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Transvestia

FICTION

- The List
- Stormy Night
- Accidental Discovery
- Man Sees What He Expects to See

HISTORY

- Search for Self

ARTICLE

- Oasis
- A Psychic Transvestite
- The Case for the Underwearer

TRUE STORY

- London 1973
- 365 Thanksgiving Days a Year

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

- Adventure in Womanhood



Volume XIV No. 84

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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

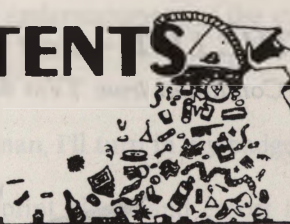
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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FICTION

THE LIST - Part 2

(Continued from TVia 83)

Winnie-NY-8-B FPE

The leaves were beginning to fall from the big oak tree outside his office window. Harry Cooper watched them swirl in the wind, deep in thought. He had a problem. There had been a sudden influx of "attachees" to one of the East European embassies. He needed a good agent to keep tabs on them. Someone like Ted Brewer. Dammit, why was Brewer taking so long to lift that mailing list from a bunch of stupid weirdos? He had hoped that job would be done in three months, four at the most. But, here it was, five and a half months after he had dispatched Brewer on the errand, and still no certainty of success.

Oh yes, Harry had received regular coded reports from Ted, indicating considerable progress. He had supplied an additional set of false ID papers in the name of "Cynthia Foster" when Ted had telegraphed an urgent request for such documents. But after every optimistic report, some new obstacle always seemed to appear. Well, in two weeks, Ted should be back, with or without the list. But in two weeks, those Commies could have made all their contacts and then simply lie low for months on end. Harry's thoughts were interrupted by Kathy's voice over the intercom.

"Call from the guardhouse on line three, boss."

He punched the button and picked up the phone. "Cooper speaking."

"Sergeant Carter here, sir. There's a girl waiting at the gate. Claims to be one of our agents working under your orders. And she *does* have an Agency ID card with the name Theodore Brewer. But the picture doesn't look anything like this girl, of course."

Harry carefully selected the words for his reply. "Oh, yes, Sergeant. The nature of Brewer's assignment may have necessitated his simulating a slightly effeminate appearance."

"That has to be the understatement of the year, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"If this person is a man, I'll turn in my badge."

"Well, run a fingerprint check and escort the party to my office."

"Yes, sir!"

Harry hung up the phone. So, Brewer was back – it *had* to be him – and hopefully with the list, the time limit he had set was still two weeks away. Harry felt better already – he now had a man to watch the Commie embassy. Good old eager-beaver Ted – he must have gotten the list while dressed in his disguise and rushed back immediately without bothering to change. Quite a risk to be taking – making a plane flight in drag. Harry had never seen an agent so anxious to get a job completed.

He turned on the intercom. "Guess what, Kathy! – Ted Brewer is back! You know, that handsome young agent you drove to the airport almost six months ago."

"How *could* I forget, boss, after dressing him in those dainties?"

"Well, according to the guard, you may not recognize him."

"Oh, I think I'll know her – er – him."

"You listened in on the phone call!" Harry accused, catching the slip.

"No – Yes, I'm sorry, boss. Won't do it again," Kathy apologized.

"Forgiven. Dig out the case file, will you." Harry couldn't stay mad at Kathy for very long.

Fifteen minutes later, there was a knock on his office door. "Sergeant Carter here, sir." Harry opened up.

"The prints matched!" Carter reported in a tone of awe, "That is your man!" nodding towards a blonde girl in an eye-catching short black skirt and silk-print blouse who was engaged in animated conversation with Harry's secretary, "Hope you didn't take me seriously, about turning in my badge."

"Of course not, Carter. You may return to your post."

Harry turned towards the girl, who had her back to him. "Is that really you, Ted?" There was no response. "Ted!?"

"—and the most *fabulous* shade of nail polish," he heard the girl say.

"Er, Cynthia," Kathy interrupted, "the boss is talking to you."

Cynthia turned and put her prettily manicured hand up to her mouth. Both were colored a bright frosted pink. "Oh! I'm terribly sorry, Chief. So excited to see Kathy again."

"I called you twice," Harry scowled, annoyed with the frivolity.

"He called you 'Ted'," Kathy explained.

"Oh! *No* one has called me 'Ted' in months, Chief. I guess that's why I didn't notice."

"Well, let's get down to business. Come into my office," Harry invited, holding the door open and pulling up a chair for Cynthia without realizing what he was doing. Cynthia sat down, placing her legs together to one side and smoothed down her skirt. Harry couldn't help but notice she had rather pretty ankles (obviously, Ted kept his legs neatly shaved, which Harry had expected would be necessary) and was wearing a pair of pastel blue mid-heel pumps. As Harry seated himself, the girl produced a cigarette from her purse. A colorful flower pattern was printed on the filter. Harry struck his lighter and reached across the desk.

"Thank you, Chief," she acknowledged, lowering her thickly fringed eyelids. The significance of his actions suddenly hit home and Harry's face reddened.

"Say, Ted, I hope I'm not giving you any embarrassment," he apologized, "Heh-heh! You look so — er — authentic. Even sound like a dame."

"Oh, dear, no! I'm used to being treated like a lady. I'm also accustomed to being called Cynthia – I wish *you* would."

"Oh? What's the matter with 'Ted'?"

"Nothing – it just makes me uncomfortable when I'm dressed this way."

Harry reflected for a moment. "Yeah, I can see how it might – would indicate that a person had seen through your disguise. Which is pretty good," he added, peering in fascination at Cynthia's prettily made-up face, "Your wig is particularly clever – can't see any trace of the cap."

"There isn't any. I'm not wearing a wig today."

"*That's* your own hair?" Harry was astounded, "I thought you were darker."

"She smiled back, "Only my hairdresser knows," stroking her long tresses.

"Good Heavens! I didn't think you would have to go so far in mimicking one of those TV freaks." Harry continued his scrutiny of her face, which was smiling proudly. "You must get an awfully close shave – what kind of razor do you use? I'll have to try that brand myself."

"I don't use a razor, Chief."

"No? Then how do you – ?" Harry began, in puzzlement.

"I don't need to shave anymore," Cynthia explained.

"What happened to your beard!?" Harry couldn't understand it.

"Electrolysis," she spelled out.

"Ye gods! Those weirdos made you zap your whiskers?"

"Uh-huh. Had to convince them I was in earnest. And that's not all." Cynthia saw a frown appear on Harry's face as his eyes flicked over hers, searching. She tugged one of her gold hoop earrings to give him a clue.

"I can't believe it, Ted. You had your ears pierced!" Harry began to appreciate the agony his agent must have gone through.

"'Cynthia', pul-eeze," she reminded him.

"Oh - yeah - well - er - Cynthia," - the name came out with considerable difficulty - "I suppose it must have been a terrible blow to your ego, having to do all those sissy things to yourself. A most unpleasant assignment, indeed. Much worse than I thought. Let me nominate you for a citation - for 'devotion to service beyond the call of duty' "

"That would be nice, Chief," she smiled sweetly.

"Well, I bet you're glad it's ended. Say - the rest of this debriefing can wait - I'll let you go to a motel and change into something more comfortable."

"No need to. I'm quite at ease in this outfit, thank you."

"Well, I'm not, -er, Cynthia," Harry rejoined with some annoyance, "Aren't you anxious to get out of drag? At least, get back into your regular clothes so I can call you 'Ted'."

"I don't have any men's clothing, if that's what you mean. I got rid of all my icky masculine stuff ages ago."

"What! You had to do *that*, too?" - she nodded in reply - "Well, that's easily remedied. I'll have one of our men pick up something for you. What's your size?"

"Sixteen."

"No - your men's size - don't you remember?"

"Whatever it was, I don't think it would fit me now," Cynthia replied, touching her bosom, "Don't bother, anyway. I have no intention of ever wea -"

She was interrupted by Kathy's voice over the intercom. "Mr. Barrett wants to speak with you, boss. On line one."

"Tell him I'm busy."

"I would talk to him, if I were you. He sounds very mad," Kathy advised.

Harry reconsidered his decision. Jim Barrett was Chief of Accounting, a real hardnose, and carried a lot of weight with the top brass in the Agency. Better soothe him. He picked up the phone. "What's the trouble, Barrett?"

"Your agent Brewer is, that's what! What the devil does he think he's doing, anyway? Trying to break me? When I opened that crazy special account for his drag outfits, I budgeted a few hundred dollars at the most. But the bills keep pouring in - the total is over five grand now, and we get more every day - things like \$100 dresses, \$300 wigs, shoes galore, scads of lingerie and cosmetics, and over \$1500 in beauty parlor 'services rendered'."

"Fifteen hundred bucks at the beauty parlor!?" Harry repeated, looking pointedly at Cynthia.

"Electrolysis is expensive," she commented, sweetly, "but the results are worth it," stroking her smooth chin.

Harry scowled darkly. "Look, Barrett, I'm sure this can all be explained. I have agent Brewer here with me now - just beginning his debriefing, in fact. I'll call you back later."

"You'd better have some good answers, Cooper! Since you authorized this account, the expenses are coming out of your departmental allocation. If you don't show substantial, results to justify the outlay, your neck is on the block!" Barrett warned and hung up.

"Whew!" Harry whistled, "That was Barrett in Accounting, Brewer, in case you didn't guess, and he's hopping mad. For good reason, too! Do you realize that you've run up five grand in expenses for your feminine glad rags?"

"Only five thousand?" Cynthia didn't seem perturbed, "I guess all the bills aren't in yet."

Harry jumped up out of his chair. His head almost hit the ceiling.



Deanna IL-35-G-FPE

"What!!?" he spluttered, "you mean there's *more*?"

Cynthia nodded guiltily.

"Like what?" Harry prodded.

She hesitated for a moment, then blurted: "A mink coat."

"Did I hear you right? A *mink* coat?"

"Y-yes. I couldn't help it, Chief - it looked so beautiful on me, a perfect fit," she apologized. "On sale, too - a real bargain at only \$7,997."

"*Only!*, she says!" throwing his hands in the air. Harry shuddered to think what Barrett would do. He looked down at Cynthia and noticed that she still had a worried look on her face. That worried *him*, too. "Is there something else I should know about?"

Cynthia gulped and spilled it out: "Yes - a diamond necklace and earrings."

"*Real ice*?" Harry questioned in disbelief.

"Uh-huh. Girl's best friend."

"Oh! No!" Harry groaned. "How much?" almost afraid to ask.

Cynthia's eyes gave him a soft appealing look. "Ten thousand, plus tax," she confessed.

Poor Harry slumped into his chair. He imagined cash register bells ringing in his ears. He pressed his hands over them. Cynthia opened her mouth, but Harry forestalled her, "*Don't* say another word until I digest what you've already told me." Staring blankly into space, he called weakly, "Kathy - get me a glass of water."

Kathy dutifully responded. Harry reached for a tranquilizer and gulped it down with the water. After Kathy had departed to the outer office, Harry returned to reality.

"How could you do this to me, Brewer? Surely you don't expect Uncle Sam to foot the bill for such things?"

"I—I suppose not. But I was hoping . . . Aw, gee, Chief, I just couldn't help myself. Something came over me—guess I lost my head." Cynthia was quite contrite. "I'll send them back, if you insist," she offered.

"You bet I insist. And for Heaven's sake do it right away, before Barrett sees the bills."

"I'll try," she promised.

"But *why* did you buy that stuff in the first place?" Harry continued, "Don't tell me it was needed on the job!"

"No, I guess not, really. But I wanted to make a big splash at our last party. And I *did*, too—boy, were the other gals envious!"

Harry was beginning to wonder whether Agent Brewer had lost his marbles along with his pants. Then, the chilling thought that Cynthia might not have finished occurred to him. He stared hard into her pretty blue eyes. "Anything else?"

"Maybe another outfit or two, but I think that's all the major items. Except the medical bills for my breast implants," she answered matter-of-factly.

"B-B-Breast implants, did you say!?" Harry stammered, "You mean those bumps are sewn under your skin?"

"The operation cost only a thousand, Chief. For both of them."

"I'm not concerned about the cost—this time—I'm worried about the screws in your head."

"But I *needed* a bust to bust open the case!" Cynthia cupped her hands around the objects in question. "These are what finally convinced the other girls that I'm a genuine transvestite. I'd never have gotten *near* your precious name list without them."

"Those ghouls! Wait till I get my hands on them!" Harry stormed. It became clear to Harry that his agent must have been put under a tremendous psychological strain. A lapse into temporary insanity was quite understandable in such circumstances—that probably accounted for the extravagant purchases. He reached over the desk and took her hand in his.

"I'm sorry, Ted, that this case put you under such pressure. Your devotion to duty is commendable."

"I'm *Cynthia*, Chief. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes, dear *Cynthia*. I understand completely," he soothed, patting her hand to humor her. Guess he isn't fully recovered yet, Harry thought to himself. I'll have to handle this situation very carefully.

"Now, *Cynthia*, what were you saying when Barrett's call interrupted us?"

"I was telling you not to bother getting me any men's clothing."

In the light of what he now knew, Harry could see the sense of her desire.

"Yes, I can understand your position, *Cynthia*. Before you change sex, you want those things removed. I'll make an immediate appointment with the staff surgeon." Harry reached for the phone. A look of horror swept over *Cynthia's* face.

"No! I don't want any more surgery," she protested.

Harry was puzzled until he noticed that she was clutching her skirt tightly and realized there had been a serious misunderstanding.

"The *implants* I mean, of course. Sorry to scare you."

Cynthia relaxed somewhat, but shifted her hands to her chest. "No surgery," she said firmly.

Harry was thoroughly perplexed. Could an agent who had demonstrated such courage in the Zubinski affair actually be afraid of the surgeon's knife? "Was the operation *that* bad, dear?" taking her hand in his again and looking for fear in her eyes. Only, he didn't see any. In fact, they were sparkling.

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing much at all. And when I saw the results, I almost forgot the pain."

The real truth of the situation finally began to sink into Harry's thick

skull. He let go of her hand, rather quickly, and grabbed another tranquilizer.

"Let me get this straight. You want to *keep* those built-in falsies. You *don't* want male clothing. Then—"

"I want to remain in skirts. I *am* a TV girl, as I said before."

Harry buried his face in his hands. "Ye*gods! I've lost my best man. Those fiends have turned him into a fairy!"

"Now, Chiefie dear, don't be so upset," Cynthia comforted him, "So what if you have lost a man—you know as well as I do that they're considered expendable, anyway—look on the positive side instead—you now have the best woman agent this outfit has ever had."

"I *want* you to get lost!" Harry snapped disconsolately.

"Oh, I don't think you mean that," Cynthia replied in a more serious tone, "If you lose me, you lose the list. It's locked up safely inside my pretty head. Then what will you have to show for all those bills, plus my salary for the last six months?"

Harry looked up at her, his mouth hanging open. Consternation showed on his face. He could tell that Cynthia meant what she said.

"Besides, it's all your fault," she continued, "*You* put me into women's things. If you had read page 24 of that psychiatrist's silly report, you would have known that one contact with feminine garments can convert a susceptible subject into a confirmed TV. That's *one* thing the report was right about."

"That, I don't believe," Harry retorted sarcastically.

Cynthia was irked. She threw down the gauntlet. "Well, my dear, you wouldn't have any objection to trying some things on yourself, would you?" she suggested, "I have some real nice undies in my vanity case—I think you'd like them."

"Oh, no you don't—certainly not! You've got to be crazy if you think you can get me to put on any of that stuff."

Harry looked quite worried. Cynthia couldn't help but burst out laughing at his discomfiture. She pressed home her advantage. "I bet you have a new assignment waiting for me. Who would work on the case if you discharged me?" Harry had forgotten about the Commie spies. The change of expression on his face gave his thoughts away. "Why, yes, I did have another case pending," he admitted.

"Like keeping track of these characters?" the girl suggested. From her purse, Cynthia pulled a newspaper photograph under the headline "Red Diplomats Land at Dulles." "I clipped it from the paper I read on the flight back," she explained, holding it under his nose.

Harry was taken aback. "Why, yes, that's exactly what I had in mind. How did you guess?"

"Feminine intuition, perhaps. Now, a woman can do this job as well as a man. Better, in fact—she can get closer to them." Cynthia struck a seductive pose to show what she meant. "Futhermore, I *know* I can do better than just watch them. Now that I'm a woman, I have the power to boggle men's minds," she continued.

Harry's mouth began to open.

