the other women workers to take over her job for a few minutes, and followed him outside. She looked over the nice car and they walked back inside to get out of the cold. In the lobby of the place which was a large dwelling house, she stopped to talk with him. "Come back to my office and let's talk some more. I don't know what to do about you."

They entered a comfortable office, furnished with a large desk, the usual equipment and several chairs. He sat at one and she sat behind the desk. "What if I bought your car Martin, and you lost all the money? What would you do then? Don't you have to have a way to work, and back to where you live?"

"I'm willing to take that chance," he said. "I've lost too much not to try and get it back."

They talked about where he roomed, his work and once as he motioned, she saw the rope marks on his wrist. She said nothing about it, but finally agreed to pay him \$900 more for the car with the stipulation that he could buy it back for \$1000.00 any time within the next six months.

When he went to the gaming table this time it was with \$5.00 chips. By four in the morning he had worn himself out and had less than



Maureen
5-C-20 FPE



Barbara
Nova Scotia



Betty Ann
10-H-1 FPE



Karen
S-G-14 FPE

\$50.00 of the money left. When time came to close the operation down at 5:00 A.M. he was back up to \$100.00.

Marie Corday who had sadly watched the boy lose nearly everything came up to him and said: "I'll drive you home if you will let me."

"I don't want to put you out maam," he answered. "Now I'm sorry I didn't listen to you about going home." He looked so heartbroken that she didn't know if she could stand it or not. Marie was wealthy in addition to being a pretty woman of thirty. She had worked as a stripper for several years and saved her money. The owner of this business paid he \$500.00 a week to operate it. She knew this boy was in rough shape by this night's loss and actually feared that he would kill himself.

He finally agreed to let her drive him home, and they got in her car which was a late model Caddy. She didn't head for Gretna, but for the lakefront which has lots of benches where people sit in the summer and may be found there at any hour.

Even in this weather there were cars parked along the way, but she found a deserted strip of parking area and pulled in it. When she shut off the engine, she turned to him and got comfortable. "You don't have to talk to me Martin, but I wish you would. I'm afraid of what you'll do to yourself after losing so much."

His eyes narrowed as she mentioned this, and perhaps she saw him flinch. "Why Miss Corday?"

"I saw some rope burns on your wrist back in the office. They are self inflicted aren't they?" Without waiting for an answer she lifted his left arm and pushed the shirt and jacket up exposing the cruel marks still plainly visible.

He pulled away and nodded but didn't speak.

"These were for last night's loss, right?" she asked, knowing all the time that it was true.

He ducked his head and looked out the window. "Yes maam."

"You would probably kill yourself for losing the car if I turned you free right now, wouldn't you?"

He didn't answer, but the thought had entered his mind numbers of times in the last two hours.

"Answer me Martin. Haven't you been considering that?"

"Yes I have," he confessed. "Hell . . . I am no good to anybody." He thought of the speech he had chosen and said: "I'm sorry . . . It slipped."

She started up the car and pulled out of the place, driving at a moderate speed. "Where are you taking me?" he asked. Maybe she had decided to turn him over to the police as a possible suicide.

"To my place until I can think this out. I can't have you killing yourself. If I turned you loose you would do it. I'd feel responsible and I would never get over it."

"I don't care any more. I have tried my best to quit gambling but it is in my blood I guess. What have I got to live for anyway?"

"Stop talking like that," she demanded. "I want to think." She was on a major highway now, headed for her beautiful home in Kenner. Without arriving at a solution, she pulled up in the secluded drive of her home and parked under a two car garage.

They walked inside and he sat-down at the kitchen table while she fixed a cup of coffee for both of them. He wasn't hungry, he informed her when she asked, but she fixed eggs and bacon for both of them anyway. When she sat across from him to eat, she spoke for the first time in minutes. "I want you to open up and tell me about your tying yourself up. What do you do with yourself? Why do you do it?"

He turned a deep shade of red as he thought of himself in women's clothing. He couldn't tell her about that. What could he say? "Uh . . . Please Miss Corday, it's embarrassing. I'd rather not say. It's awful."

She looked directly into his eyes: "Do you tie yourself up nude?" He didn't need to answer, his eyes said 'no.' "In your clothes?" Again he gave away a no answer as he almost nodded negatively. "In women's clothes," she almost shouted. "That's it . . . you punish yourself by dressing up in the clothing of women." He looked away but she saw the guilty look.

"I knew it was something like that. Your face gives you away."

"Please," he begged. "I hate myself enough."

"Martin . . . somebody at some time or another has dressed you in girl's clothing for punishment. haven't they?"

Again, he was too repulsed by his own inner self to answer. He let his chin droop almost to his chest before he nodded briefly. "My mother did once."

"And every time you do something wrong you punish yourself now the same way?"

"Most of the time. It's worse when I drink."

"You have feminine clothes somewhere?"

"No maam. I steal them and then throw them away. I know it's wrong and I'm sorry. but I haven't been able to stop."

An idea crossed Marie's mind as she sat looking at him, while he told how he had treated himself earlier at the gaming loss. When he described the tying to the bed and stopped, she asked: "How much have you been making a week lately?"

"I haven't been averaging but \$60 to \$75.00 because of the weather. In the spring I'll make about \$150."

"What if I gave you a job making \$80.00 including board. You wouldn't try to kill yourself if I said in 8 months I'd give you your car back as a bonus, would you?"

"What could I do that would earn me that much money? Work at the gambling hall for you?"

"Later, perhaps. But not at first. There's my housework, my flowers and some minor repair work needing attention."

"How do you know I wouldn't take what I think is valuable and leave while you are gone?"

"I'll put one string on you Martin. You deserve a little punishment for being so foolish as to lose your money. You must become Marty."

my maid so you cannot return to being Martin because there won't be anything for him to wear, and because she has plucked eyebrows and makeup on too."

"If I don't agree to do that?"

"I'll take you to town and let you go. I've given you a chance to get everything back with money to boot. If you refuse that, you're on your own. I can't stop you from killing yourself, nor can I force you to do as I have offered."

She got up and went into her bedroom to remove the clothing she had worn for something more comfortable. When she returned it was in a waltz length pink nightgown and matching robe. Her hair now hung loosely and was shoulder length, glistening black.

"I must become a girl to all appearances to stay here and work for you?"

"Yes, you would. I wouldn't want my neighbors or those who know me, to know that I was keeping a young man in my home."

"I hadn't thought of that . . . but I can see you're right. Well . . . O.K.. Miss Corday. I'll take your offer. I'll become your maid, housekeeper and gardener. It will certainly help me to be able to keep my car."

She took him into the left wing bedrooms and chose a large one for him. "This is yours. After I rest a few hours I'll help you fill your closet with clothes and see that you have plenty of everything to wear. Have your body hair shaved off, and your boy clothes rolled up in a bundle by the time I get back."

He went into the adjoining bath, where he found the essentials to do what she expected. Her mission was clothing, and she chose him some pretty lingerie first. She selected a few dresses, some shoes of both high and low heel types and carried everything into the bedroom. She could hear the water running in the bath. She made another foray into her bedroom and this time she returned with a complete makeup kit, a jewelry box and one of her wigs.

She laid a brassiere, a pair of panties and a lovely green satin nightgown out for him to sleep in and went to her bedroom to sleep.

With the hair removed from his legs, his chest, under his armpits and his arms also, Marty was now drying himself off. A large box of dusting powder was on the shelf near the tub, so he used the large mitten to really smooth his skin with the silky powder.

He cracked open the door and saw the items she had placed for him. As he approached them, he saw a note. "I'm going to rest a while. Wake me if you are up at 2:30. Before you retire, be sure your appearance is all feminine, just in case someone comes. Remember you are Marty now."

He attached the brassiere about himself easily and discovered it was a fit. He used some extra panties to fill the already padded cups. The frilly panties felt nice, as he slipped them up his hairless legs. The pleated nightgown was adorable with its contrasting green lace and white bows in the middle from top to bottom.

The wig was pressed into place and he opened the makeup kit. This was something he had never done before, and yet he was determined to try. He smeared a liquid foundation smoothly over his face and applied just a little of the mascara on his eyebrows. He used the little brush wet with eyelash lengthener to make his lashes appear longer and curl in a feminine way. He used just a little lipstick to darken his lips. "Not bad for the first time," he said proudly. In a few minutes after stretching out on the comfortable bed, he was sound asleep. The incessant ringing of the doorbell awoke him just after noon. When she didn't answer it, he looked for something to slip on over the revealing gown and found a robe which looked adequate. A pair of scuffs were nearby so he slipped them on and went to the door timidly. As he opened it he remembered to talk softly as a girl, which wasn't a problem since his voice was rather high naturally.

"Hello Miss," a man greeted him. "Is Miss Corday in?"

"Yes she is," Marty said softly. "But she is asleep and isn't to get up until two."

"She'll want to be awakened for me," he replied. "I'm her brother. I am in the service, passing through New Orleans. I've only got a six hour layover here and it's on to California."

"Oh . . . well come in then and I'll call her for you. Your name is . . ."

"Just tell her Mark is here," he said as he entered the living room and sat down by the door. He watched Marty walk away carefully. "Cute chick," he thought to himself.

Marty went to Marie's bedroom door and tapped. There was no answer so she pushed the door open and saw the lovely black haired beauty laying on her bed sound asleep. She went over to her and touched her lightly. "Miss Corday . . . Your brother Mark is here to see you for a few hours . . . You had better get up."

She sat on the edge of the bed and asked: "Did he suspect anything about you?" At the same time she took in the now feminine appearing Marty and said: "No he wouldn't. You look like a girl." She paid no attention to the fact that she was in the presence of a boy/girl and walked in her nightgown to the closet where she chose a robe and slipped it on. "Let's go and I'll introduce you," she told Marty who was still standing there.

"But I'm not completely dressed."

"He's already seen you in that outfit. Come on. He'll be hungry as a bear if he's like he used to be."

They walked back to where he was sitting and he jumped up to hug his sister affectionately. "You look as young as you did when I saw you three years ago," he exclaimed. Then nodding at Marty he asked: "Who is this dish? A friend of yours?"

"This is Marty, Mark. She is a companion, housekeeper, etc."

"I wish I could stay longer than six hours then. Uncle wants me to go to Korea for a year, so I'm on my way. At least it isn't Viet Nam."

"I wish you could stay longer too. Are you flying to the coast?"

He nodded. "Yeh . . . I've got to be at the airport by 5:45 P.M. You got any grub in this dump?"

"His words always," she told Marty as she led the way to the kitchen and then to him: "Sit down glutton. Sometimes I think you are hollow from your head to your foot. Especially in the head area."



Diana 43-P-3 FPE



Cynthia 35-S-4 FPE

"I'll feed him Marty, while you dress. Then you can keep him busy while I dress okay?"

Marty took the signal and went into her bedroom to clear away the boy clothes she had taken off. She locked the door and began to dress in a simple shift that zipped up the front. She found a half slip to wear under it and pulled on a tight girdle too. From the jewelry box she selected a pair of blue earrings to match the blue print dress and clipped them on her ears. A touch up with the lipstick and she looked presentable enough to return. "No need for hose or other shoes," she told herself. She returned to the kitchen and found Mark eating heartily. Marie was sitting across from him watching the food disappear.

As Marty walked in, she laughed. "Sit here and watch a miracle. I believe a ton of food could disappear into that mouth."

Marty poured a cup of coffee for herself after refilling both of their cups and sat down. "If I ate like that," she said softly, "I couldn't walk through a door."

Mark stopped eating long enough to quip: "You girls don't get enough exercise. Sitting around on your fannies is what makes you fat. I stay busy and it doesn't affect me."

They passed and repassed at each other for a few more minutes and Mark finally filled up. "Got time to show me the joint where you work Sis, or have you something else to do?"

"I'm managing a gambling hall now Mark. You wouldn't find that too interesting. There's no one there in the day time. We could ride around for a while if you like?"

"Can gorgeous here go too, or have you turned into a slave driver in your old days?"

"Marty can go along, if you'll keep your meat hooks off of her, you fugitive from a full moon. Won't you ever calm down and find the right girl? You aren't a kid anymore. You are twenty seven now."

"When I meet the right one Sis, I'll cool it maybe. Sure I'll behave for Marty." He winked at Marty. "Sis thinks I bite."

"I rather think you would if you got the chance," Marty smarted. "You have that certain look."

"You girls are all suspicious," he complained. "Now me . . . I'm just a soldier boy traveling through. I wanted a few hours of friendly chat. Me be a wolf? No maam. I . . ."

"Not till you get the chance," his sister told him. "But I mean it. Marty's just a nice kid and it's hands off. Okay?"

"Okay sis . . . I get the picture. You're saving her for some Knight in Shining Armor. I promise . . . Scout oath . . . to treat her like a sister . . . But let's go. I'm only here for a few hours and then off into the wild blue yonder."

"Then calm down and give us time to get decent and we'll go. Fix yourself a drink from the bar under the counter. We'll be out shortly. She permitted Marty to follow her into the bedroom, and said: "You can help me get dressed. It'll be quicker. Pick me out some undies while I brush my teeth."

Marty went over to the dresser and pulled out the drawers, choosing blue panties, a white lace slip, a new panty girdle, brassiere and hose. She placed these items on Marie's bed and waited. "Get the black and white shift dress with the wide white hem from the closet for me, while I get these things on."

Marty opened the closet and found the garment she indicated, and brought it back as Marie fastened the bra at her back. She had the panties and girdle on so the slip was next. Marty zipped her dress for her and then asked: "I had better get some stockings on too?"

"Yes Marty. If you run into trouble I'll be there in a few minutes to help."

Marty had hooked hose to girdle tabs before, so she was dressed and slipping into high heel shoes by the time Marie entered the room. "Do you know enough about those things to walk in them?" she asked Marty.

"I've worn heels for many hours as punishment," she answered. "They walk as good to me as men's shoes, if not better."

"Okay . . . Let me see your face. It'll do for today. I'll pluck your brows out this evening or first thing tomorrow. Come on before he comes after us."

They walked out to where Mark waited impatiently and the three of them were soon riding in the Cadillac toward the Crescent City. Marty's thoughts were on the thrill she was experiencing, instead of how she was being punished. How different it was. Her eyes kept drifting to her nylon clad knees, visible with another three inches of thigh from the hem of the shift she wore. Mark sat on her right and even that wasn't too bad. He kept eyeing her legs also.

Marie drove by the Casino she managed to show him where it was located. "Where would you like to go Mark?" she asked.

"How about the Cartier House for an early dinner?"

"You idiot. You just ate enough to hold you a week. What would you prefer to do for these few hours?"

"To be truthful, I'd like to put you out and drive this doll somewhere. But since that's out, let's go by that dump you used to work in and have a few drinks for old times sake."

Even while Marty was showing a balled up fist, Marie spoke: "All right Mark, we can have a few but you don't want too many if you're going to fly. It isn't good on a load of alcohol." She turned in the direction of Bourbon St. and the night clubs of the old French Quarter. She had started stripping there at the age of 19 and it held many memories good and bad. Now . . . eleven years later, she was fixed for life unless something drastic happened.

She found a small parking lot near the old nightclub and they walked to it, chatting about the past, while Marty enjoyed the chance to be out of the spotlight for a while. Her reactions thus far had been good. To be in women's clothes as she was now, wasn't punishment, she decided. It was fun.

The place was almost desolate. Except for the manager who remembered Marie, and one waitress, it was empty. He fixed them a table in the dark corner away from the door.

"This is where you always sat," he said. "You never wanted to sit where people could see you when they first came in." Who are your guests Marie?"

"I'm sorry Pete," she said. "This is my companion Marty. She stays with me and cares for my things. This character here is my baby brother, Mark. He was here when I worked the show once."

"Oh yeh . . . I remember. He's the bird that thought men ought to be quiet and just look when his sister worked, and not yell."

