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Transvestia

FICTION

As You Like It
Sure Thing
A Strangers Glance

HISTORY

Getting Me Together

TRUE STORY

An Interesting Day

BOOK REVIEWS

Conundrum
Lesbianism

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Far Away Places -
Strange Sounding Names
(Concluded)



Volume XIV No. 81

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

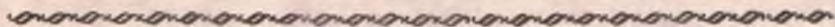
to help its readers achieve —

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.

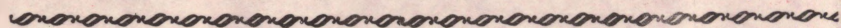


THE COVER SYMBOL

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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Editor's Assistant

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FICTION

AS YOU LIKE IT

Anonymous

As I paused for breath and leaned against the wall of the high school practice room, I saw that Barbara was deep in a grimace that seemed to start from sheer frustration, the same frustration that I was feeling.

Barb and I had been dating since she had moved into our neighborhood two years before. Though I stood five nine in my stocking feet, Barb was about an inch more than that. Barbara was aggressive and frustrated at the same time. Not that she had to have her own way all the time but she had the ability to promote her own ideas against heavy competition, at least she could prevail against me.

Two years before I had had a serious case of mumps. Not only did I spend some weeks at the hospital, but the convalescing took several months. Our mothers became good friends and somehow Barbara adopted me to nurse. Though she was strong, she was also very tender, and I really enjoyed the body-rubs that mother allowed her to do. As a matter of fact, when Barb substituted one of her lotions for the stinky hospital issue, I began to enjoy them. As I grew stronger, Barb still babied me, and with mother's insistence, she began a program of walking and dancing to rebuild my strength.

It was Barbara who convinced mother that I should wear a corset to strengthen my back. And it was Barbara who somehow always was the one to check that the corset was particularly and increasingly tight at the waist.

Mother was amused at this "maternal" complex that Barbara was developing. Though I complained at the start about wearing the ladies corset, mother told me that I was fortunate that I had such a nurse and that I would do Barb an injustice if I did not cooperate.

Our dancing was a source of delight and pride to the two families. Again Barb planned our routines as she had taken several years of training. I enjoyed it more and more. Not from the sense of leading her, because this wasn't true. Our dances were scored by Barb and it was understood that the routine was not to change.

Even when I returned to school, Barb felt that mother and Dad should not allow me to participate in anything that would put a strain on me. This seemed to include everything that I had done before the mumps.

I ended up with all the easy courses at school. There was English, Math, social sciences, and drama. I found that here was where I could work off my frustrations, and I lead my classes in all subjects. Here too, I found that I could tutor Barb with her studies. My insistence that she apply herself brought the approval of our parents, and it was the families' consensus that "we were good for each other."

Our mutual delight and talents in dancing led us to try out for the High School Follies in our Junior year at school. Barb had worked out a soft shoe routine of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy that was both fun and difficult. Our costumes were patterned after the well-known dolls and made with skill by our mothers, including the red yarn wigs that we wore.

"Marty," Barb suddenly spoke and roused me from my reverie, "Come over here, and let's decide something."

I wearily walked over to the row of chairs and sat down. She stood up and looked down at me intently, said: "Marty stand up back-to-back with me."

Though this was a final rehearsal in costume and make-up, I knew that she wanted to change something. I started to groan but thought better of it. She carefully measured our heights and seemed satisfied that she was still an inch taller.

"Marty, give me your wig and cap, and take mine." she said as she carefully removed her Raggedy Ann yarn pigtails and kerchief. I put the wig on, being very careful not to smear my make-up. As I looked up and saw Barb with my wig on, I had to grin because she looked like me. I suddenly realized I must look like her.

"Marty, change clothes with me, quickly." We both were out of our clothes down to our underthings in a flash, and as quickly were in the other's costume. Our make-up was practically the same and we both wore long white stockings and Mary Ann patent shoes.

"Now, Marty, we'll do the whole routine with you following me. We'll change the ending where we bow to the audience, and then we will take off our wigs as we bow."

Barb started the music on the phonograph again, and we went into our dance. After only 4 or 5 steps we both knew that this was it. We knew that we were good before, but now we could feel that this was even better. Barb led with authority and I followed her, effortlessly, as we danced as never before. As the music came to an end she spun me through the final pirouette to a bow when we doffed our wigs. We looked at each other and knew that this was it.

We told no one about the change in our act but our excitement the next day was tremendous.

That night at the Gala Gala Opening Night, we were the final act of the first half. We dressed in a classroom by ourselves and came out on the stage to a reception of polite applause. Again, we danced and floated about the stage like we had danced for years with Barb leading and Marty following. At the end, we bowed and removed our wigs in one graceful movement. There, to the audience was my blond head where it was not expected to be, and Barbara's long brunette pageboy where it certainly was not supposed to be. With a gasp of appreciation and delight, the audience roared its approval. We took six curtain calls before they would let us go.

We were the sensation of the school. Publicity and adulation overwhelmed us, much to our satisfaction. We were featured at all the theater events at school for the rest of the year. Our mothers answered Barb's every whim as she designed new costumes for our dances that included Hans Brinker and Katina; Hansel and Gretel, and many others out of story-book land.

One night just before school summer vacation, Barb and I were walking home from school when I remarked that I was going to stop and get a haircut. Our frantic schedule for the past weeks of finals and the big follies production had left me looking like something out of King Arthur and I knew that Barb had no plans in this direction.

Barb, who had been quiet on the stroll, turned to me and asked me if I would let her cut my hair. Knowing that she could probably do a better job than the local barber if she put her mind to it, agreed. Besides, I could save that much out of my allowance.

Though Mother and Dad wanted me to work at our Interior Decorating Studio as a stock boy again, Barb's dad offered me a job as a stock boy at the city's largest Ladies' apparel shop where he was a buyer. The chance to take my first "outside" job appealed to my parents and myself. I accepted the offer gladly.

Barbara did live up to her promise to cut my hair, but somehow she never seemed to cut as much off as the barber did. As the summer went by, I found that I had to brush my hair more often to keep it in place. However, I received many compliments at work on my beautiful blonde hair, so I didn't want to go back to the barber either. Once again it seemed that Barb knew best.

The world of women's fashions was new to me and it appealed to me from the start. I was accepted by the sales staff because I worked hard to please. I was soon assigned to the wardrobe mistress for the weekly Fashion Show. This was a spectacle and drew women from the surrounding states every week. I had to pick up the featured gowns and dresses, the hose and shoes, and the lovely lingerie from the various departments in the store and make sure that they were coded by ensemble for our models. I also ran errands for our models and became their confidant when these high strung and nervous girls were talkative. I loved my new job and made up my mind to be a buyer when I finished school.

Barb and I dated all summer, of course, and we continued to go to dances at the park every weekend. However, even in ballroom dancing, we felt that we should change places. Our stage experiences of the past year at school had taught us that our desire for perfection could only be when Barb led. I could not seem to improvise when I led, whereas Barb encouraged it when she led. I noticed too, that Barb seemed to be stronger and harder to lead but I put it down to determination. We danced at public dances less and less and more and more at home where Barb would lead and I would follow with my suggestions for changes being accepted more and more.

One evening I came home early from work and went over to see Barb. I found her in the garage in a gym sweat suit working out with

a set of heavy bar-bells. She grinned at me as she pressed what looked like a ton to her chest and then easily lowered it to the floor.

"Darn it, Marty, you found me out too soon."

I was dumbfounded and apparently showed it.

"Here, try and lift it," she grinned. I went over and took the stance she had used and tried to raise it from the floor. I could barely lift it and I realized that I could not possibly lift it as she had so easily.

"Okay, now you have tried it and you are not to try it again because you will get hurt if you don't do it properly."

I asked her why she was doing it and she only grinned at me with a crooked grin.

"Marty, I've got big plans for our routines this fall, and I want you to have some patience. Won't you please?"

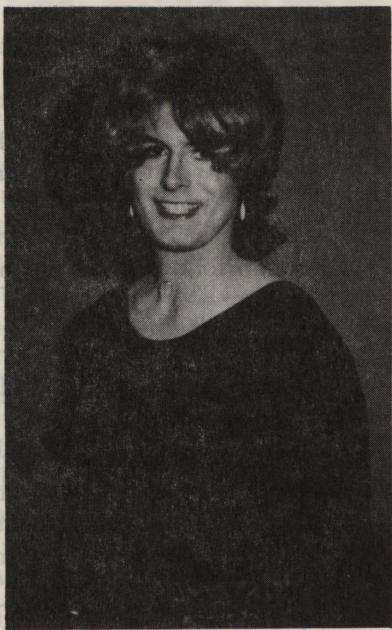
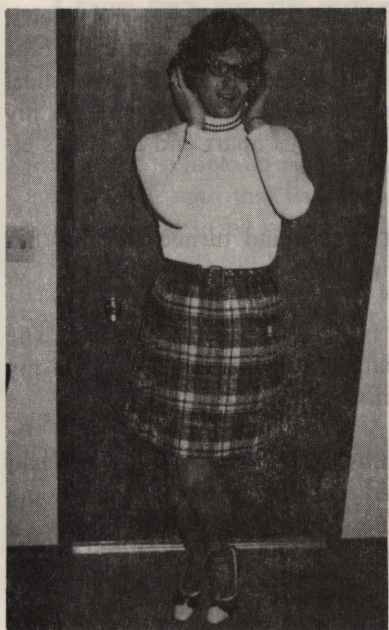
That was the first time that she had *asked* me to do something and I certainly was going to cooperate. Besides I now knew that my girl was a lot stronger than I was and the outcome of any fight was obvious.

Later that evening Barb trimmed my hair and for the first time gave me a shampoo. Though she was careful and I kept my eyes closed, I noticed that it stung. I told her that it was too strong but she only grunted as she continued to work the shampoo into my hair. After several rinses and additional applications of the shampoo, she finally dried my hair with a towel and then proceeded to comb it into a style which she set with pins and curlers. She then wrapped a huge towel around it and said she was through.