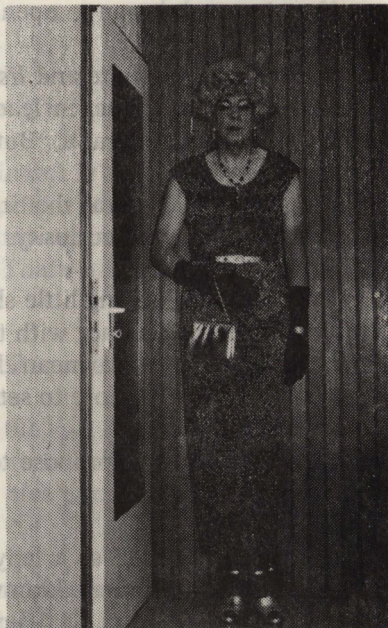
"Just sit still a minute and *listen* to my plan. That dignified-looking guy in the middle isn't the real leader—just a front, as you very well know," referring to the photograph, "But *I* know who is!"

Harry didn't. That was the first thing he needed to find out. Cynthia had him bristling with curiosity.

"It's that ratty-looking little shrimp, second from the right," she disclosed, scratching the face with the pointed tip of her finger, "I tangled with him in Berlin—a real mean character—colonel in their Secret Police. And boy, do I have a score to settle!"

"Well, how do you propose to set about it?" Harry asked, showing some interest.

"He fancies himself as a lady-killer, but likes to humiliate women when he's done with them. I know how I can get him to fall for me, and when I'm done with *him*, he'll never want to mess with girls again. Now, we all know that affairs are tolerated in this business—that's a fringe



Ina (Holland)

benefit of being a secret agent. But there's one thing even the Reds can't stand. I tell you, Chief, one photo of him with *me* completely undressed, and we'll *own* him!"

The impact of her audacious proposal struck Harry with full force. The idea seemed preposterous. But it might work. He looked Cynthia over very carefully. She was sitting straight in her chair, legs modestly together (her skirt came above her knees), clutching her handbag on her lap. Her pretty pink mouth was parted in a pleasant feminine smile, eyes shining vivaciously under blue-shadowed lids accented by neatly arched brows – the very picture of an attractively chic young lady, a girl that any red-blooded man would want to take to bed. No trace of Ted at all. The more Harry thought about it, the better he liked the plan. Yes, it *would* work, he decided. Quite a brilliant idea, in fact. His agent's strange aberration didn't seem to have affected her remarkable cunning. Only once before in his long career had Harry managed to trap an enemy agent in a compromising situation.

"Well?" she finally inquired.

"It sounds – um – rather interesting, Cynthia," he acknowledged.

"Thought you'd like it," her eyes twinkled, "but I'll need a little help to make sure of snagging him." Her voice took on an angry tone. "In Berlin, the dirty rat seduced the Countess von Himmeldorf, a really beautiful young girl, then treated her like dirt – beat her black-and-blue. The poor kid tried to kill herself – I, rather, 'Ted,' had to rescue her from the ledge outside her hotel room. That's the kind he is – his evil black heart seems to get a perverse thrill from degrading nice, innocent young ladies. In particular, he aims for wealthy bourgeois girls – the higher their class, the farther he can drag them down. So, to be certain I can entice him, I'll need my mink and diamonds." She saw Harry's jaw drop and hastened to end before he could speak, "If you let me keep my goodies and go through with that citation you promised, I'll let you claim this plan as your own – make some brownie points with the head of the Agency," she offered.

Harry looked skeptical but, before he could say anything, Kathy again interrupted with an urgent message: "Look out, boss! Here comes Mr. Barrett, headed straight for your door. And he looks absolutely furious!" she warned.

Before Harry could respond, the office door burst open and the huge

frame of James E. Barrett crossed the threshold.

"Look what the computer just dumped on my desk!" he thundered, waving a fistful of cards in the air, "I *hope* you have a good explanation, Cooper, if only for your own sake. As for you, Brewer, you crazy ba—" His voice tailed off as he turned and met Cynthia's flashing eyes. "Er—excuse me, ma'am. I thought I'd find Mr. Brewer in here."

"Miss Cynthia Brewer," she introduced herself, coolly while remaining seated, "thanks to your generous financial assistance, Mr. Barrett."

"But—but—!?" there seemed to be marbles in his mouth. He backed away, thoroughly confused.

Harry seized the opportunity to launch a counter attack. Rising to his feet, he confronted his adversary.

"See here, this is all part of a Top Secret scheme that I've been cooking for months," Harry fibbed, "You haven't been told because you don't have a need to know. Now get out of here, and for goodness' sake keep quiet, or you'll spoil everything." He managed to push the accountant out and closed the door again.

Jim Barrett retreated down the hall, muttering to himself.

Harry flopped into his chair, thankful the crisis was over, and spoke into the intercom: "Kathy, make an appointment with the Head Man immediately. I must get to him before Barrett does."

"Yes, boss. Right away!" Kathy acknowledged.

"It's a deal, then, I assume?" Cynthia inquired confidently.

Harry sucked in his breath. It would be easier to claim that he had concocted a plan requiring his agent to be disguised as a woman than try to explain that the agent had the delusion of *being* one. "I suppose so," he sighed, "You can have your baubles, but they'll remain Agency Property, of course."

"Oh, thank you, Chiefie," planting a kiss on the cheek of her astonished boss, "I don't care who owns them, as long as I can *wear* them!"

Harry shook his head as he wiped the lipstick off. Cynthia reminded him of the last female agent he had under his "control" – effective enough, but mainly interested in the glamor aspects of the cloak-and dagger trade – until she had gotten pregnant and married an Ambassador. At least, that wouldn't happen with Cynthia, Harry mused. But he had never heard of anyone who had wangled a G.I. mink coat before!

After taking a few moments to collect his thoughts, Harry remembered that Cynthia's previous case had not yet been closed. He wished he had never heard of transvestites – what a price he had paid for that mailing list! "Er – Cynthia – before you start on this new case, we had better wind up the old one."

"No problem, Chief. I'll personally contact each of the girls individually and tell them to call me immediately if they ever get into trouble."

Harry felt relieved. "Yes, you do just that, Cynthia. The less I have to do with those people, the better. What a diabolical bunch! I still can't quite understand why you had to take such drastic steps to gain their confidence – unless they suspected you were a spy. But, in that case, why would they let you see the list at all?" – Harry's mind began to work a little faster – "Unless it's a fake list! No, it couldn't be – they would surely realize we would discover its falsity as soon as we tried to contact a name on it. So it must be authentic. And they would disclose it to none but their own kind –" his brain was racing now. Cynthia just sat there, watching him, a curious smile on her lips. Then, it struck Harry, "– but you *are* their kind – so they *let* you see the list – knowing you would *keep* their secret – it's *still* in your head – you *haven't* told me – and you *don't* intend to, do you!" His eyes questioned hers. Cynthia wagged her head slowly from side to side. "They *knew* you were sent as a spy – someone *told* them – but *who?* – only you, me, Kathy, the Head Man, and Barrett knew what your assignment was – it *couldn't* have leaked."

Harry's monolog was broken by the sound of girlish giggles coming from the intercom. "Kathy! You've been listening! I warned you –." There was a moment of embarrassed silence.

"Sorry, boss, my curiosity got the better of me."

"Why are you so curious about this case –?" Harry began. Then, it dawned on him. "Kathy, it was you – *you* were the security leak! – *who* did you tell, and *why?*" What next popped into Harry's brain, he didn't want to believe. "Kathy! You're one of *them* too! A *man* underneath your

miniskirts. Oh, *no!* Right in my office!" He buried his face in his hands. "Come in here at once!"

A very nervous girl hesitantly entered. Cynthia took Kathy's hand and squeezed gently. As soon as she had seen the list, Cynthia had known who to thank for the completeness of her own conversion to femininity.

Harry found it difficult to replace the admiration he had held for Kathy with the disgust he knew he should feel. He looked up, sadness in his eyes. "I'm right, aren't I?"

"Y—yes, sir," Kathy managed to confess.

The pieces of the puzzle were finally all in place. Harry pronounced the sentence without enthusiasm: "You're fired—mandatory for security violation, even if you weren't a pervert and responsible for corrupting Brewer into perversion."

Those words incensed Cynthia. "Perverts, indeed! Have you considered your *own* position, dear Harry, once it becomes known that your secretary, who has been with you for almost five years, and with whom you have had regular luncheon dates, is really a *male?*"

The point was not lost on Harry. His hand reached for another tranquilizer.

In the meantime, Kathy had regained her composure. "There's another thing I should tell you, boss. If I go, Joan quits, too. She's my wife. Now you know why I've never let you be alone with her."

"*Wife!?*" Harry echoed incredulously, "What kind of a girl would want a husband like *you?*"

"You said yourself that she was a smart girl," Cynthia pointed out, "And, need I remind you, when any key personnel in Cryptography leaves our employment, standard policy requires that *all* the Agency cipher be changed—at a cost of a quarter-million dollars. The Head Man wouldn't like that—he just finished telling a Congressional Committee he planned to *cut* the budget this year. Pity you can't bend the silly rules just an itsy-bitsy."

Poor Harry was shaking in his boots. These TVs were sharper than he thought. They seemed to be holding all the aces. He knew he was licked. "O.K. You win. You can keep your job, Kathy - I *don't* want to know what your real name is. On one condition. You had better behave like a - a -" Harry groped for a suitable word.

"Lady?" Cynthia suggested.

"Yeah. I suppose so," Harry sourly agreed.

"Have I ever behaved in any other way?" Kathy asked in innocence.

Harry couldn't find a suitable rejoinder. He slumped over his desk, resting his forehead on clenched fists.

"Don't take it so badly, boss," Kathy sympathized, "Nothing need change - except you can tell your jealous wife that you have a male secretary!" A low moan issued from between Harry's teeth.

"You won't have me very much longer, anyway - I'll be leaving in seven months to take care of our baby," Kathy added as she stamped the case file "Mission Accomplished" and locked it in the safe.

"Chiefie dear, you look like you could use a stiff drink. Come, we'll take you to lunch and buy you whatever you want," Cynthia offered.

"Yes, boss. We can still keep our lunch dates, but you don't have to grab for the check every time," contributed Kathy.

Harry slowly rose to his feet. But his head was spinning from the events of the morning and the effect of the tranquilizers. He stumbled. The girls each grabbed an elbow. "Steady, boy! Take it easy - lean on us." They escorted him through the door. Harry glanced up to see Andy Hellman, Director of Public Relations for the Agency, approaching.

"Harry!" the PR man began, "Glad I caught you before you left," enviously eyeing the pair of dolls the Chief apparently had in tow.

"What is it, Andy?" Harry asked, wearily.

"The West German Embassy just called to say the Countess von Himmeldorf is in town. It seems that one of our agents showed considerable

bravery in saving her life. I understand this fellow – Brewer – is assigned to you now.”

Harry nodded weakly. Andy continued, “Well, the Countess wishes to thank him personally – has invited him to a private dinner party. I do hope you can persuade the guy to accept – this is the first time the Countess has shown any interest in male company since the unfortunate incident, and her father is becoming quite concerned that she might come to regard all men as brutes.”


Cynthia answered for herself. “I’ll be delighted to accept. In fact, I’m simply dying to meet the Countess again!”

Andy looked at her in surprise. “Oh! I didn’t realize that the agent was a woman. Her father will be disappointed.”

“But I don’t think *she* will,” Cynthia replied happily, “I just *know* we’ll find lots of interests in common.”

“Very well. I’ll arrange a date. Will tomorrow night be O.K., Miss Brewer?”

“Just fine, thanks!” Cynthia agreed. She was already planning what to wear – in addition to her mink and diamonds, of course!



DO YOU READ *ALL* OF THIS MAGAZINE?

Sometimes I think some of you just read the fiction stories or just flip over the pages and read what appeals to you. If this is the way you do it, you miss the Editorial Emanations section. This section is there as a means of communicating to you about various matters of interest to both reader and editor. If you haven’t been reading that section, will you go back and read it in the previous issues you have on hand so you will know what is going on.

For example, in No. 83, I offered some price reductions on certain issues. Did you notice that? If you haven’t gotten these issues here is a chance for you to save money for some good reading and to help me carry the financial burden of reduced sales and increased prices. How about it?

Virginia



Lucille CA-76-G-FPE



Lu-Calif.



Raquel CA-5-S FPE



ARTICLE

SOMETHING FOR AFTER FIVE

Sharon Anne Stuart
5-H-25 FPE

How many of us have secretly cherished the ambition of going into a dress shop or boutique to actually try on the clothing before purchasing it? Of course, some femmiphiles do this regularly without fear, detection, or embarrassment. It depends on one's circumstances. In my own case such activity has been forbidden fruit for a variety of reasons. I suspect there are a great many others in my position. But recently I was able to sample that forbidden fruit and I must say, after all these years, it has a rather sweet taste. I would like to share the experience with you.

As towns and cities go, the one I live in is small. But it is a world famous summer resort and during the season attracts thousands of tourists and part-time summer residents. For this reason there are a number of fine dress shops and boutiques of the sort that ordinarily would be located only in larger communities. Indeed, several of our shops are branches of New York City, Fifth Avenue stores. Thus, as dress shoppers go, we enjoy a wide, first class, albeit expensive selection.

Having grown thoroughly tired of the hit or miss approach where you buy the dress (for your wife, of course), rush home to try it on, discover it just is not for you, take it back and say that your wife hated it, and start over again, etc., I was determined to find some means of getting into the store as Sharon Anne to actually try dresses on before I paid for them.

First I considered breaking and entering after regular shopping hours. This method offered the added advantage that one could simply steal the dresses instead of paying for them. But after watching a segment of *The FBI* with Effrem Zimbalist, Jr., on television I ruled this ap-

proach out. I never was very good at climbing in and out of windows in a girdle anyway. Looking for a more sensible plan I researched back issues of *Transvestia* for ideas and came up with several good ones but somehow none of these seemed to fit my particular situation. I needed a cover story — a new and different cover story. It would have to be one of my own creation. Finally, after much soul-searching I decided on the brutally frank, direct approach.

One afternoon two weeks later I found myself entering the dress shop of my choice. I was attired in an ordinary male-type business suit. This store was my target. But I was there to do more than just case the joint. Already a great deal of thought and preparation had been undertaken. I had selected this shop for several reasons. First, it stocks clothing I can afford. Most items are priced starting at twenty-five dollars and range upward to one hundred fifty. Occasionally there are sales in which the really expensive suits and dresses go at less than sixty dollars or even lower if they have been damaged. Secondly, they carry my size and have a large selection of formal and informal dresses, evening wear, and casual clothes as well as smaller selections of the standard accessories such as purses, shoes, scarves, and jewelry. They also carry a limited stock of winter coats and rain coats. Well-known labels can be found in most of the clothing sold there. All of the merchandise is of good to excellent quality. Thirdly, I was familiar with the sales staff and the owner of the shop, having purchased dresses there previously. The owner, an attractive woman in her fifties, personally runs the shop. She had always appeared to me to be a congenial and tolerant woman who possessed sufficient maturity to at least listen to the proposal I was about to make without going into hysterics. Both members of her sales staff are middle-aged women whom I knew, from previous shopping trips "for my wife," to be helpful, friendly types though rather talkative by nature. In any event my history of past associations with this particular shop reassured me and I felt confident I had come to the right place.

Approaching one of the sales ladies I requested an audience with the boss lady herself. The sales lady disappeared through a doorway and was gone an uncomfortably long time. When she returned she looked at me uneasily and said, "What did you say your name was?" I repeated it using my real name. She was scrutinizing me rather closely now and I was beginning to wilt under her gaze. Was I making a big mistake I wondered? "Are you a salesman?" she queried. Now it was clear why I was getting the treatment. "Oh no," I assured her. "Just a customer and I would like to chat with Miss Bell (not her real name) for

a few minutes on a personal matter." That changed her facial expression but the third degree was not over yet. "Does it concern your account?" she wanted to know. I assured her it did not concern my account. "Well," she informed me with a note of finality, "Miss Bell is on the telephone long distance but if you care to wait." She nodded me toward some seats that were strategically placed nearby for the benefit of strung-out husbands. I sat in one of them for fifteen minutes while Miss Bell finished her conversation. My go-between sales lady made several nervous trips to check on Miss Bell. I waited patiently, trying to keep it all together and mentally review the little presentation I hoped I was about to make.

At length Miss Bell appeared in the sales area looking plainly curious. When I refused to divulge the nature of my secret mission within earshot of the sales lady Miss Bell escorted me into a small, cluttered office in the rear where I seated myself on a modest folding chair. It was the moment to begin. "I am interested in purchasing some of your merchandise — perhaps one to two hundred dollars worth. But before we go any further I think you should read this." I handed her the following typewritten letter:

To whom it may concern:

My name is _____ I am employed as a professional man in this city and live nearby with my wife and two children. Due to circumstances beyond my control during childhood and adolescence, I developed an unusual interest in feminine attire, behavior, and activities. As a consequence of my childhood experiences I have developed these interests more fully as an adult and am now what is correctly described as a "Femmiphile" of "lover of the feminine." I am happily married and completely heterosexual in orientation. I do not desire to physically alter or change my natural sex from male to female. I do enjoy wearing feminine apparel occasionally and, when dressed as a woman I gain further pleasure from engaging in activities traditionally associated with women. These activities, for the most part, are confined to my home with the complete knowledge, understanding, and cooperation of my wife. My appearance in women's clothing is quite acceptable and I have been out in public dressed as a woman in this community without incident on a number of occasions. (It is not illegal to appear in the clothing of the opposite sex in this city or in the state.)