They all laughed at Mark's obvious embarrassment at this memory. When the manager walked away to get their drinks, he explained: "I didn't want them making cracks at my sister. To me you were an angel not a stripper. Boy was I glad to hear that you had quit that racket."

They drank and chatted until it was time to drive him to the airport. By now he was as friendly to Marty as he was to his sister. They joked and picked at each other until their car was parked in the airport's parking lot. At that time Mark began to act a little sober.

"Hey, Marty . . . I want you to do something for me. Keep tabs on this old maid for me. She's still my favorite sister. Will you do that kid?"

"Sure Mark," Marty answered. "She's big enough to watch out for herself now, but I'll look out for her for you."

The big terminal was difficult to find your way around in unless you knew your way, but at last they found the right ramp for them to walk down so he could board his plane when they called it out. While they stood and waited, he talked to Marie about what should be done with his things in case anything happened, etc.

They finally called his flight at 6:50 and he folded Marie in his big arms for a goodbye kiss. They seemed to be an affectionate brother and sister. He turned to Marty and embraced her the same way. Without thinking he pressed his lips on the boy/girl and kissed Marty on the red lips.

Marty tried to avoid it for a moment and then let the kiss land, to avoid giving the truth about herself away. Then he was gone, and they walked back to the cocktail lounge where they had a drink before talk-

ing. "I'm glad you let him kiss you." Marie said thoughtfully he'll think about you a thousand times while he is overseas and that'll give him some good memories to go with the bad times he's having."

"He caught me off balance for a minute. I wasn't expecting that. He's a fine boy." Marty said.

"Honey . . . did you know you were reacting like a girl in these situations today? It just dawned on me that you haven't reacted like a boy all day. At the house when he came you put on a robe and let him in. You walked boldly into another girl's bedroom, stood calmly by and watched her get up, selected her underclothes, watched and helped her dress without a trace of embarrassment, sat beside a wolf and let him eye your hairless legs in nylons, sat in a bar and drank like a lady, and then was suddenly kissed by a boy without the first male reaction. I'm amazed."

"I hadn't thought of anything like that." Marty admitted somewhat to her own surprise.

"I know it. You are reacting just right. Why you can go right to work at the gambling casino with me. If you'd like to, I don't want to press you. But you could try being a waitress or even work at the tables."

"Not at the tables unless it's necessary." Marty said firmly. "I suddenly feel that I am through with the games of chance." They got up and began walking to their car.

"You might even get to wear one of those brief cigarette girl outfits," she smiled. "I think you'd get some stares and maybe even a few pinches on the bottom."

"I wouldn't mind the waitress bit."

"Then we have got to get home so you can smooth your face a little. It wouldn't do to show the least bit of fuzz."

The pretty Marie drove rather fast and they were home within a matter of minutes. While Marty shaved her face again, taking pains to remove every whisker, and applied the makeup all over again, Marie dressed in a lovely pantsuit. It was black and white, which was her favorite and did look good with the black hair.

"I don't have a uniform here at the house Marty, but there are some extras at the club which will fit you. You can wear one until tomorrow and then I'll take you out and buy you at least three pretty ones."

They arrived at the Casino at 9 P.M. which gave Marty an hour to get dressed and learn where things were. The gambling didn't begin till 10:00 and stopped at 5:00 A.M. Marie got her a uniform, a black satin thing with a very full skirt, and a tiny white apron. She took her in her own office where Marty removed her shift dress and donned the uniform. "It sure is short," she exclaimed as she looked at her legs. Her slip which was a short length one to begin with, showed from the hem of the uniform.

"I'll pin it up for you," Marie offered and got some safety pins from her desk. She pinned the slip up so it wouldn't show, attaching the pins to the brassiere in at least five places and tucking the pins under the elastic. "There," she said at last "It doesn't show now."

"What about my girdle legs?" Marty asked after tying the tiny apron about her waist.

"No . . . they don't show," Marie said smiling to herself at the mark of feminine concern. "Let's go now and I'll show you the routine." She showed Marty the way the beer was separated by brands, where the different hard liquors were located in the cabinets, and the various mixes that they had.

"I'll get you some change after I get the other things ready for opening."

Marty walked around the various tables and as she passed a full length mirror set into the wall, she was startled at her own image. "Why I do look like a waitress," she thought. She fluffed the full skirt up and allowed the girdle to be exposed up to her tummy. She smoothly brought her palms down the seat of the tight fitting garment, thrilling in its caress.

She resumed walking around, taking note of the areas to be covered in waiting on the customers. After a while the other help arrived, and she boldly introduced herself to the first. She was a middle aged woman who served as bartender, mixing special drinks and opening the beer for the waitresses. "I'm Marty Gray," she said graciously. "Miss Corday hired me to help out on the gaming floor."

"My name is Ruth Samples," the woman said, smiling at Marty's friendliness. "I'm glad Marie hired another waitress. Ann can't handle it all. We have really been busy lately."

When Ann came in, Ruth introduced Marty and between them they divided the spacious area in half. Marty took the area with the blackjack table, the roulette wheel and one poker table. This left Ann the two dice tables and a poker table, plus a small group of tables in a small alcove.

While they waited for the customers to arrive and start drinking they sipped a coke and talked about music, one of Marty's favorite subjects. It was to keep from talking about boys, that Marty arranged this. Very soon, the place began to fill up. By eleven they had all they could do to keep the customers happy.

Marty's trim figure and pretty face drew lots of attention, and long before the night was over, she had been pinched on the breasts once, patted on the bottom a dozen or two times and one guy tried to embrace her. Calmly she pulled away and escaped his second attempt. "Uh uh Mister," she said. "That doesn't come with the games of chance. You have to bring your own girl."

When five A.M. came both waitresses were exhausted. Marty's feet were burning like fire from walking all night in the black patent leather pumps. She took them off as she settled into the Caddy waiting for Marie.

"You better drive your Chevy home today Marty," Marie said as they went out. "I'll follow you to be sure you don't get into trouble. Here are your keys."

Marty got out of the Cad and slipped into the convertible. It felt very peculiar to get in on the driver's side in a shift dress. In doing so she saw it ride up enough to expose her crotch. "You'll have to learn to enter a car like a lady," she admonished herself.

As daylight caught them they were near Marie's home. She drove in the vacant space on the left, as Marie pulled into the other one. Very soon both of them were sound asleep. It had been a trying night, and neither felt like eating before going to bed.

It took all of the first three months in feminine clothes to work the masochistic nature out of Marty, and for her to adjust completely to



Sheila in 1928
Age 38



An English sister — Sheila 1965 Age 75
(Now 82) FPs too can grow old gracefully.

life as a gaming casino waitress. That's how long it took for interest in the opposite sex to begin to come alive. Marie said or did nothing to encourage this but she was beginning to feel more than just an attachment for her round-the-clock companion. At first she wanted to return the car, and sufficient money to get him started, back to the youth.

But as she watched him from week to week she felt herself wishing that he was older, or she was seven years younger. When at last she knew that she loved him, she just suffered the pangs of loving without receiving. It wouldn't do to reveal how she felt.

Marty began to come of age after the third month in dresses. Her personality brightened, her looks constantly improved, she no longer showed a sign of tenseness or unhappiness. About this time her eyes were opened to a beautiful woman. "I'm way out of her class," Marty sighed at the thought of asking Marie to change their relationship. "I have nothing to offer her, why I can't even return the favors she has extended to me." Immediately, however she began to try. Instead of sleeping until noon or later, she set the clock for ten, and with five hours sleep would get up and do the housework. She'd put on slacks and work in the yard. When the grass began to grow in early spring, she rode the riding mower and cut the hedges. All this was noticed by Marie.

In the first few days of April Marty found herself observing Marie's lovely body at every opportunity. She wanted to touch, but stayed back from respect for what this beauty had done for her. Marie, on the other hand, had developed such a thing for Marty that she decided to set her free. "He would never fall in love with a woman older than he is," she said to herself.

The showdown came when the boss told her to start closing two nights a week. Business was so good and things pleased him so much that he wanted his employees to have more time off as a reward. They had been used to working six nights and on the seventh each had plenty to do. Now there was a night in which they had to find something. They found each other. They were sitting in the den with cake and coffee one Monday night watching an old love movie on TV.

After it ended with the couple who had experienced so much trouble getting married, Marie turned it off and went to pour herself a drink. She fixed Marty a stiff one also, and sat down near her. "Marty . . . I think you are over your self punishment thing. Living as a girl these months has been good for you. I think I'm going to return your car and

money as a reward. I have watched you work so hard at the club, and then here at the house. You have redeemed your loss. You can start returning to your masculine self as of now."

"What if I said that I didn't want to?"

"There is no reason for you to stay a girl now. Oh you can keep enough things to dress occasionally, but you can get a job and . . ."

"You don't understand Marie . . . I don't want to become Martin again."

"Why not?"

"I'd rather not tell you. But if you'll let me, I'll work harder and even work for less money."

"I must know why. If it is just to live as a girl, you can manage that somewhere else."

"It isn't that but . . ." At this Marty slid off of the couch and rested her head on Marie's knees. "But I don't want to leave you. You have made my life worthwhile. I'll be your maid or anything just don't make me go."

Marie lifted the pretty face which was streaming tears so she could see the large eyes that were filled with water. "What are you trying to say Marty?"

"I don't have a right to . . . but I love you Marie. I know you couldn't return love to me. I don't deserve that, but if you'll let me I'll be your closest friend, forever."

Marie looked rather shocked for a moment. "Do you really mean that you could love me? I'm older and . . ."

"I have loved you since the second night I spent in this house. I'm not interested in age. I want understanding and love."

"But if I said you had to stay in women's clothes?"

"I'll dress like you want me to. I'll be anything you want me to be, but don't tell me to leave you . . . please."

"I'll make up my mind tomorrow Marty. Tonight we are going to change our routine. I want you to go and fix yourself up in your night clothing. Take your time and become your loveliest. I'll be in by nine thirty to see you."

Marty did as Marie said, and took extra pains to shave, smooth her skin with powder, and make up her face. When everything suited her, she chose a brassiere she had just purchased, with specially designed pads to create an illusion bust. It was pink with blue lace and white ribbons had been delicately woven into strategic place .

The satinette panties of palest pink were equally beautiful, adorned heavily with lace and beauty bows. Little pleats were about the thighs and they enhanced the pretty bikini briefs' beauty. When she slipped these on, she had to walk to the mirror and adore them.

The nightgown was also a pale pink and so brief that the panties could be seen if she lifted an arm over her head. With arms down the skirt barely covered the panties.

Marty rechecked her nails on both hands and feet, to be sure they had not been discolored. Their freshly manicured and polished beauty was also to her satisfaction. A brief negligee which was semi transparent was slipped on and then she put her feet in soft cuddlesome slippers that had no toes to hide the polished nails.

"Now I'll sit here and wait on Marie," she decided. "I wonder what she wants."

She didn't have long to wait. A soft tap announced that she was outside her door. "Come in . . . I'm ready for bed."

Marie opened the door and walked in, pleased to see Marty's mouth open at the sight of her in black nylon man-tailored pajamas. Marty could see that the two pieces were all she had on, through the transparency. Her hair was pulled back and held by a black ribbon, being almost invisible. She wore no makeup whatsoever, though her lips showed traces of it. She told Marty, as she stood near the light switch, to get up and remove the robe. "I want to see what you're wearing before I turn out the light."

The lovely girl stood, removed the light robe and hitched the skirt of

her nightgown up so that the tops of the bikini panties could be seen just below the rounded navel.

"Adorable," Marie breathed. She flicked the light switch and only a dim light from the adjoining bath gave any light into the room. She walked slowly toward Marty and then as their bodies touched . . . she embraced her in a most masculine manner. Her lips sought the inside of the younger girl's lips and began drawing the honey from this thrilling contact.

Marty responded with the way of women. Her arms curled gently about Marie's neck and she pressed herself close in the tight embrace. The kiss was broken . . . resumed again . . . and broken again. Marty felt herself being eased backward on the soft bed and just submitted herself entirely. Her gown was high enough, but the brief panties were pulled down.

Long long afterward the two embraced again and rekindled an inner fire that had to be put out. At last they both slept soundly, locked tightly in each other's arms.

When they awoke it was almost nine A.M., and both lay staring into each other's eyes. "I had to know Marty" . . . Marie said softly. "I couldn't say a definite yes until I knew if I could find satisfaction with you. Now I know, and I can say truthfully: "I love you."

"You know that I love you Marie. You're not going to make me leave then?"

"I'm not going to permit you to leave," she answered. "Just lay here in my arms and let me talk about Marie. I've heard your story and now I want you to know why I have never married. Oh I know I'm not a virgin, and that's not my fault either, but I too have been a troubled person."

She sat up and looked down into the pretty eyes, still nicely made up and shining with joy. "Marty I never have been able to attach myself to any male before. Don't get me wrong, I'm not lesbian either. I've been accused of it plenty, by men who couldn't get what they wanted. The idea of a real woman touching me, intimately I mean, is also repulsive.

What I could not stand about men that I dated was their roughness,

their coarse ways, their vulgar speech, and over aggressiveness. The first who took me did so when I was trying for a stripper job. It was rape but I couldn't prove it. The second was a homosexual with feminine ways. He couldn't satisfy me, and I couldn't him. He went his way and he is a female impersonator now.

Until you came along I have been cold blooded Marie Corday. Now I'm feeling human again. If you can repeat last night from now on, you have yourself a marriage partner, if you want it that way. I realize that it is true, what I have been suspecting. I am a female transvestite.

"You can't respond as an ordinary woman, but you can take the male role and be happy. Is that it?"

"Exactly. That's what I meant when I said you would have to stay as Marty, to stay with me. I like you . . . no I love you that way."

"Then that is what I want too. I never dreamed that sex could be such pleasure as it was last night Marie."

"You're going to have to learn to think of me as something other than Marie, when I'm taking the role of the husband. You'll be the wife Marty, and I must be . . . How does Maurice sound?"

"I think I can call you that easily enough. When I start to say Marie I'll remember to add the "ice" to it. "I'll bet . . ."

Maurice put her hand over the pretty girls lips and said . . . "uh uh. No more gambling for you. I forbid my wife to gamble on anything anymore. All I expect her to do is keep my home nice, and herself pretty, as I bring home the bacon."

"All right darling," Marty agreed. "Have your own way. I like it that way too."

Their wedding took place not many days later. That is the way they started out and I'm sure it will continue that way. They aren't gambling on their love to last, they are living on it.



Rita FE-B-1 FPE
Brazil



THE EVOLUTION OF THE FEMME SELF

Eileen, Penn.

One thought that most of us don't really consider or really have the opportunity to develop is the personality of a woman within us. Those of us of course that are fortunate enough to have the opportunity and have the courage to live fully as a woman have long ago resolved this problem, but for the majority of men who choose, one way or another to express their feminine selves, there is little hope that they can delve deeply enough within themselves to find and develop their womanliness.

Most practitioners of FP are forced either to be secretive, have little or no time or resources to devote to this important side of themselves, or are so troubled through "guilt purges" and doubt that a peaceful balance are within them so necessary for development of a personality is non-existent.

It seems to be a fact and I have discovered that the answer to the question, "What would I do if I could dress anytime or as much as I want, and how far would I go with it?" is that the desire becomes less and less pressing as the actions of everyday womanhood are assimilated. This is not to say that I would give up the pleasure, but only that I have reached the stage where there are a great deal of responsibilities that I must assume to be the woman I want to be. But before I discuss my own case at length, I will state the stages that I believe that this transition runs in its course to complete (mental at least) womanhood.

First of all, the majority of transvestites (FPs) are mental children, their femininity prepubescent, far below their chronological age. They quickly put something on, and run to a mirror or take pictures and beg for those who are close to admire them. The most dangerous thing about this is that those who have no one present to take the parental

role and compliment them, are forced to go out in the streets with a positively childlike ambition to be seen and admired. It does no good to tell these people that they couldn't pass in a combination power failure and eclipse, they simply don't care. This can easily be equated to the little girls who wear Mommie's clothes, and preen and demand their parent's admiration.