"Marty, come over after supper and I'm going to show you a surprise that I have been saving. Oh, yes, wear your swim trunks and beach robe. I'm going to the beauty parlor for a late appointment and I'll be back about seven."

I agreed and after supper I walked over to Barb's house in my trunks and robe.

I stopped with a gasp as Barb opened the door, or was it Barb? Her page boy was gone and her beautiful brunette hair was now a closely



Sharon Ann FCBC-4-H FPE



April - Mich.

cut cap much like the girls on the athletic teams at school wore theirs. She was obviously wearing one of her Dad's suits. It was dark blue with a red cummerbund. Her shoes were a pair of men's cuban-heel dancing pumps. Quite frankly, she looked like one of the guys in my Shakespeare class. She stood there with her legs apart and her arms elbowed at her waist grinning at my astonishment.

"Come on, Dear, we haven't much time," and turned towards her bedroom. I followed with my mind in a whirl.

Barbara's bedroom did not reflect her aggressive personality. The furniture was a lovely french provincial suite that had come from my parent's shoppe and was as utterly feminine where she was not.

There on the bed was laid out the most gorgeous dance gown I had ever seen. I recognized it as one we had featured at a style show some three weeks before. There were an endless number of black sequins on black chiffon that made it sparkle as the light was reflected. The dress was knee length and featured a low neck line. Over this went a short transparent cape that was actually no more than detachable sleeves. With the dress were gorgeous dancing pumps of black silk with rhinestone buckles. There was a stunning strapless corset of black satin and filmy undies and stockings of beautiful taupe.

With a cold chill I turned towards the door. I knew what the next step was, and I was not about to be a willing victim. Barbara grabbed me and with some kind of judo, threw me against the wall where I crashed to the floor. Now I knew what the exercises in the garage had done.

"Marty, don't make me hurt you. I have a wonderful act worked out for us and I want you to love the idea as much as I do."

Again, this girl was pleading with me and I rather liked the idea. I didn't have anything to lose so I nodded my head. I submitted to her eager hands then, and removed my beach robe. She handed me a black leather belt that needed no explanation. I went into the bathroom and removed my swim trunks and put on the belt that was made to tightly support and cunningly hide any sign of my sex. Barb appeared in the doorway with panties, hose, and the corset. I silently put them on for I had watched my model friends don their undies many times when they did not see me and I found no problems except with the corset which was to be laced in the back.

I came back into the bedroom and timidly asked Barb to help me with the corset. I held onto the door as she started to lace me up. I soon gasped for breath as she laced tighter and tighter. Finally with a cry of anguish I asked her to stop. She took me in her arms and said that she did not want to hurt me and would I please forgive her. In my bare feet, I had to look up at her and I found once more that I was enjoying a new thrill with this feeling of being able to boss this girl. I told her that I wanted to be properly fitted in the corset but I could not dance if the corset was too tight. We both adjusted the beautiful garment until I was satisfied with the fit and the tightness. I was stunned to look down and see the curves that I had admired in the models at the store and I started for the long floor length mirror to see my new figure better. Barb asked me to wait until we were through before looking at myself and I returned to her vanity bench where I finished fastening the stockings. Barb handed me the black silk dancing slippers which looked too small for my feet. However, when I put them on, I found that they fit like gloves and felt like heaven on my feet. I looked at the small feet so beautifully shod and found it hard to believe that they were mine. I looked up at Barb and saw that grin again. She confessed that she had taken a pair of my shoes to her father's store and got the proper size for me.

Becoming more and more enthusiastic, I sat still as Barb combed out my hair. As I was facing away from the mirror at the vanity, I could not see the results of Barb's treatment and shampoo but her look was one of pleasure. Next she carefully made up my face and even plucked my eye brows, applying her tweezers with a new tenderness. When she finished, she helped me into the beautiful dress that I had been looking at with eager anticipation.

Then with drop rhinestone earrings as a final touch, Barb stood back to look at me. I was amazed as she swallowed hard and asked me to look in the mirror. I turned and walked to the mirror in the high heeled pumps as if I had always worn them. I stopped. The creature in the mirror that stood there so beautiful and chic was a stranger. I turned as I had seen the models do, easily and gracefully. I was thunderstruck when I realized that I was as beautiful as some of the models at the store.

I turned to Barb and looked at her for a long time. She stood there with a look of wonder mixed with hope that I would forgive her. As we faced each other not a sound was made. My mind reeled. I knew then, the reason for so many of the strange frustrations that I had en-

dured. I knew then, why I liked my job so much. I knew then, too, that I loved this strange girl who had brought this about. I ran to her and put my arms around her and buried my head in her coat.

"Oh, Barb, I — I — I don't know what to say. I feel so strange and yet so wonderful!" I half sobbed. "I don't know why but I suddenly feel 'right' and with an odd sense of relief. Oh, I'd never have believed I could look so nice. Forgive me for being so silly. You knew what was best for us again. How can I ever thank you. Oh, Barb," I gulped, "I love you."

Barb held me at arms length and looked at me with a new wisdom in her eyes and a love that I knew was only for me.

"My Darling, I've loved you for a long time. But strangely, I did not love you as a girl, I loved you as a man. I had to know if your love was as strange."

I looked up at my lover and knew that our lives were complete.

I repaired my makeup myself and asked Barb if we were going to dance that evening. For an answer, she brought me her mother's mink stole and an evening hand bag. I looked in it and found everything a girl needs for a date on the town. I stopped for another look in the mirror before joining Barb in the living room.

Yes, this was the real me. My tiny feet sparkled in the beautiful pumps. The dress fit like paper even at my waist that seemed so tiny in the corset that was now a part of me. I touched my hair as my eyes raised. I knew that I was lovely. My eyes seemed larger because of the makeup. My lips were inviting. I shivered with satisfaction and the thrill of finally knowing the real me.

I walked on air back to the living room where my handsome date was waiting. As if to make sure that I was not dreaming, I reached up and kissed Barb on the cheek. "My darling, is it really true? Is this really us?" I asked in wonder.

Barb grinned and shook her head: "Of course, you silly goose. Now put on this stole of mother's, and let's get going."

I was thrilled as the soft fur caressed my arms. I could not stop the trembling as I felt Barb's strong hands on my shoulders. We went out to Barb's T-Bird and again, I felt only pink clouds as she helped me in.

As we drove down town, Barb told me that the manager of the Sky Room at our largest hotel had seen our dance act many times in the past year. He had told Barb that when we felt we were ready for a professional debut, that he wanted to hire us, but for a more sophisticated routine. Our ballroom dancing of the last summer was our practice as Barb did not know how I would react.

My answer was to reach over and squeeze Barb's arm. She turned and flashed that boyish grin: "Honey, you just follow me tonight and we'll improvise as we go."

Jack Cannon, the manager, met us in the foyer of the club and whistled as he looked us over: "Wow, you kids have got everything going for you in the looks department. Now I have a table for you right up front. When I announce your act, you can begin from your table." he told us.

We followed the 'maitre de' to a table next to the dance floor where he seated me with a flourish. I looked over the crowded room and felt scared. Barb reached over and squeezed my hand and said: "Don't be nervous, honey, we'll knock them dead."

I sighed with relief to know that Barb wasn't nervous. Some of her confidence came to me and I knew, too, that this was only the beginning for us. We were two happy people who had found each other. I was as appealing to Barb as she was to me. But somehow, she did not seem to be Barb. She was the someone in my dreams that I had followed all these years.

We suddenly became aware that we were being introduced from the M.C.'s microphone, and Barb reached over and took my hand: "Come on, Darling, just follow me."

With a glimmer of understanding and in something of a fog, I said: "Dearest, I'll follow you forever!"

That dance was heaven. I floated through intricate steps that we had never tried before. Barb led masterfully and we danced as if this was a dedication of our lives to each other. When the music stopped, I curtsied deep to the floor. I held on to Barb's hand for fear I would faint. The sound that rose from the appreciative audience stopped only when the orchestra began an encore. Barb led through a gliding waltz, and as I happily looked up into her eyes, I realized that this was the

man of my dreams, this was the Martin that I had been calling for. Oh my Darling, I have found you! I was content then to relax and know that my life was complete.

When we finished, the audience stood and applauded and cheered. However, my handsome partner led me off the floor, not to our table, but to another larger table where a party was being held. As I sat down, I looked at the smiling hosts and saw, to my surprise, that it was our parents. They beamed and mother leaned over and squeezing my hand, said: "My darlings, you were absolutely sensational. I haven't seen anything like it since Fred and Adele Astair danced at the Palladium in London."

They all enthused over us and their warmth and acceptance was a thrilling feeling. Then I heard Dad speak up over the hub-bub: "Barbara, you youngsters were fantastic. I am overwhelmed at this display of talent that we have in these two families, how in the world did you do it."

"Oh, Daddy," I bubbled, "You must give Martin all the credit for everything. He planned it and kept it a secret from me until . . ."

I suddenly realized that everyone was laughing at me and I turned to my partner and looked dismayed and crestfallen.

"My Darling," and I felt strong arms surround me, "You are my Barbara. My beautiful, enchanting, wonderful Barbara."

I looked back at our parents with a rueful look, and found them smiling understandingly. Mrs. Jamison got up and came around the table to put her arms around me: "You silly girl, *you* are our beautiful daughter, and I'm so proud to be your mother."

"Children," said my real mother, "all four of we parents have known for a long time that our children were two unhappy changlings. We bless the day that you two were brought together. In every way, we have encouraged you both to find your true selves. Tonight I watched my new and handsome son execute a most thrilling dance with Margaret's adorable daughter." And turning to Martin she continued, "Your father and I plan to take you shopping for a complete new wardrobe tomorrow after you have a good nights sleep. Tonight I intend to tuck my wonderful son in to bed to be sure that he will be there in the morning."