If possible and acceptable to you I would request an opportunity to come to your shop dressed as a woman for the purpose of selecting and trying on some of your merchandise. To ensure privacy I would suggest that this be done after normal working hours when the shop is closed to regular customers. I would, of course, require the assistance and advice of a sales lady. While this request may appear at first impression to be unusual or even strange by your standards I can assure you that I am quite serious in making it and will be very grateful to you if it is possible to carry out my proposal. If permitted to do so I intend to make substantial purchases and you have my word that I will not simply take your time up "just looking." I will comply strictly with any reasonable conditions you may wish to impose in making the necessary arrangements for me to come to your shop dressed as a woman. Please feel free to ask any questions you may have concerning the subject of femmiphiles and their activities. If requested I will be pleased to provide you with more extensive written materials on this subject. I can also provide recent photographs of myself dressed as a woman if you desire to assure yourself concerning the appropriateness of my appearance."

As she read the above, her eyes kept darting off the page to make quick little glances at me. At last my cat was out of its bag. Her brows kept knitting as she perused my letter of introduction and halfway through she went into a desk drawer for some reading glasses. I had no clue to her immediate reaction. I sat patiently on my folding chair trying hard to look like the truly reliable, trustworthy, and acceptable gentleman that I really am. Near the end a definite thought formed and I made a mental note to fire my anti-perspirant and hire somebody else's. At last her verdict was announced.

"Well, I don't know Mr. Stuart whether we can accommodate you or not," Miss Bell began. (She is going to phrase it tactfully, I thought, but the answer will be "no.")

"You see," she continued, "women's clothing is made differently than that suit we have on. We are not equipped to do custom tailoring here."

I had jumped to a conclusion. "Oh, I understand you can't alter things. But I know you have a number of things in my size and I am cer-

tain that most of them will fit well enough. It is just that I want the opportunity to try some things on in your store in a private and relaxed situation."

"Yes, I can understand your desire for privacy but before you spend all that money I think I should warn you that there are great differences in the way these clothes are made and I think you will be disappointed in the fit. I just don't believe that you will find them comfortable unless they are tailored for you."

She was becoming argumentative so I escalated to phase two. From my shirt pocket I produced a polaroid snapshot of Sharon Anne and handed it to her. It was a full-length pose of Sharon Anne in a wool shirtwaister I had purchased in the same shop several months before. Giving her a moment to absorb the picture I amplified it with the comment: "I purchased that dress here and it fits perfectly. I never had to alter it."

A look of concern crossed her face. "You purchased it here!"

"Yes, several months ago."

"Did you come into the store like ..." Her voice trailed off.

"Oh, no, no. I was dressed as I am now. I told your sales girl it was a gift for my wife."

She smiled ironically. "Well, I was wondering. From this picture we may not have recognized you."

It was a delicious compliment.

Our negotiations continued for the better part of forty-five minutes. Miss Bell had other questions and some misgivings but eventually we worked everything out. She seemed to have formed the correct impression that I was, after all, a reliable member of the community and a potentially good customer. Our conversation confirmed this impression and we turned to working out the details of my visit. I offered to make it early some morning but Miss Bell said they would prefer that I come late Friday evening when the store was open until nine o'clock. It was agreed that I would arrive dressed as my femmeself a few minutes before closing time. A date was selected and I left feeling ecstatic. The first and most difficult part of my plan was accomplished.

The following Friday I took some time off and left my job early so that preparations for my debut in a dress shop would not be hurried. I had an early supper and a short nap before showering, shaving, manicuring fingernails, and making up. After that I was an hour and a half ahead of schedule. It was typically overanxiousness I suppose. The dress shop was due to close at nine o'clock and I was to be there no earlier than ten minutes of the hour. At eight o'clock I was ready to walk out the front door. Unable to cope with four walls any longer I went for a drive around the city at five after eight.

To go dress shopping in, I had selected a navy blue coat dress which was very easy to get on and off. Underneath I wore a chemise length bra-slip combo, my padded girdle and panty hose. I accessorized this with a silk scarf at the neckline, high-heeled corfam pumps, purse, shortie kid leather gloves, and the usual jewelry. From the several hairpieces I own I decided on a short, close to the head style that would not be difficult to manage when pulling clothes over my head.

I decided on an early arrival and went through the front door precisely at 8:45 p.m., a full fifteen minutes early. There were customers still in the store and the sales ladies were busy with them in the rear of the establishment. I stayed to the front looking at a rack of sportswear. There was no sign of Miss Bell. A husband was seated in the back waiting for his spouse to emerge from the try-on cubicles. As the couple left, carrying their parcels, the sales lady approached and politely said, "We'll be closing in a few minutes. Is there anything I can show you?"

"I have an appointment with Miss Bell at nine," I replied in a voice as feminine as I can manage with the infrequent opportunities I get to practice.

"Oh, oh, we've been expecting you," she said with a very warm smile and eyebrows raised in mild surprise. She gave me a quick once-over and nodded her approval. "Listen," she went on in a confidential whisper, "there is one customer still in the store so why don't you go on looking at things here and I will slip back and tell Miss Bell you've arrived." As she finished saying this she reached out and very tenderly touched my hand as if to say, "Don't worry, dear — everything is fine." If I was nervous, the feeling departed with that. I felt most welcome.

The last customer was an elderly woman who apparently was personally acquainted with Miss Bell and she stayed on long after her purchase to chitchat with the owner who had appeared at the rear of the store. In the meantime I made it through several racks of dresses and had about four picked out already as definite possibilities. As Miss Bell's tete-a-tete dragged on the first sales lady rejoined me bringing her colleague with her. Using my femme name, Sharon Anne, introductions were made and we talked in a corner in low tones so as not to disturb the other conversation. Actually this shop has a very large sales area and we were at least thirty to forty feet from the other women. The two sales ladies whom I will call Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith were overflowing with curiosity about me and were asking a lot of questions. They were very complimentary about my appearance and flattery or not, hearing all this did a lot for my confidence, not to mention the old ego. Mrs. Brown explained that she usually did not work on Friday evening but after hearing about me had decided to stay on and help out if she could. She hoped I did not mind. Well, what could I say? The more the merrier.

When Miss Bell and her customer parted and the doors were locked the real fun began. Miss Bell was also very friendly and complimentary but remained appropriately business-like. "What did you have in mind now?" she queried, getting my fashion show on the road.

"I want something for evening," I declared.

We moved toward the rear of the shop and left the lights on there while those in the front were extinguished. A small empty dress rack on rollers was produced and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith began collecting all the size 14's in the store on it. Miss Bell demonstrated for me, reciting the merits of each number. I made them all aware that I must have long sleeves (because of unshavable hair on my arms) to consider any dress seriously. Even so, it appeared I would have nearly two dozen creations to choose from. I had an impulse to try them all on but, of course, there wasn't time. After much agonizing and listening to my three mentors' varied, but well intentioned opinions, I narrowed it down to two long hostess gowns. One of them was quite informal and the other was a very dressy formal number with a price tag to match. I was helped and zipped in turn into both of these and led to the triple mirrors where I turned and posed to my heart's content. Interestingly, my three helpers had begun to refer to me between themselves in the feminine gender. While in the try-on room with Mrs. Brown I overheard Mrs. Smith remark to Miss Bell, "She looked lovely in that white." Nothing could have pleased me more.

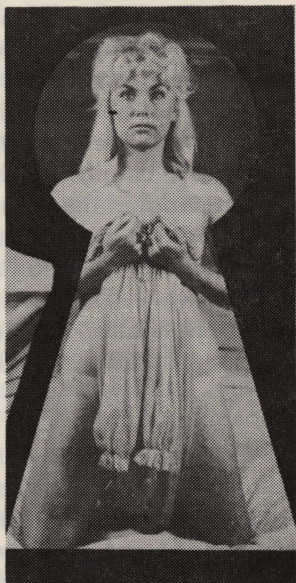
I finally settled on the expensive gown. It was too much to resist. Also too much to pay, but I was not about to let money stand in the way this time. The basic color of the gown is a deep royal purple. The material is one of those hybrid mixtures of dacron, cotton, and who knows what else. The bodice is closely fitted with long narrow sleeves ending in fluted ruffles. The neckline features the same fluted ruffle and the look is what some refer to as provincial. I liked it because it looks sort of "doll-like." The material in the bodice is opaque and is a solid royal purple. The bodice joins the ankle-length skirt at the high waist (but not empire waistline) and the junction is concealed by a self-belt or cummerbund in solid off-white. The skirt is covered with a random pattern of off-white flowers against the deep purple. It is cut narrowly and has only a shallow slit at the back. I have a lot of fun walking in it.

Having committed myself to that purchase I expressed a desire to look at some casual dresses. They had some on sale and I chose two of them. Then I had a fling at suits and casual sportswear and wound up trying on shoes and some earrings and other jewelery. At 11:15 my three would-be Auntie Mames were still going strong but I was afraid to wear my welcome out. Besides I was already on the line for a small fortune. It was time to quit.

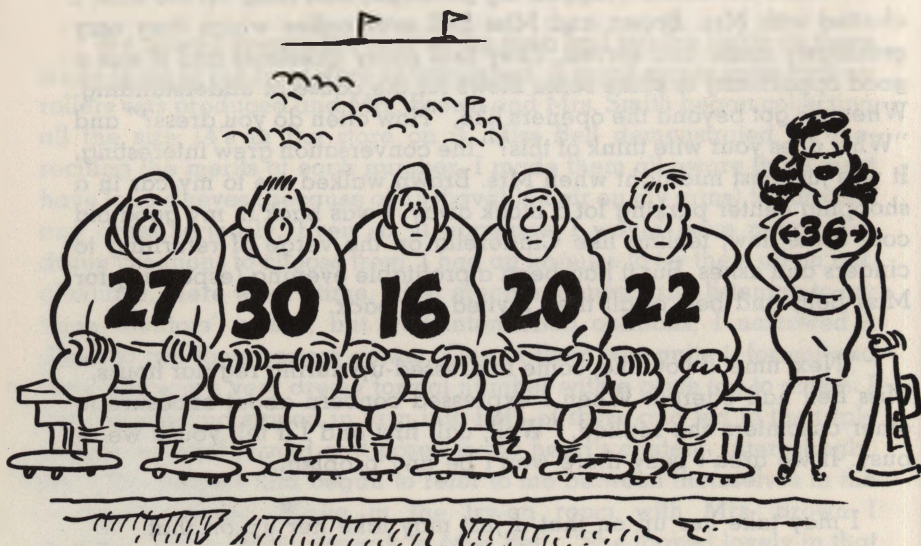
While Mrs. Smith wrapped my packages and rang up the sale, I chatted with Mrs. Brown and Miss Bell over coffee which they very graciously made and served. They had many questions and it was a good opportunity to strike some blows for the cause of understanding. When we got beyond the openers like, "How often do you dress?" and "What does your wife think of this?" the conversation grew interesting. It was just past midnight when Mrs. Brown walked me to my car in a shopping center parking lot a block away. I was back in my good old coat dress now, feeling like Cinderella on the verge of returning to cinders and ashes. But it had been a profitable evening (especially for Miss Bell) and best of all they invited me back.

"Next time, if you like, come in dressed-up during regular hours," Miss Bell had offered. When I expressed concern about exposure to other cusomters she replied, "Well, call first and I'll tell you if we're busy. If we aren't busy there won't be any problem."

I may take her up on that. I just may take her up on that.



"No, you may *not* come in until I've finished dressing — even if I *am* your favorite nephew!"



Portrait of a guy who was bound to make the team one way or another.



THE SEARCH FOR SELF

Rona VA-1-G FPE

About the age of seven I seemed to be drawn to crafts like sewing, weaving, knitting and cooking. I also was getting to like to wear dresses but had to wait until Halloween. As my younger sister grew there was a short time that her clothing did fit me and I did try on and wear her clothing whenever I could be alone.

I do not remember anything much until I reached 13 when we had a play to do for a P.T.A. meeting (*A Womanless Wedding*) and I was a bridesmaid. If I ever liked dressing up before I loved it now but there still was not much chance.

Seventeen and I started dating and forgot about my problem and got married at the age of eighteen. After about one year of marriage I could not withhold my desires any longer but there was too much difference in sizes to wear her things and I could not afford to buy dresses for myself anyway. At the age of 23 I started buying very cheap dresses and under things.

Well my wife did not understand and I could not explain, except that I liked the clothes and was going to wear them when I could. For the next three years there were threats, getting rid of clothes, and finding I could not withdraw, starting all over again.

For several years I tried to work out some excuse or reason for wearing dresses. Nothing seemed to work for very long and we were back to fussing.

I was not going to get rid of my clothes again and as more and more were added, things kept getting worse but there were some good

times also. I started going to drive-in movies with the wife and children while dressed up and also some short night-time car trips.

My first outing in daylight was with my clothes over a skirt and blouse and was to finish changing on the road. I still had not removed my over clothes but had just put on my make-up and was ready to put on wig and lipstick when we ran into a road check. They were checking drivers' licenses and we had to wait several minutes until they checked our car registration. The State policeman must have noticed Cover Girl make-up on my face. I was about 30 years old then and felt like 80 when we drove off. Next year at 31 we took a motor trip with me as a woman for two and one-half days before I changed back into men's clothing. I was not ready for this and stayed very close to the car.

I was beginning to notice changes in my feelings but did not understand them much. My wife noticed changes in that I was acting more like a woman and not just wearing the dresses. By the age of 32 just dressing up had ceased to be a novelty. There is now much more enjoyment in living the part totally (clothes, housework, etc., but still very limited for time).

I worked out what I thought would help both of us. We both worked for different companies and contract time was due where I worked. It was agreed by both of us that if I went on strike I would spend the entire time living completely as a woman — woman's clothes a must, cooking, washing and all other housework.

I'm not sure whether she just felt left out or whether she got irked when I ran her out of the kitchen. I had my hands full the first four days just finding out the latest hiding places for pots, pans and dishes and to get all parts of a meal done at the same time. Well I was doing it and as the rest of the week started to smooth out I began to have a few minutes left over.

The wife started to complain again, she did not have anything to do at home. Well she did now, because I blew up and she had all her housework back. Our agreement lasted one week and the strike lasted 101 days with both of us very upset and about ready to separate.

The next three years were a growing fear for her that dressing would get out of hand and that I might leave her. For me the increased resistance was beginning to alarm me, too, to the point there seemed only one way out.

Age 35 and I brought up the subject of sex-change and we spent about three or four months talking things out. I agreed that this idea was probably due to pressure and she agreed that if I would forget about a sex-change she would give me full cooperation. She then helped me start a checking account in my femme-name.

I was now 36 and had been told that the only problem we had was the dresses hanging in my closet. Again she did not understand but I hoped that maybe the books I had just ordered from Chevalier Publications would help. The books arrived in about a week and when my wife had finished reading she said that they had helped a lot and that they had also made a very big change in her attitude. The biggest problem we have now will be neighbors and friends if they should find out.

As to my future, this will still be shared with my wife and children. There are many improvements now being made in my wardrobe, family attitude and very much more in my own outlook on life itself. I am now taking a course in photography by mail in my femme-name which will help me develop the feminine inside me and provide some identity at the same time.

As far as my femme-dressing is concerned this is becoming more stable, complete and also more frequent. I hope to continue to improve.

I plan to make femme-dressing as normal as possible and this will include being a woman while on some trips and family outings.

TEE-VEE TIPS

June Daye MA-4-B

Unless you suffer with a skin disorder or allergy, you may find that rubbing alcohol of the isopropanol or propyl alcohol type is an excellent makeup remover, as good or better than expensive ones bearing the names of large cosmetic houses. If you want to "dress" up the rubbing alcohol a little to make it seem more like the expensive removers, simply add a few drops of your favorite femme perfume to the alcohol.



FICTION

MAN SEES WHAT HE EXPECTS TO SEE

(Moral Lesson For TVs—In Reverse)

A Half-Act Play

Unknown

SCENE: One room apartment, modestly but comfortably furnished, hall door right, bathroom and kitchen doors beside each other left. Sofa left, easy chair right. Typewriter and study desk center rear. Against the wall right is a double-door wardrobe, both doors ajar at curtain rise, displaying inside a neatly-arranged rack of clothes ranging from shorty-nighties through street dresses, ending up in several formals. Two head-forms, bearing respectively a brunette wig and a blonde wig of well-brushed shoulder length variety, stand on the study table.