The next stage is the little girl, about 10-12 years old. Our heroine is at the stage where she is buying her own clothes, and becoming efficient enough to get the right size most of the time. While this is a more desirable stage, there are serious lapses to the baby stage plus the fact that the FP is so engrossed in how she looks coupled with the erotic demands of the sensations, that there is little personality development.

Next we come to the late teen age stage where our gal is quite adept, is starting to take a positive interest in styles and good grooming, and is starting to be quite the prima donna. She can probably pass by now and has probably emerged somewhat socially as well. At this point, she must make the same important decisions with her life as any other girl. "Where am I going from here, what will I do?" She has the alternatives, if she ever reaches this stage, of living as a full time girl or gearing her masculine life to allow the feminine personality that has developed. I sincerely believe, and it will cause quite a bit of controversy, I'm sure, that the normal FP will not reach this stage unless she has an A+ wife or is living alone in a pattern geared to her own desires. It requires too much concentration and too much attention. I know that a lot of the readers who are still living out of suitcases, hidden caches, wife's borrowed clothing, etc. will protest that they are just as much a woman as any one on the street. But this is just not so. As long as you are still infatuated or enamoured with the idea of being a woman, you aren't thinking like one

Much of this of course can be blamed on the advertising media, which is constantly portraying the American woman in dream sequences, reclining in a tub, running in slow motion through fields, coming a long way, baby, and so forth. They aren't portraying the woman as a person, and you aren't thinking of a woman as one. (See *The Hidden Persuaders* or *The Wastemakers* by Vance Packard, for further documentation of this). Women don't get all dolled up to do housework, they aren't constantly feeling "the swish of their skirts against the back of their legs," they aren't constantly made up in going out makeup, and styled hair, they're just going around being people. I'm not saying that they never oh and ah over dresses or spend hours in the beauty parlor, or pay attention

to how they look, but it isn't an obsession and it shouldn't be one for the FP who wants to develop a truly feminine personality. The only way to know women, unless you are one, is to study them, sewing, working, unhappy, silly, tired, depressed, everyday. You have to look at the fat ones and the ugly ones too, to see what they are doing wrong, you have to care deeply. Then and only then can you act and be the woman that your chronological age calls for. If you are young, act young, if middle age, for god sakes don't try to be a teen queen.

This approach isn't for every one, as we all know there are many areas which are grey in FP, and nothing can be black or white. Cross dressers range all the way from drag queens to transsexuals, and there are many stopping places in between. Some who just like to dress, or wear certain things do border on fetishism. There is nothing wrong with this of course, although we all have something that we look best in or like the most, every one, man and woman, does. We have occasional dressers, and those whom the spirit hits very strongly, and disappears for periods of time. Moving farther over, there are those of us who are more or less immersed, who develop or try to totally, who are willing to make some or many sacrifices, and they who have made a clear cut decision to live as women. Then there are the few rare cases where there is no other answer but to be complete, and make the supreme sacrifices for it. We have to decide what we are, and be proud of it, enjoy what we want, and what we are limited to by our circumstances. But once we know, we should strive to be exactly what we want to be, and be willing to do what needs to be done. An adage that I live with is that we are only going to be here once, and we should have what we want and enjoy it while we can. We are able to make our own destiny and we should. I swore, while I was in Vietnam that if I lived, I was going to be just the sort of person I wanted. It required a new life style, a divorce, being brutally honest and a lot of sacrifices, but I wouldn't change a thing. I have the rest of my life ahead of me and I shall enjoy it. I knew that I was rather far to the right of the scale, but it took guidance to find the place for me. I had even done quite a bit of checking into a permanent change, when I had the opportunity to speak with Virginia, and get some good sound advice, even if the coast to coast phone call did set me back a few dollars. I think that now would be a good time to tell a little of my story and try to illustrate some of the points that I have been trying to make and how they applied to me.

My background is similar to many other cases, so I shall omit the repetitious story of trying on my Mother's things, et al. I did start as early as I can remember, with no prodding, or repression, I have always been quite careful, and therefor have never had to go through the prob-

lems of being caught in the "act." This has always been a continuous thing for me, even during the periods where I was in the service, and completely unable to indulge the feminine spirit within me. I have always had contact with some form of femininity, whether in observing, touching, or just fantasizing. To relieve a few of my anxieties, I had turned to stories, and would write myself dream episodes, similar to the fiction of TVia, reading them over and over and over again, trying vicariously to assume the life that I was missing. I have gone through successive identity crises and had never really made any attempt to name myself, or to build any sort of identity around the names that I used for writing. Even the first story of mine that Virginia published — "The Games People Play" — was just given the name of Karen as a suitable title. At this time, I certainly did not think of myself as Karen, at all.

As far as childhood goes, I remember little about dressing except wanting to be a little girl instead of a boy and praying to God to change me. I dressed when I had a chance, somewhat regularly, and even at that age studied girls to see what they were doing. I was never caught by my mother, but I continued dressing right up through college, usually for only short periods of time (right on and right back off). I fantasized constantly, but when I had the opportunity to dress in public, for a school initiation, I balked and didn't do nearly the job I could have.

I responded to my instincts by being super masculine and berating feminine things, even while secretly longing almost constantly. College was the first time that I ever admitted to a girl that these were my interests, and although I was in patient hands she didn't have the maturity to handle the situation. To assert myself still farther, I joined the Marines, and was quite successful, getting to the position of first lieutenant. I disagree with Virginia here in that this showed that I wasn't basically a feminine person. I suffered greatly doing things that I had no desire to do and was tortured physically as well. Many women have stood up under even greater stresses, look at child birth for example. When you are stuck in something there is no avenue of escape, especially in the service. You must do what you are told or go the route of punishment and the brig. Having no desire to go to jail, I did what I was told. *(Ed. note: I think there must be some misunderstanding here — when Eileen was flirting with the idea of sex change, as she indicated, I told her that being able to perform as a Marine 1st Lt. showed that she was not inadequate as a man, which is one of my criteria for considering someone to be a transexual. Certainly she had a lot of femininity within but could not have operated as a Marine officer unless she in addition had an adequate masculine*

self.) During this time I married an immature girl who was not sure enough of her own femininity to try to cope with me. She resented me as a possible competitor, and was very uncertain and afraid. We could have stayed married if I had gone underground or into a suitcase, but before a decision could be reached, I got orders to Vietnam. While there, I had time and the initiative to think about my life. I was a front line officer, and was where it hit the fan, so life got to be an important commodity. About this time I learned of Virginia and her books, and in one swoop, bought about twenty TVia's. I won't say that this was the turning point of my life, or make any such testimonials, but it was a great help in decision making, reading stories about people, much older than myself, who were so unhappy. The answer seemed so easy to correct all of that — just say the hell with it and be a girl. What has come out of this was a little different, but much more satisfactory. When I returned from Vietnam, I had decided. My divorced was pending, I was released from the service, and on my own.

My first problem when I finally returned from Vietnam, was to attempt to establish some sort of life for myself. I have been married and divorced, once, so it meant starting all over in a new life. I have returned to college on the GI bill, and I have a reasonable amount of freedom from want. I live by myself, so I have overcome most of the problems associated with relating to other people. One thing I swore while I was in combat, was that when I got home, if I lived, I would never put myself in any position that would prevent me from expressing my femininity.

Two things happened to me about the same time. I started dressing in earnest, spending much of my free time developing the skills that a woman needs for everyday life, letting my hair grow, keeping myself smooth and shaven all over, and for the first time enjoying myself completely in the life that I had wanted for so long. Slowly from the pile of mistakes, botched up make-up jobs, and too small skirts, Eileen started to emerge. But still at this time there was no name (I was still writing under Karen's) and no real personality that could be expressed in tastes.

Then along came the second turning point in my life. I met Carol, or rather, "he" met her. I have known her since we were little children together, but for some reason we never gave much thought to each other. After we started dating, we found so many things that we had in common that we realized that we might possibly be the sort of mates that we had been looking for. Of course one thing remained, and that was to tell her about the other side of me. I went rather slowly, and I think that she suspected where I was leading to, long before I ever reached the point of telling her that part of myself belonged in dresses. She was prepared, and when the whole story was finally revealed, accepted it graciously.

We went on a shopping expedition, and together selected for the first time the clothes that I was to wear for my debut. It really is something to have on clothes that belong to you alone, neither handed down, borrowed, or stolen. I think at that point, my personality finally broke through for good. The experience was a success for both of us, and we discovered a sidelight that my hair was long enough that I wouldn't need a wig. We have continued since that time, developing, working, critically examining hair styles, makeup, and clothes that would be right for me. We add to my wardrobe, often, and there really isn't any gender identity. role barrier any more. I sleep in nightgowns by choice. and spend a good deal of effort on my hair, complexion, and legs. We can and do discuss things freely, and we have separated things to such an extent, that Eileen, the name that I have finally been baptized with, and Carol are fast friends. Right at the moment, we are planning a trip so that the two of us can enjoy going out together and opening the rest of the world to me in skirts. Now I had not only my body but my hair, as long as many girls, to take care of. FP was not a turn on and off thing any more. It is with me constantly and has to be cared for. I have clothes to take care of, an apartment, and myself. I can have various moods but part of me is Eileen always, and has to be treated as a girl. I am able to be thought of by her as a girl, not as a guy in a dress. I am not compensating any more, or having purges. But most of all I am acting my age, not always seeking approval, or expecting to be admired. I am tall, but I can pass. I could live as a woman now, if I were willing to undergo electrolysis, but I am perfectly happy in my male role too. And this is the crux of the whole matter. No matter what part of me is feminine. I am a man. And I must be happy as that too. (*Amen — Ed.*) If I weren't there would be only one thing to do, and I would not hesitate to do it if I would be happy for the rest of my life. I don't need that extreme, since I have found my niche in the grey area. But at the same time, I am a mature 23 year old woman, too, and I act like one. I can be a companion and a friend to my GG. I don't act like a little girl, or a princess, and she can identify with me and relate to me. I am emotionally stable and able to function as the woman I wanted to be. I am happy.

The primary concern for me, is to see that Carol has the opportunity to enjoy the man that she wants to marry, as a man, and that she is completely satisfied. She for her part has worked diligently to bring the feminine Eileen into womanhood. With her, I have had my first high heels, my first sweater and skirt set, and my first trips into the confusing world of hair curlers. As we progress, I have become quite self-sufficient and am quite able to greet her at the door as a completely believable

girl. One of these days I am going to learn to set my own hair, so that she will be greeted with a stylish set rather than the just brushed look. We have decided that since soon we will be able to go out, it is quite important that my clothes be of fine quality, and good taste. We insure that we don't buy cheap, and shoddy things, so that when we are seen, we shall give a good tasteful impression to all.

Much of this so far has been pure history, now for a little of my off-beat philosophy. First of all, I cannot really fathom what causes a man to seek his life in skirts. I have no indications of what would have motivated me. My own pet theory is that there is indeed reincarnation and that the last time around, I must have been a girl. Perhaps a lot of my previous life has stayed in my soul, and in the true woman's lib tradition has pushed her way to the front; I'll never know, but I'm happy it did. Although I enjoy being a man, I don't think that I'd regret coming back again as a girl, I only hope that it won't be one that wants to dress as a boy!

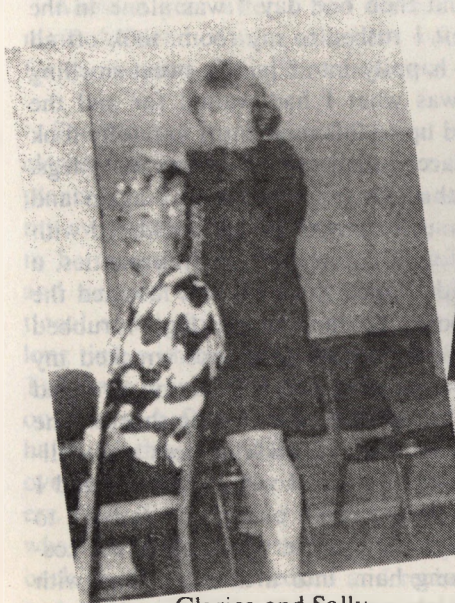
I have taken the "girl within" and broken it down to a "think pink" sort of thing. What this has basically meant to me is that I am constantly observant of what is going on around me, of styles, fashions, and how girls act and think, when they are just being people. But even more than this, I think I have finally succeeded in unifying my personality, so that I can be happy in either role. To be honest, I can't think which one that I prefer the most. I know that I wouldn't want to be without either one.

My case isn't everyone's, my analysis might not be correct for all or it might offend some, but I believe that it is true. First you must evaluate your desires, then you must evaluate yourself to see how far you and your environment are from your goal, then if you feel after calm deliberation, counseling, and a think period of several months that you have established your goal, nothing should stand in your way of achieving it. This is just not for your femme self but for your whole life style. Don't be unhappy, life is too short and think of all the years you have wasted already, trying to be a person that you are not. Be yourself, and in the words of our generation "do your own thing!"

My thanks of course go to Virginia and her magazine which pulled me through some of the darker hours in Da Nang, our three-hour phone conversation across the country, and the opportunity to see some of my views and stories in print for the enjoyment and benefit of others.



Clarice 43-P-4 FPE



Clarice and Sally

43-P-4 FPE
Standing

43-S-5 FPE
Seated

Sally
43-S-5 FPE

THE REAL ME — A GIRL

Nancy MacLean

I was hooked the first time that I saw a pair of nylons flung carelessly on a chair in Elaine's bedroom. I was 14, she was 24 and boarded in my parents' house, and they weren't nylons, nylon hadn't been invented, they were silk stockings and the war was on, in more than one way.

From that day I knew I was never to be happy until I put them on my own legs. I watched my chance and then one day I was alone in the house. As soon as everyone had left I rushed to my room, took off all my masculine clothes, and tripped happily into Elaine's sweet-smelling and very feminine apartment. It was what I had waited for and the whole of my life seemed to have led up to this moment. I carefully took the stockings from their resting place, rolled them over my long legs, and all the bolts in heaven shot through my entire body, again and again. It was a shattering shock of such strength that I shuddered with ecstasy. When I had recovered, I found a cute pair of pink panties, a girdle, and in a few moments I had slipped them on and fastened the garters so that the hose were smooth and taut on my legs. I rubbed them together and wave upon wave of blistering shocks wracked my body again. I couldn't stop. I found a bra, shaped it with cotton, dropped a satin slip over my body and was hit again by the electric shocks. The feel of the slip sliding and hitting against my silk-clad legs was delicious. I found a beautiful black jersey dress and wiggled into it and I slipped on a pair of wickedly high heeled black pumps. I was born to wear them and walked easily to the dressing table where all of the cosmetics were. I brushed my hair, long hair, into a nice bob and with make-up, mascara, shadow and lipstick, paused to look at myself in the mirror. I was pleasantly surprised — looking back at me was a passingly pretty young woman, nothing like the boy who had come into this room

a few minutes ago. Fastening earrings which I had always admired to my ears, and dropping a pearl necklace around my neck. I picked up a matching purse and gloves and was all ready to make my debut.

But this was my first set back in what has become a lifelong struggle with TVism. Where could I go? What could I do? If anyone saw me dressed like a girl I would be laughed at. So there I was, all dressed up and with no place to go. I wandered around the house, and stood at the back door — I really wanted someone to see me, and I wanted to talk to someone while I was dressed. Time soon ran out and, frustrated, I reluctantly took off the clothes I so loved and put them back where I had found them. Putting on my own rough trousers was a tremendous let-down.

From that time I carefully studied everyone's coming and going so that I would be able to be in the house alone as often as possible. When I was, I rushed so that I could spend as much time as possible dressed like I wanted to dress. Sometimes I was able to go outside and walk around the back yard. It was beautiful and the electric shocks kept coming every time I dressed.