Dara Lyn., N.Y.



Helen Elaine OH-14-S



Dee TY-10-J



Robin FCO-9-A

Mr. Jamison stood up and said to me, "Barbara, honey, will you give your old Dad the pleasure of this dance?"

"Oh yes, Daddy," I said as I slipped from my chair, "I do so want to."

The next morning I awoke to a feeling of warm content. With a sudden knowledge of all that had happened, I sat up and surveyed my room. This was Barbara's room, MY room. I stood up and examined the beautiful blue gown that I had slept in. I realized that it was new. I went to the big wardrobe closet and slid the door back. There I found everything that a girl could wish for. There were dresses and cocktail gowns and shirts and blouses and slacks and sweaters. On the floor was a collection of shoes and slippers of every style and color.

I could not help but squeal with delight as I opened the drawers of my vanity to find a cascade of filmy underthings that were breathtaking in their beauty.

Happily, I showered and then bathed my body in a cologne. I sang happily to myself, noting that my voice seemed softer and higher pitched. I selected pink panties and bra that were covered with white lace and a matching pantie girdle. The bra was padded, but darn it, something would have to be done about my figure so I could forsake the padding. A pink half slip was next. Then I selected the palest seamless stockings I could find. They were a sheer nylon that made my legs tremble as I drew them up and fastened them to my girdle. A gorgeous cashmere skirt of pale pink was next with a lovely white short sleeve blouse.

I must have tried on all my beautiful shoes before I decided on a pair of white kid Capezio pumps with a low heel.

As I sat down at the vanity, I looked at myself in the mirror.

"Good morning, Barbara. You are a lucky girl this beautiful morning. You're in love and alive for the first time in your life."

I brushed my hair admiring its new platinum sheen which was so complimentary. Next, I very lightly used only the essentials of lipstick — a lovely pink shade — light brown eyebrow pencil and the tiniest bit of mascara and shadow. Next I found a pair of exquisite pearl earrings. With a dash of an exciting perfume, I rose and walked to the dining room, where my new parents were already eating breakfast.

With a happy "Good Morning" I walked around the table and hugged and kissed them both.

With a look of amazement, Daddy turned to Mother: "Margaret, where did this vision of loveliness come from. I'm overwhelmed that now I can have breakfast with two such beautiful women."

I giggled and sat down between them at the table. The looks of love that both of them gave me almost made me cry with happiness.

"Barbara," said mother, drawing me closer to her, I want you to listen very closely because what I am going to say is very important to you and to Martin and your future. Your father and I, as well as Marty's parents knew last night as we watched you two come into the club, and later as you danced so beautifully, that you children had become what you were always meant to be. Your dreams and Martin's frustrations of not being one of the boys led us to encourage the relationship that was consummated in that rebirth of you both. You are our daughter, our exquisite daughter and that led your father and I to the store at midnight where we selected all the clothes that you found. We had been unable to enjoy this pleasure before and your giving this chance to us, ends so many of the frustrations we have had over the years. Our long cherished plans for our daughter can be realized. We want you to be happy, Darling, and you will make us happy if you will let us love you with all our hearts."

With tears brimming over, I blindly turned to mother and buried myself in her arms. I sobbed, but with tears of happiness. "Honey, why don't you go over and wake up Martin. I'm sure that he is still sleeping off that terrific strain of last night," my new father said.

"Oh, yes, Daddy, I will and right away." I kissed and hugged them in. "You have made me a very happy girl and I love you both," I said. I dashed into the beautiful bedroom and repaired my tear-stained face and, with a lovely pink cashmere sweater over my shoulders, ran over to Martin's house.

I stopped on the front step. This was not my home any longer, this was Martin's home. I knocked on the door and then there were two happy smiling people who gathered me up into a hug that told me that again, here were two parents that had seen their dreams come true last night. Finally I was released.

"Why, Barbara, how lovely you look this morning, has your mother told you of our plans?"

I nodded happily but said, "Yes they have, but I want you to know that I feel deeply ashamed that I disappointed you."

"Now, Barbara, this is a happy moment for all of us, and we don't want any remorse to be felt by anyone. Why don't you go in and wake up Marty. We didn't want to disturb him but I'm sure that he will want to see you."

I tiptoed into the bedroom and found Marty sound asleep. I bent over and lightly kissed him on the cheek. "Wake up, darling, so much is happening to us and I don't want you to miss a minute of it."

He slowly turned over and sleepily looked up at me, not realizing where he was for a moment, then he grinned at me.

"Barb, honey, what time is it?" he asked. When I told him, he sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. Then he looked at me again and a big grin spread over his face. "Man, if you aren't the most. Turn around, honey, and let me look at you."

I did a graceful twist, knowing that I was beautiful in the eyes of my very own love.

Marty grabbed me and drew me down on the bed beside him, at the same time caressing my legs with a strong hand. I slapped him lightly as his hand went over my knee.

"Hey, don't do that. Don't you know that it was your beautiful legs that first attracted me to you?"

I playfully bit his ear and raised my legs to examine them. In the beautiful nylons and the Capezios I agreed that my legs were pretty.

"I agree, you big goof, but don't mishandle the merchandise." And I began to tickle him, getting the most satisfactory results with Marty tumbling onto the floor. I found myself pulled down on top of him where he hugged me and gave me a breathtaking kiss.

"Okay, silly, let me up and we'll see what life has in store for us this wonderful morning."

I rejoined the grinning parents in the dinette and drank a cup of coffee as we all waited for Marty. We could hear him singing in the shower and in moments, he joined us in a big terrycloth robe with his hair all curly from the shower. With an air of possessiveness I got a comb and made his hair presentable ending my administrations with a kiss.

I sat silently next to Marty as he attacked a big breakfast. As he ate, he was told of the plans our parents had for us.

"And Martin, your mother and I as well as Barbara's parents, want you youngsters to be happy. We want you to be our son and to make us proud.

Marty I with a
smile, he reached over to shake hands with his new father. "Dad, I'll make you proud of me. Barbara and I are facing the future together with some qualms. To know that our parents understand and want to help is a great load off our minds. I want to learn the business, too, if you'll let me."

I leaned over and kissed him, content in the knowledge that we faced our future together.

Marty wanted me to join the shopping trip downtown for his new wardrobe so I dashed home to change. I did so want to be beautiful for Marty on our first day.

I chose an exciting beige suede sheath cut beautifully and simply. Then I chose a pair of cocoa beige suede pumps with the magic name of Herbert Levine. I found an exquisite Merry Widow long-line with padded bra and pinched in waist. My pink leather cache was replaced by one in white glaze leather. Filmy pantie briefs were my next choice and a silk half slip. I finally chose a pair of quite dark brown nylons as a contrast as they would accentuate my legs more.

Then a quick brush to my hair, heavier emphasis of my make-up, particularly the eyes. Gold cluster earrings and bracelet were next. Gloves and a small clutch purse and I was ready.

I became aware of my warm body aroma of perfume and makeup. Why should I feel so natural and confident in my new clothes? The cache and girdle were tight and I could feel the bite of the bra straps

and the pinch of my earrings, yet this seemed quite natural. The taste of my lipstick seemed to be something I had always known. The delightful snug fit of my dress made me happy and excited me as I walked. The nylons held my legs securely and felt ever so much better than scratchy trousers that I had worn just yesterday. The capstone of my happiness were my darling shoes for they lifted me into my new world. Frequently I had to look at them for it was still hard to believe that those tiny feet encased in heavenly shoes belonged to me. Walking in high-heels was exhilarating when I heard the feminine click the spike heels made.

In the mirror again to check my appearance, I marveled at all that had happened in the past 24 hours. I was so happy. I felt blessed that I had finally found myself. Surveying myself, I saw indeed that my figure was shapely and displayed to advantage in the stunning sheath without being vulgar. Beige did become me, I decided, but I felt that the hem could be raised just a bit. I raised the dress to note the effect. My legs had an attractive sheen in the dark hose and I knew that Marty would be pleased. I wanted to please him so much.

Shopping for Marty was fun. He looked to me for approval of the suits he picked out. I particularly loved a blue tweed sport coat that he wanted to go with gray flannel slacks. I also picked out his ties and socks with loving care. It was a new and exciting experience to have the clerks call me "Miss" and to find that men watched my legs with what seemed like too much attention. I mentioned this to Marty and he just laughed at me.

"Honey, that just shows what good taste I have. Just don't forget that you're my girl," he said proudly.

I smiled and hugged his arm with happiness.

That week was to set a pattern for our lives ahead. Our parents wanted us to accompany them everywhere. They were so proud of their children.

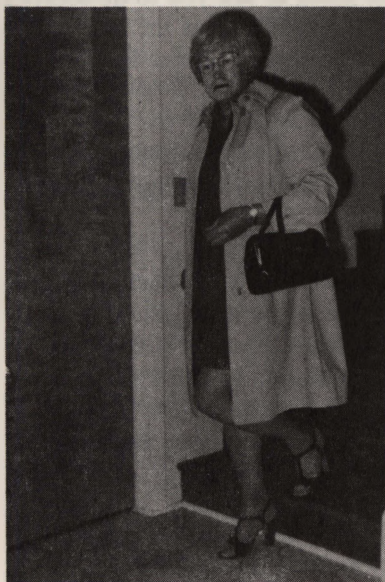
Soon Saturday rolled around again and we were to dance at the Sky Room once more. Mother and I went to her hair stylist where I received my first professional beauty treatment. She clucked over me like a mother hen and the staff exerted themselves to please her. A new lightning rinse, a darling coif that framed my face, and then my first manicure.