AT CURTAIN

RISE: Late afternoon semi-darkness (or semi-light) is creeping in window over study table. Discernable, but in shadow, is the figure of a man in his middle twenties, sitting on the floor toward the audience, concealed from anyone entering the door, by the easy chair. He sits there waiting, not-threateningly, for some thirty seconds until at last a female figure, in sweater and skirt, in ultra short hairdo, tiptoes through the door after knocking softly. The figure coughs, walks directly but unsurely in the semi-darkness toward the study table, rips off a Kleenex and blows nose. Looks musingly at blonde wig, unpins from head-form and adjusts on. Before it's adjusted and brushed out properly, young man on floor stands up, whistles in a broad wolf-whistle at figure, whose figure might well rate a whistle. What started as a scream or holler terminates fast in startled fit of coughing, then more Kleenex pressed to nose.

SMITTY: (youngish man, whose shape was seen concealed on floor) Don't get uptight Bob—just me Smitty. Your old buddy-buddy. Figured your disguise rated a whistle.

BOBBY: (with slight but pervading hoarseness from cold) Who . . . ! You . . . You startled me Mr. Smith! I just was sneaking in to . . . (More angrily now that fright is diminished). You might at least call me Bobby out of respect for my sex!

SMITTY: (Laughing in a superior, tolerant manner) O.K., O.K., but you'd look a little more like a girl if you straightened that wig. Anybody could . . .

BOBBY: (Muttering softly) Didn't have time and you scared me . . . (Bobby adjusts wig, brushes it out distractedly, building a fullness in the square of hair surrounding the face. Eyes only partly visible, face becomingly clouded by that quickie hairstyling. Bobby walks left to behind sofa a little self-consciously.) *Now* am I a girl? (switches on floor lamp which sheds a bit more light)

SMITTY: (Watching with a half-smile of bemusement, plomping down in easy chair) Well, more believable. But you're swinging your hips too much. A girl would . . .

BOBBY: (sharply) How do you know what "a girl would!"

SMITTY: I'm *thee* world's greatest girl-watcher. If I couldn't tell the real thing by this time . . . But you've done a pretty good put-on. Guess it might fool some. Even maybe it would have fooled me back when we were roommates . . . and I didn't know you had this . . . insane compulsion to dress like a girl.

BOBBY: From my viewpoint it'd be nuts for me to dress otherwise. I'm still confused . . . what DOES bring you here?

SMITTY: Oh that drunken letter last year—guess you felt you had to confess to somebody. And I was a handy long-time-no-see old friend. Did kinda shake me up—but first time I had a chance to come this way, had to soft-shoe in to

catch you unaware. To believe you did this sort of thing, I guess.

BOBBY: (darkly) Been doing "this sort of thing ever since I remember" . . .

SMITTY: Don't people catch on? I mean that super-sexy way you walk, your fruity gestures, that askew wig, that too-throaty voice?

BOBBY: (protectively) I've got a cold.

SMITTY: . . . a cold you've had every time you go out in drag?

BOBBY: Can't a girl have a cold?

SMITTY: Me-thinks the ludicrous lady doth protest too damn much.

BOBBY: You're insulting! You just don't buy my costume, do you!

SMITTY: Frankly, no. Any man with genes can tell a boy from a girl. And frankly it makes me sick to see my ol' buddy in this nance put-on!

VOICE: (That of youngish man, rising business-executive type, entering from hall door) What's this—an encounter group? Just because I left the door unlocked . . . Hi, Jane . . .

JANE (or

"BOBBY"): I just wandered in, thought I'd try your . . . that wig on. And this dope was hiding in here!

VOICE: (Doubtfully, ready to get angry at intrusion) Who the hell are . . . well, I'll be damned, Smitty! Haven't seen you since graduation!

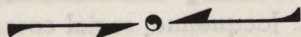
SMITTY: (looking with pathetic bewilderment from Jane to the newcomer) (softly) Bob? . . . Bob? YOU're Bob!! Jane that's not . . . Bobby? (Jane has taken off wig, is fluffing out her urchin haircut. Her exquisite facial features now revealed, reason for that brief hairdo is evident.)

BOB: You thought that neat little chick was me? . . . after I wrote that letter in my cups? Man, Smitty, you must think I can be a smasher of a girl when I put my mind to it. You got more faith in me than I have!

SMITTY: Uh . . . yeh. (looking sheepishly, knowingly at impishly grinning Jane) I knew my ol' buddy Bob would be perfect at anything he tried. (Pause—then in a flat, dull voice) Ladies and gentlemen, will you excuse me now? I just remembered an appointment to shoot some acid, trip out on methedrene and then get passing-out drunk.

(He starts to exit, as though escaping from hungry lions, as . . .)

CURTAIN COMES DOWN (fast!)



TEE-VEE TIPS

June Doye MA-4-B

If your skin tends to be too dry anyway and the makeup removers you've been using seem to dry your skin even more, don't despair! Get a small bottle of Johnson's Baby Oil at your friendly neighborhood drug store and try that as a makeup remover. It will fight the dry skin problem as it very effectively takes off powder, foundation, rouge, eye shadow and even some lipsticks if they're not too indelible. Try it; you'll like it!

When traveling alone on a bus or trolley, try to sit near a serviceman in uniform, a fireman or a policeman when you get on the car. Seldom if ever do hoodlums molest anyone sitting near a man in uniform. Avoid sitting in the back of the bus or car. Troublemakers frequently gather in the most remote spot from the bus driver or motorman. Sit up front for maximum safety. Always pick the most crowded car you can find that still has room.



TRUE STORY

LONDON 1973

Lucy FB-1-V FPE

Lucy in a large suitcase, an attache case for me, dark suit and black overcoat, looking every inch a business executive, I took the mail boat to Britain this 16 November to what turned out to be one of the best weekends of 1973.

After a few hours of sailing and a one-hour train I arrived at London-Victoria Station. Jacqueline, social coordinator of the British Beaumont was supposed to meet me. Since I had a picture of her, recognition would be easy. I had no problems, as I was greeted by a real welcome committee headed by Virginia herself, Jacqueline and Helene from our French group who arrived somewhat earlier.

A little more waiting and two other members of our French group arrived — Jeanne, our president, and Francoise. Thus a little group of six FPs — half as their brothers and the other lucky ones already dressed.

Piling up in the car, we went off to the hotel. The dinner meeting was at 7:30 p.m. and we were told how to get there and then the French group was left on its own.

Francoise and Jeanne having to shop, we decided that we had enough time on hand and went out as our brothers, took a taxi and went downtown. Shopping over, peak hours, no taxi, so at my advice, we took the underground, first in the wrong direction, then the wrong line, so that we spent nearly 45 minutes for a trip that is normally ten minutes.

Now we had to dress in a hurry and you know what happens in such circumstances, the application of Murphy's Law: "If something can go wrong, it will."

I was already all dressed and finishing my make-up when for no reason at all I smeared my left eye full of eye-liner so I had to wash-up and start all over again. We were already 30 minutes late, so a fast make-up job and one hour later our little group went out in search of a taxi, another ten minutes lost and at last with quite a delay we arrived at the hotel where the Virginia reception and cocktail hour was over, but we were in time for the dinner. When I entered the dining room I heard somebody saying, "Hey ZaZa Gabor," looking around to whom this was addressed, I was amazed to find out that it was me to whom they were referring. So now, in the British Beaumont, they call me ZaZa instead of Lucy.

We had a fantastic dinner and after we decided to go dancing in one of the many London night clubs and there we spend some more hours enjoying our time "en femme."

The next morning, Saturday, we decided to go shopping and out we went, "en femme," of course.

Four of us divided in two groups took the bus and went downtown. I had a nylon blouse, red skirt, red low heeled shoes, blond wig and a black fur coat.

In the morning I tried several dresses and bought a nice cocktail dress in black and silver Lurex; then, in another shop, a nice pair of shoes with matched handbag and still in another one, a nice gold-plated bracelet, all this without even realizing that I was not the lady I could see in all the mirrors in the large stores. I was so natural, so at ease, that I passed without difficulty, despite my six-foot frame.

We topped it off at Selfridges store where Jeanne, our president, who always dresses unisex, had to buy a raincoat. We went to the floor side where her size was displayed. The sales girl said to me, "Sorry, madam, for you it's the other side of the floor." I said to her, "This is not for me but for my friend." "But," she said, "this floor is for ladies only," to which I replied, "She is a lady despite her look." The sales girl was taken a little aback and started to attend to Jeanne while I was wandering around.

Later on Jeanne told me that the sales girl apologized by saying that her mistake was due to the way Jeanne was dressed.

Then Jeanne told her that she was not mistaken and that she really was a male. That added even more confusion in the poor girl's mind who then said to apologize for the mistake "to your girlfriend," referring to me. Jeanne told her, "Do not worry, she is a man, also." She was then totally lost and said, "It's hard to believe. He makes such a lovely girl."

Needless to say, when Jeanne told me this my ego went soaring sky high.

Jeanne left us before lunch as she had to be back in Paris early in the afternoon, so three of us went into a restaurant and had a good meal, without any reaction to us from others.

During the afternoon, more shops were visited and in one I made a selection of evening jewels (necklace and very long earrings), again posing in front of the mirror, discussing with the sales lady, trying several combinations, this without even-thinking, this to be a funny thing for a male to do. I was really myself, Lucy, inside and outside, thinking and acting like a woman, with appropriate gesture and voice. I don't really change my voice much but my speech is completely different and comes so naturally that even as my brother I sometimes have difficulties, especially on the phone where my speech is rather feminine in expression. I have already quite a few near misses.

That Saturday evening we were invited for dinner by Alga, president of the British Beaumont, and spent quite an evening in a very chic restaurant and had quite a time. I had my new Lurex dress and all my new purchased things, and according to my friend, looked really good, a real ZaZa type.

Unfortunately, everything has an end and we had to go back to the hotel, sleep and in the morning carefully putting Lucy and her pretties back in the suitcase, don again my awful brother stuff, cross the channel and go back home.

It took me more than a week to feel at ease again in everyday professional life, still dreaming of that very wonderful weekend in London. Next time it will be in Paris, and I am already counting the days still to go from now until the end of February.



TEMPTING DILEMMA

He whistled at me! Where to hide!
(Good as that whistle feels inside)
He's smiling, coming toward me. Fun —
But this hobby-girl must run.
Much as I'd like to be picked up
And in this way I've tricked me up —
But it'd be bad taste, unlawful
In fact it'd be particularly awful!!
I'll hide!
This thing has got to stop —
We share the same bench at my shop.

— lil



A PSYCHIC TRANSVESTITE?

Vern L. Bullough

Editor's Note: Dr. Bullough is a professor of history. From time to time he runs across something related to FPia in his historical researches and contributes it to TVia.

A possibly interesting case of transvestism, or at least of psychic transvestism, is that of William Sharp (1855-1905), a prominent English writer. During the last decade of his life Sharp assumed the pseudonym of "Fiona Macleod" in order to better express what he felt was his feminine soul. He went to great pains to create a personality for Fiona and regarded her work as totally different from his own. Increasingly he wrote only as Fiona Macleod while William Sharp himself went into eclipse as a writer. The secret of the dual identity of Sharp and Macleod was known only to a few intimate friends who did not reveal the deception until after the death of Sharp.

The purpose of this brief paper is not to compare the writings of Sharp as Sharp with those of Sharp as Macleod, but to give a brief sketch of the man and portray some of his feelings. Today Sharp, when he is remembered at all, is regarded as a rather minor writer, half missionary — half charlatan, suspect as a transvestite who used his unusual sympathy with women to perpetrate a literary hoax upon his contemporaries. His most recent biographer, Flavia Alaya, argues that if the identity of Sharp as Macleod had been kept a secret after his death, both his and Macleod's work would have been more highly regarded. Whether this is true or not, what Sharp did was to carry to its logical extreme the inherent transvestism of some of the romanticism inherent in his own day in the popular fiction and in the sex writings of such people as Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis.

Some of the information we have about him would fit in with many of the facts put forth in the autobiographies which appear in *Transvestia*. As a child he reportedly felt different from other children, so different that he came to believe that he had a previous existence

and increasingly he came to believe that his other identity was feminine. In his early twenties he wrote to a close friend requesting that he not be despised because "in some things I am more a woman than a man." He had a deep sense of identification with women and their problems, and he once wrote that only rarely did a day pass in which he did not try to imagine himself living the life of a woman, to see through a woman's eyes, and feel and view life from a womanly point of view. So vividly did he imagine this that he reported that he sometimes forgot he was not the woman he was trying to imagine.

Lillian Rea, his secretary during the Macleod period, believed that in Sharp the masculine and feminine elements had merged to become one. Sharp, however, was hesitant to proclaim that a feminine soul dwelled in his male body to the world at large. Instead he confided only to a small group of intimate friends, most notably his wife, Elizabeth, and then sought to understand himself by a wide range of reading. He equated his feminine side with his mystical intuitive self, distinguishing this from his rational, masculine self. His idealized view of women and the feminine kept him aloof from the feminist movement since woman to him was not the agent of social and cultural change, but rather the catalyst of change through her feelings, sympathy, and intuition. In speaking of his feminine self, he said that it gave him a "sense of oneness with nature, this cosmic ecstasy and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life that I could not bring myself to expression by my other self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is ... My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, must find expression, yet I cannot. In this hidden way, I am tempted to believe I am half a woman" (i.e., *through* Fiona Macleod).

Eventually the growing dualism in Sharp's personality caused a crisis in his life. His wife, in suitably ambiguous language, described the crisis as due to the strain of "giving expression to the two sides of his nature," yet at the same time trying to keep his Macleod identity from becoming public. There is some evidence that he began to dress and express himself more as a woman, but it was also essential for his masculine personality to function. This caused him problems because

each of the two natures had its own needs and desires, interests and friends. The needs of each were not always harmonious one with the other, but created a complex condition that led to a severe nervous collapse. The immediate result of the illness was to cause an acute depression and restlessness that necessitated a continual change of environment.

Sometimes Sharp seems schizophrenic in discussing his own dual identity. He wrote to a friend in the year 1898 that after having been ill, he was now on the way to recovery.

"Part of my work is now too hopelessly in arrears ever to catch up. Fortunately, our friend Miss F.[iona] M.[acleod] practically finished her book just before she got ill, too ..."

His wife noted differences between the Macleod personality and the Sharp one. In her mind Fiona wrote because it was "the result of an inner impulsion," while Sharp wrote because the necessities of life demanded it and he wanted to keep his reputation alive. His attempt to keep his femme self from his masculine self was so important to him that he even had his feminine self dedicate her books to him. His specially bound copy of one of Fiona's books bears this inscription: "To William Sharp from his comrade Fiona Macleod."

Mrs. Sharp reported that when the Fiona mood was upon him, he was a different person. As William he could set himself to work normally and was more or less master of his own mind. As Fiona, however, he had to wait upon the mood or seek conditions to induce a creative mood. Though he tried to keep his dressing and his feminine self secret, he also wanted it to be known; just before his death he made sure that it would be by writing to some of his and Fiona's friends (with whom she had only corresponded) about Fiona.

"This will reach you after my death. You will think I have wholly deceived you about Fiona Macleod. But, in an intimate sense this is not so; though (and inevitably) in certain details, I have misled you. Only, it is a mystery I cannot explain. Perhaps you will intuitively understand or may come to understand. 'The rest is silence.' Farewell. William Sharp."

Such deception had been made possible by his claiming Fiona as a niece or a ward. His femme self survived his death as evidenced by his choice of epitaphs. One epitaph he selected from his writings as

Macleod, the other as Sharp. As Macleod he chose: "Love is greater than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions." As Sharp he wrote: "Farewell to the known and exhausted, Welcome the unknown and illimitable."

From this brief summary it seems obvious that William Sharp affords some intriguing speculation for those interested in researching possible transvestites in history. Since his corpus of writing under both names is fairly large, it is also possible to critically look at Sharp in his masculine image and in his feminine image. For those who want to begin to do so they might consult the biography of him by Flavia Alaya, *William Sharp — "Fiona Macleod" 1855-1905* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970) and the memoir gathered together after his death by his wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp, entitled *William Sharp (Fiona Macleod), A Memoir* (New York: Duffield & Company, 1910).

TEE-VEE TIPS

June Daye MA-4-B

A nice, useful, legal and eminently ladylike weapon to carry in the city (even if it doesn't look like rain) is a furled umbrella. It's a formidable weapon if used right, but rather an ineffectual one if used wrong. Unfortunately, it is usually used wrong. Obvious though it should be, an umbrella makes a very poor club, as the rolled fabric is good padding for the metal parts. So don't waste your energy beating your assailant over the head with it! Instead, hold the handle tightly with one hand and with the other hand grip the umbrella on the rolled fabric about six inches from the point. Aim the point toward your attacker and use the umbrella to jab and poke at him when he gets in close. If he is wielding a knife and you can't make a run from the spot, use the umbrella held as above to counter his knife thrusts. Holding your bumbershoot this way makes it nearly impossible for an assailant to wrest it from your grasp, and renders it a very deadly weapon indeed.