About a year after I had dressed for the first time I struck a gold mine. A friend of mine asked if I would be willing to go into their house for two months during the summer to water his mother's plants.

She was just my size and she had closets and dressers full of beautiful clothes, including the first nylons to be made after the war. Never did plants get so much loving care. I would go in the morning and, leaving my own clothes on the porch, walk naked through the house until I got to her room. Then slowly, carefully, I chose panties, girdle, bra, slip and savored each moment of putting them on. The feeling was sensational and I floated ecstatically through a world of my own. I took a long time with my make up and carefully created a totally feminine face. The array of dresses and shoes was large and it was always fun to try on several before finally settling on one. When I did, I would fix my hair and then, standing in front of the mirror, draw the dress slowly over my body. Shoes on my nyloned feet, I was ready to water the flowers. Only first I would have to take a walk out into the garden to see what was happening there. With my skirt flipping happily against the back of my legs, I checked and rechecked every inch of the gardens — and enjoyed it more than any more flower-lover. For two months, two beautiful months, I did this and I was the sorriest person in town when my friend returned.

This only made me more convinced that I had to have clothes of my own and I now began to buy small things — panties, a girdle, bra, some nylons of my own, and a beautiful pair of red pumps. I kept them secreted in my room and could get a head start on dressing when I knew that I would be alone in the house. By having my underpinnings all on, I could stay dressed longer in Elaine's room.

All went well until I left home for college and I had to share a room with someone else. Thus took place the first of many purges. I burned all my nice things, sure that I would not miss them or buy any more, but it was sad to see them go for they had brought me much pleasure and comfort.

How wrong I was! Before Christmas I had bought myself a pair of nylons and would furtively slip them on when I was sure that my roommate would be gone for a while and I would not be disturbed. The old urges were strong and by summer of that year I could not be content with only part of an outfit. I needed the whole thing.

I worked that summer in a small fishing town and I think I spent most of my money putting together something presentable. It was enough, though, and I often locked my door and dressed, lamenting that I could not go walking along the ocean shore. It made me miserable.

My four years in college were the same. Nothing in the winter and summers were spent dressing as often as I could. College did have a few bright spots such as the dramatic club, however, and I gained a reputation as an impersonator of comic females. Needless to say I sought the parts and was often in there suggesting plays where it would be appropriate for a male to play a girl's part — me always being the girl. One time I even rode on the trolley dressed completely. There was a bunch of other students with me and they giggled so that everyone knew that I wasn't what I appeared to be but I pretended just the same — and loved it. I had more electricity going through me than the trolley.

Out of college I dressed whenever I could, which wasn't often. Each time I moved to a new place I vowed to stop and there followed a purge. Each time it lasted for two or three months and my femme self was back stronger than ever.

At this point I met a girl, a real girl. I fell in love with her and thought that my own longing to dress as a girl would go away. It did for a while, but during the summer prior to our marriage I stayed in her apartment

while she and her roommates were at summer school for six weeks. It was too much. Their clothes were hanging in the closets and the dressers were packed with dainties. I was in seventh heaven.

I dressed from the skin out, prepared meals, cleaned the apartment and made my first venture in public.

It was at night and so it wasn't really a test but I enjoyed it. I remember that I was wearing a pale blue jersey dress that was mine and that I had bought just for the occasion. I dressed carefully, and cautiously eased myself out the door of the apartment and down the stairs so as not to disturb the landlady. Once outside I had to stop. The feel of the wind washing round my nylon-encased legs was absolutely delicious and the experience was more than I could bear and still move. I leaned against the corner of the building and just enjoyed it. As it began to ebb I walked daintily, handbag swinging jauntily, and must have gone a mile or more, passing a few people at a distance and, of course, meeting many cares on their way along the road. No one stared or did anything upsetting and I arrived back at my hideaway with a warm, warm feeling of well-being. I felt like a girl.

I did this many times during the summer and each time I dressed, I felt more like a girl, and surprisingly, felt closer to my fiancée, for we had now decided to be married. My love for her became deeper because I knew the joy of being her.

I never told her about my secret but shortly after we were married I dressed for a Hallowe'en stunt. She was not feeling well and couldn't go out with me but I sensed that she didn't really approve of my dressing. From then on I have never told her how I really feel. It has been an underground maneuver all these twenty years. Oh, there have been other Hallowe'ens, and times when we were alone and I would dress "as a joke," but no real time when I was able to dress with her for longer than a few minutes.

That is what I would really love, to be able to be a girl with her — to dress in my nicest and sit for an evening with her, go out for a walk or a drive, and know that she and I are together. I hope someday it will be so but not yet.

My work took me frequently away from home and for such occasions I had a special case which carried my femme clothes. When my work was done I would return to my motel, dress to the nines, and just sit and

watch TV. If it was possible, I would sometimes go for a walk and on one occasion strolled down Fifth Avenue in New York. I loved it. Another time I went to a park in Minneapolis and sat and watched people coming and going.

The only time that I have ever talked to anyone whom I did not know was in Chicago. I was in a hotel and had spent the evening dressed and watching TV. I had also written a letter and about 11 p.m. I walked out through the corridor to mail it at the box by the elevator, being very careful that I didn't run into anyone. As I was coming back a room opened and a pretty girl about 25 or 26 came out saying goodnight to a man inside. She walked along behind me and then called to me. "Miss, Miss, don't I know you? Didn't we meet in San Francisco?"

I thought I would die. I thought she might be a prostitute or a call girl who had just finished a trick, but I also feared that she might be a part of the hotel security staff.

Muttering a whispered, "No," I hurried back to my room and stood at the door waiting for the world to collapse. It didn't, and I regretted afterwards that I had acted so hastily; she would have been nice to talk to.

One night in Minneapolis I was just walking through the corridors of a hotel and decided to take the elevator up to my floor. It was late and I didn't think that anyone else would be around but when I pranced into the car there was a man in the other corner. I was caught, the doors were closing. I have never seen an elevator take so long to go one floor. But all was well, he didn't read me, apparently, and I minced prettily out the door and hurried to my room, there to ponder on my sorry fate.

And so it has been all my TV life — furtive, piece-meal, and very unladylike.

This past week however has been a joy. My wife and children are away and I am on vacation at home — alone. For two weeks I can be the real me and right now I am sorry that one week has already gone although I have never felt so really good for such a long time before.

The alarm clock has roused me each morning at 6 — I don't want to waste a minute. Getting out of bed is a pleasure for the feeling of my nylon nightie falling around my legs is a nice one, and the twinkle of red toe nails starts the day off on the right note.

Before I do another thing I wash, shave, dress and make up. Then, in a skirt and blouse, and wearing no girdle, just panty hose and panties, I cook my breakfast. When the paper comes I go to the front door and retrieve it from the step and relax pleasantly with my coffee and the latest goings-on in the world.

Like any good housewife, I don't laze around too much but get right at the business of doing dishes, making the bed, sweeping, dusting, and perhaps running some clothes through the washer and drier and planning to do the ironing later in the day. In the middle of the morning I stop for coffee and a cigarette (my brother smokes a pipe) and generally just enjoy being me.

After I have lunch and cleaned up, I slip into my nightie again for a nap, for my nights are usually late. When I get up from the nap, I bathe, shave again, and slip into an afternoon outfit, something soft and frilly but practical. This time I wear a pantie girdle and have a pair of low heeled pumps that I slip on.

The afternoon has its own things to do — letters, reading and then some of the very feminine things that have been left over from the morning — ironing, sewing, and, if there is time, do some knitting on the bed jacket I am making.

Before dinner is the cocktail hour. Gathering the evening paper beside me, I sit with a martini and relax from the day. This is a beautiful time as I cross my nylon-clad legs and pull slowly on a very dry drink.

Dinner is lonely but always by candlelight and wearing a dinner dress that falls to my ankles. I insist on it. With fine china, sterling silver and linen napkins, I eat a meal truly set for a princess. I linger over it, savoring each sip of wine with a sensitive tongue.

After espresso and brandy in the living room, I change my clothes and do the dishes — a chore which no girl can escape.

I don't mind, though, because it preludes the evening and for this I go all out.

The preparations for the evening are fun themselves, because it means clean clothes, a new make-up, and high style for the evening's escapades. It takes me two hours to get ready but when I am done no sister would do anything but compliment me. And then it's off for an

evening's entertainment. Usually it consists of a few drinks and watching TV but sometimes it can be getting into the car and going for a drive — that depends on the neighbor's plans for the evening. Whatever it is, I enjoy it — snug girdle, slithery panty hose, thrusting breasts, delicate slip and startling dress. I spend until the wee hours watching and just relaxing. When I am dressed it is like there are no problems.

And then to bed — hair in curlers, cream mask on the face, nylons washed and hung to dry — my pale green nightie drops softly over my head and whispers things I love to hear. With the blankets pulled snug around my neck I doze and visit the land of dreams where I can be me — a girl — all the time.



“... That's practically a new garment, Mrs. Kraus—it belonged to a transvestite who just wore it evenings around the house. . . .”



ON A LOCAL TELEVISION STATION

Renée 5-G-3 FPE

On a local television station we can see a program that is given on the stage of a theater. Before the program is on the air, men and women are chosen in the audience to participate in different games that take place during the program. Prizes are given to the winners of the different games.

One night I was in the audience and the number of my ticket was called. I was entitled to participate in one of the games. Like the others that were called, I walked backstage and met the program producer. He explained to me what he expected me to do during the program.

The idea was to dress a man as a woman, have him sit in the audience and then, send two women in the theater, from backstage to try and find among all the women present who was the one who really was a man. I do not know why, but I was chosen among the other male participants to be the one to impersonate a girl. While the other participants sat in a row, on stage, I was taken to the dressing room backstage.

There stood two girls: a makeup artist and one who looked after the costumes. The producer explained to them what he wanted them to do with me. He asked them to do their best to have me look exactly like a girl, in order to make the game more difficult for the two ladies he had appointed to find me in the audience.

Everything had happened so quickly and I was so excited for having heard my ticket number called that I had not thought of protesting against what was going to happen to me. He left the room immediately, leaving me alone with the two girls. The girl in charge of the costumes told me to undress. I looked for a place where I could do it without them seeing me, but there was none.

The girl said "What are you waiting for? Hurry up, the program will soon be on the air. We haven't any time to spare."

But, I said: "Are you serious, you do not want me to undress like that, in front of you two girls."

She started to laugh and said, "do not worry about us, we are used to it. We have been in this trade for years and it is not the first time I've helped a man put on a costume."

I said to myself that the faster I have my clothes off, the faster I would have the costume on; so, I undressed. When I had only my trunks on, the girl fastened a garter belt to my waist. I told her it was a little tight. She said it had to be like that to permit me to have a slim waist. I was told to sit down in a chair and she helped me with nylon stockings. After they were in place, she told me to stand up and she fastened them to the garters hanging from the belt. She asked me what size my shoes were and she took from a shelf, a pair of cuban-heeled pumps of black calf. I slipped my feet in them and found them a little tight. She told me to walk around the place a little and said they fitted perfectly. It was not my opinion, because I felt they were tight, not because they were too short, but too narrow. I had no time to complain about it for she presented me with a white satin padded bra. I slipped my arms through the straps and she fastened the garment in back. Once again, I felt it was too tight on me. She adjusted the shoulder straps and lowered the bottom of the bra so it circled my waist. I felt more comfortable. She had me step into a white nylon slip that fitted tightly around my waist.

I was beginning to get used to the confinement of my newly acquired pieces of lingerie and I felt great in them. The shoes were spreading slowly because of the warmth of my feet and I started to feel at ease wearing them. I loved the tightness and the softness of the nylon stockings on my legs and especially on my thighs. I had recovered my regular breath that had been disturbed by the tightness of the garter belt and I loved the tightness it brought to my waist.

While I was beginning to enjoy wearing my feminine undies, she helped me with a white silk blouse with a lace jabot. She buttoned the glass buttons that disappeared under the lace. The blouse had long sleeves ending in lace cuffs of a flower petal shape, covering my hands. I stepped into a grey skirt she held open for me. She lifted it up to my waist and pulled down my slip that had slipped up during that opera-

tion. She buttoned the skirt at my left side and zipped it, declaring that it fitted nicely.

She took me in front of a large mirror where, for the first time, I could admire my newly revealed personality. I was struck by the fact that a few garments can change a person. I was no longer a man, but a well-dressed lady. She had me try on a grey flannel coat that matched the skirt and pulled out the lace cuffs of the blouse that had slid up inside the coat sleeves. The coat fitted tightly on me. It had little black velvet lapels which, framing the lace jabot had a wonderful effect.

The blouse had a round high collar in front of which she pinned a cameo. A little lace handkerchief peeked out a little from the pocket on the left side of the coat. The coat was fastened at the waist by a big round button made of black velvet. She said to the other girl it was surprising that the suit fitted so well on me. She said everything was in place: shoulders, waist, sleeves. She added, looking at me: "this suit fits you better than the girl who wore it." The other girl agreed and said some girls have trouble getting fitted in ready-made garments, which was not my case, for the suit did fit me pretty well.

I was told to take my place in a chair, facing a large mirror that hung on the wall above the dresser where the makeup products were displayed. She covered my shoulders and chest with a transparent plastic cape. Through it I could admire my lovely blouse and the black velvet lapels of my coat, while she worked on my face.

She told me that she could not do a television makeup because it would show when I joined the audience. She said: "You will not be able to look at your best when the camera takes you, but you have to look natural while sitting in the audience if you do not want to be discovered by the participants of the game. So I will makeup your face to have you look like an ordinary girl in the audience. The only hard thing I will have to do is to pluck your eyebrows to give them a real girlish shape. Otherwise, the thickness of your eyebrows will immediately tell you are a man, even if you wear an artistic makeup."

I told her to go ahead. I wanted so badly to win the prize, and especially to look like a real girl that it did not matter to me. But I almost regretted having given her that permission when I started to feel the pain caused by the tweezers pulling my hairs one by one. It was so painful that my eyes were weeping. The other girl, who was watching her companion work on my face, wiped the tears from my cheeks with

a tissue. She laughed and said it was the proof that girls have to suffer to be pretty. The operator worked fast and it was soon over. The pretty shape of my new girlish eyebrows I could admire in the mirror was a consolation for the pain I had to suffer.

She covered my face with a heavy and dark foundation in order to hide the shadow of my beard. She used plenty of powder to attenuate the darkness of the foundation and to give me a real peach complexion.

Then she proceeded to my eye makeup. She brushed my eyebrows to remove the foundation and the powder on them. She touched them with a brown pencil. They acquired a real girlish shape that pleased me. She applied brown mascara to my eyelashes, combing them upwards with a soft brush at the same time making them look longer and silkier. She applied brown eyeliner at the roots of my lashes and she put a little blue salve on my eyelids. I could see she was an expert because she used enough makeup to beautify my eyes, but not so much as to have them look made-up.

It was quite a sensation to feel her soft hands on my face and to feel the softness of the bristles of the small brushes running over it. My eyes had been beautified and my appearance was that of a really pretty girl. I told her how amazed I was at the fact that a good makeup job could not only change a girl's face and make her look prettier, but that it could do the same for a man.

The girl said makeup was more than a trade, it was really an art. "I am glad you like the way I have made-up your face and eyes the girl said, but wait until you have lipstick on, you will see a bigger improvement." So, she went to work on my lips. She used a little brush dipped in a red liquid to paint my lips. She followed their contour exactly. I could not see her while she was doing it, because she was holding my head backwards with her left hand and I was looking at the ceiling. My mouth was half-opened as if I was waiting for her to kiss me. The softness of the brush on my lips, her soft hand holding my head, the perfume coming from her arm, made me close my eyes to appreciate even more the agreeable moments I was living through.

When it was over, I looked in the mirror and found the prettiest pair of lips I had ever seen. They were really tempting and I was sure any boy would have loved to kiss them. She removed the cape and she adjusted a lovely brown wig with short curls to my head. She arranged the curls a little and said I would be unrecognizable.