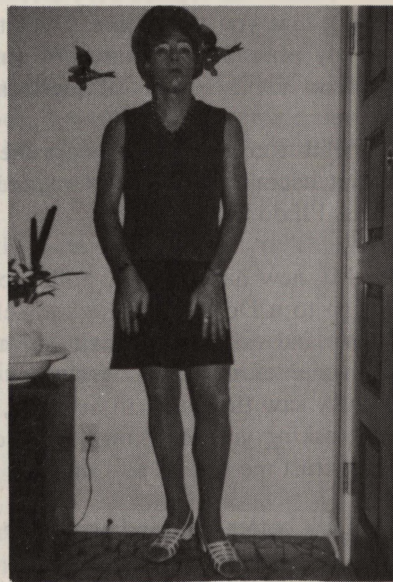
Agnes WA-3-L



Loretta MI-14-H



Betty Ann IL-17-A



Connie MS-2-C

Afterwards we had lunch with Daddy and then mother and I went shopping.

Mother helped me pick out a white chiffon dress for that evening. It was light and filmy with tiny straps. The dress floated as I swirled and displayed my legs. White silk pumps and a matching evening bag completed our purchases.

That evening was a repeat of the previous week and assured us of a featured spot for the following year. Marty handled the negotiations and Daddy said afterwards that my man was a hard apple to deal with.

Our life was a happy one for the next few months. Marty and I both went back to school. However, it was decided that we should attend another school so there would be no wonder at our change.

One night at my house, I snuggled in Marty's arms and tried to get his attention which had been wandering all evening. I sat up and looked at him, realizing that there was something on his mind that was important. "Marty, please tell me what's troubling you. You must share it with me."

"Honey, he replied very seriously, "I'm going to ask you to do something that you won't like. I want you to know that this is the next step in my plan. It is essential to our happiness and our future. Barb, will you do it without a lot of questions?"

With a cold feeling of apprehension, I looked at Marty and wondered what it could be. In a low voice I said: "Of course, darling, whatever it is, I'll do it."

My new happy world collapsed around me as I heard Marty ask me to go to a Doctor that he had selected. There I was to tell the doctor a story and ask for the male hormone called testosterone. I was to dress in some of my old boy clothes and wear a cap to hide my hair. As Marty saw the panic in my eyes, he hugged me tight: "Baby, baby, I'm not asking you to change. I need you and I want you just as you are. Just trust me and do as I say."

I felt better then and agreed.

I would like to forget the next day. I looked terrible in boys clothes again and felt like a fraud. The Doctor was very sympathetic and after

hearing the story we had concocted gave me the male hormone prescription, made out to "Martin Newman" without any hesitancy.

When I got home, I ripped off the horrible clothes and took a shower to get the feeling erased. It was only after a long time in the shower, a cologne rub, and a brief nap in my lovely blue nightie that I finally felt like myself again.

I dressed with care. I liked to pick my dress first and this time I selected a lovely light blue shirtwaist. My favorite Merry Widow, filmy nylon panties, full petticoat, and black patent pumps. My makeup was light again with just a trace of mascara and shadow to match my eyes. Pearl necklace and earrings completed my ensemble.

I couldn't wait in the house for Marty as I was too nervous. I walked slowly down to the corner to meet him. My heart leaped when he came to a stop beside me with a kiss.

"Did you get it honey," he asked.

I could only nod, "yes." He laughed then and with a great bear hug he swung me off my feet. I was very indignant and asked him to explain himself.

"Barb, this was an important step to us. I want to be a man to you. I want to really look like a man instead of a kid. I needed the male hormone to give this character to my body. I went to the doctor today, too, but I got a prescription for female hormones. Now do you understand? I was afraid that you couldn't do it if you knew," he explained.

"Oh Martin, I'm so happy. I honestly didn't know what to think. But, darling, isn't it dangerous?"

"No, it isn't. I have studied the dosages that we both will have to take and I know that this has been proven in successful cases hundreds of times. Are you gam?"

"Oh, yes, yes, a thousand times yes." I replied.

I did not know all that Marty did about hormone treatment but I did know that I would become more feminine and desirable to him and this was the best reason there could be.

And so began our hormone treatment. My body never developed much and I was built much like a boy of twelve or so. However, the changes came soon and amazingly. Perhaps I first noticed it one night when I turned over in bed and a sharp pain in my breasts made me sit up. The next morning I found that the breast area was tender and I had to be very careful when I put on my bra. About a week later I found that my padded bra would not fit. I removed the padding and again donned the bra. This time the fit was right and I saw an indication of cleavage between the cups. Then I broke a nail trying to get into my girdle, and I knew that the pills were taking their blessed effect. I dressed in record time that morning with only a quick glance in the mirror to brush my hair and put on lipstick. I was out of the house and instantly ringing the bell at Marty's.

He opened the door and I looked at him closely to see if there was any change in him. There was. There was a faint shadow of whiskers on his face. I reached up to touch it to see if it was real.

"Whoa, honey, what's the matter?" he asked with concern and his voice was a baritone!

"Oh, darling, it worked." I exclaimed.

In the days that followed I would begin by taking off my nightie and examining my body for the latest development. Each change and each new curve brought me pleasure. I would not get dressed as quickly as before. After my morning shower, I would walk about my bedroom clad in only a pair of high heel white silk mules. I would stand in front of my long mirror and admire my blossoming breasts with their pink tips, my still tiny waist and my so feminine hips that I had learned to sway as I walked back and forth. There were changes in my skin, too, which became fine textured, my lips were fuller and more appealing. Most satisfying though, were my legs that blossomed to a fullness and curvature that I knew would excite my Marty.

One morning, after this inspection, I slowly dressed with a new bra that I had bought the day before. This was a tiny thing that barely contained my breasts. The results were most pleasing. My vanity mirror showed me that my breasts appeared to be trying to escape. The new girdle contained but did not restrain me. I noticed that my derriere was as obvious as I felt I could get away with. I chose a straight skirt of grey silk that fitted every line of my hips. I chose a white silk shirt that I left unbuttoned to the breast line. Black filmy nylons and black

patent pumps with the highest heels in my wardrobe. This time my makeup was dramatic, with heavy false lashes and black mascara and shadow. I worked very slowly as I wanted this to be perfect. When I finished I walked over to the floor length mirror and gazed in admiration at what I had created. This was not Barby the teenager, this was not Barbara, the chic woman who danced so devinely, this was some one new.

I was excited by the image my mirror showed me. This was someone that I had created. There was a vitality that exuded from every curvaceous line that was poured into my tight outfit. What was I going to call this sexpot? I giggled as the name came unbidden to mind. Bunny! Yes, of course. My name was Bunny. Suddenly, I felt that I had to have some man appreciate my new personality. I sauntered slowly out to find Daddy. The house was empty. With a grimace I called Marty's house to ask him to come over. I didn't know if he would like "Bunny" but I had to see some man. Again, no answer. I called the Newman's Studio and I called Daddy's store but my families were not to be found. I found myself getting mad. But Barbara did not get mad. No, but apparently Bunny did. I paced the floor wondering what to do. I saw that it was after lunch. I was not hungry but I was thirsty. I went to the kitchen and there I saw an empty Vodka bottle. However, I knew where there was lots and lots of vodka and other goodies that Daddy served at parties. As I poured a drink into a tall glass with ice I knew that I had to do something, and soon: This new feeling was like a consuming fire. I had to have a man. I NEEDED a man. The mirror above the bar told me that I was sensational. I was as ripe and voluptuous as . . . as any broad that worked the avenue. After a long gulp of the fiery cocktail I began caressing my silken clad hips, then my legs right up to the thighs. Finally, with my body burning, I began to caress my breasts in ecstatic rapture. I crooned to myself over and over: "Bunny needs a man. Bunny wants a man, Bunny wants a real man to love her."

"Bunny needs another drink!"

I don't know just when I decided this, but I swished behind the bar to pour another vodka and I noticed that the bottle was lower than it had been. I was so hot that I decided that just for a moment I would take off some of my clothes. Impatiently, I tore off my lovely skirt and blouse. Peering at myself in the mirror, I decided that my bra had to go too as it was only holding me back. With a triumphant cry, I flung it across the room. I turned to the mirror and gazed at my freed breasts that stood more erect and pointed. I raised my glass and drank

a toast to my beautiful body. Then I decided that I wanted to see myself in my big mirror. I walked, no I swished, across the living room; clad only in my black girdle, black nylons and black patent pumps. I reached the bedroom door, and smiling wickedly to myself, I began to cross to the mirror when the floor came up and that was all I remembered.

Slowly I became aware that someone was trying to make me wake up. Finally I realized that mother was beside me on the floor and bathing my face with a cold cloth.

"Barbie honey, what in the world has happened?"

My head was spinning and I felt just awful. I looked up at her and tried to focus my eyes on her.

"Oh Mommy, where have you been? I have had such a terrible time. I feel awful."

"Barbara, listen to me carefully. Martin is in the hospital. I tried to reach you but the phone was out of order so I came home to get you. Martin is calling for you. You silly youngsters have been taking hormones without a doctor's supervision and now he may have to have an operation."

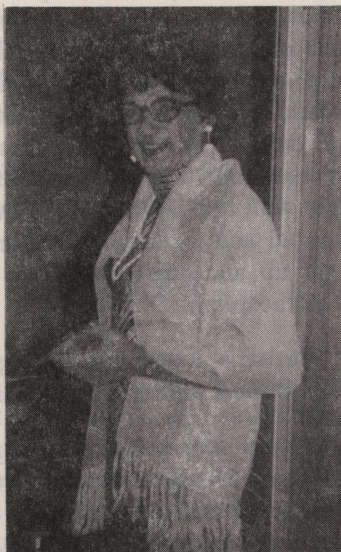
A cold chill came over me. My Marty was dying, I just knew it. I had to get to him right away. When I tried to stand up, I almost fell again with dizziness. Mother held me until I could stand by myself. I took off the rest of my clothes and went into the shower where I let the icy cold water chill me back to sobriety. I came out and briskly rubbed my skin until I felt warm again and then drank a cup of hot black coffee that Mommy had made.

I recalled my strange morning then, and with a robe around me, I went about the house picking up my clothes that I had strewn about.