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A CASE FOR THE UNDERWEARER

Vicki, Oklahoma

Why is it that so many heterosexual transvestites wear lingerie under their male clothing? I would like to share my thoughts on this question. I confess that I am sharing my thoughts, ideas and theories on this question.

It seems to me in the process of reading not only the professional mental health works but also in some letters and articles in *Transvestia*, that an FP who mainly wears lingerie under his male clothing is only, what I would call, a "second class" FP. Implying one has to be fully dressed in order to express one's femme-self. Ideally, of course, I wish my station in life allowed me to express more fully my feminine gender and no doubt there are countless FPs who concur.

But the point I want to make is, restriction in being able to express "her side" while wearing to work (or play) "his side" does not one wit diminish the male-female: masculine-feminine gender balance within one's total personhood. Indeed, even if an "FP" — thank you Virginia for the shortening of "femmiphilia" — were not to wear any tangible expression of her femininity, it again, does not in and of itself diminish the gender balance.

Personally speaking, I went through a two year period of laying aside and not wearing any expression of my FP — I made a decision to lock my sister in the basement of mental and emotional existence. How was it locking up your dear "ole sister"? Psychic hell and no gain in any area of my life. But that is another subject area in itself. Back to the Underwearers!

A human being is, in the words of classical catholic theology, a sacrament. That is, a human being is an outward and visible manifestation with and for an inward and spiritual reality I speak as a Christian

and consider this from sound Christology: Jesus the Christ is Perfect Man and Perfect God in a tangible reality in His sacramental Humanity — God becomes one of His own creations. If this sounds like a mouth full of theology, it is not meant to be. My point in using the sacramental definition and the unique dual nature of The Christ is, as I see it, an analogy for psychic health for the heterosexual transvestite in an anatomical-gender frame of reference. Christ's sinless Humanity is perfectly balanced with his perfect divinity. As a meditation, consider the quotation from the opening page of each issue of *Transvestia*; by the way, the quotation from the Gospel of St. Thomas is not in the Canon of Scripture as set by the Church around 395 A.D. but was read by the early Church (as was also other works which came out of the life of the Christian community) and for that reason is worthy of sober consideration.

As a male (anatomically speaking) and a man in gender thought, word and deed, there is also my femaleness in psychic orientation. I can call her my sister and I do, complete with a name, Vicki, but even before she had a name there had been for years this strange and beautiful wanting to be able to identify with the female. For me at least, my FP is NOT a negation of my masculinity but rather enhances it in terms of orientation with the female, yet mindful of the important distinction between male and female. I know from personal experience that the more I try to suppress my feminine (FP) factor, the further away I am driven from my total self! On the other hand, when I flow in the direction of accepting this feminine aspect of my personhood, even though the expressing of it may be limited to only being able to wear some item of lingerie, it seems to release an almost indescribable sense of emotional (or if you please) psychic balance. In my way of looking at it, if some degree of self-acceptance is tangibly realized through even a minimal wearing of some item of feminine clothing, with the resulting effect of inner peace, then, I must be doing something right. In a word, lingerie is a little "sacramental" for the everyday working man to allow his "sister" to live and work with and in him. Lingerie for the Underwearer is not a fetish but an outward and visible expression of the inward and spiritual her, i.e., lingerie is a tangible vehicle of feminine gender expression.

Granted, there is always a certain element of personal frustration at not being able to fully "dress" for us who live most of our time in the "underwearer" situation. Even, as in my own case, although my wife is aware of my FP factor, our family, social and professional situation is such that full dressing is extremely limited in terms of opportunity. But

dealing with one's femme-self. Indeed, I might also be so bold as to contend that the limited wearing of lingerie under male clothing, can be of psychic value for an FP's mental health, in terms of being reminded of our unique personality balance in gender expression. I can only speak for myself but when I decided to allow "her" to live (even in a limited fashion), "we" experienced a greater sense of well-being. Oh don't get me wrong, I wish we lived in a society and culture which allowed gender expressions without artificial and restricting stereotypes but alas, thus it is not in our society.

In case you are wondering if I have ever "fully dressed," the answer is a few times — what glorious times they were! But the greater proportion of my everyday life is simply that I am Me-He-She and the only day-by-day practical means to actualize this gender balance is through the minimal wearing of lingerie under the outer masculine male clothing. An underwearer FP is somewhat like being in a marriage relationship in terms of (1) objective reality: wedding ring, state and church marriage license; and (2) subjective reality: mutual experience of being in love with each other and no matter where one goes the married person realizes at all times that he/she is married and their wedding ring is the symbol of that unique relationship. The FP he/she relationship is one of mutual interdependence in gender balance with the "he" in his clothing and the "she" in her lingerie.

I believe the Underwearer is just as much an FP as is the FP who is able to more fully allow an outward and visible expression of himself. An FP Underwearer who is wearing only pantyhose, or panties, or anything else she feels like wearing, is experiencing the moment by moment reality of the masculine-male with the feminine walking together through life. Sometime, there will come a time, or times, when she can "blossom" and he can take a coffee break elsewhere; yet, here again, there is that unique balance of reality testing in which the important distinction between the male-masculine and female-feminine have their independence but also their dependence on each other, in gender expression and experience.

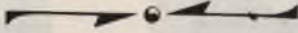
Think about it: a heterosexual transvestite is an FP whether fully or partially "dressed" — it's not the amount of clothing but the psychic orientation that makes the real personality difference.

The following are a few suggestions which might be helpful for the Underwearer to consider; particularly for the man who is just becoming aware of his femme-self.

- (1) Whether at work, or play, be mindful of what type of lingerie to wear, in reference to the color of your trousers: don't wear a pair of black lace panties under white trousers or slacks — everybody will see everything!
- (2) In a similar vein, when wearing light colored non-patterned slacks, again, be careful of the fact that an "underwear outline" can be easily seen — ever noticed the GGs in their pant suits of light colored material?
- (3) If you want to wear pantyhose, or stockings, the wearing of polyester lined boots is safer than wearing a pair of socks over the stockings with low cut shoes. Many of the male boots are lined over the leather and this helps to prevent runs and wear spots on the stockings — secretaries are not the only ones who wear out hose!
- (4) When wearing stockings under the work clothes, be mindful of when you sit down with the gang at the coffee break, to make certain that your trouser cuff does not rise above your boot top, or shoe top for that matter; it would not be so bad if you are wearing beige colored stockings but any other color might raise a few eyebrows.
- (5) This matter of being careful about the cuff height when sitting down is applicable to one having shaved legs — Virginia has covered this subject beautifully in her book, *How To Be A Woman Through Male*.
- (6) Watch your waist line: you might have to stand on your "tip-toes" to reach high for something and when you do, your shirt might pull out from your trouser top and possibly expose the upper part of whatever lingerie you are wearing.
- (7) The same can be said when bending over at the waist, particularly if you are wearing plain-colored and fairly close fitting slacks in terms of the "underwear outline" (mentioned in Point 2): just watch the next time a woman, or man, bends over, and just apply the corrective measures to yourself.
- (8) Finally, as a logistical matter, since Underwearers usually wear a lesser amount of female attire daily, try to do your "handwash" daily and not allow a pile of laundry to ac-

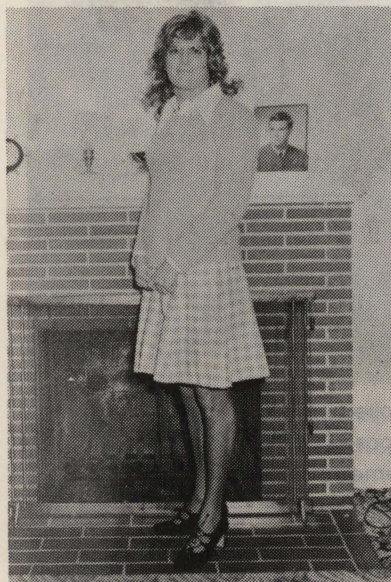
cumulate; you might miss part of the "late show" or have to get up earlier in the morning but it is worth it in the long run.

The Case for Underwearers is hereby rested and may such Case in some way be of assistance to those men who are endeavoring to experience the fullness of their personhood.



So a guy gets tired of seeing exposed
 His steno's slim legs provokingly posed
 So I've decided to give her the same
 As she gives to me, but I'll beat her game.
 So now I can hardly bear the suspense
 Until I call her in — man am I tense!
 But I'm dead determined to do her one better
 And here we go —

"Miss Jones? Take a letter!"



Michelle CA-42-Mc-FPE



OASIS!!!!

Melissa, PA-12-S FPE

Oasis! Water! It's been found! Yes, T.V. friends, I have discovered the Fountain of You! In Philadelphia we have the Fountain of You. Yes you may be you. An FP doesn't have to hang around some gay bar fending off advances that are not truly what we seek. A woman (G.G.), Blossom Paster, has opened her heart and her home to my sisters in a dignified, gracious manner. How lovely to act like the ladies we are and not worry about our security in some sleazy environment.

Blossom, as an adjunct to her profession of electrolysis, holds a T.V. party the first Saturday night of each month and in less than a year it has become a veritable haven for those of us lucky enough to have found her. She is truly concerned for the welfare of her clients and tries to know of every rip-off and con artist who has "taken" the very vulnerable transvestite.

Blossom pleaded with the assistant manager of a local Roaman's ladies shop to provide dressing facilities for male customers. Many FPs buy clothes only to slink off and secretly try them on. When they find they don't fit, rather than face a questioning salesperson they throw them away. Blossom was troubled by this and tries to guide her clients. She even accompanied several transexuals to the Temple University Gender Identity Clinic to meet the doctor and satisfy herself that they were on the up and up.

RARE? She doesn't think so. She is just real and she exists in Philadelphia. Of course, her most important thing is her business of being an electrologist and that she does well. Her rates are the lowest in any big metropolitan area. As a client I can raise my voice high for all to hear as I now don't shave after having the most dense beard any human could have.

Oh, but I've strayed. Back to our Oasis — our dress-up party. It's pure joy and I am proud that Blossom included me in her thinking from the original conception. I act as secretary and it's a pure labor of love. We've met beautiful people whose minds have been their closet for many years. One client took Blossom in her arms as she was ready to leave at the end of the evening and said, "You will never know how many suicides you have averted." No, Blossom will never know as she is a positive thinker.

We still have a small group but it's growing. Blossom's home is in the Northeast section of Philadelphia called Fox Chase. I live on a direct line at the opposite end of the city and have probably the worst sense of direction, but I managed to find my Oasis, so anyone can. If you are in the Philadelphia area, call Blossom (RA5-5878). We have a letter made up which details the party and also has directions to Blossom's from just about anywhere.

Are you in a mental desert? Come into our Oasis and drink deeply. We want to welcome you ... we want to extend the beautiful hand of gentility and dignity which befits *ladies*.

Hope to see you soon.



"Gee, Sarge, you are sure a lot easier to get along with when you're off duty."

**ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY****Grace**

Credit must be given to my parents for one thing, and that is they know how to select a pretty and intelligent nurse. Shortly after moving into the richest and most secluded neighborhood in town I found myself virtually without a friend. My father had made a name for himself in his business and had prospered considerably. In order to present a higher status he moved us to Brighton Hills. The entire area was made up of older people who hadn't come into money until later in life. By that time what children they had were grown up and married. So, being a fifteen-year-old I had to find my own amusement.

I suppose it was my rather lax attitude of life that day that allowed my mini-bike to overpower me rather than the other way around. The iron fencing wouldn't give way as my knee did when we met at a fairly fast clip, so I involuntarily paid the hospital a visit to reset several bones.

About a week later I was allowed to go home with instructions to start mild exercises a few days later. It was then that I met Betty, my nurse, who was to be both my healer and supervisor during the day. She was 22 years old and very pretty compared to the nurses in the hospital. We got along extremely well right away, and time flew by quickly. When I began my exercises I didn't respond as I should have, as the thought of losing my friend and becoming lonely again prompted me to fake difficulties. Then too, I had become fascinated by her bright and clean uniform she wore daily. It didn't take long for Betty to see through my scheme but she mistakingly took my more than casual glances at her for a physical attraction.

For the next several days she shied away from me but still insisted that I follow the exercise schedule. The turning point was the morning

she reported in and I blurted out that I adored her neat crisp uniform. Immediatly she saw that I hadn't fallen in love with her, but rather for her dress. Much to my surprise she walked to the far side of the room and removed her uniform. Standing there in her slip she informed me that I could try it on but that I had to walk over to her to get it. I wanted to run, however my lack of exercising soon brought me to the realization that I had to go slow. Finally I made it and with the same disregard for privacy as Betty had shown I stripped to my underwear. Betty helped me don the uniform and it fit perfectly except where my boyish figure couldn't possibly fill out the girlish portions. Since mother was seldom home during the day, I wore the dress until Betty had to leave. I thanked her enthusiastically and asked if I could please do it again. With that she extracted the promise from me that I would have to work harder to get well. I hurriedly agreed.

The next day Betty brought two uniforms with an extra pair of panties and a bra and slip. Again I had to walk to them and my more expert gait showed that I had been practicing as much as I could. I put the panties and bra on in the bathroom then Betty filled out the bra so that I could finish dressing. What a wonderful feeling. The proportions were all right this time and Betty remarked that I looked good. Once again I spent the day as a nurse.

After a few days the cast came off and I was to walk more and more. Each day I was given a little more incentive to keep going as Betty would apply make-up one day, fix my hair and teach me some feminine mannerisms. Finally about a week later I was completely dressed including the white stockings, shoes, and a cap on my girlish hair and make-up. I was now walking without a limp. I couldn't have been more happy. Soon my whole world came falling apart though when Betty told me that the next day would be the last with me. I cried all that night.

When Betty came in the next day she was beautiful and so much different in her regular clothes that I hardly recognized her. I met her at the door and she handed me the bag she was carrying. My heart leaped as I opened it as she had brought a complete outfit of street clothes for me to wear. She told me that our final walk was to be outside to some of the local shops. For some reason I wasn't too concerned, but rushed right to the bedroom.

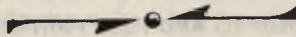
I'd never seen such pretty underclothes as the panties, bra and slip were all matching in a pink color with lots of lace. By now I could dress

myself properly so I had more privacy and time in which I could admire how I looked. Even the pantyhose looked so different compared to the white ones. I was ready to put on the dress and shoes and then the make-up. My outfit was a blue skirt with a matching jacket which fit perfectly. Betty then gave me some low heeled pumps and had me practice in them. Surprisingly I had very little trouble. Next she made me up and fixed my hair. For the final touches I was given some earrings and bracelet and a purse. Even as well as Betty knew me she admitted that I would never be recognized by anyone and that I'd better be prepared for lots of wolf whistles. Of course there were no boys my age to give me a wolf whistle but the mirror told me that I was certainly eligible.

The day passed too quickly and uneventful. I was thrilled as I never had been before at the sound of my heels on the pavement and just being a girl. No one ever gave me a suspicious look at any time. Sadly the day ended as I gave Betty back her clothes and said a final goodbye.

A few years later I left home and struck out on my own. I never see my parents although we write occasionally, but my life has changed considerably and I'm extremely contented.

Well, that's my story. My coffee break is over and I hear them paging me to report to the operating room. Dr. Browning says that I'm the best nurse he's ever had.



OF COURSE THE
LACE TICKLES---
BUT WE ALL GET
USED TO THAT AFTER
A WHILE, SIR.



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Susanne-Calif.

"There but for the ungraciousness of God go I" — whenever I see a girl with a *je ne sais quoi* style to her walk, a precisely-uniquely so-right figure, a softly flip way of wearing her hair, a wry twisty smile to go with a melodiously gently ironic way of talking. Whenever I see a girl very much in current fashion and/but still uniquely herself: Her clothes are saying "I am a girl, a member of the gentler sex — like all of us girls, yet forever individually different."

Patently I've never fought too hard against being such a girl myself — to me and to such few others as have known, seen, heard the choosy Suzie who is me. (Few? Over the years I've been "that" girl" to hundreds, thousands! Maybe only a few hundreds have actually seen me as I like me — obviously enjoying my femininity in what the universal boutique offers. Maybe the same when I've played Wrong Number and somehow (oh?!) let the Wronged Number guess, on the phone, I was a typically talkative and apologetically-embarrassed clothes-filly. But with the flow of distaff-oriented correspondence, creative-writing from my polka-dotted typewriter, tens of thousands have become familiar (sometimes breathtakingly so!) with this Suzie I am.)

Really, I'm not pulling a pouter-pigeon, prideful of her conquests, on you; I'm really offsetting for myself that occasional "There but for the ungraciousness of God" feeling. (A feeling any girl, I think, has seeing another, differently attractive chick). Really, I should thank God for a face which can be interpreted as pretty, a figure that CAN be interpreted to my whim, legs which can't be misinterpreted as anything but LEGS! While I'm not petite, I can thank God my height would be considered average and not statuesque in any given group of women.