I was amazed at the fact a wig could change a person's face so much. Until then, I had still had my own hair showing and I looked like a made-up man, but with the wig on, I became a real girl. I realized how flattering long hair is to a woman's face.

At the moment, the producer came in and said: "Are you through with him?" But when he looked at me carefully, he whistled and said: "Well, I have never seen such a lovely girl, the two ladies will never find you in the audience. You look so much like a real girl and a lovely one, too. But we will have to hurry, because the program is going to begin soon and I want you to join the audience while the lights are off in the theater, so nobody will notice your arrival."

The other girl handed me gloves. She helped me to put them on and then she handed me a purse and showed me how to carry it. The lights went off in the theater and I left the room, following an usher who took me to my seat, lighting the ground under my steps with his flashlight to prevent me from falling down. I took my seat and watched the program that was going on.

Since I was not accompanied by any one, the people near me did not know me and did not seem to remember that there had originally been a man in that seat. Perhaps they thought I was taking the place of the man who was sitting there a few minutes before, anyway, they made no comment and they did not talk to me. I was sitting between two men and was afraid they might talk to me, so I would have to answer them and that would give me away because of my voice. But they seemed so interested in the program that was going on that they did not pay attention to me.

When the time came for the game I was in, the M.C. announced what was going to happen. He explained to the audience and the people at home watching the program, that among the people in the audience was a man dressed as a woman. The two ladies participating in the game would have to walk along the aisles and look for him. The one who finds him will win the prize.

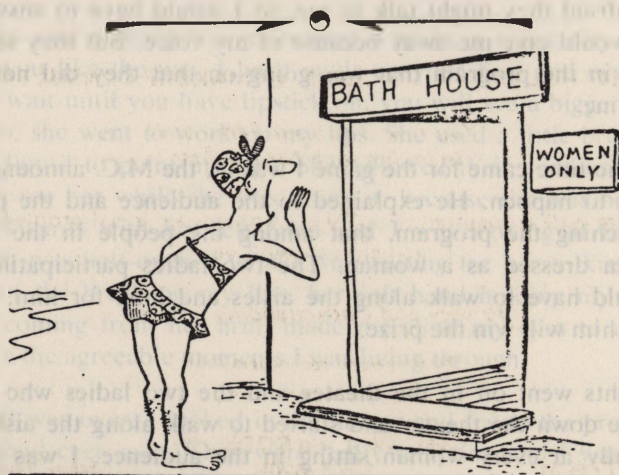
The lights went on in the theater and the two ladies who were on stage came down the theater and started to walk along the aisles, looking carefully at every woman sitting in the audience. I was sitting in the middle of a row, so I was quite far from them. While they were walking and examining the ladies present, the camera was following them and we could see them on the big screen that was in front of the

theater. They both looked at me when they came near our row of seats, but did not read me. When they had walked all the aisles they went back on stage and the M.C. asked me to stand up and to walk to the stage which I did under the eye of the camera.

I was smiling because I was happy I had won the prize, I walked quickly to the stage under the applause of the audience. When I reached the M.C., he asked me my name and all the people laughed, hearing a male voice coming out of the pretty painted lips. He asked me to take off my wig to show people I was really a man. There was much applause again and I was given my prize which was an expensive, long-haired, blonde wig. People laughed again seeing what kind of prize a man was winning.

The M.C. congratulated me on my good appearance as a girl and asked me if I was going to use the prize I had won to fool people again. My answer was that I had loved to be on the program but that I did not intend to make a career as a female-impersonator. I said that the wig would be a nice present for my wife on her coming birthday.

I went backstage while another game was going on on stage. I met the two girls in the dressing room and they helped me to take off my girl's clothes and my makeup. I resumed my regular attire and went back to the audience to watch the rest of the show. It had been a very memorable evening and one I would not soon forget.



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TRANSVESTISM AMONG ABORIGINAL AMERICAN INDIANS

Karen 5-G-14 FPE

An article written by a transvestite some years ago brought out a curious truth. "If women wore burlap sacks instead of silks and satins I would still desire to dress like them," he confessed. In other words, the desire to cross-dress is not only one of esthetic choice of beautiful clothing, but an inward comfort in the mimicry of it all, no matter what is worn.

The truth of this is upheld by the observance of cross-dressing activities among cultures somewhat removed from our own. Let us take the American Indian for example. Though Indian women did not dress in fine-woven and exquisite clothing, male transvestites still exhibited great desires for adopting their styles of clothing and manner of living.

Among California tribes, the males wore a loincloth or nothing at all. The women wore no upper clothing, but did wear a two-piece (front and back paneled) skirt of pounded bark. Indian transvestites adopted the two piece skirt and attended to feminine duties. Where female tattooing of the face was practiced, they adopted that also as part of their feminine interests and adornment. Scarcely a tribe is recorded as not having had transvestites.

Among Yuman Indians, male TVs were called "elxa." female TVs were "kive-rhame." The Yumans believed that a boy who dreamed of being a woman could be nothing else from that night on. He had had his vision and the Gods had chosen him to a better lot in life (questionable, the women did most of the work then). The boy would be accepted as such by one and all.

Among the Cocopas, the male TVs were called "e L ha" (compare the closeness of the word to the Yumas above). The female TVs were "was

hemeh" (also some similarity in pronunciation). The Cocopas noticed that some boys early in their youth talked, acted and played like girls. These boys were allowed to pursue their desire without ridicule. Civilization and tolerance aren't a matter of technological progress are they?

Some tribes held a special place in religious belief for these people. The Mojaves sanctified them and made them Shamans or medicine men (medicine girls?). These priest-doctors in their tenth or eleventh year of age were ceremonially dressed and painted as women and given a female name. As a group they were called "Alyhas." Some alyhas married men and faked menstruation by scratching between the legs with a stick.

Other California Indians called these men "i-wa-musp" (man-woman). They dressed in feminine attire, worked as women and were accepted as such. When a boy showed this inclination he was placed in a circle of fire and offered a bow and a "woman stick." The one he chose would determine his entire life-style from then on.

The Pueblos would occasionally chose a virile man and make him ride horseback unceasingly. He was masturbated many times a day and underwent other actions to atrophy the male organs. When feminine contours began to show, they would dress him as a woman and he was forever relegated to that sex. These men were known as berdaches.

Navaho TVs were called "nedl E" and were granted total female status.

Crow berdaches were called "bate" and were given the honor of cutting the first Sun Dance pole in that religious ceremony.

The recent movie "Little Big Man" shows the status of male transvestites among the Cheyenne. They were held in respect and were not punished or outcast for their desires.

One thing can be seen from this short study. What we call "civilization" has made it very hard for people with differences to survive mentally. The attitude of the so-called savage seems to be much more human and understanding. Each person was not made to conform to his brother, or sister for that matter. A man didn't interfere with another man's preferences, or desires just because he did not agree with them or share them. Each individual was left to do his own thing, his own way, as long as it did not endanger others. Now that doesn't seem too much for a transvestite to ask of his society. Maybe someday . . .



Rosemary FSA-J-1 FPE
South Africa



Jean — Ireland



THE WORLD OF PAMELA

Pamela — Penn.

It all began when I was a freshman in high school. Both my mother and my father worked and my sister, Pat, who is a year younger than me, was in the eighth grade. We lived in a rural area a few miles outside a large metropolitan city. It was my responsibility to come home every day immediately after class to clean the house and to prepare supper for the family. My mother would complete the meal after she got home. Pat would remain in town at relative's and would then ride home with Dad.

One day as I was cleaning the house I came across a pair of Pat's panties. A strange sensation came across me as I held them. The next thing I knew I was slipping the cool, clinging panties up my legs. Pam was born in that moment.

I had always been a small boy. In fact I weighed two pounds less than any of the boys or girls in my grade school graduating class and I was only 5'2" tall.

After discovering Pam, Dick would rush home each afternoon. All day in school had been spent mapping out the outfit Pam would wear when she got home. As soon as I got home I would undress and put on Pat's pajamas which were still on her bed from the night before. I would pretend that Pam was just awakening. On with the bathrobe and slippers and then to the wonderful task of getting dressed for the afternoon. Very carefully I would lay out the clothes I had decided on while in school that day. Matching panties and bra only 33A then, a silk slip, and either a dress or one of her sweaters and a skirt. The nylons and garter belt would come from my mother's dresser and the shoes from Pat's. A beard I did not have and with only a little powder, lipstick and eye makeup, Pam became a lovely reality. I would wear a scarf over my head as I had no wig to wear.

As Pam I felt whole. Pam would then proceed to make the beds, vacuum and prepare the meal. It was sheer ecstasy for me to feel the garters tugging at my nylons—to hear them swishing as I intentionally rubbed them together. I would twirl, flaring my hoop skirts out, revealing my silken legs and panties. Standing before the mirror, Pam would slowly caress her new body, deriving the most pleasure from cupping her new breasts. When it came close to the time for my parents and sister, Pam would quickly return to her drab role as Dick. Occasionally Dick would feign illness from school and Pam would be “Queen for a Day.”

This existence continued for a year. Pam only showed when no one was home. Then things took a dramatic change when Dick entered his sophomore year in high school. I was attending a private boy's school and Pat attended a private girls' high school. As I was sixteen, I was old enough to drive a car. After I got my license, my Dad would allow me to drive the car to the football games on Friday night. How Pam looked forward to Friday night! I would sneak a set of Pat's underwear, to include nylons and garter belt as she was now wearing them, into the bathroom and dress Pam. Over this I would put Dick's clothing. As I left the house I would take with me, unnoticed of course, a sack containing a dress or sweater and skirt, shoes, purse, and a jacket of Pat's. After I had driven a short distance, I would turn into a deserted country road and, shedding my suit, complete Pam's transformation. My excitement would be so great that I could barely put my lipstick on straight. For my hair, as I had no wig, I would curl my hair as best as possible and put a bandana over the curlers. Pam would spend the evening driving around as a lovely young girl. The highlight of the evening would come when Pam would drive into a drive-in diner and order a sandwich or a malt. How my heart would throb as the young girl took my order. Never was I questioned or did anyone act like they suspected I wasn't a girl. After that I would drive up the dark road again and Dick would reappear.

One day, after a couple of months, all this changed. Pat asked Dad if she could go out on Friday to the football game with me. She explained that all her friends got to go and that she could ride to the game and return with me. Dad said yes. I argued but to no avail. She went or I didn't. It was as simple as that. Pam could have died.

On Friday evening I started the car and waited for Pat to come out of the house. As we were driving away, Pat asked me to pick up Ruth, her best friend. When we arrived at Ruth's, she invited us in as she wasn't ready yet. The three of us were alone in the house as Ruth's parents

had card club on Friday evenings. Pat and Ruth went to Ruth's room and a few minutes later Pat called me in. As I entered I saw a complete outfit laid out on Ruth's bed. Pink panty girdle, bra, slip, nylons, black low heel shoes and a beautiful pink dress with lace and dainty bows on it. I looked at Pat and Ruth who were both smiling at me. Pat explained that she knew I had been dressing in her clothes for quite some time and that she and Ruth had discussed it and decided they would like a new girl friend. How red I became! I feebly argued that it was not true, but after I overcame my initial embarrassment I admitted the truth.

Excitement overcame embarrassment. Ruth ran a bath for me and with her razor I shaved my legs and under my arms. No hair had developed on my chest as of then. I donned Ruth's robe and began dressing. First on with the pink panty girdle, carefully placing my privates. Next I slipped on the nylons and couldn't believe how much different the lack of hair on my legs made. My legs were indeed as lovely as Pat's or Ruth's as I did not have any bulging muscles. I then put on the lacy pink bra and of course added some old nylons of Ruth's as padding. Next came the pink slip and then I put the robe and slippers back on. Pat made my face up as Ruth attached false fingernails and painted them a light pink. A liberal amount of "*Tigress*" perfume was added and I thought I would float away. Ruth then placed her long blonde wig on me. It was shoulder length and felt heavenly to have the tresses laying on my shoulders. Off with the robe and Pam stepped into the dress and slipped on the shoes. As Pat zippered me up I turned to the mirror and gasped. Pam was indeed lovely if not beautiful. I couldn't believe it. I slipped on a pearl ring, earrings, necklace, gold watch with black felt band, and a gold charm bracelet. We looked in amazement at our creation.

Ruth gave me her white car coat and with very little coaxing, Pam left with the girls for the football game. I went as Pat's cousin, and it was sheer ecstasy. There I was among the girls, looking as beautiful as any. I shrieked when they shrieked and smiled back at the shy boys when they smiled at me. Afterwards we went to the dance at St. Mary's. It seemed everyone went to that dance after the game. After I had turned down several offers to dance, Pat and Ruth took me into a quiet corner and chastised me. They reminded me that for all intents and purpose Pam was truly a girl and to act like one. I agreed and soon was dancing every dance. How strange and yet so wonderful it felt to have a husky young man ask me to dance. His hand lightly resting on the back of my bra, my "breasts" lightly touching him, the scent of his after-shave lotion, all seemed so exciting to Pam. How wonderful it felt to see the boys become shy and nervous when asking me to dance or trying to make

small conversation. I shall never forget my first dance. That evening was also another first for Pam. With Pat and Ruth acting as guards, Pam made her first venture into that world known as the ladies' room. From that night on Pam and Dick would never separate.

Pat and Ruth opened the world to Pam. Within a few months Pam was triple dating. In the spring, Pam attended her own high school prom as the lovely young date for an unsuspecting classmate. Beach-goers that summer saw three beautifully tanned young girls having the time of their lives.

Pamela had come a long way. Little did she suspect, on that day she found herself, of the wonderful years and experiences that lay ahead of her.

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"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Editors Note: This letter is the result of a long counseling session between a husband, a wife and myself. Since they both loved each other and were willing to listen and think with an open mind I was able to sort of explain each to the other. It brought about the fortuitous results outlined in the wives letter. I'm very proud of her for the attitude she has adopted and very happy for myself that I was able to help in bringing it about.

Virginia

Hi Virginia!

This is Barbara O talking. (The new GG.)

I would rather be able to talk to you verbally than write words. Simply because my pen can never keep up with my thoughts, and pen and paper can't express the emotions that spoken words and their accompanying gestures and inflections can communicate. I can express myself better in person than I can on paper. However there are some things that are too important to wait for our next encounter and maybe if you want to publish some of my views it might encourage others.

First off, I have been mulling over something I experienced yesterday and its association to the expression "We have the best of two worlds."

I have come to the conclusion that to achieve more understanding between TVs and their wives we need to stress the dual personality more than the impersonating.

I'm going to try to explain that in respect to my own experience.

When Dawn and Barbara arrived at that gathering Saturday, Barbara thought it was two people.

1. Barbara and
2. Jim *impersonating* Dawn.

In my mind two people met you that night. You have shown me that I was wrong. Subsequently I now see three people.

I see myself and I see a dual personality. I have lived with these people for six years and had not understood. Being the rational person that I am, I have been striving to understand my husband. However, I had been conditioned to think that one body means one person. That was my mistake. I now see that Dawn and Jim are two separate entities fused in one body.

My realization of this fact has given me the peace-of-mind that I have been searching for. Pardon the pun, but the 'Dawn' has come.

I'm happy and hopeful now. I no longer think that I have a husband who is 'sick' and needs my help to be 'cured.' I think I am one of three people who can learn to live peacefully together. I know I now have an excellent opportunity to make my life fuller. That makes me happy.

I have a suggestion to make that may ease a lot of the tensions that people like us have encountered. It is simply that we strive to see the dual personalities as two people instead of one.

From now on, when I see Dawn I'm going to see a girl. A girl who just happens to share the same body and intellect of Jim. I don't know Dawn well, but, knowing Jim, I expect Dawn and I can be good friends. I have to remember to keep the two in perspective that's all.