I got dressed then, very quickly, with a simple pink shirtwaist and my white Capezios. Trying on the Merry Widow, I found that the padding would have to go if I were to get my breasts into the bra. I had to move carefully as the garment was ever so much tighter than it had ever been. My white glace cache and white pantie briefs were followed by my sheerest light beige hose.



Lucy FB-V-1
(Belgium)



Rita FG-1-B
(Germany)



Barbara Ann FM-5-1
(Mexico)



Ana FM-2-1
(Mexico)

I brushed my still-damp hair vigorously until it glistened. By now it was shoulder length and I wore it in a simple page-boy. I used very little make-up. All traces of the exotic "Bunny" were gone and I was once again the chic and poised Barbara Jamieson. With a deep breath I sat in front of my mirror and wondered what had happened that day. I had experienced emotions that frightened me. Was "Bunny" the real me? I much preferred the girl that faced me in the mirror. This was the Barbara that my Marty loved and now he was in the hospital and in danger. Realizing that I had wasted precious moments, I got up and hurried into the living room where Mommy was talking to the hospital.

"Barbara, I was just talking to Doctor Jim at the hospital. You and I are to meet him in his office immediately."

Neither of us spoke a word as mother drove swiftly to General Hospital. Moments later we were opening the door to Doctor Jim's office. As I walked in, Doctor Jim rose from behind his desk and came over to me with a thunderstruck look on his face.

He turned to mother and looked at her and then back at me again.

"My God, Margaret, Joan Newman told me what had happened in your two families but I thought the woman was hysterical. I did not want to operate on Martin until I had seen Barbara. Now I don't know what to think. This young lady is quite obviously that, I think. Martin gives every indication of being a strong six-footer, a young Adonis in all respects. Barbara, please have my nurse get you a hospital gown and go into the next room and change. I want to examine you."

Moments later, I stood clad in only the short gown that could not hide my erect breasts that tightened the gown in front. My legs were still the lovely limbs that earned approval from every male that viewed them.

With difficulty, Doctor Jim composed himself and examined me with a detached professional air. Then he told me to get dressed again and return to his office.

As I dressed, I wondered what was in store for me. Marty, our parents, we had all been so happy in the past months. This seemed to be the end for our new found blessing, and it was with reluctance that

I walked back to the office. There to my surprise, I found the Newmans as well as Mommy and Daddy. I paused in the doorway and both Mr. Newman and Daddy came over and led me to a sofa where they sat me between them. Mrs. Newman and Mother smiled reassuringly at me and this made me feel a bit more confident.

No one spoke as we waited. Both my fathers held my hands and from time to time, they would give me a squeeze. My mind was in a whirl and I could feel tears close to filming my eyes.

Dr. Jim came in and sat down at his desk and looked at us all, one by one.

"All right. I'll cooperate. However, it isn't that simple. A young man is being prepared upstairs for surgery. It appears that he is a hermaphrodite in that he has a complete set of male organs that have been hidden beneath a fold of skin. The recent self-administered hormones have caused these organs to grow and lose their dormancy. This is the cause of the tremendous pain he has suffered in the past hours. He wants the operation if Barbara approves. Just a moment. He will be a complete male except that he will be sterile. Now as to this young lady. Quite frankly, I do not conceive her attempting to live as a male. Her appearance would cause her nothing but ridicule and scorn in the community if she were to dress or try to dress as a man. Stopping the female hormone treatment would not entirely remove the feminine body characteristics. I propose to remove the feminine body characteristics. I propose to remove what evidence there is of her previous sex. This will be a difficult operation and a very painful one. However, the results of the two operations will give you parents normal children. The birth certificates will not have to be changes as only irregularities in the sex of your respective children will merely be corrected. Mr. and Mrs. Newman, your son will have normal sexual organs. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, your daughter will have the vagina of a normal woman but she will not be able to bear children. However, if Martin and Barbara get married as Martin tells me, they will be able to have normal sex relations and live as they were obviously meant to. Now, you parents have given your approval for these drastic measures so Barbara, the decision is up to you. Remember, you are deciding Martin's life, you are deciding your life, and actually, you are holding the happiness of six people in your hands. I will use all of my knowledge and experience to help you and Martin, both now at this crucial moment and in the future, regardless of what your decision may be."

A cold chill came over me as I stood up. Conscious of the looks of love and understanding that were bestowed on me, I walked to the window and looked out over the city as my head spun and my thoughts began to sort themselves out. I knew what Martin wanted for us. Despite his youth, he had the wisdom to know that we had a place in life as a woman and a man.

There was no point in hesitating. I turned to Dr. Jim and nodded my head.

"Good. I'll phone upstairs to prepare Martin for surgery. As for you, Barbara, I'll want you to become a patient here so that we can conduct certain tests before we operate on you tomorrow or the next day."

The rest of that day and the next was a nightmare of prodding and examining by an endless line of doctors. I could not see Martin. He was in the recovery ward and only his two "mothers," were allowed.

The day of my operation came and Dr. Jim seemed to be everywhere. He kept telling me that everything was going to be all right now. However, he did not tell me what I would be going through. The operation was a nightmare. The pain seemed to be all over my body. I can only remember moments and flashes of what happened . . . the operating room . . . my legs spread wide and strapped to the table. Sharp, searing pain between my legs where the anesthesea partially wore off . . . the blessed relief when I was given more ether . . . being wheeled back to my hospital room . . . Mommy somewhere near . . . some nurse cooling my forehead with a damp cloth and saying: "You have everything to live for now, my dear little girl" . . . and then slowly returning to the world of the hospital.

The pain continued without abating. In addition, I felt something had been pushed into me between my legs and seemingly up into my abdomen. Day by day, however, I did get stronger until I was able to have visitors.

Dr. Jim stopped to have a visit with me one morning. He explained to me what had happened in the operation. All aspects of my male sex had been removed. A new vagina had been created for me and the skin of my penis was now the lining of my vagina. The unusual feeling that I was experiencing was a plug which was allowing my new

vagina to heal and be shaped at the same time. I would be able to experience, and hopefully enjoy, full sexual relations as a woman. This last knowledge made my operation more than priceless to me, for now I was really and truly a woman for my Marty to appreciate and enjoy. Martin's operation was a success in every respect and he was well on the road to complete recovery.

My first visitor was my Marty. I brushed my hair, bound a blue ribbon around my head, and traced some color into my lips. Mommy had brought me a gorgeous bed jacket of my favorite blue which I wore.

When Marty came in, I was thrilled to see my beloved. So awfully much had happened since I last saw him. He came over and took me in his big arms while he smothered me with kisses that made me feel weak.

"Stop it, you big goof, do you want me to faint dead away on you. Sit here on the bed and let me get a look at my man."

Releasing me, he sat up and then made me the happiest girl alive.

"Barbara Joan, this moment is very precious to both of us. I love you so much that it hurts. I have paced the floor outside your room, waiting for you to get well so I could see you. Honey, this is what we planned for. And now, my darling, will you marry me?"

What does a girl say when her beloved asks that all important question. I started to cry, and through my tears, I nodded my head. I held out my arms and Marty moved quickly to hold me close. After a half a box of Kleenex, I finally stopped sniffing and I looked at him with stars in my eyes.

"Oh darling, you have really made my life complete. I want nothing more of life than to be your wife because I love you so."

Marty reached into his pocket and took out a small box. Opening it, he took out the most brilliant diamond ring. Tenderly, he placed it on the third finger, left hand and sealed it there with a kiss. I held up my hand to admire it. It seemed too large. It was a solitaire mounted in platinum.

Then, there seemed to be an endless stream of visitors who all had to see my pretty ring.

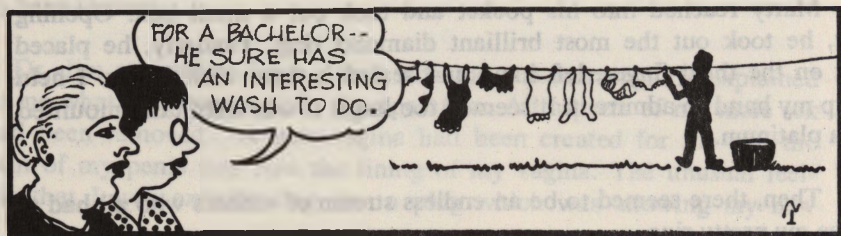
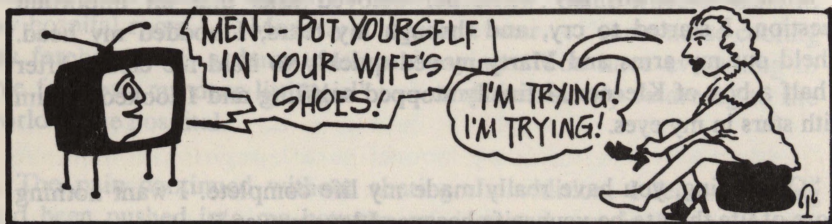
It was not long after that Dr. Jim said I could go home. I was still weak and had lost weight but Dr. Jim said that Mommy wanted her girl at home where she could fuss and nurse her herself. I would have to have the plug in my new vagina for several weeks more but other than that, I felt wonderful. Marty insisted on carrying me to the car when I left. He was so big and strong. He made me feel like a feather.

This is, of course, an "operation" story and knowing my antipathy to sex reassignment surgery some may wonder at my printing it. My rationale is that many FPs have that fantasy and I think it is much better to allow them to live it out in fantasy in the hope that this will be sufficient and that they will not carry fantasy into reality.

Besides that the story is well written, the individuals were supposed to have been biological intersexes anyway according to the doctor (which makes the change more legitimate) and the parents concurred. So don't some of you jump me for printing it, I have to please a lot of different kinds of people and this should please a considerable group.

The story is listed as "Anonymous" because the author didn't put her name on the manuscript. If she reads and claims it as her own please let me know so I'll know whom to give credit to.