"Thanks to Somebody I'm happiest being a tease; a provocateur of a girl rather than a sure-fire inammorata." To make it sound less evilly frustrating, let's say simply, I'm the one who adores being looked at, reacted to ... creatively; in the eyes of the beholder. I like to start, fan, fires for the nice feelings to all concerned — let the more liquidly-inclined girls quench them.

As it's almost *de rigueur* these days to freely admit, I am crashingly not a virgin. Accidents do happen. But that's secondary and really unwanted; I like to sense fires burning long after I'm out of sight, out of earshot. I s'pose it's unwomanly (and I've been taken to task for that) not to want to be in "his" bed; but I prefer to be, as the Windsong ad sings, "... always in his mind." In as many his-minds as possible. If the male population insists (by double appraising looks, by importuning for conventional conclusions) that I'm all-girl — who am I to say (or prove) they're all wet?

It's their dogged insistence that I'm from Adam's rib I'm after; it's so reassuring to add their insistence to my own inner insistence, to run nympe-like just beyond reach in our asphalt sylvan glades. "Thou still unravished bride of quietness" is my ideal. Maidenly to the core, that's me!

All this foregoing is to underline I'm *not* an unfulfilled woman. I'm grateful for my girlhood and for ever-maturing satisfactions. Actually not very confused by "that other life." But I suffer petty, unreasonable angers that I didn't have my adolescence in the last ten years. Had I been twelve in 1965 ... Well, here's what (SHOULD have) happened!

I WAS twelve in 1955 (see?)! The soft, silly, gently curling hair that was my Indian-haired sister's bitter envy was allowed to grow long, long, LONG! "It's very mod, very in with "boys" (sic!) of his age. I'm glad he's a joiner," announced my mother a little defensively. And "At least he keeps it clean, brushed ..." She didn't know the positive *hours* I spent brushing it, learning to set just the right curls to fall in JUST the right waves, putting it up at night in ever more complex braids and swirls, wearing just the right flouncy-colorful little night cap to hold it in place. Shaping the bottom to roll luxuriously on my shoulders, cutting near eyebrow-brushing bangs.

... Then virtuously, to appear sorta boylike, combing my bangs invisibly back into my hair, dunking my head in water to tangle, mess up

and otherwise render boylike my unmistakably feminine hair-doing. When I *had* to make like a boy for social-acceptance nonsense! (Which was too often.)

1968 and approaching that optimum-ripeness-age where one can be not only sixteen but downright sweet about the whole thing if ambitious about young ladydom — which was I ever! Encouraged cheerfully by girlfriends relieved at my being so remote from the threateningness of males they'd encountered, who found my hair welcomed their skillful fingers, combs and brushes and that I was the very last to fake up a "masculine" protest at maedchen braids, twiney-bouncy pigtails (thence on to the ribbons, colorful yarns that spice up so such hair fancies).

Too, experimenting with makeup fell naturally to girls of our age. Not only *not* protesting I luxuriated in squeals of delight when they used me to guinea-pig their face-flattering pigments.

"What that DOES for you, Suze!" chortled my neighbor's niece. "Makes your face, Suzie, almost truly 'Susanne-ish'." (Suze by tacit understanding was the name of the to-be-improved-upon raw girl potential I'd let them discover. "Suzie" or "Susie" — the next step up from the blandness of boydom. "Sue" — when I'd achieved a conventional cuteness. "Susanne" or "Susanna" whenever I'd plateaued to a positive young lady comliness.)

Carole, first freshman girl president at school, daringly, he felt, proposed *this* one gilding-the-lily afternoon in Peggy's (my neighbor's niece) away-from-home room next door: "Sue is Susanna from the throat up — but still plain ol' Suze from her shoulders to toes. Let's remedy that, Peggy!"

Peggy and dark-haired Carole, after serious confab *a trois* with me, has decided I should be "her" and "she" to make things "decent" in our grooming orgies. And less weird to overhearers when chattering about me in the halls of Lincoln Junior High.

Peggy looked me over, muttered something not flattering about me looking like an under-nourished, washboard-breasted and not-too-hip-Haight-Ashbury broad, then said positively, "A wild but cool dress, an eager training brassiere with high hopes, the right fruit salad (meaning jewelry!), and definitely untomboyish shoosies and hose would cure Sue's shortcomings. Are you an all-the-way chicklet, Sue!?"

I just smiled like a Cheshire cat with, as Peggy put it, the smuggest "... thought you'd never ask" look. The progression to complete softness, tinkle, ripply drape and spread was so logical — felt so pre-ordained. And so just plain ol' *nice!* Felt sweet, dear, comfy, creamy and many more of the new words creeping into my parlance.

Not that I became a girl to everybody. I went to school "as a boy," lived at home "as a boy" — in Peggy's helpful word "masqueraded" lots just like a boy. Though ... we three girls knew better! I even went as a boy to the newly-begun boys' cooking and sewing classes — and slipped in, grease-touched face and oversize overalls, to the girls' auto mechanics' class. With the growing acceptance of young people doing opposite-sex things, long glossy hair and colorful ponchos on every inter-sex back, even earrings for fellows (just one though!), life was lovelier for experience-hungry kids like me. I just had to know both sides of the boy-girl story the worst way; and in the best ways.

While I successfully hid my feminine self at home, I was very grateful to have a home-away-from-home next door at Peggy's. Her indulgent aunt bought more things for her than most two middle-class girls dream of, took an admittedly selfish pleasure in keeping her flouncily dressed according to her tastes; Peggy preferred more intellectual, more severe dresses, was relieved to shunt off a closetfull of auntie-chosen nonsense to my *ad lib* use. And full use of her room when she was at her real home. Her auntie had the most eager visitor and babysitter in me!

In spite of Peggy's private entrance, Aunt Margaret discovered Peggy and her friend Susan tanning their legs on Peggy's wooden fire-escape private-entrance one scorching morning — both of us in the coolest most summery dresses ever. After a few minutes of talk she tumbled to where she'd seen Susan before. And bless her, she was *humane!*

"Being a girl must be terribly important to you, Suze!" Her eyes expertly noted the art of my casual hair-styling, the smoothness of my skin from several years of nightly creaming, my ease and comfort in the unruly-skirted dress I wore. "So be it — tho' I shan't tell a soul. And Peggy, bring Susan down to socialize with me — I'm often lonely. Don't imprison her in your room!"

Such a fragrant relief to walk casually, freely, downstairs, in their big backyard! I did feel at times like Anne Frank of *Diary* fame. Not

just ghettoized but downright imprisoned! Having to LIVE mostly just in Peggy's room.

It wasn't just kindness on Aunt Margaret's part. Catching me up on parts of the girlhood I'd missed, I learned to make a room spanking-clean and lovely, press a slip, a dress, a gown as though fresh from the cleaners, cook a clever little late supper, change a diaper, mix a formula. Too, when she caught a facial expression, a head or arm or body gesture of mine she thought charming she'd call attention to it so that I'd remember, incorporate it as part of me. She improved her own dancing, teaching me to dance — both of us doing the follow-steps side by side. I was useful to her in many ways. As she was to me.

Things she said I remember as peculiarly heart-warming:

"Oh I know Peggy doesn't like all the frou-frou, girly-girly things I buy her. She's a born biochemist, thinks a straight skirt in a white lab-coat is high couture. Thank goodness — now that I have you to dress as I feel a girl should!"

"Boys will notice you — that has to come in time. But remember — a girl's role is to make the world more warm, more colorful, more beautiful. Her chastity is her own — no girl HAS to."

"... you'll make some girl an ideal wife. Keep looking, asking, and you'll find just that girl."

Until I was eighteen my social circle — those who knew Susan for what she really was — consisted of maybe only a dozen girls who dug my living proof that the female of the species was enviable and worthy of emulation by one of those put-down types from the opposite side of the tracks — my willy-nilly birthplace. Oh, and just several fellows. Girl-shy ones whom I could trust as gentlemen; who knew a good secret to keep for their own benefit when I revealed Susanne to them — under the most flattering-to-me circumstances, you can bet! Like Kenny who overcame his wariness of sugar 'n' spice by practice-dating with me. "Made a gallant Cary Grant of him, Sue!" his sister admitted ... and Dick who hadn't learned girls expect doors to be opened for them. (My fury over a bumped forehead and nose taught him that in a hurry!). And diffident Davey who couldn't find a girl to share his jewel-setting of an open convertible. (Could I find such a girl for him!? I thought a good split second before a solution to his problem occurred to me.)

* * *

Then, up came the Haight-Ashbury one day, in a forest green tautly supple turtleneck and a similarly color-dominated pleated plaid skirt. Not the Haight — me. Plaid knee socks and turned-leather green (too!) loafers, lighter-green perky feathered Robin Hood cap perched upstairs. (I remember what I wore every telling Susan-experience of my life, so you'll have to listen.)

At Auntie Margaret's, of course. "Don't you get piqued at having to turn into a pumpkin everytime you go home, Sue?" (Pumpkin meant "boy" in our secret slang.)

I was seeing how far I could spread my accordin pleats. The-more-skirt-the-more-of-a-girl had always been a secret whim of mine.

"Yes and no, Auntie M. I can change back into a pumpkin in secs with hardly a trace, and there are some goodies playing at boydom (pause — I could extend the pleats to full arm-length!). The biggest goodie, though, is Cinderella-ing back into the freedom of me-dom she-dom. That change is so refreshing, so ... inspiring each time; a new me almost daily."

I was over at Auntie Margaret's nearly half the week now, with Peggy going to her college. She referred to me, across the board, as her niece now.

"I'd miss it if I couldn't prove and prove again what I am — like I do."

I was stretching the skirt, elbows forced to the crooked-backwards point, over my head. The skirt was so richly pleated there was no loss of modesty in this gesture!

"Well, something came up when I was in San Francisco. I've talked to your mother about it and they think it's a splendid idea."

I dropped my skirts and stared at her. San Francisco, like Paris, is a woman's town "with flowers in her hair" like Henry Van Dyke writes. Susceptible pumpkins pervasively go Cinderella there — in droves. Cinderella-types like me can go unworriedly a broad there — so to speak.

Certainly I wouldn't mind all my hometown people here knowing I flickered left and right genderwise. And I actually relished with a deep ticklement the profound giggles that bubbled up when I let people know I was "that way" — that delicious way. But there would be such a heavy taste of "tch-tch" with so many of the older, more conservative citizens! I couldn't go all-public here — ever. Maybe in S.F. I could ...

... Like dating a girl who dug my pumpkin side. Perhaps in S.F. I could say freely to her, without fear of causing her to feel let-down, "I'll pick you up soon's I finish pressing the skirt and blouse I'm wearing tomorrow. Oh, and do you prefer me in D.C. or A.C. tonight? (Dull Clothes; Amorous Clothes)"

Wouldn't it be Heavenly ...!!

My Auntie outlined the plan. I'd go to college at S.F. State. (Dress optional?) Knowing I was proof of drugs, of virtuous living (Auntie knew I only had well-behaved Kenny, Dick and Davey, if not girlfriends, in to visit on baby-sitting PMs), I could have my own little nest on the fringe of the Haight-Ashbury. Where the longest-haired fellows are never scoffed at, even if one assumes they take obvious advantage, exploit the freedom of hair and dress, go all soft and visually-entertaining evenings — or anytime. On whim.

"You could, Susanne, be Cinderella for months on end without giving a thought to the pumpkin side. And of course I like you as a niece — that boy next door is almost an unknown stranger to me by this time; I'd like to see you throw the pumpkin out completely and forever. But I do understand your joy in transition, even though I could never have that."

My answer was not in words but in a dizzying pirouette I'd perfected baby-sitting evenings — to celebrate joy-highs with. My pleated plaid boiled hip-high, whipping a candle down, shading two end-tables with its spread. As it fell back about my legs, Auntie Margaret observed wryly, "I perceive two things. One, that you relish being a Haight-Ashbury chicklet. Two, that you have no runs in your panty-hose."

"... maybe a S.F. State U. co-ed ... sometimes," I offered.

* * *

So here I am, co-educating at S.F. State U., making the Haight-Ashbury scene in peasant skirts, getting good marks in both (only some scratches), and very best friends with a girl whom I hope! (hope, hope, hope) will want to wife-and-wife with me ...

* * *

No, darn it, here I really am, not an eighteen-year-old Haight-Ashbury numphe and eternal question mark.

But, yet and also, I am so *grateful* for next-door Peggy, for Auntie Margaret, for Carole and all the other girls who encouraged me besides finding fun in me. (Who really did but at the wrong time in history.) And my gratefulness to the Haight-Ashbury for allowing me such freedom as an older girl ...

... And such soul-igniting freedom of fantasy as to restage *my whole girlhood!* Dig?

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HE BELIEVED when others laughed!
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was granted
 every one
 of his

SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS



CHALLENGE

I said it couldn't be done — but they did it!
(I'd had *that feeling* so long, but I'd hid it)
I told them a fellow like me couldn't switch
To a girl in an hour (though I had the itch).
"Is that a challenge!?" asked a friend of my sister.
"Yes!" I exploded. Sis laughed, "I'll assist her."

Then a flurry of busyness, make-up and hairdo
Things I'd adored but which I'd never dare do.
Cool linen over and sheer nylon under
As I filled with the thrill of an exquisite wonder.

In less than an hour their challenge was won.
They won but *I* won more. Out in the sun
To their laughing delight at the girl they'd created
I blushed in my loveliness, then finally stated,
"Girls I thought this could never be done
"... but I *knew* it could never be this much pure fun!"

— lil

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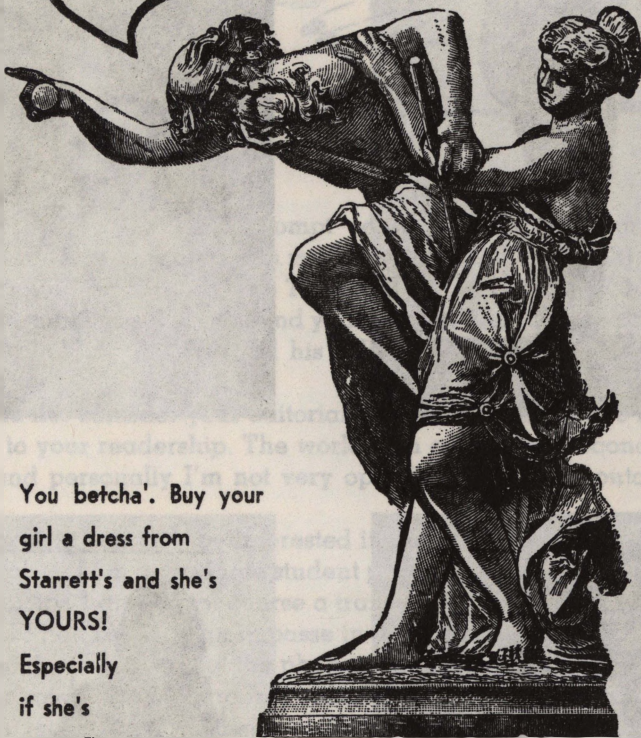


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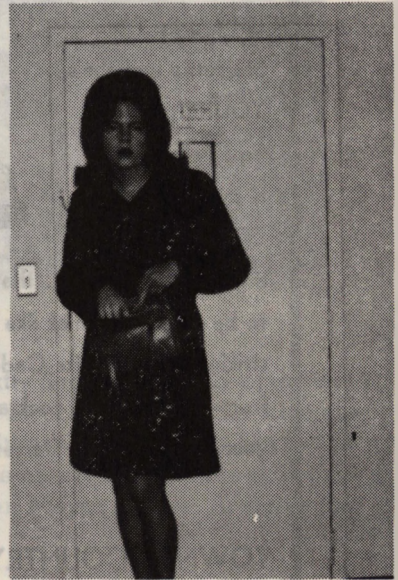
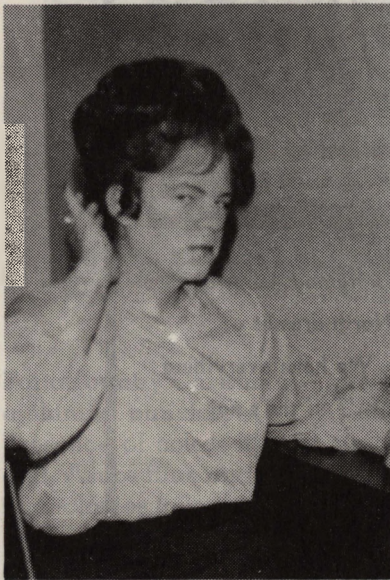
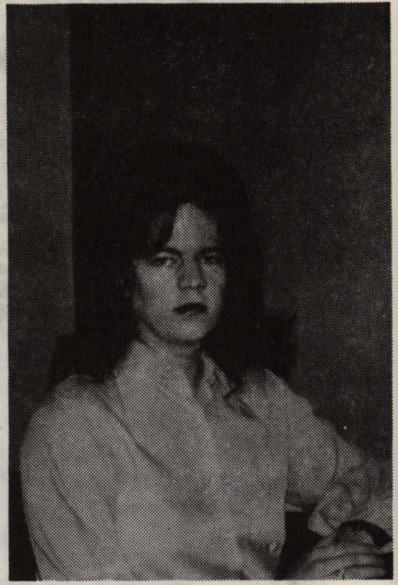
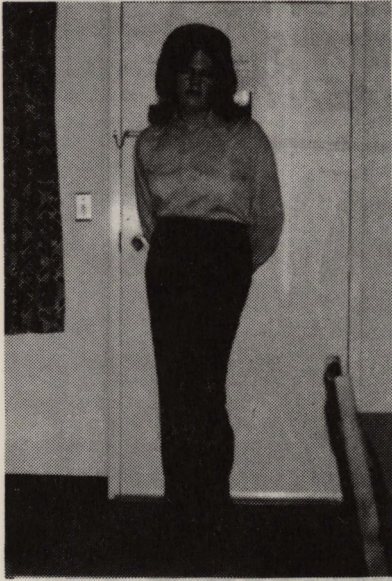
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Carolyn VA-3-B-FPE

"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

Thank you for your prompt reply with my first order from Chevalier. I was delighted with my first issue of *TVia* (No. 82), and both my wife and I have read "The Transvestite and His Wife." May I take this opportunity to salute you and your staff for your tireless and sincere efforts in helping the FP (and his wife).