I have to treat Dawn as a brand new acquaintance though. She knows a lot about "My Jimmy" but "She" is a woman in her own right. Therefore I can't think or refer to her as "Jim."

Our conversations are going to require a constant realization of this fact until we reach the point where we are comfortable together as two friends should be. Therefore we will have to be very conscious of our tenses at first. Dawn is not at work this evening, Jimmy is. If Dawn makes any reference to "the plant" or "the guys at work" it is going to make her uncomfortable. "She" was not there. Jimmy was. On the other hand if I ask Dawn "what happened at work today" or how "His"

(Jimmy's) folks are, it is going to make me uncomfortable. Dawn does not have to go to work (lucky girl) and she is not supposed to be able to talk about Jimmy's family the way 'He' can.

So you see, we have got to teach these three people what to expect from each other. It will require a conscious effort to "keep on our toes" until we are comfortable with our situation.

I think it is important to remember that every individual needs attention and appreciation. Frankly, I hadn't realized how important those two things were to me until today. Due to a lack of communication I had been alienating myself from others when what I needed most was attention and appreciation. I had been telling others the importance pride in being yourself and expressing yourself as an individual was, but I had not been listening.

I had not been able to accept a compliment as being deserved. I was stifling a beautiful person. Me. Now I'm very proud of me. In finding a person that I really like, I'm learning to live with myself and to practice what I have been preaching.

It's a good feeling and I'm happy that I'm not wasting Barbara anymore. My friends, I'm going to need your co-operation to keep from going overboard and becoming too vain now. I love life and I don't want to waste another moment.

Being a very emotional, demonstrative, and hyper-active person, I'm looking forward to expressing my abilities with my new found friends. I think our group will be excellent therapy for me and will fulfill something I have been waiting for. I think through my active participation I can help improve the group. I know I will enjoy participating and I need the opportunity.

Honesty is an essential part of my life and with it comes understanding and self gratification. I am aware of a lot of mistakes I have made in the past and I hope I won't make many in the future.

Virginia, you put much stress on love. Yesterday's Barbara did not know love. She mistook it for a form of selfishness. She felt that Jimmy loved her more than she could return. And being the kind of person that couldn't accept the un-earned, she was very troubled and confused.

Today's Barbara can recognize love. She can see that each person expresses their love in a different way. Jimmy's love for me is the kind you read about in story books. I'm certain that there are times that it is so all-consuming that he puts my feelings ahead of his own. I've seen this in the past, but I don't think I have ever been able to show him how much I have appreciated it. I'm deeply honored. I can't presume to "make it up to him" because we simply can't re-live our past. I do know that I never want to lose perspective again. Jimmy's love for me is a very important part of my life.

I am thinking now of the fact that I intended to seek a divorce. I had decided, though, to attend the sorority gathering with Jimmy because I felt I owed him something. I wanted to make an attempt to satisfy our obligations to each other before I left. Since I can't accept the un-earned, I had to repay him in some way for the love he had shown me. I never expected to get this "new lease on life." I'm grateful to everyone who attended for their contribution. Thank you.

My love is all-encompassing. In a way, it could be construed as selfishness. And I think that is what kept me so confused. I love myself above all others. Fact! That's me, and since I had read so many story books that idealized love as placing some other individual before yourself, I could not believe in love.

But I exist! I experience love. The simple fact is that I love myself first and more than I love anyone else. I put everyone else on an almost equal plane. My kind of love is keyed by my respect and admiration of others. The more respect and admiration I feel for a person, the more I find I love them.

I am trying to spell this out so that Jimmy and Dawn will be able to see how much they mean to me. They have *both* become a very necessary part of my life. I love him next to myself. I see a tremendous amount of potential in him that I will never be but want to be a part of. I also see Dawn who, if given the opportunity, can be the good and loved friend I have been looking for. I recognize they are both in the same entity. I consider this an asset. You see, Jimmy need never fear that I might ever want to live my life with another man in whom I see an equal amount or even more potential. It is Jimmy's strong feeling of love for me *and* Dawn's much-needed friendship that will keep me with them for as long as they can put up with me.

To think that this peace was brought on by the great difference of importance (to me) of "Impersonation," as opposed to "dual-personality" is awing.

I'm glad I was able to realize it before I made a selfish, fatal mistake.

Virginia, I'm going to ask Jimmy to read this before I send it to you. I hope that it, combined with your perceptive encouragement today, will enable us (all three) to work out a peaceful co-existence.

I feel confident that we have what it takes.

I, personally, can no longer see transvestism as sickness. Actually, in viewing the promise of our future together, I can no longer conceive of living any other way. I now see a life that can be fulfilling for all of us. And I'm eager to live it.

I know I sound supremely optimistic. I also realize that our present situation is precarious. We will have to work hard at first to achieve the contentment we all want. The desire is here. The capability is here. The opportunity is here. Love exists. Now we must apply ourselves.

I don't expect things to be easy. I now see a goal that is worthy of the endeavor. It has been there all along, I know. It was just undefined.

I think you can expect to see some happier people when next we meet. Till then, remember how much we love you.

Sincerely,
Barbara

Editor's Note: The following two letters were specially selected and printed together since both of them show what can sometimes happen with wives if enough time and patience are used by the FP husband. I know both of these two writers personally and know not only the anguish and the frustrations they have been through but also the enormous relief, satisfaction and pleasure the slow coming around of their wives is bringing them. The letters are printed to bring new hope and encouragement to those of you in similar circumstances. They are printed anonymously because of their personal nature.

Dear Virginia:

I *do* believe things are going *much* better — brother and his wife are really finding each other — after 20 years! Their marriage is so much closer and loving than *ever* before, and they are loving each other so much more honestly and completely too. I'm not trying to exaggerate at all — brother is really very happy. This progress is *all* based on his willingness to work hard on making himself a more complete individual — capable of expressing the *good* masculine *and* feminine characteristics in his person. She believes that, if he is complete and feels no limitation on his own expression of the qualities he cherishes in women, he will grow to need (my femme self) less. Meanwhile, she is expressing that love and beautiful patience that are so basic to the very best of women, and is accepting the fact that he must work to grow from where he is — that he can not work to improve from where he is not. THAT means that currently I *am* real to him, and he needs to allow me *some* life. She has managed to let him give me *several* solitary evenings now, without *any* negative reaction. They are arranging for *me* to meet her and, if all goes well, to close up my apartment — but not to die, Ginny — to go HOME! Can you imagine? Well, she really *does* love *him* — not some fictitious picture of him — and he is learning to trust and truly *love her*. They are so happy. His little daughter keeps commenting on how much he has changed, and how much easier it is to live with him. Her certainly did keep himself under horrible pressure for a horribly long time; but she now accepts that he did the very best he could. Again, I love you for your help, and will keep in touch. *Maybe* I can even return to the correspondence work, and see some of my friends again?

My love,
(Femme name)

Dear Virginia,

Your commentary about your age reminds me, all too poignantly, that I will be 52 next Sunday — *and* it does *not* seem that a year has passed since the 51st birthday! At any rate, I am learning *through experience* that what we only speculated about 20 years ago is true. The “urge” doesn't diminish!! In my case — perhaps in yours, too — it only seems to grow stronger. I am very thankful to God that - - - (his wife) has begun to accept my femme self — and, Virginia is *is* a very *real* acceptance. Only yesterday she put her arms around me and said, “I love you so very dearly and I love - - - now, too.” It took nearly 30 years for me to hear those words but the sound of them made every day of the waiting

period — each of which had its own peculiar agony — worthwhile. Of course I would have liked for it to have come sooner but I am ever so grateful that it came at all — especially when I know that so many wives *never* learn to accept their “girls”!

I had a perfectly wonderful Xmas. That's the only way to describe it. - - - gave me a gorgeous pale blue nylon-satin nightie trimmed in egg-shell-colored lace; a dusty rose evening blouse; the material and a pattern for me to make myself a multi-colored crushed velvet evening skirt (*of course*, I sew!) to wear with the blouse; three pretty, lacy handkies; and a lovely long, ruffly-hemmed evening slip for my new skirt. It was the very best Xmas I have *ever* had as I'm sure you have already guessed.

As for other things — I sleep in a nightie every night. In fact, on two or three occasions, I have started to put on pajamas because I don't want to “over-do” it and --- has said — “Go on and wear your gown, honey!” It's nearly unbelievable! Also — she has said recently that she thinks --- is *pretty* (even if it's *not* true it is like heavenly music to hear it). She states that I have lovely legs; she marvels at my skill with make-up and has even said that I might give *her* some lessons in how to apply eye make-up, she has also said that she *now* understands how --- has been able to “go out” without detection! It's all so much a wonderful dream come true that I keep thinking I'll awaken and find it only a *dream* after all. I'm just being ever so careful not to over-do anything and thus lose some of the ground I have gained. If you have any pointers on that score, please tell me.

The only area that has not been “worked-out” between us is the use of my feminine voice. Of course, when I am dressed I soften and modulate my male voice — I even use feminine phrasing and inflections — but --- won't *yet* go along with the fully female voice that I *can present!* Since it's only the two of us gals, it's not all that important. I'm sure it will come in time so I'll be *patient* until I can speak continually in my femme voice whenever she is around.

I've rambled on for longer than you probably have the time to read. I just wanted you to know that love and patience can pay off. I'll admit that a lot of years love has been “wasted” in the process but the result is so beautiful that I just *know* I haven't described it nearly well enough. You can read between the lines to pick up all that I haven't said, I am sure. I have several pics that I'll send you as soon as I get copies made of them. --- is also going to take some of me in my new things — which

include (I almost forgot) two dresses that she gave me that she can no longer wear. More in the future about that.

Bye for now. Give my love to Mary Neilson and especially —
Love to you

Dear Virginia & Mary:

Just writing to you in the first place is a big step and as pointed out by so many in TVia, risky for one not wishing public exposure. I've known of TVia for six years on and off through those dirty book stores in L.A., but this is my first personal contact and I am definitely still shy.

Secondly, I feel hard pressed to place myself exactly within the framework of an FP as described in TVia. I don't feel as two personalities sharing the same body. There is no clear (or even predominant) division between "me" and "her." My ego, self, Id or whatever, is a totality that lives with contradicting feelings and loves (*Editor's Note: Compare with Virgin Views in this issue.*)

Since TVia seems a sounding board for comparison of case histories and approaches to life, let me tell you of mine. You're welcome to use any part of it, if you wish. I expect you to honor my privacy as you have done so admirably for others.

My childhood was similar to many FPs (I now know). My parents had a boy and raised him as such. I lived up to their desires and made them proud of my scholastic activities. Not athletic — I've never liked gym or sports. A communal shower room makes me uneasy and unusually modest.

My first recollection of anything "different" was the wearing of my sister's knit suit. I can't remember my thoughts or feelings, but I did continue wearing dresses whenever I could. No one knew of my activities and a pattern of desire — repression — compulsion — and guilt reaction set in. It dominated my childhood. I'm sad now that I couldn't work out something that would have eased the struggle. Childhood is too precious to waste on insoluble problems.

As I grew up, there were the usual prayers to wake up a girl and plenty of daydreams of how this might come about. I've come to realize that such a miracle will not suddenly occur, but I still long for feminine breasts and feelings, I guess I always will. I read many books, case histories, magazines, and of course TVia, but not before long years of confusion and fear.

My first contact with TVia was in college, and it brought much needed relief and confidence but I was still afraid to make my first contact (how I wish I had). The usual guilt reactions caused me to destroy many copies of TVia and at the prices these dirty book stores charge I was rapidly going broke. I lost contact and interest when I left college — thought I could break the habit — with the usual results.

In the twenty odd years I've been dressing, I guess I've tried many, many, just too many ways to solve "my problem." I've repressed my feelings, and I've given full vent to them. I've lived alone and had room mates. I've been ashamed and proud of my condition. All attempts had the same results. I live an uneven pattern oscillating between masculine and feminine. Always swinging back and forth but never quite reaching a full 100% gender identity at either extreme. During each swing, I feel the need to express myself in feminine terms and dress in solitude if necessary (and prudent). I've never felt the development of a separate feminine personality. I feel as one person not truly man and not truly woman. I'll be the first to admit that the feminine is more attractive to me, but I can't really dismiss the masculine.

This makes for an odd mixture of visual and emotional self-images. Picture a large (disgustingly plump) physiological male in a nightgown bearing a 5 o'clock shadow! (I'm still a lazy enough male to hate shaving on Saturdays). By the same token picture a man window shopping at boutiques (only visualizing how the clothing would look on me).

Perhaps I'm still at an immature stage of FP development. Since I do not sense a feminine personality within (I've definitely ruled out fetishes and homosexuality) and maybe the future does hold a dual life of brother and sister. However, I think not since it would have to create a split in a single personality where no such division now exists.

For the last three years an important change has affected me. I met "the woman" — I would not have given even money on my chances for a realistic love life until I met her. She underscored my ability to do two

things at once. Love like a man and yearn to be feminine. I see in her that which I love and that which I wish to be. Neither emotion is responsible for the other and neither distracts from the other.

We've been married for two years and I've dressed behind her back feeling guilty each time. Last August, she went on a three day visit and I was in Seventh heaven dressing. (How can you be happy and sad that your loved one is gone?) I knew then that I would have to tell her. I formulated a hundred plans to tell her gently. Finally, simple fear — of not telling and of telling caused me to just blurt it out.

I don't really deserve her love and confidence in me. Her acceptance is something I felt I could never hope for. But she accepts me for what I am and is not repulsed by what she sees.

Six month is too short a time to evaluate how our life is going to turn out. Since I've told her, guilt is mostly a thing of the past and I dress whenever I want. I find my desire much less compulsive but I dress more often (almost daily). I wish to spend more time "making house" and grumble more about going off to do "a man's job". Finally I'm daring to hope and plan for a retirement (in 16 years) that could let me live a more feminine existence. Perhaps this is all just over reaction to a new found freedom. Perhaps not, it's too early to tell.

I would like to set my thoughts straight and put them to paper if for no one but myself. Till then, life will not wait — we are expecting our first child and the game of "to tell or not to tell" is becoming more serious. But we still have a few years yet before we need the right answer.

Well, Virginia, I guess you hear from a lot of people like me and probably knew the answer to many questions that would not be solved if FPs didn't compare notes and realize they're not freaks. That's the greatest value TVia is to me, a chance to see how others feel and react to the same emotions, circumstances, and problems I'm encountering. I especially like to review the results of your survey polls and questionnaires. But there are many things reading TVia alone can't answer. My wife and I would like to talk to some one before we commit ourselves to any course of action (my daily dressing, FPE, going out in public, you name it). There's also the religious aspect. I'm not the best Catholic there is but I want to be a better one. How does one relate to God as a TV?? I've read Father Dwyer's article but we still would like to talk to some one.

That's really the purpose of this letter. Wanting to talk is easy but finding someone to talk to is difficult. Personal prejudices and total lack of knowledge makes meaningful communication very difficult. I realize that this is a lot to ask of someone we've never met especially one as busy as you, but you offer our best chance of successful understanding. We would appreciate it if you could tell us of a priest or church agency that could talk with us and perhaps give us guidance.

I've enclosed a self-addressed envelope for your reply. Please send me an FPE application also. I'm interested to see what it involves.