Virginia





AN INTERESTING DAY

by Raquel CA-7-S FPE

On the 17th of November, Alpha chapter of Phi Pi Epsilon was happy to have five students of history attend our monthly meeting. They were from the California State University at Northridge, California. The students had contacted a chapter member through their professor Dr. Vern L. Bullough, a good friend of Alpha chapter.

They arrived full of apprehension and were planning to leave within a half-hour. Well, you girls know how we are. Needless to say, they stayed for over four hours and left only with great reluctance. I can say that we have made five fast friends of FPs everywhere because they now understand and accept us. They gained peace of mind in our presence. That is what FPE's purpose is isn't it? Not only for ourselves but to help non-FPs accept us. By doing so, we help ourselves. It is a real pleasure to have someone say to me, "Hi Raquel, it is a real pleasure to see you *again*."

At the close of the meeting a couple of the students asked if some of us could attend one of their classes and since the semester was nearly over, could we make it next week. A couple of our girls said that they would like to come and a date was arranged for the 21st of November. One of the students was made coordinator and she contacted me the following Monday to confirm my attendance.

I arrived on the campus and met Professor Bullough in his office. I had chosen a forest green pants suit with a black turtle neck body suit. Purpose—to blend in rather than stand out. Dr. Bullough and I talked for about a half-hour before my contact arrived. We had met before and when I reminded him of the place, he remembered me. When Carol arrived I commented that she was wearing a pretty skirt and she replied that she had purchased it just for this class because she did not own any skirts

and she did not want me to feel out of place and here I had double-crossed her by wearing pants. The three of us proceeded to the classroom where I found that I was the only "show-n-tell". After a report of our meeting by the five students, I was introduced and after a couple of opening statements indicating questions that I would not answer, the class was opened for questions.

I used to be a teacher so I was not afraid of public speaking. I think that I did a fair job of fielding their questions. They were intelligent and meaningful. They ranged from my relationship with my family, friends, and strangers, to what problems do we have with the police? I explained that none of us looked forward to an encounter with "a neanderthal in blue". He is the kind that wants to straighten his billy club on us but that we were not alone in that fear. A couple of the students had long fuzzy hair and beards and I pointed out that if they had a encounter with a peace officer of this type they would have the same problem that we do. In California, Los Angeles in particular, little difficulty is experienced because the crime that would lead us to jail is the same crime that would put any of them in the same jail.

Homosexuality was mentioned and I was asked why we did not allow homosexuals into the sorority? I told them that the sorority was not formulated for them. They have their own groups and they are encouraged to join them. If you join a sorority at college, you are not allowed to join another sorority at another college that you do not attend just because you are a college student. There are requirements to meet and if you don't meet them, you can't join.

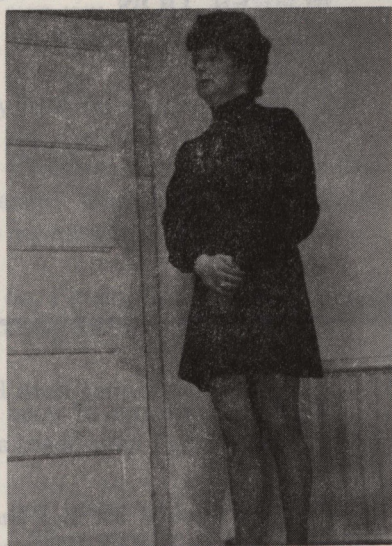
A comment was made about my figure and I told them of a happening. I had shown a picture of myself to a GG friend of mine and she had said that my "boob's" were better than hers. I reminded her that when you have to start from scratch you strive for perfection. She had to make do with what the kids and a husband had left her.

They also asked why I was exposing myself. Of course, my real identity was not known to them. I explained to them that I felt that the knowledge I was giving them might, some time in the future, be helpful to them in understanding someone who had the same desire. More than one has committed suicide because he wasn't able to achieve acceptance of himself. If this should become a reality, then I would have accomplished my task and my limited exposure would be worth it.

I was completely at ease with the class and fully accepted by them. I can truly say that it was an interesting day.



Anne



Isobel



Carol



Stella

A Quartette of English Sisters



FICTION

THE SURE THING

Patricia Westbrook, Miss

"Jake, you are out of your mind! You in a beauty contest! That's the funniest thing I have heard all week," laughed Bill.

"Look, Bill, I've asked you not to call me that at least a thousand times. Knock it off will you?"

"Okay, okay, no more 'Jake', but who ever heard of a beauty contest prize for flattest chest?"

"I may not have the biggest bust around but you know darned well that my figure is nearly perfect." Getting a little angry she added, "Next you will try to tell me that you could look better."

"I wouldn't be surprised if I could, Diane."

"All right then," she said, "if you think that you are so smart and so super cool, why don't you enter the same contest?"

"Be realistic. I couldn't pass the physical."

"Come on, wise guy. Put your money where your mouth is." she taunted.

"One of these days I'll learn to keep my mouth shut." I said. "Anyway I'll have to think it over."

"I think that we should put something on this, to make it even more interesting, say loser buying dinner for two at a restaurant of the winner's choice." Diane proposed.

"If I accept I'll need Sue's help. Is that okay with you?" Taking her nod as an answer Bill continued, "I'll give you my answer tomorrow. And not a word to anyone about our bet, all right?"

"Bill, you have just bought your lovely sister an expensive meal."

"Don't count your chickens, Diane. I haven't said yes yet and I'm not going to unless I think I have a chance." Glancing at his watch he said, "I have to get to work. I'll give you my answer in the morning."

The mornings work dragged on and on. Finally lunch rolled around and he used the time constructively, by calling Sue.

"Sue, I have an unusual problem and I need your help."

"What kind of a problem, Bill?"

"Well, this morning at breakfast Diane told me about a beauty contest that she's entering. I started kidding her about it and sort of indicated that anyone, myself included could beat her. So now she has dared me to enter the contest. If I back out now she will kid me unmercifully for the next six months."

"So now I know why you called."

"Yes, for that reason and also for a chance to hear that lovely voice of yours again."

"You don't have to use flattery, Bill, though I don't complain when you do. I'll be glad to help out. Besides, I have always been curious about what you would look like in a dress and makeup."

"I'll come over tonight, then, Sue. Should I bring anything with me?"

"Just your own young body, and maybe your razor," she replied.

"Okay, see you at six, then."

At six sharp Bill arrived at her place. After the initial greetings she said, "I have some things layed out in the bathroom. I want you to take a nice hot bubble bath and shave yourself all over. Then put them on. Don't forget your underarms when you shave."

In the bathroom Bill found a pair of white lace panties, a long line bra, a pantie girdle, and some dark colored nylons. On the rim of the tub was a box of bubble bath which he proceeded to use liberally. After the bath, and after shaving, which somehow made him feel even cleaner, he started to dress. The panties came first, then the bra, the cups of which he stuffed with crumpled up toilet tissue. The girdle and stockings came last. He did have a problem with the stockings but soon figured out how to fasten them. "It's funny," he thought. "I expected to feel funny dressed like this but somehow I don't. It feels kind of nice."

Taking a dressing gown from its hook on the back of the door he went out to Sue. She had him take off the robe and turn around as she looked him over.

"Not too bad. A little padding in the seat and a good pair of falsies will be needed, but over all I think you will look all right. Come into the bedroom and I'll make you up."

He followed her into the bedroom where she had him sit at her makeup table with the mirror behind him. "We have a whole month to get you ready for the contest," she remarked, "and that isn't much time but I think a pleasant surprise now will make you want to go on."

How to make up is one of the things you will have to learn, and it is one of the easier ones." She said, working on him as she talked. "You are going to have to walk, talk, and think like a woman. Every gesture has to be right." Finally she slipped a blonde wig onto his head. "There. Uh Uh! Don't turn around yet." From a drawer she produced a short half slip, and while he was putting that on took a white minidress from the closer. Once he had that on she had him put on her wrist watch and bracelet, then put a pair of small earrings on him. Not until then did she let him see himself. "Okay, Bill, now you can turn around and meet Barbara."

He turned and his jaw dropped. Instead of the rather slender electronics technician that looked back from his shaving mirror each morning there was a very pretty young lady, the kind that he would have given not just a second look to but a third and fourth. "That's me?" he blurted out.

"Who did you expect? The Mona Lisa, maybe?"

"I'm not sure just what I expected, but, wow, it wasn't anything like this."

"How about me taking some pictures of you so that you can check your progress, and maybe blow Diane's mind in the process?"

"That sounds Okay to me."

"Fine, but first let's see if any of my shoes will fit you."

The first pair they tried were too small, but finally they settled on a pair of white sandals. "I was hoping to find some heels that you could wear, to change the way you walk. But these will do for now."

"Why are you taking out the coats, Sue?"

"I'm out of film and if we go over to the shopping center we can pick up some decent shoes for you at the same time."

"You mean you want me to go out like this!" he said with a lump of fear filling his throat.

"Why not? In a month you will be up on a stage with a bunch of people judging you. You are going to have to get used to being seen in public. And besides no one could recognize you dressed like that. As long as you keep your mouth shut no one will even guess that you aren't what you appear to be."

Reluctantly, he did as Sue said.

As they approached his Volkswagen Sue heard her friend mumble to herself "Watch it sister!"

"Watch what, Barbara?"

"I tried to reach for my car keys by feeling for a side pocket. Pure force of habit, I guess."

"Now you can see why I say that we have a lot of work to do to get you ready for the contest." Sue pointed out. "Anyway, I'd better drive. I'd hate to see you try to explain to a cop why you pulled a man's license from a woman's purse." After a slight pause she saddened, "You might just have to move in with me so that we can use every minute."

"You sound like you are trying to discourage me," Barbara countered.

"Not at all. Well, we will see how fast you learn."