I did *not* consider your editorial in No. 82 wasted space but a real service to your readership. The world is in a desperate economic condition and personally I'm not very optimistic about the outcome.

I thought you may be interested in knowing how I became aware of Chevalier. I am a graduate student pursuing my Ph.D. in the field of biochemistry. I am also of course a transvestite. After realizing that my wife and I had reached an impasse in our relationship I decided that I had to find out more about the phenomena of TV and TSism. Naturally with my scientific background I initiated a literature search. Starting with the latest available issue of *Index Medicus* I searched back to 1962. Before that TV was categorized under "sexual deviations" — not an enlightened viewpoint in my mind. The relevant articles were looked up and read with great interest — I was not alone, I was not psychopathic, etc.

I certainly learned a great deal looking into the original literature and significantly for me (as a scientist), I could "trust" those brave pioneers who objectively analyzed the phenomena of TV in spite of ridicule from their colleagues.

Reading the literature is one thing but I strongly felt the need to meet, talk and socialize with other femmiphiles.

Was I excited when I read the article "A Survey of 504 Cases of Transvestism," and realized that such a publication as *Transvestia* existed! But being the cautious type I wanted to know more about Chevalier before inquiring. That excellent work by Dr. Harry Benjamin, "The Transexual Phenomenon" provided me with the reassurance that Chevalier was sincere and discreet so without further ado I placed my first order.

Today in the mail I have received five back issues of *TVia* 21, 22, 48, 49, 51 which I'm in the process of reading.

Let me again congratulate you on your efforts to bring understanding, self acceptance and peace of mind to so many confused people. My only regret is that I wish I had known about Chevalier years ago.

Keep up the good work, ladies.

Sincerely,

Rebecca

* * *

Dear Virginia:

We received the copy of *The Transvestite And His Wife* and it has changed our lives completely. For the first time in the history of our marriage, my wife now is trying to understand me and accept me for a transvestite. I also gain knowledge about myself that I didn't understand or realize.

We now want to do things, meet and talk to people of our kind, to learn, share experiences and make new friends. I would like to join "FPE" and at this moment I am ordering the required copies of *TVia*.

Thank you for enriching our lives and hoping for early reply with *Transvestia* and an application form. Thank you again.

Yours truly,

Terry Alberta, Can.

FICTION



A STORMY NIGHT

Amelia Allyte-TX

Even though the rain was coming down in sheets, I thought the weather was fine. In fact, everything about the evening was wonderful for me. I was on my way to pick up Lucille Raynes for our first date.

Lucille had recently come to work in our office, and I guess for me it was love at first sight. She's a tall girl, about my height, five, ten and with a figure to match. Smooth skin, athletically tanned, portrayed a perfect picture of the idealized outdoor type. We had coffee together a few times, but only recently had I gathered up the courage to ask her for a date. To my surprise and delight, she acquiesced almost immediately. And tonight was the night!

Boring my way through the rain-soaked streets, I was busily rehearsing the itinerary for the evening. We had agreed upon dinner and the theater, but I was hoping to convince her to stop for a nightcap after the show and maybe we could have a chance to talk and do a little dancing.

She lived alone in a house on the edge of town. Apparently her folks had retired to Florida. Rather than move into an apartment, she elected to stay in the family home. She claimed she enjoyed the comfort and room that one couldn't get in an apartment.

I had to watch closely to make sure my directions were right but finally found the place. The house was set apart from its neighbors and located back from the street among a copse of large trees. Reaching the end of the driveway, I got out and made a dash for the door.

Clad in a housecoat, she answered my ring almost immediately. "I'm sorry to be late but the power went off and they just got it back

on," she said. "Why don't you have a drink while I finish dressing. I won't be but a moment."

She had barely finished preparing the drink, when a flash of lightning lit up the night and a clap of thunder seemed to shake the earth. Suddenly we heard a crashing sound in the back of the house.

She ran into the kitchen with me close behind. Everything seemed to be in good shape until she opened the door to a small storage shed, and that's where the damage was. Apparently the lightning had struck a nearby tree, breaking off a branch, which fell, caving in a part of the roof.

She started moving stuff around, getting it out of the rain, pelting through the open hole. Naturally I pitched in and began helping her. We had everything pretty well protected from the weather in about thirty minutes, but both of us were a mess.

She was soaked to the skin and streaked with dirt. I was no better. The only difference was that she had not got out of her housecoat and I was fully dressed in my suit.

We returned to the main part of the house, dripping water at every step. Even my shoes were soaked. I could feel water squish every time I moved my toes. "My goodness!" said Lucille. "We'll have to get out of these wet things. There is a spare bath through that door. Why don't you go in and strip off those wet things and take a shower. Meanwhile I'll see if I can find you something dry to put on."

Well, I didn't need a second invitation, not only was I soaking wet, but was getting a bit chilled. I stepped in the bath and was soon standing under a hot shower. I was drying off with a big fluffy towel she had left me when she hollered through the door. "I found an old robe of mine that you can put on. It's hanging on the door knob."

My fumbling hand finally found it and I drew it inside. When I saw it I had second thoughts about putting it on. The robe wasn't old, and it was very definitely feminine. It was of quilted nylon, white with big pink flowers. The front, collar and cuffs were all lined with lace. However there really wasn't much choice. All of my own clothes were wet and dirty. The suit wasn't fit to wear until it had been sent to the cleaners.

While I stood there looking at myself, and for some reason, secretly admiring the reflection, she suddenly said, "Oh! shoes." She came back with a pair of loafers and a pair of knee length nylon hose. "Try these on"

Well you guessed it, they fit. I would have liked them a size wider, but they were quite comfortable.

"You look fine," she said as I stood before her completely dressed. "I wouldn't advise you going out in broad daylight like that, but there probably won't be many people about and no one will pay you any particular attention. Are you still game?"

It was too late to back out now. "If you don't mind, neither do I. Let's go. I'll need my keys and wallet."

No pockets!

She giggled at my discomfiture. "We can put them in my purse. Unless you want to carry one. I have an extra," she added mischievously.

"No thanks, you carry them."

So, off we went. By this time the storm had just about blown itself out. All that was left was a drizzly rain. However it must have discouraged the dinner crowd. When we arrived, there were only a few people in the place. Thankfully, the place was rather dim and no one seemed to pay us any attention.

We had a very enjoyable evening. I guess Lucille tried to make up for the earlier mishap. For my part, once I got over my apprehension, I felt great. The soft jersey blouse seemed to mold itself to me. The slacks and jacket felt so much lighter and softer than the suit I had been wearing, that I couldn't help mentioning it to Lucille.

"You like wearing feminine clothes?" she asked softly.

"This is my first experience, and so far I must say I really am enjoying it. However, I think a lot of it has to do with the company and the owner of the clothes."

I slipped on the robe and self-consciously entered the living room. She was already dressed in a pair of slacks and a white nylon house. "You look cute." She smiled at my entrance. "I am sorry about your suit."

"Oh that's all right. There's no serious damage. A trip to the cleaners will fix it up as good as new. I guess this kind of ruins our evening. I don't think I could go out in this." I said motioning toward the robe.

"That's the best I could find in a hurry." She apologized. After a few moments of apparent thought, she added, "If your game, there's a little Italian place up the road where we can get some spaghetti."

"My suit is such a mess, I don't think they'd let us in a dog fight with it and my shoes are so wet I think I would drown if I had to put them on. Maybe we had better try another night."

"I said if you were game. We're just about the same size and I have a slack suit you can wear. The place is not brightly lit and I don't think anyone could tell the difference what you are wearing."

Well, I was hungry and all she had around the house were some unappetizing TV dinners. So, after a brief argument, I agreed to at least try it on.

She went into the bedroom and returned in a few minutes, handing me a pair of slacks and jacket of burgundy colored knit material. She also handed me a pearl gray jersey blouse with a cowl neck and a pair of sheer nylon panties.

"You'll have to wear something under those pants and I just am not in the habit of wearing men's shorts. The blouse, when it's zipped up will look like a turtle neck." She said in response to my questioning glance.

Having no alternative, I disappeared into the bedroom to try the stuff on. The panties slipped up and fit snugly about my hips. I then drew on the slacks. They were elastic waisted and fit perfectly. I then dropped the blouse over my head but couldn't manage the zipper in the back. I had to return to the living room for help. I then slipped on the jacket and looked in the mirror. The cut was unmistakably feminine, but in a dim light, it did not appear blatantly so. The blouse *did* look similar to a turtle neck shirt.

"Well, I'm glad," she replied. "You wear them well and look quite attractive." She looked at me quite critically and then smiled. "Would you like to try a dress next time?"

To be honest, the thought had entered my mind. The pleasant sensation I was feeling seemed to stimulate my imagination. However, I couldn't seem to make a direct answer. All I could do was stammer and blush.

She smiled at my obvious discomfiture, but said nothing.

Like all good things, eventually the evening came to a close. When we arrived at her house, she said, "Why don't you just wear those clothes home and bring them back tomorrow." Then she handed me a small sack. "Here's a present. Don't look at it until you get home. If you like it and are still game, we can do this again tomorrow, only more so." With these words she bade me goodnight.

Arriving home, I reluctantly removed the slack suit and carefully hung it up. Still wearing the panties, I looked in the sack Lucille had given me.

Believe it or not, inside was a filmy nightgown, made of nylon and covered with layers of lace. Slipping it on, I went to bed. Wondering and anticipating what Lucille had meant when she kissed me good night.

Person to Person



PA-15-K FPE: Married FP with A+ wife, 55, wishes to meet, correspond with and help other FPs and wives anywhere. All mail answered. FRANCINE

Note: Mail forwarding service available to FPE members only.



FICTION

THE WEDDING GOWN

Grace

I know I wasn't drunk as I had only had one glass of wine with dinner tonight, but the event I saw still was unbelievable.

Just after I kissed my date goodnight at her apartment I walked to the bus stop which is about six blocks away. To get there I pass several stores, one of which is a Bridal Shop.

As I looked across the street in the window, there was the traditional scene of the bride and groom manikins. Suddenly I saw a movement and I froze. It was impossible but the groom moved towards the glass and appeared to scan up and down the street. No one was in sight and I was still frozen in place back in the shadows so that there was no movement all along the street.

Eventually the groom turned and faced the bride and I relaxed my stance and slowly moved to a better position to see. Still shocked, I watched with wide-opened eyes what was to follow.

The groom began to undress the bride then stopped and started to undress himself. He stripped down to his underwear. I never knew that manikins were so completely dressed. I didn't know what to expect as I watched him carefully set the bridal gown aside. The bride was just as fully dressed as the groom. Next he removed her very lacy and obviously expensive slip so that she just stood there in a bra, panties and hose.

Methodically he removed the rest of her clothing and shoes and laid them aside. The he finished undressing himself and put his tee shirt and shorts on her. He laid the rest of his clothes in her outstretched arms and

turned towards the neat pile of clothing that he had taken from her.

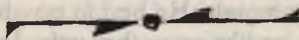
First he picked up the garter belt and fastened it on himself. I finally realized what he was about to do, but what startled me was that I was aware that my feelings were of excitement rather than disgust.

His actions were so fluid and exacting that when he drew the hose up his legs and fastened them I too felt the thrill that he must be feeling. Then he stepped into the white panties that were covered with lace and placed the white sandals on his feet. Although the shoes had three inch heels he moved with grace and ease. The bra soon followed and was secured in place. Using some of the window accessories he padded the bra to give him the needed shape. When the white matching slip fell into place the effect was amazing. He had the curves and figure of his bride and his legs were just as shapely as hers.

I felt his excitement transferred to me as he zipped up the waltz length bridal gown. It clung to his every curve. He then turned to the bride once again and removed her false eyelashes and placed them on his own eyes. The finale was when he removed her hairpiece and placed it on his head. He then turned back towards the glass and struck a feminine pose.

I waited several minutes but nothing happened. I couldn't resist a closer look so I crossed the street. As I stood there I admired the picture he made as the bride. No longer was there any movement but I did detect a faint smile on his lips. The bride looked ridiculous in mens underwear and without any hair on her head, but somehow I didn't really feel sorry for her.

My plans for tomorrow? I'm going back to that shop and get the things I need, but I won't share MY feelings with HIM.



TEE-VEE TIPS

June Daye MA-4-B

If you should run out of nail polish remover and you must get the old polish off right now, and if you know your "brother" has lacquer thinner on hand, use that to soften and remove old polish. It's not advisable to use the thinner on a regular basis, though, as it may make your nails dry and brittle.

ADVENTURES IN WOMANHOOD

While my last marriage was in its terminal stages but before the divorce had gotten underway, I had decided that there were several things I would like to do in the interest of furthering my feminine life. One of these was to travel to various foreign lands as a woman on tours with other men and women and to be accepted by them unquestioningly. Those of you who have read *TVia* over the past few years know that this I have been able to do a good many times and will be doing again this year. The second thing that I wanted to do, was to assist in a nursery school where I could be in a mother role with children. Due to demands on my time, which are too heavy already, I have not been able to fulfill that ambition.

The third ambition was to learn to dance and it is in relation to that that this "adventure" is written. Many years ago, around 1964 or so, my wife and I were good friends with another FP, Frank, and his wife. One day Frank had to go to San Diego on business and his wife got the idea that it would be a good experience for me to go along in the role of "wife." She checked with my real wife and she too thought it would be a good idea. I was asked how about it and readily consented. My "husband" and I thereupon drove to San Diego and took up a room in one of the nicer motels. He had to go about his business using the car in the afternoon, so like any other wife, I got dressed, took a taxi and went downtown to go shopping. I had a nice shocking pink cocktail dress that I had brought along in case we went anywhere in the evening and I thought it would be fun to have a cocktail hat to go with it, so that was what I went shopping for — and found.

That night we went to the Hotel Cortez for dinner and afterward went to the lounge where they had a small three-piece combo playing. We had a couple of drinks and Frank asked me if I'd like to try dan-

cing. Half with amusement, half with embarrassment and half with fright I said yes I'd try. You will notice that that is three halves and that is a fair description of my state of mind at the time. Well, we started and I stumbled all over him because, from force of habit being in the lead all the previous years since I'd first learned, I was trying to lead. Finally, it came to me that this would never do, so I told him that I was going to close my eyes so I wouldn't be tempted to lead and would let him take over. As soon as I did we managed to get along very well. It turned out to be quite an experience because for the first time in my life I was giving the decision-making completely to someone else. The decisions were not great, just those that the one with the lead makes in dancing, but large or small I was not making them. I am a pretty self-determining sort of person and so it was a very new experience to hand all the control to someone else. After the novelty of the first few minutes wore off, I found that I enjoyed it immensely. I could relax, let go, just follow someone else's lead and not worry about the results of the decisions he made. It was up to him to avoid collisions or being tripped or whatever. For the first time in my life I was free of decision-making. I'm sure a lot of you can relate to that.

Well, between 1964 and about 1966 when the marriage began to go sour I didn't have any further experiences along this line. But in 1966 I decided to go to dancing school and really learn to dance as a woman. So I registered at a local school and began to go for private lessons during the week and for the open class dance on Fridays. Here I began to learn some of the realities of a woman's life. You can't learn to dance unless you get the opportunity to try. So I found myself in the line with the rest of the women waiting for some man to ask me to dance. Since, at 5'8", I am taller than lots of women and since men, in maintaining their ego position, like to dance with women shorter than themselves, I found out what it was like to stand, wanting to be asked but having men pass me by and ask another woman two places further on. Of course this didn't happen every time but it happened enough that I found out what it was like to be dependent on a man's whims for my pleasures. Most women are conditioned in this direction since girlhood so it rather seems to them just to be the way life is. But for me it was much more poignant because I had not had my individual sensitivity, interest and drive dulled by such indoctrinations. I could feel it clearly. There I was in line with a lot of other socially underprivileged women, awaiting some man's choice knowing that he was checking over my face, my figure, my outfit and my smile — as well as my height — before making up his mind. That was my first introduction to being a second-class citizen and feeling like a car on a second-hand lot with a

lot of prospective buyers coming up and checking me out and comparing me against the other cars for paint job, upholstery, tires, mileage, etc. I rather expected someone to kick me in the shin as they kick tires when looking over cars. But little by little I learned to dance passibly.