Thank you so much for your time and any help you might be able to give me. I hope in a very short time to be able to join FPE and give whatever support I can to a fuller understanding of ourselves and acceptance by others. Till then Thank You again

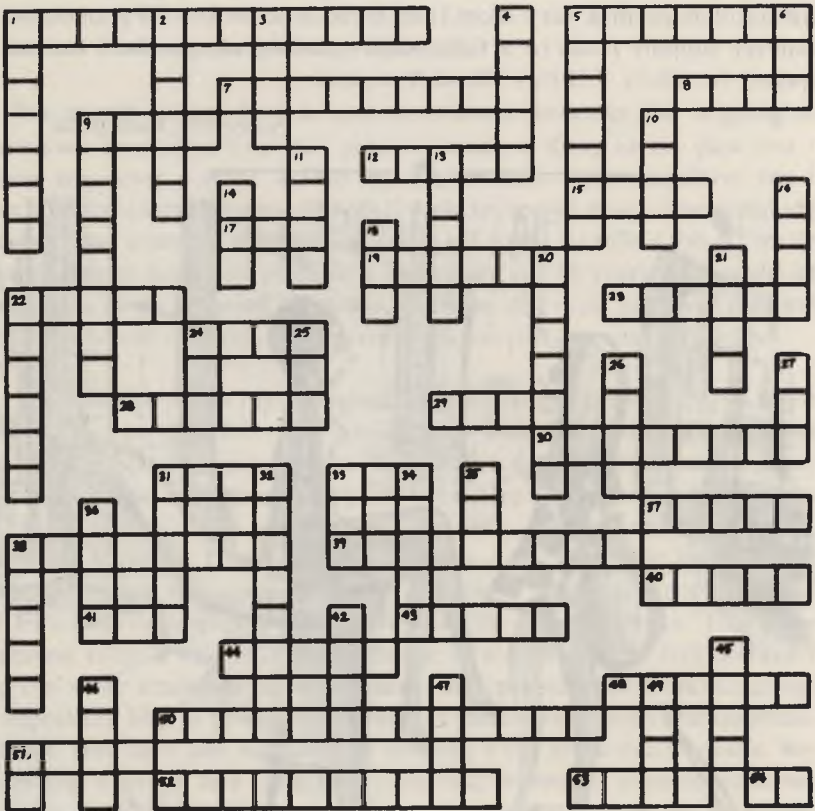
Sincerely, Georgette



"Well, Jim, we may as well go have a cup of coffee — the wife's bridge party won't be over for another hour yet."

A CROSS DRESS CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by Karen 5-G-14 FPE

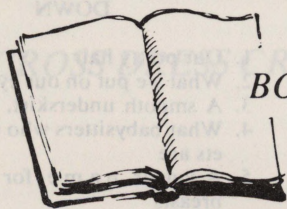


ACROSS

DOWN

1. A cross-dresser
5. What we like to dress like
7. Multicolored balms we put on our lips
8. Another place to use fingernail polish
9. What we do when we are at home dressed and the doorbell rings
12. Many of us were called this when we were young
15. When we see beautiful girls what we sometimes feel
17. Opposite of "hers"
19. A nice lady we all love: Virginia _____
22. What we use for taking off makeup: _____
23. A French Abbe who dressed in history
24. Crowning glories
28. The finishing touch to our makeup
29. What we hate in nylons
30. How we feel when we get too few opportunities to dress
31. The lovely trim of a smooth slip
33. That which disappears, when you stand up
37. What cheeks do
38. An American Indian transvestite
39. A boon to us if we don't really need a girdle to be shapely
40. We make our cheeks rosey with this
41. What some people think cross-dressing is
43. Most of us wish we had this part of our life back
44. What we cross when we sit down
48. _____ thy name is woman
50. What kind of a voice we have when _____ (two words)
51. We'd like to have more of this to dress in
52. These have saved our decency when a seam splits
53. Luxurious bubbles clean us off in this
54. Opposite of "she"

1. Our pretty hair
2. What we put on our eyelids
3. A smooth underskirt, usually lacy
4. What babysitters who look in closets are
5. A vulgar name for our shapely breasts
6. Short for sister
9. Lovely feminine shoes (the second "H" plays double duty)
10. How we feel about pretty clothes
11. To walk in public dressed without suspicion
13. One of our favorite dress materials
14. Opposite of "He"
16. What we like to be when we aren't "Gentlemen"
18. Our Sorority
20. Another name for a transvestite after a famous Chevalier
21. Opposite of boy (well maybe not)
22. A sexy French dance
24. Exclamation we like to hear when directed at our femme-selves
25. What we don't like to be called when we feel feminine
26. Most of us aren't too good at making meals or doing this
27. Opposite of happy
31. What we all have to do to be better girls
32. When most of us go out dressed
33. Place for lipstick
34. What we exchange for jockey-shorts
35. Many have to dress on this
36. Falsie supports
38. Lots of girls are in June
42. Garter _____
45. Canaries do it
46. An implement to sort out unruly locks
47. If we could cook we would use this more often
49. Opposite of uncle
51. Transvestite — short form



BOOK REVIEWS

Petrina, FA-B-2

Apart from one or two novels on tranvestism ("I Want What I Want" etc.) it is difficult to find novels or stories written by those outside the transvestite world which deal with the subject in a balanced manner. Transvestism receives a certain amount of attention in thrillers where the hero must be disguised for a certain period or occasion. Or a popular theme is for the main characters to meet in a night club where, inevitably, the main floor show is a female impersonator.

It was a pleasant surprise to find (strangely enough by accident) a rather luridly titled and covered book called *THE RAVISHERS* by Merle Ellen Browne, published by the New English Library. (This is a hardback version.)

Briefly the novel concerns the adventures of four heterosexual athletes whose love (or sex) life has become somewhat jaded. To liven it up they agree by means of a substantial wager to carry out some rather bizarre situations. In substance the object is to bed a girl within a short period in a number of unusual (and unlikely) places. These include the President's bed in the White House, the passenger section of an airliner in flight and (the main interest in the book) in the women's waiting room of New York's Grand Central Station.

The main interest to me at least, lies in the third story, almost completely transvestite in both technique and content and concerns the ploys used by our hero(ine) to breach the female bastion of a women's waiting room. This finishes with a happy ending from our point of view. Although the story is written by a woman (a New York model) she has certainly experienced or has had help with the transvestite portions of the book and it is certainly worth obtaining.

The second novel was described in its newspaper review as "The Thinking Man's 'Myra Breckinridge'" which does not do the novel credit. The title is **SUNDAY BEST** by Bernice Rubens, again with a woman author, who deals admirably with the main character, a transvestite school teacher who manages to live six days of the week as George Verry Smith, but reserves Sunday for Georgina.

The theme is wry humor and is brilliantly written. It does not lack action and the hero-heroine is suspected of murder, fathering of the next door neighbor's son, robbery, and finally running off to Brighton dressed as Georgina to avoid the attention of an overzealous police detective. It is printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, and is not yet available as a paperback.

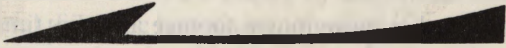


"Plain clothes duty or not—I still think yer letting the force down, Fred!"



Evelyn — Australia

STORY OF "CHARMAINE"

by Stephanie 9-L-4 FPE 

Being that Brother had been a magician of some note all of his life, I decided it was time we united the two, Transvestism and Magic, to make something new. My GG and I discussed this to some length and finally agreed that a female impersonation magic act would be a new, novel concept.

As far as we knew at the time it had never been done before, except perhaps by some drag-queen in a gay club. But we wanted a legitimate act, where the audience would believe they were watching a talented lady performer doing magic in an alluring manner, until the final moments when the wig was pulled off for all to see that they were deceived, not only by the tricks but by a man impersonating a woman.

Who, but an FP, could put over such an act without seeming or acting ridiculous? So for months my GG and I worked it out. We shot rolls and rolls of movie footage to perfect the actions and make the slight-of-hand appear feminine.

Believe it or not, this was the hardest job. The make-up and dressing were no problem as I had been doing this all of my life. But the actions were something else again.

At first there was over-emphasis. I appeared on movie footage as a Drag Queen, not a real lady. So I worked on the actions even more so. But then I under-emphasized and looked like a man doing magic in a dress. My GG said a few words one evening that not only made my act, but also made a convincing lady out of me.

She said, "Darling, your problem is you don't know how a real woman acts. They act and do everything the same as a man, only in a more graceful manner."

That one statement hit home, and really made a girl out of me. From that time on I not only looked feminine, but felt as a real girl should. I thought of myself as a GG, not an FP, and my actions followed suit. I didn't try to prove to anyone that I was a girl. I was and am a woman while dressed.

We shot more movie footage and this time there was an exotic type of woman on the screen, performing the miracles of the masters of magic. The transformation was magic in itself. I was thrilled and felt a warm glow of inner satisfaction, seeing myself on that screen. I knew I could put the act over without any problems.

The one thing we hadn't figured out, however, was how to release the act. Brother was well-known in the realm of magic throughout the world. He was known as a "Magician's Magician," and had over a score of tricks on the market. How would his compeers take to the act? Also, what would neighbors and friends think?

But after all this work it would be a shame not to go the whole way with it. So, in August 1971, Brother released the act. He let it be known that he had perfected the world's first straight female impersonation magic act.

A stage name had to be adopted. So the name "Charmaine, the Exotic Sorceress," was chosen. Business cards, brochures and publicity pictures were all made. A lot of money was invested, more than Brother could afford, and it was a tremendous gamble, with no guarantee of the outcome.

A few minor club dates were booked for the act. All were smashing successes. I can't relay in words the feeling I had while on stage. Here I was, me, Stephanie, under the cover of "Charmaine" doing what I loved, magic, and doing it as the person I loved to be, the femme-me. I was passing, without being read, and deceiving hundreds of people.

The applause was the sweetest sound any girl could want. To be able to express yourself, as you desired, gave a glow of inner warmth and satisfaction beyond compare.

But the best part was that no one thought any strange thoughts about Brother. Just that he had a lot of guts to go on stage in such a manner. Oh, there was a lot of kidding, but no ridicule.

Offers were pouring in for the act from Magic Conventions throughout the U.S. for next year as well as nightclubs. This was all too good to be true, and I still don't believe it.

The Society of American Magicians had their "Magician of the Year" contest and Brother entered me in it. I won the trophy by unanimous vote. Really, can all these wonderful things be happening to me? If it's a dream don't let me wake up.

Then, about a month ago, I received a telephone call from a large steamship company that runs cruises from Miami to the Carribbean and Mexico. They had heard about the act and wanted it for one of their ships. At first I declined the offer as it meant seven days a week, aboard ship, and no family life.

But the company persisted and the money offers got better and better. Finally we came to terms. A set salary with periodic raises, plus being made assistant cruise director. Also, my own suite, private, aboard ship, and my family could come with me anytime, for as long as they liked. No girl in her right mind could turn down that offer!

I started my first cruise on November 1st. I had a show to do that night. How was I to get the props to the showroom? How would I get up there? There were many problems to figure out. How would the passengers take to a female impersonator, when you all live close together for so many days? I was quite nervous but it was all unfounded.

I set my show up early in the evening and left it backstage. Two hours before showtime I retired to my cabin to get dressed and into make up. I use stage make up which is much easier to apply than regular cosmetics. Also it hides masculine features much better under a spot light.

I was quite nervous the first time as I applied my make up. I wanted to be the most beautiful, talented performer these people had ever seen. Perspiration was pouring down my face. I set my air conditioning to a low temperature.

First I applied my foundation very carefully, being sure I completely covered my neck so the redness wouldn't show. After that, the rest went on easily, even though time consuming.

The costume I would wear that night was one of my favorites. A long sleeved, cowl necked, white chiffon blouse. Striped open vest, with matching Hot Pants, and a floor length open front skirt, in solid black. Quite a dressy outfit. I topped it off with beautiful high heel silver shoes.

At last it was time to put on my wig. There, in front of me, in the mirror was indeed a lovely lady, at least I thought so; now to convince hundreds of people. I rushed backstage, tripping a few time on my long skirt in my anxiety.

The orchestra was finally playing my musical cues. The Master of Ceremonies, backgrounded by the music "Charmaine" was making my introduction. The orchestra was changing the music tempo to the exotic sounds of "Song of India." Stephanie/Charmain, it's all yours, girl!

The performance went extremely well. I was putting it over and could feel the rapport of my audience. They were applauding each trick as I presented it. After the last effect I made my exit from the stage, waiting for the encore and the moment I would pull the wig.

There it was. The MC was saying, "Let's bring her on one more time. Ladies and Gentlemen, Charmaine." I gracefully entered the stage again, took a few more bows, threw kisses to these fabulous people. Then shocked them. I just reached up to my forehead and "wham" off came the wig. Another thunderous ovation and I knew I had it made.

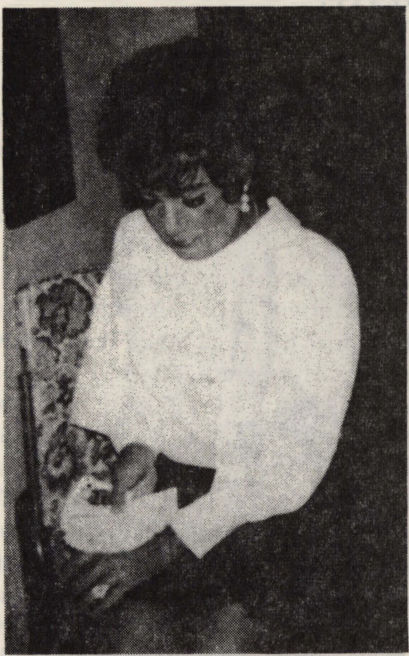
Now I packed up the act for the next performance and wondered how the passengers would take to a Femme-Personator. What questions would be asked? Would I be accepted as myself? I went below, to my cabin, and reluctantly removed my make up, dress, wig, etc. It was time for Brother to remake his appearance and mingle with the passengers.

To my surprise not one comment was made to me. No one mentioned how they liked my act. No questions, no congratulations. Was I that bad? Did no one want to hurt my feelings? What was wrong? It was beyond my comprehension.

Two nights later I did my second show. This time as Brother, doing night club illusions. Again the act seemed a very successful one. But I still wondered what was wrong that no one had mentioned the Charmaine act to me.

That evening, and all the next day, my questions were answered. I was deluged with well-wishers. They all admitted that they just didn't recognize Brother as Charmaine. I had done such a good job of convincing them that they were watching a woman the first show, and an entirely different person the second time.

All my work and practice seemed worthwhile now. My future looks very bright. Stephanie as Charmaine will go far with the help of her family, and God.



"Charmaine"



Stephanie

9-L-4 FPE



Dolores 21-G-4 FPE



Wilma
32-S-11 FPE



Myrtle Ann
36-M-1 FPE



THE GIRL WITHIN AGAIN

Most of the philosophy about the subject of cross dressing which has been developed by myself and this magazine appeared in print a number of years ago. Those who have bought a lot of the back issues have found it there and been able to incorporate whatever parts of it they wished into their own thinking. However there are a lot of readers who have joined our ranks within the last 2 or 3 years who have just found bits and pieces of it here and there in the magazine without any explanation for the terms. For example, every now and again I, or some author, will use the term "Femme Personator" or refer to the Girl Within as though everybody knew what was meant. It is rather unfair to them so I'd like to bring everybody up to date.

I was impelled to do this because of something I read. You will remember that the editorial in No. 73 was taken from a book called *Masculine/Feminine* which is a book of essays about Womens Liberation. As I read through it I came upon a remarkable statement which put me on the track of restating some of our basic philosophy. I say "our" because a lot of the older readers understood and adopted it so it can be thought of in the plural. Well what I found was this statement: "The woman most desperately in need of liberation is the "woman" every man has locked up in the dungeons of his own psyche. THAT is the basic act of oppression that still waits to be undone, though the undoing might well produce the most cataclysmic reinterpretation of the sexual roles and of sexual "normalcy" in all human history." (The Hard and the Soft by Theodore Roszak on page 101 of *Masculine/Feminine*.)

It is always nice when you find someone else saying what you have been saying for years, it makes you feel as though the world was finally

catching up with you. Now Susanna (who used to write a column for TVia) and I and after us a lot of others have for years used the term "the Girl Within." She is the same one, the girl locked up in the "dungeons of our psyches." This lead to the concept of the dual personality about which much has been written in the past. It wasn't always understood, however, as I often get letters from readers saying that they don't have a sense of two personalities and presume that either they are very different from the rest or that the point of view involved in the expression is wrong. Neither is correct. The problem is simply that they do not understand the matter clearly — and that may go for you too, gentle reader, so stay with me and lets see where this all gets us. Such people are thinking of the dual personalities in too literal a sense — kind of like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde or the Three Faces of Eve. The personality is there but it is rather like an as yet unborn baby in the womb — its there but it isn't tangible, visible and functional yet. Give it birth and it becomes all three but it becomes so in a very primitive and undeveloped condition and the events of its next several years shape the baby into a child with its own patterns of behavior and its own ways of functioning which we now refer to as having a personality of its own.