"Their first stop was a large department store where they bought the Polaroid film and flashbulbs. Then to a shoe store where Barbara bought two pairs, one with low heels, the other with three inch spikes.

In lingerie they bought several pairs of panties, stockings, garter belts and bras. Barbara was looking at some slips when she first saw Diane. Sue was in the dressing room trying on a skirt that had caught her eye.

"Well," thought Barbara, "if what Sue said about not being recognizable is true I have it made. Maintain your cool, kid, you'll pull through."

"For a second Diane seemed to be looking straight at her, but then her gaze drifted on to the racks of skirts and she moved on down the next aisle toward them.

Barbara's sigh of relief was almost audible. Her confidence restored but not wanting to hang around there any longer, she selected a slip and headed for the register. Sue was coming out of the dressing room so Barbara caught her eye, then glanced over at Diane. Then she continued toward the register.

Outside the store she waited for Sue. Together they walked to the VW, Barbara laughing about Diane. "If my own sister couldn't recognize me I am home free."

Sue was a little more serious. "Are you sure she didn't recognize you? I mean she might not have wanted you to be embarrassed in public."

"I know Diane too well. If she had, she would have said something, even if it was just 'Hi, Billy,' just to make me blow my cool."

After a snack at a drive-in restaurant they returned to Sue's place where Barbara mugged it up for a few pictures, then played it straight for a few more.

"Say Sue, you get your vacation the last two weeks of this month, don't you?"

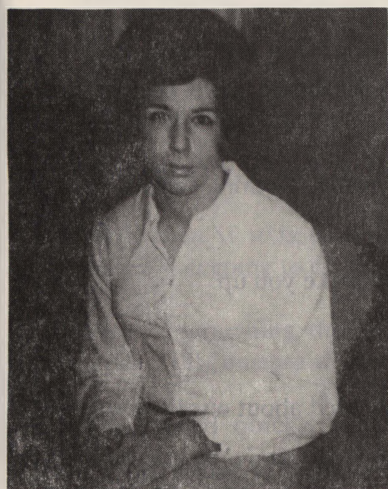
"Yes, I do. Why do you ask?"



Michelle CA-42-MC



Gloria OH-17-2



Laura GA-S-J



"Well, when we were going out you suggested that I move in here so that we could make constructive use of the time. My vacation is next month, and if you were serious, I could talk someone into swapping with me."

"Now that sounds like a groovey idea. We could be together all day and all night long." Sue replied with interest.

It was with a good deal of regret that Barbara changed back into Bill. A slight smile touched his lips as he scrubbed off the makeup. "The hell of it is I thought that I'd be embarrassed or at least uncomfortable," he thought to himself. After the cool softness of the nylons and the freedom of a skirt, his pants seemed to inhibit every movement. With a couple of the pictures in his hand he kissed Sue good night and drove home.

Diane was asleep when Bill returned, so he went straight to bed. But not to sleep, for the memories of a tight girdle around the hips, of the nylons fitting like a second soft skin, and those of a million other things poured through his mind. Finally, quite a bit later, he dozed off.

The next morning did not find him looking and feeling bright eyed. Diane, however, was as cheerful as ever.

"Good morning, Bill," she said, smiling.

"Ugh. 'morning" he mumbled.

"What's the matter? You look like you should have been buried a week ago."

"You should see these eyes from the inside. Nothing serious, though. Just couldn't get to sleep."

"Here, drink some coffee, maybe it will wake you up."

"Thanks, Diane, are the eggs ready?"

"Right here. What kept you awake? Worried about our little wager?"

"Huh? Oh . . . no . . . not exactly. What kind of stakes did you say? Dinner for two at a restaurant of the winner's choice, wasn't it?"

"Bill, that could cost you a bundle. There are some really expensive restaurants in this town."

"Is it a deal, Diane? I'm willing if you don't want to back out." he pressed her.

"Yes, it's a deal," she said, a little shaken by this sudden eagerness. "What makes you so willing all of a sudden?"

"I saw you in Roskin's last night. Did you see me?" Taking her blank look as a negative he continued, "You must have, you walked right by me. Remember the girl in the white knit dress?" He was feeling better now, that he was really sure that she hadn't read him. "Wait a minute, I have some pictures to sort of jog your memory." Getting up, he said, "I'll be right back."

He returned in a few minutes with the pictures that Sue had taken, then laid them out in front of her.

"How do these grab you?"

"Not bad, who is she?"

"Three guesses, and the first two don't count."

"You don't mean that these are of you?"

"None other than yours truly."

"I don't believe it."

"If you don't I'll dress and come over tonight."

"Well, even if it is, looks are not the whole thing," she protested. "What are you going to do for the talent portion of the contest?"

"That is something that I have to work out. Don't worry, though, sister dear, I'll come up with something."

Time passed quickly, days flowing into weeks. With Sue's help, and the aid of a tape recorder, Barbara's voice became much more feminine and soft, so much so that she decided to try singing in the talent portion of the contest.

After the first weekend spent dressed Barbara's self confidence grew to the point where she dressed at home and drove to Sue's.

Finally, the day arrived. Luckily each girl was given her own dressing room, so that part of Barbara's problem was solved.

The battle between Barbara and Diane see-sawed, Diane topping Barbara in the talent division, Barbara taking the swim suit competition. Diane came in first in the evening gown part of the show. Both ended up in the semi finalists, something that scared Barbara. "What if I take first," she thought. I want to beat Diane, but all those reporters . . ."

The announcer was speaking.

"Fourth runner-up — Miss Marilyn Buckly."

"We are still in the running," she thought, as the girl took her place on the platform, looking none too pleased though her smile never faltered.

"Third runner up, Miss Alicia King."

"Oh, please, God, Diane next and me after that . . ." Barbara prayed silently.

"Second runner-up, Miss Diane Knox."

"Thank heavens," Barbara relaxed just a little.

"Second runner-up, and attendant to the queen, Miss Joan Bloomfield."

"Oh no! All those reporters, all that publicity . . . Hey, kid, cool it. You were good enough to pass the judges. Those reporters will be a snap — I hope!"

"And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the moment you have been waiting for," the voice slowly rising in volume, "The Queen of our contest, the pick of the crop, Miss Barbara Knox!"

Flash bulbs and microphones thrust in her face, questions asked hurriedly, and answered the same way, somehow without revealing her secret. Crowds of people pushing to get a better look at her . . .

Sue was waiting in the bug when Barbara finally escaped.

"First prize! Wow! I can't believe it!"

"Why not? You were the prettiest one there," Sue replied.

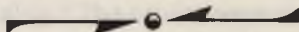
"Watch out. Your compliments might just go to my pretty little head." Then in a more serious tone, "Sue, if we were married would you mind if I dressed like this every now and then?"

"If you are proposing, the answer to both questions is yes. I love you as Barbara as much as I love Bill." was Sue's surprising answer.

One of the prizes won was a modeling contract and since modeling proved to be better paying than Bill's old job Barbara really worked at it and built up quite a reputation.

Barbara and Sue are living in New York now, though their neighbors don't realize that there is a male living there. You may have seen Barbara's picture a few months back on the cover of Popular Photography.

Diane also married a few months later and she drops in whenever she is in New York, She still seems to resent Barbara's winning and she never bought the dinner, either.



YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT,
SIR. THE SKIRT AND
BLOUSE IS MUCH MORE
PRACTICAL FOR
DAILY OFFICE WEAR.





HISTORY

GETTING ME TOGETHER

Janet 43-0-2

My first indication that I was dissatisfied with my masculine situation was when I was nine years old. I had been placed in a boy's school while my mother was being hospitalized for T.B. In the spring like most schools there was the tradition of putting on a play. A boy in my dorm, whom I particularly admired because of his athletic, scholastic and social accomplishments, had been selected to play the lead in the play. While in the audience I experienced a warm excitement and fascination at his appearance. The queen stood on her throne in a white party dress and shoes, governing with wisdom and benevolence all the animals in the forest. I remember sometime later asking how it felt being dressed as a girl. I don't remember his reply, only my question.

I stayed in that boarding school for two years and I was eleven when my mother was well and strong enough to have me with her again. There we were, my father and mother, both alcoholics, and my younger brother and I.

My room was off the attic in our house. It was full of things that attics should be filled with and on rainy days it was filled with a young boy with a strong need for more experiences in life. One of those experiences was a trunk full of old clothes. My desire to dress in women's clothes was only exceeded by my dreams of being accepted as a girl.

Graduating from high school, serving three years in the army, attending four years of college, getting fired from my first job after a year, getting married, having a son and becoming a successful insurance man was the story that everyone knew. But what they didn't know was the hours snatched in privacy trying on my mother's clothes. How I glanced out of the corner of my eyes at the store win-

dows, looking with excitement in the pages of my mother's women's magazines at all those lovely clothes and looking at women wishing I could feel the loveliness of their garments.

My marriage changed very little; as time went on my need and guilt increased in equal proportion.

About eight years ago I changed jobs which gave me the opportunity and an expense account to vent my need to express my feminine nature. Four times I disposed of my girl clothes and tried to purge my guilt. I had sought help in college from two priests, who only expressed a sense of bewilderment.

I came off the road four years ago to take an office job. This was the last time I disposed of my wardrobe.

My frustration was now expressed and released in helping my wife with her sewing. After a few hints to her of my desire to dress, the nightmare of my inward conflict with my responsibility and my female needs began. The result was my hurting my wife, whom I love very much, and agreeing to seek psychiatric help. This proved that the psychiatrist needed more help with his problem than I needed with my own.

I was a frequent visitor to the library and there I discovered the "note" of Sally's in the card catalog.* The results were that for the first time in my life I could talk to someone who understood my needs. At my first party, one year ago, I met some beautiful people and found out about a psychologist who was interested in FPs.

I wasted no time in contacting the doctor and my wife and I went to him within a week. After explaining to him the situation he replied by saying, "A clap of thunder, a flash of lightning, and out flew a bat." I still don't think it's that simple. My wife spent more time in therapy than I did. She has accomplished more in acceptance of my nature than I have. But, I'm still trying and learning who I really am.