Then all of a sudden things blew up in my face. My career at the dancing school was unexpectedly cut short when I found one day that the attorney for my wife, in the process of the divorce, had permitted the newspaper to get hold of my picture and information about the divorce. So there was a big article and picture entitled, "He Gives Lectures as She" — referring to the lectures that I gave to Service Clubs. It went on to tell that I published *Transvestia* and gave the names of the other stories, etc. This article came to the attention of the school proprietor and he was all primed the next time I appeared for an appointment. He told me he had no personal objections to my private life, but a thing like this going on, with my using the ladies room, etc., would not be good for the school. So forthwith I was cancelled out.

Unfortunately I had not yet learned all I wanted to learn about dancing before I got the axe. I had been through the various kinds of dances but didn't know them well enough to carry on on my own if asked. So I signed up for an Arthur Murray school after several months and the paper story had been forgotten. This provided some little extra training but not much because the floor was small and whatever kind of music they happened to be playing, the instructor would be trying to teach you a waltz, fox trot, rhumba or whatever to it. That wasn't too successful so I dropped out.

Finally I got brave and went to a public dance hall in the downtown area. It was not in any way a low-class, dime-a-dance sort of place but a perfectly nice public dance hall where people of all ages, mostly older ones, went obviously for the purpose of meeting other people. Here I got broken into a good many of the faces of life — from a woman's point of view that is. One such experience provides the reason for this piece.

While I was no exceptionally great dancer at this time I could cope satisfactorily if the man was any kind of a leader — and I soon found out what every woman who dances knows — that great numbers of men have no idea how to lead and expect the woman to be a mind reader. Since she is supposed to follow him, if she makes a mistep it is her fault. He feels no need to indicate that he is going to change steps

or move to the left or right or whatever. She is supposed to be able to divine that intention and act accordingly and if she doesn't she is just a dumb broad and a lousy dancer. Few men, be it noted at this point, are lousy dancers or leaders by THEIR opinion.

I greatly enjoy dancing, with a good dancer that is, and the opportunity to enjoy the music, the bodily motion to express the rhythm and so on. I also appreciated the opportunity to wear pretty evening dresses and jewelry — the things I used to be so envious of on the girls at the college dances. But I soon learned that most of the men had other things on their mind besides dancing and it was a new and fascinating experience learning to accept their compliments and parry their verbal advances. I was obviously neither prepared nor intending to "go the route" that they had in mind and I was not about to allow myself to be revealed and take a beating for it. But anything short of that was great fun and it taught me much more about men than I ever knew from being one. As a man I used to resent it when women would say, "Men only have one thing on their mind," because I didn't feel that that applied to me, but since I have become a woman, I must say I've come to the same conclusion. The only difference between one and another is how anxious, how smooth, and how interested they happen to be. But unless they are 85 and over the hill, there is only one purpose in a woman as far as they are concerned. This is a generalization to be sure and there are exceptions to this as to all generalizations — I was one of them myself as Charles and probably many of those of you who read this are, too — but as a generalization it is still valid. I wonder if men really have any idea of this themselves?

The nature of this boy-girl interaction was rather clearly brought home to me early in my "career" when one night I was dancing with a man who was from Chicago. It so happened that they were playing the piece named "Chicago" and there is a line in that song that says, "I saw a man dancing with his wife in Chicago, Chicago." Since there was a vocalist with the orchestra, she sang these words and and innocently enough and just to make conversation (which is pretty difficult anyway when you are dancing with a complete stranger), I said to him, knowing that he was from Chicago, "Gee, do you mean they actually do things like that in Chicago?" To which he nonchalantly replied, "Well, I suppose he would, if she was good in bed." With that I made a rather surprised mental note of this tying up dancing and bed activities. We danced around the floor a bit and he suddenly said, "I'll bet you are good in bed, Virginia" (we had introduced ourselves by first names). And I thought to myself, "Oh, oh, this one's really got it on his mind."

I don't recall what specific reply I made to that, but I made a second mark on my mental score card after this little gambit and waited to see what would happen next. Well, about once more around the floor and he said, "What are you going to do tonight after the dance?" Since I had my own car there and would simply go home, I said, "Oh, I'll probably just go home and go to bed." He promptly replied, "That last is a good idea but why the former?" That did it as far as I was concerned — three strikes and you're out, you know. True, I was a pretty innocent young maiden but this time I could see the "make" when it was right in front of me. So by some means such as going to the ladies lounge or something, I got rid of him at the next dance break. But although I got rid of him as a partner I couldn't get rid of the insights the experience had brought me. This was the first time that I had really had the "make" put on me and had a chance to observe and feel at first hand what it was like to have this subtle approach used.

As a woman I was very pleased at the fact that I was attractive enough to bring about this approach but then I got to thinking about other women who had had this sort of thing going on about every time they were in a man's company since they were about 16. I realized rather soon that it wouldn't take very many such approaches before a young girl was pretty wised up to the way things were and would have her defenses up and would know that this was to be expected. It would be reasonable to assume that it wouldn't take very many dates before it becomes obvious to a girl that since this was going to occur frequently that it was she who had the responsibility and the opportunity to say yes or no to it. The corollary to that, of course, is that if she said yes it was because she wanted to say yes, not because he talked her into it, twisted her arm or enforced the situation (except in the case of forcible rape of course). It became clear to me that in reality, any girl who gets into bed with a man does so because she wants to. By the same token, I could think back to my masculine experiences in college, and ever since as far as that goes, wherein I could listen to or watch men attempt their little advances on their dates, on girls at dances, on waitresses in restaurants, on whoever caught their fancy.

All men have little "lines," suggestions, maybe a pat on the fanny, etc., all having one common ultimate goal and if the first play is not rebuffed the second one will be tried and if that isn't rebuffed, the third and so on down the line. Then in college I could recall men bragging about how they had "made it with Mary" last night. They were always proud of their accomplishments and they would sometimes relate the steps leading up to the ultimate experience — "I said this, and I did

that, and she did or said," etc. on down the line. It was pretty obvious that they felt that it was due to their skill in persuading, suggesting, maneuvering, etc. (in addition to their natural inborn charm, of course) that earned them the reward they finally got. As another man at the time I naturally assumed that that was the way it was. But now, 30 years later I was able to have the same kind of approach tried on me and therefore came to realize that it is the woman who controls the situation and really the man doesn't do anything but make suggestions that he is interested and willing.

So the whole boy-girl game broke down into a very amusing awareness to me. All the time men *think* that they are the ones who control things, but all the time the women *know* that they do. The women know that the men think that they are the determining factors but they don't let the men know that they know and so the whole thing is a game and it is also highly hypocritical. It is a fake insofar as men are proud of doing something that in reality they didn't do, and it's hypocritical in the sense that the women know how it really is and yet pretend, in order to bolster the man's ego, that it was otherwise.

That brings up the subject of a man's ego. Again, there are various techniques among women that one hears about or observes in practice when one is the observer as a man. But they take on quite different appearances when, instead of watching somebody else do something, one has to learn to do it herself. I early learned as a purely practical matter that being too intelligent, knowing too much about a subject, arguing too much, etc., was very unwise if I wished to maintain the gentlemen's attention. I realized therefore, why women often make themselves out to be such innocent, unknowing, naive little things, when half the time they know more about the subject than the man does, or at least as much.

I also learned to practice the technique which might be summarized in the statement, "Oh, you're so wonderful, Mr. Mergatroyd." There are few better ways of keeping a conversation going between a man and a woman than for the woman to evince great interest and admiration in the man and what he does and to get him to talking about himself and his accomplishments. The conversation could go on all evening that way. But too much talk on her part about what she does or what she thinks or what she knows, is liable to put a considerable damper on it rather quickly. It has been a fascinating psycho-social experience to see the world from the other side, watch people's behaviour, not just the behaviour of men towards me as a woman, but

of women towards me as another woman. It certainly gives a great deal of perspective to the whole interplay of the man-woman relationship. I have indeed learned very much of what it means to be a woman in our society and I have learned various ways in which women are put down or discounted or devalued by men. I understand now, much of the resentment that some women feel. They are unable to be themselves, to have a career, to be valued for their own intrinsic self rather than as a potential or actual sex object.

As a scientifically trained person, I have a good mind, have a considerable fund of information and can talk intelligently on many different subjects. That I find myself in any social relationship with a man, constrained to dampen my own ability, my contributions of thought or even of humor in reference to him simply because I am a woman, is galling. If I let myself go in these areas I drive him away and I am annoyed with him and if I hold myself back I am annoyed with myself. It is a no-win situation. I have learned what all women have learned, that it simply doesn't pay for the woman to be too smart, too intelligent, too clever, too humorous, too gifted and so forth, because, unless she meets a very unusual man who is all these things and more, and most particularly, one who is very secure in his own masculinity, she will lose out if she lets herself be herself. She must always try to be the person the man in the situation will be comfortable with — she must, in short, be *his* idea of her, and not her own conception of herself.

For example, I met an interesting chap at the dance one night. We got on beautifully on the dance floor. He invited me for a drink at the intermission, and we went and had a snack after the dance. In short it looked like the beginnings of a nice friendship. He had mentioned that he liked to play chess so when he called me up one time, I invited him to come over and play. Well I made the mistake of beating him two out of two. Result—I have never seen or heard from him since. If I had been smart I would have put up a good challenging fight but would have made a couple of crucial mistakes — like losing my queen (which would have been very symbolic — like losing my virginity) — and he could have won what would have seemed a fair victory. He would have been superior to me, a mere woman, his ego would have been intact, and we could have continued our friendship. Live and learn. Next time I'll try checkers where it is easier to lose intentionally.

I must add that in past and present relationships with unknowing men — whether at dances, conferences, socially, or in any other situation — I was not and am not interested in the man as a potential sex

partner. But living as a woman, my femininity only exists, as does that of any other woman, in relation to masculinity. One cannot be either masculine or feminine by oneself because they are terms defined in relation to the opposite qualities. So, as I often answer the question about my interest in men when addressing a class of students — I enjoy *men's* company but not *male* company. By this I mean that as a woman I enjoy the relationship with a man, but when he turns from being a man (gender) to being a male (sex) I am no longer interested.

I write these words partly just to relate some of my own experiences, but partly in the hope that you who read these words will re-examine some of your own attitudes *as men*, not as FPs, and try to ferret out some of the more subtle male chauvinistic attitudes that you have within you. All men do have them and only in the real macho types is it on a conscious level. Your society has socialized you during your formative years to look upon certain things in certain ways. You now do this automatically. You don't think about them, you don't question them, you simply have them, express them and act on them.

How deeply such attitudes are embedded was revealed to me by an experience in Germany when I was driving from Vienna to Hamburg in 1973 (as reported in *TVia* No. 81). I stopped in the town of Wurtzburg at the German Auto Club office to get some information about the things to see in Nuremberg, the next city up the road. When I had gotten the necessary information I asked the clerk, "Oh, is there a place around here where I could cash a travelers check?" He pointed across the street and said, "Certainly, right over there." I turned and saw a great big building about four stories high and half a block long, with no windows on that side but gigantic letters proclaiming "Deutsches Verein Bank." Immediately, I was aware that if I had asked the question as Charles I would have felt pretty silly because the building and sign were so obvious that a *man* should certainly have been able to see it and not ask such a stupid question. I would have felt that the Auto Club clerk would have regarded me as pretty dopey for asking. But simultaneously I was aware that I didn't have to feel silly or put down or anything because I was a woman, and men expect women to ask dumb questions and to be sort of stupid, "after all, what do you expect, she's only a woman." I just knew that he wasn't surprised at the question coming from a woman and wouldn't put me down for asking it, so I didn't have to feel awkward.

Well that concept of "she's *only* a woman, what do you expect?" is the tap root of all male chauvenism. Somehow women just don't have

it, they aren't the equals of men and aren't as smart, so you have to excuse them. The "dumb blond" syndrome extended to all women. The point of this is that I had that program in me, having learned it unknowingly from being brought up as a boy and living most of my life as a man. I was shocked and surprized to find that program in the back of my head, since I am a feminist and supporter of Women's Lib. Take a look in the back of *your* mind and see what may be lurking there, it might surprise you as it did me!

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EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

PROBLEMS: This year, as on several occasions in the past, I am going to take a long trip. I'll be away from home from about the middle of June to the middle of September. I'm taking a trip called the Lost Worlds Tour which goes all through Central Asia in the lands of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane and other early heroes. The majority of the trip will be inside the Soviet Union, not only Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev in European Russia, but to a lot of less well known places like Alma Ata, Ulan Bator, Irkutak, etc.

Well, the reason for telling you this is that in order to keep *TVia* coming to you during the time I am away I have been working not only on this issue which will probably come out just before I leave, but on 85 and 86 to come out while I am gone. This poses problems because it means that I have to eat into material and pictures until the backlog is practically exhausted. So if you wish to have this magazine continue after No. 86 you will have to have some material and some pictures waiting here when I return so I'll have something to put No. 87 together with.

I'd particularly ask you to write up some of your true life experiences if they are really interesting. I don't want articles relating "first I put on my nylons, then my panties, next my slip" and all that jazz. I like to think that the readers of this publication are, in the majority, beyond that stage. I mean interesting actual events that someone else would enjoy living through vicariously. At the same time there are some experiences that though true, nobody would *want* to live through such as accidents or confrontations with the police, etc. Yet these types of events are educational or instructive or serve as warnings about what not to do, etc. I'm out of everything so everything is welcome, but I just put in a plug for other things than fiction because it is easier to

draw fiction out of our audience than it is other types of material. One of the scarcest of all, as you may have noticed, are histories. In No. 83, Maureen gave us a very instructive history of her peregrinations in search of her self. We can all learn from others' experiences, so how about sharing them? They don't have to be as long or as detailed as her story. I don't mean to suggest it as a model, but you do know a lot more about Maureen as a result of her piece so how about telling us about you?

Pictures, too, are practically all used up between this issue and the next so if you want to see pics, send pics, it's as simple as that.

AN ASSIST PLEASE: I am very reluctant to raise the price of this magazine, yet like everything else today the cost of typography, printing, binding, paper, postage and labor goes up. I have in the past asked those of you who were willing, to authorize us to mail to you via third class as the postage is so much less. But only perhaps 3 percent of you have done that which helps but is not enough. On top of that many readers, being in tight circumstances themselves, have simply dropped off the mailing list. This lowers income but has no effect on costs. So I am going to have to ask for a voluntary assist on your part to help me avoid raising the list price. If you possibly can please help share the increasing costs with me to the extent of adding a voluntary 10 percent to the total of your order, this will cover the postage of recent issues of *TVia* but only about half of it for the books and for the older issues now sold at reduced prices. Your assistance will be greatly appreciated.

PRICE LIST CHANGES: It was a printer's error that failed to change the price list in No. 83 and this time it is changed, so please note that it has been necessary to change the price of the inserts to \$5.50. Also some of the back issues previously listed as available are now exhausted. The Clipsheet and the Prettie Panties are no longer available and the returnable portion of the deposit on the lending library has been reduced to \$3. These changes have been announced in little squabs at the ends of stories in past issues so they aren't new to you, but as the price list was not changed because of the oversight there is an apparent contradiction between these announcements and the price list itself which I wanted to clear up.

FPE AND CHEVALIER: I've said it many times in the past but as it continues to occur I'll have to say it again. Please *don't* send money for Chevalier purchases and FPE dues or mailing fees in the same check. They are two different operations with two separate bank accounts and it just makes a lot of nuisance and work for me.

PRICE LIST

"TRANVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.

Per Copy, Issues 61 and after (all are available) \$5

Per Copy, Issues prior to No. 61 IF Available \$4

Annual Subscription \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Numbers 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 available.

Single copies \$1.50

Any four copies \$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 girls' 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
MARTIN GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II \$3
MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III \$3

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA

Any 6 of back issues listed here.....\$20

The following back issues are still available: 18-21, 49, 51, 52. Every issue is new until you read it.

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

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

MERCHANDISE

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

BRA and INSERTS \$6.50

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

JELLY KIT \$5

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$5.50

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$5.50

NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks." That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness

and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

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

PER PAIR \$5

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

PER PAIR \$5.50

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

PAD, EACH \$4.25

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

PAD, EACH \$3

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Publication Policy

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

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressee's name and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

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



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