Well, so it is with the FP (Femmiphile or Femme Personator — one who gives life to the feminine within him formerly referred to as a TV). Each of you, and every other man has a "girl within." The difference between we FPs and the rest is that we have discovered that girl sitting in the dungeons of our mind. Circumstances are such that some of us can give her a lot of "life" elapsed time as a person among people and her potential personality then develops into an obvious and indisputable one. Others are unable to provide her those opportunities and her personality remains a potential one like the oak tree within the acorn.

Skeptics among you, and those who make a habit of disagreeing with whatever Virginia comes up with (and there are quite a few), will ask how come I can assert with such assurance that everybody has this girl within thing? It is really rather obvious when you analyze it. To begin with, all males are born as baby males — and *that is all*. They are not born as boys because that is a gender thing and they have to learn it. Their learning begins almost from the moment of birth since it has been shown that mothers handle male babies differently than they do female babies. So from that minute on they are trained — *you* were trained sometimes directly sometimes indirectly, sometimes openly and sometimes subtly to be a boy. But think a minute — when there are two sides to most every situation, the masculine and the feminine, the young boy has to learn not only which patterns are adequately masculine but he also has to

learn the whole negative picture. What *not* to be, to do, to express, to say, etc. He has to build up just as precise a collection of negative no-nos as he does of positive, approved patterns. All rolled together these make the nucleus of the "girl within." She is a complete set of patterns for living but a set kept in most cases under secure repression. She must not be allowed to see the light of day because then her "brother," the visible and developed personality, would be in trouble. People would call him names, accuse him of unacceptable behavior, tease him and generally make life miserable. So the girl is there in the dungeon alright and I'm very pleased to find Mr. Roszak saying it in so many words.

I hope too that I've made it clear to you, the reader of these words that when speaking of the "dual personality" concept I do not mean necessarily that the two are of equal stages of development and that one can change from one to the other in a moment. No, what I want to get over is that we all have this potential second personality and how far she develops, i.e. grows up, depends on our own individual circumstances.

But lets examine the implications of the second part of Mr. Roszaks statement — "THAT is the basic act of oppression which still waits to be undone —" He isn't putting in any plea for FPs — I doubt if he even knows much about us. He is speaking for every man and in that context those are pretty strong words, don't you think, saying that it is a basic act of oppression for every man to keep his own femininity in the dungeons of his psyche? Obviously righting that wrong would involve letting all those incarcerated feminine aspects out for all the world to see. What he is saying is exactly what I've been saying and lecturing about for years, that each of us man and woman is only a half human being. Half because at birth and shortly thereafter each of us had half of himself or herself designated as a no-no area and in effect told that we couldn't live that part of ourselves. Thus we go through life an emotional cripple, hobbling around on one psychic leg as it were and trying to do the best we can with only half of our potential available to us. Now we are all pretty used to this so it has come to seem "natural." Yet two kinds of people rise up to challenge it. 1) the femmiphiles and strange as it may seem to the more chauvenistic among you, 2) those women who understand and support womens liberation.

In the last analysis what the womens libbers are saying and what FPs are saying too is, "give us back our other half, let us be whole human beings, stop incarcerating us within fixed stereotypes that males must

be and do and wear, and act and feel 1, 2, 3 & 4 and females must be and do and wear and act and feel, 5, 6, 7 & 8. Most of you would be very happy if society suddenly took off the lid and said it is fine if males want to wear dresses and heels and lipstick and sing and dance and act silly and free (and in short all the things you can't do today). Well, those who understand the root problems being attacked by womens lib will see that the problems are essentially the same but that each attacks a different side of the same thing.

The more perceptive psychiatrists admit that they can't do much to "cure" femmiphiles but they don't offer any explanation as to their inabilities. But a moments reflection in the light of what I've said above makes it eminently clear why they can't. It is because the FP through some accidental event sometime in his life, generally before adolescence, has discovered the key to his dungeon and has let his "girl within" out to some degree. Since she is not an aberration but a real part of himself — his other half — he is just not about to put her back in the dungeon just because parents, doctors, wives, society or whomever says that that is the way it has to be. He may feign a "cure" to keep the peace but we all know it is not for real. We have all been underground long enough to have learned that once we have found our other half we are not about to let her go.

Now in referring to our "girl within" as our "other half" I want to be sure that you see this in the right light. This part of us is not some weird delusion or psychopathic condition that only FPs "suffer" from. The term "girl within" is just a convenient way of characterizing all those negative, no-no things that our society sees as belonging to the pink blanket set and being inappropriate for blue blanket people. These distinctions are arbitrary and variable between cultures, even within the same culture at various times (long hair for men, pantsuits for women etc.). Thus to really be a whole human being one needs to have access to all of his potential ways of reacting to his environment and not be limited to just some of them because his current culture has put a hex on the rest. I've often said that we should look on our FPia as a blessing and not as an unmitigated curse. It is perfectly true that it makes problems for us in an unenlightened society such as we live in, but looked at positively we are the vanguard of Mens Liberation in that we have met and made friends with that woman formerly locked away in the dungeons of our psyche. What an interesting world it will be when all people male and female alike can once again be in possession of their whole full selves. Think of the contributions to be made by people who are not forced to limit themselves to just certain stereotyped patterns

but are free to go and do whatever their abilities and motivations dictate — always with the understanding of course that doing so does not tread on the rights of others.

There is an old saying, “don’t judge others by yourself” but for years I have been aware of how false that saying is. Actually, yourself is all you have to judge anyone else by. Thus I find myself extracting conclusions about other people and their lives from looking at developments in my own.

I find that in my life as it is today I have access to both halves of my total self as characterized by the names Charles and Virginia. That is, I have my masculinity when it is needed and I have my femininity. This leads to a feeling of greater self sufficiency than I would have as either alone. I don’t need another woman to provide femininity nor a man to provide me with masculinity as I can take care of both myself.

This observation about my own life leads me to believe that the movements afoot today leading to a greater awareness of the limitations of stereotypes and the desire for greater fulfillment of each individual whether male or female, point to a time in the not too distant future when the human race can settle down to being human not just super animals. When sex will be something to enjoy with another human being at the right time or place on a basis of equality and a joint enjoyable experience. At the present time I have a strong feeling that a great part of the sexual activity between males and females whether in marriage or outside of it is at the bottom a need for the males to acquire femininity symbolically through the closeness of intercourse and for the females to acquire masculinity in the same way. Thus at the root of the act is a need for fulfillment which is covered over with the idea of enjoyment and mutual intimacy. For the most part neither the males nor the females recognize this need because they have both been socialized to think of themselves as complete people and given a whole different set of reasons for marriage and sex.

But with things changing as they are we are moving rather rapidly toward the time when the basis of need will have been removed, and each party will be more whole in his and herself. At that point sex will be more honest, open and equal. And I might point out for better or worse that also at that point transvestites, femmiphiles — call them what you will — will have disappeared as one of the phenomena of the childhood of the human species; a compensatory mechanism which will no longer be necessary. Those who look for the day when society will ac-

cept the cross dresser are going to be both satisfied and disappointed at the same time. Society will accept because it will no longer make any difference what one wears or how one acts as it will be a matter dependent on individual preference not of social dictation and training. At the same time it will be a disappointment because those who have been brought up on one side of a no longer existant line and who achieve pleasure and satisfaction from crossing it will no longer be able to do so because there will no longer be a line to cross. So the moral of all this girls, is to enjoy it now while you can. They'll take all the fun out of it later.

Anyway my final conclusion is that everybody is consciously or unconsciously seeking "wholeness" — a state of non-division. FPia is just one of the techniques that has been found, there are many others. But we are all after the same thing. So the sooner we learn to recognize our need and accept our solution (dressing), the sooner we will achieve peace of mind in proportion to the degree of wholeness we achieve.

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Ana Bertha FM-M-3 FPE
Mexico



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. **A STUDY OF FP WIVES:** A woman psychologist of my acquaintance wants to do a study of the wives of FPs. Naturally it would only be of those who have some degree of acceptance and understanding. She will provide a questionnaire to be filled out by the wives. It will be sent to me and I will forward it to any wives that indicate their willingness to cooperate. If yours will, will you please write her name and address and the statement that she will be willing to take the test, on a 3 by 5 card and mail it in to me? When the questionnaires are prepared I will then mail them to her. Security is completely controlled because your names and addresses will not be asked for on the questionnaire nor provided by me. I will mail the questionnaires out and you will mail them back to her in stamped envelopes provided. (Those who have already sent in the slip mailed with *Femme Forum* need not reply again.)

Already about 35 FPE wives have indicated their willingness, I hope many more will do so that we can get something of a "profile" (as they say in hijacking circles these days) of the kind of a woman who is open enough and human enough to be able to deal with the pattern. This ought to be scientifically valuable but beyond that it should give the younger FPs who are looking for "A" and "B" wives a better idea of what to look for. Please don't include your wife's agreement in a letter. I want it on a 3 by 5 card or paper so I can file them in a file box. Thanks.

II. **REPURCHASE, SALE AND RENTAL:** I know that I have mentioned these many times before but it continues to be necessary. We have indicated our willingness to repurchase any back issues which are no longer in stock (see the price list following this) at \$2 per copy. These issues are then offered for sale to any who want them at \$6. Several readers have acted on this offer and we now have one to four issues of many of the out of stock issues. If you want to obtain any of these back

issues please note same on a 3 by 5 card and send it in. When the issue you want comes in you will be notified which and how much to send in.

We particularly need the following numbers: 1 to 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 23-27, 29-32, 35, 36, 39, 41-43, 54 and 58. If you are willing to part with any of these please send them in for \$2 in cash or credit.

For those that do not want to buy but like to read we have a complete library of 3 copies of each exhausted issue for rental at a fee of \$2 and \$4 deposit returnable on return of the issue. I tell you all this again because we are constantly getting orders for issues clearly indicated to be out of stock in the price list but readers do not take as much advantage of the rental library as they might. (At the same time there are a few who take too much advantage in that they do not return their rented copies within a month. If you have any out on rental please return them so they will be available for others.

III. INTRODUCTION TO TRANSVESTISM: This little leaflet was written many years ago and has proved so handy in educating lots of people. For sometime I have offered it at cost at 10¢ each. I happened to check up on things the other day and found that I have been subsidizing this distribution since between printing and postage it comes to nearly twice that. So from here on out I'll have to ask 20¢ each from you to break even. I do still urge you to invest in a couple of dollar's worth however, and distribute them to doctors, ministers, judges, Vice squad commanders, etc. You all want greater acceptance and understanding on the part of the public but only very few of you do anything to help bring it about. This little effort won't cost you much and will at least be a ripple in the pond.

IV. NEW STORIES: A word of thanks to those of you who have sent in the money to cover one or all of the new stories listed in the price list. This is helping a lot with the cost of trying to do a lot of publishing at once. However I want to make sure that everyone realizes that these items had to be listed as I had to get them in the new price list but that they are **NOT YET AVAILABLE**. All orders are entered on your cards and also on a Wait List and they will be mailed out as they become available. *Schoolgirl in the Secret Service*, the first to be printed, should be off the press about the first week of August. Others will follow as quickly as possible.

V. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** There is a lot more paper work in running Chevalier than may be apparent to readers. You could help us a lot by realizing that when you have several thousand cards there are bound to be duplications of first and last names, sometimes even in the same city. Change of femme name, address, etc. necessitates changing it on four different cards if you are an FPE member and two if you're not. Sometimes readers change names and/or addresses without advising us of the fact. This leads to mailing to a wrong number and the package being returned. When this happens the reshipping postage is charged to the reader. Postage amounts to about 8% of the price of Chevalier items which is a large percentage in any business, but 16% is impossible. Changes without notification also lead to a lot of detective work trying to find out who someone really is, etc. Please give us a break. We are literally overwhelmed by details as it is.

VI. **PLEASE READ:** We provide information to you readers on every matter that affects you. We only wish you would *read* things. We are always getting letters asking questions that have been answered in previous issues, ordering things not on the price list, asking when the next issue will be out or what the current one is, asking for COD shipments (we don't make them) or conversely some readers mix FPE and Chevalier money in the same check, or include orders buried in the middle of long letters, or fail to provide a stamped envelope and the \$1 fee for CONTACT letters or ask us to give their names to somebody else (we don't) or alternately ask who and how to contact somebody in some city they are going to visit in a couple of weeks (instead of writing far enough ahead and thru CONTACT so they can make their own contacts — we do NOT provide addresses on request). All of these things — and a lot more — have been answered, explained, requested in past issues in the Editorial Emanations column. We just CAN'T and therefore we WON'T take the time, trouble, and postage to answer these things. You just have to draw the line somewhere.

VII. **IDENTIFICATION:** Please remember to put your name on the back of pictures and manuscripts or other materials sent in to us. We want to give credit where it is due and usually try to mark things ourselves but sometimes this gets overlooked and then we don't know who to credit with a picture or story. Most of the items marked "Anonymous" are due to failure to identify although some few are intentional.

VIII. **"COVER GIRL" IN ENGLAND:** Several issues ago I gave a plug to "Cover Girl" in London as a place where special shoes, corsets,

and other "goodies" could be obtained. Pauline has asked me to ask interested prospects to send her \$3 with your request for her catalog. She allows \$2 of it on your first order but the airmail postage alone costs her about \$1 plus cost of the catalog itself. So please oblige in this.



Person to Person

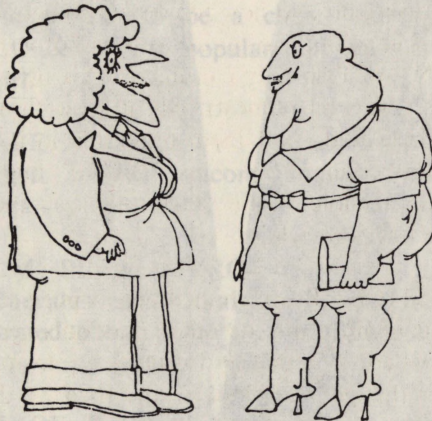
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANSVESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT."

Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

47-L-1 FPE Would like to get in touch with other FPEs in Spokane, Wash. and surrounding areas
 AGNES



"Gosh, Roger, I'm sure glad we met."



Peggy - Penn.



Charlene
5-D-10 FPE

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 \$5
Per Copy, Issues 60 and before \$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

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. Illus. \$3

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA

The following back issues are still available: 14, 15, 18-22 incl., 33, 34, 38, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53, 58, 61 and all following. However some of these are in limited quantities and will soon be exhausted, order now while they are in stock. Every issue is new and interesting until you have read it. Many wonderful stories, articles and pictures have appeared in earlier issues. Don't overlook them waiting for newer issues. Due to the change of price from \$4 to \$5 starting with No. 61, the back issue special price applies *ONLY TO ISSUES NO. 60 AND BEFORE*.
Reduced rate, 6 issues for \$20

Those issues no longer available to purchase may be rented to read and return. Send \$6 per issue, \$4 will be returned or credited to you upon return of the rented copy. This way you can read everything 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 polyvinyl 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

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 including 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

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

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 use. 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 derriere 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

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

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
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues and having read them. (Back issues count as part of the 5). This will enable the reader to ascertain the kind of people for which the magazine is published and to decide whether he is also one of that kind. Acceptance into FPE is dependent upon approval of an application form, payment of dues and by a personal interview with the area councillor (when possible). Members of FPE may use the Person to Person service by simply paying the regular fees.

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

Ask for rates.



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