* * *

This refers to a discovery technique used by a member in Texas. Under "T" (for transvestism) in the library card catalog she inserted a foreign card that fitted exactly but which said "for information about Transvestism contact the Foundation for Personality Expression Box 36091 L.A. CA. 90036". If others of you would do the same thing we could find a lot more lonely sisters.



FICTION

A STRANGER'S GLANCE

by Cynthia, N.J.

*a stranger's glance
is all . . .
a still 'hullo'
to manifest
my sweetest self . . .*

Dark . . . six-thirty . . . it looked quite chilly as I peeked through the shades at the front window . . . checking — didn't want to bump into a neighbor! All clear . . . drew the collar of my warm Borgana snugly about my neck, slung the long strap of my bag over my shoulder and opened the door. December wind stung my knees so slightly covered, and tiny flecks of snow dusted my face with little cold spots.

I was glad the snow wasn't too heavy. The pavement was clear and dry — hate driving on that pretty white stuff, or ice . . . gives me a queasy feeling . . . imminent end. The door whispered goodbye with an imperceptible Yale click as I stepped to the sidewalk . . . heart pulsating happily . . . so, so fearfully happy because there, despite my caution, was the neighbor-man carrying out his garbage pail — and we were on a collision course! To turn around would be idiotic and I don't think he saw that I had emerged from the house next door to his . . . holding high the galvanized cup as he did until he reached the grass edge where muscles flexing beneath his scarlet hunting jacket slowly lowered the heavy can to the ground. We were due to meet . . .

Holding my gait . . . cheating . . . shortening each step by a fraction or two . . . timing . . . I believe . . . know . . . I cheated a little to improve (insure) the chance of confrontation.

He released the can-handles and grew six-one erect, palms prayerlike together rubbing the coldness from each other, and turning toward me as I soared along the sidewalk ribbon, he paused to let me pass:

“Well . . . hullo there . . . ” flirting voice a lovely compliment, deep-toned . . . sincere.

I smiled upward: “Hullo — ” the streetlight calculated sufficient to illuminate my silent satisfaction. Poor dear . . . poor Mr. Parks . . . I felt like a heel in a way — deceiving him . . . cheating — making him cheat on his wife too, but ever so slightly it not really mattering.

Walking on, feeling the brown warmth of his eyes seeing my long flipped hair floating on the wind. Twelve or more steps I trod before I heard his feet carry him back toward his door. Oh well . . . sweet . . .

The short block, deserted through my window, now fairly teemed with people — strange, bundle-laden from evening stores or drawing wheeled cages full of A & P shopping bags. Some less strange faces — farther neighbors with no names — passed by smiling at my presence — smiling at my presence . . . my being . . . my actual being . . . I was real — their soft streetlight faces — silent sounds — told me so . . . told me:

“Hullo, Person!”

“Oh . . . bless you,” I thought, “and thank you for my birth — you’ve proved I’m real tonight — and for eternity!” I bit my lip, somehow to stop a teardrop.

The car was still warmish inside from driving home from the office; more hospitable by far than the winter nightness blustering about outside. I drove off toward the freeway thinking how strange yet real it was my elbows staying as they did so close to my body when maneuvering from the tight parking slot. Windows locked, contained the heater’s blast and the dear music chosen by button — gloved-finger touched. I opened my furry coat and pushed the shoulders outward — so snug . . . sweetness and warmth.

The freeway stretched on, a headlight dotted string to the left, and red ahead. I stayed to the right at fifty-five — no tickets (or worse) for me. The motor purred beneath my real foot and Simon sang “Juniper and Lamplight” — completeness . . . veins contentment rich pulsating as thoughts of unknown faces passed in silent recognition.

And then, the road quite clear a hundred yards or more to the tail-lights ahead — no one was passing my secure fifty-five. Brights flashed on and off in the rear-view mirror and a honk or two made me increase to the sixty limit. My left eye corner caught the image of yellow Thunderbird fender pacing me. I slowed again precipitating a cacaphony of horns. Yellow moved ahead and drew in front of me releasing a steady stream of left-lane passes. Yellow slowed to fifty . . . forty . . . thirty-five (blast). I pulled out and passed — eyes straight ahead but noticing the fair-haired driver to my right . . . speeding up, again to pace me for a while then dropping back. I moved to the right lane — regretting my error but, oh . . . being followed. Perhaps he'll stay on the freeway when I turn off — but no — what now? Perhaps he lives nearby . . . a coincidence! I passed Harry's street and turned — with follower's headlights bright-beaming through my rear window — into the next street, circling the block to find (thank God) a parking place in front of Harry's house.

With Thunderbird lurching to a halt not six inches parallel . . . can no longer stare haughtily ahead . . . must not panic — I'll lay on the horn until Harry comes out. Fair hair falling boyishly above a face most handsome, lined impishly in promise of a real-gas, looms as the yellow banded window opening beside me, and through the safety of my own triplex LOF comes:

"Open the window!"

"Not bloody likely!" silently fired back.

"You're cute!"

"I know . . ." eyes rolling jadedly starward.

" . . . Like to go for a drink?"

"Oh, God, I'd love to — " negatively shaking my flip as I pulled my collar closed.

"Come on, doll . . . !"

I waved my hand get-lost-like and pressed the horn in an instantaneously conceived make-believe signal coded of short blasts as I leaned over the passenger seat and looked toward Harry's front door. Yellow streaked off with smoking tires . . . wait . . . wanted to tell you how sorry I am — so sorry in so many ways . . .

"But would you have gone with him if you were real?" Harry asked.

"No."

"Why not — " Harry baiting me.

"I'm not that sort of girl."

"Sort . . . ?"

"Not a pick-up — sex isn't everything. Make me some coffee, Harry!"

"Booh — " hand waving " — you're some coffee."

"Not funny, Harry."

Harry charging the percolator . . . counting scoops of coffee. "What would you say if I suddenly grabbed you and kissed you?"

"I'd say: please don't, Harry!"

"Don't you like me — " sidestepping behind me ostensibly toward his chair.

"Yes, I like you — good friend."

Harry's hands slid over my shoulders and grabbed my wrists holding easily. His face dawned horizontally from behind, arced closer to print a pecky kiss upon my cheek.

"Please don't, Harry — " laughing.

He sat down, smiling knowingly . . .

"You look like the proverbial cat that . . . what are you grinning at?"

"You."

"Am I funny or such?"

"Such!"

Puzzlement stilled me . . . Harry watching . . . waiting . . . then — quite seriously: “You would like to have the operation wouldn’t you?”

“Yes — ” blanching inwardly at the cliché.

“Why?”

“I don’t know . . . just want to be the me I like being. If I have something — a coat — that doesn’t fit, I have it altered.”

“But it’s so permanent — a coat can be changed again. I think you’d be a fool!” Harry means it . . . standing up, unclosets two daisy-flowered coffee mugs . . . spoons . . . half-n-half from the refrigerator — long-lashed Elsie Cow beaming in maroon.

The quiet cold of far-off magnetic Casablanca’s steel blade whispers at my groin — my A-cup breasts will do . . . thighs self-press together flattening my knee-sides as warm she-stuff nectar courses through me emerging in a tear on my lower lid — as always — I thought of catching the crystal drop to have it analyzed . . .

“The sugar’s on the table — hey, you’re not going to cry again . . . !”

Sniffing . . . “Sorry, Harry.”

A steaming cup slides between my tabled elbows — rich-smelling coffee vapor rising noseward . . . need-surge waning slightly . . . in control . . . legs relaxed. Spooning . . . pouring . . . stirring . . . sipping pale peach-colored lipprints onto the daisied rim: “Good coffee . . .”

“Thank you. The percolator did it.”

Oh, dear Harry . . . just a friend — nothing more . . . if only you could know the way I feel — no, that’s cruel, I’m happy for you . . . don’t wish this thing on you or any . . .

“It’s just a fantasy,” suggests Harry — sagely.

“More than that.”

“Desire?”

“Greater.”

"A need?"

"Exactly."

Harry, confused — we're much alike there — gropes for absent reasons: "But if you're not intrested in going to bed with a man . . ."

"True — " interjected.

" . . . why do you want the operation?"

"I don't know."

"It's a fantasy!"

"No, Harry, it's not a fantasy . . . fantasy floats through the mind — a winged thought . . . daydream . . . wish . . . flowers. A need is real . . . physical . . . pressing . . . surging — I can feel a need . . . excruciating . . . lovely promise. A real need — like hunger."

"Then have the operation — " Harry devil-advocating.

"Probably never will."

"Why not?"

" . . . Don't know — again — something keeps me from it . . . says to wait a while. The need and its deterrent are both inside me Harry — they fight . . . which will win! My common sense sides with the no."

"You're getting maudlin — " into his coffee.

"Sorry Harry. Let's play Scribbage. I'll clobber you . . . vent my anger that way."

Shaking the carboard cup . . .tossing the cubes . . . words form easily and Harry feigns not-trying when I start winning by a mile. Laughing . . . enjoying each other . . . selves lost in living joy. A glance at the clock . . . ten . . . better leave . . .

" . . . Time I left, Harry."

"I'll get your coat — wonder if it's snowing!"

The flurries had stopped while I was driving down.

Swinging the coat from the closet: "Will you be warm enough — your legs must freeze in those thin stockings when the wind blows up your . . ."

"Harry! For heaven's sake . . . you sound like some kind of . . . do you want a list of everything I have on!"

Harry laughed and pecked my cheek again: "I'll drive you home, if you'll bring me back!"

"That could go on until dawn. Bye."

Oh Harry . . . dear friend. Accepts me both ways . . . understands as best he can this weird dilemma . . . fifty-five again . . . no yello . . . and will all those tomorrows bring . . . things new and nice perhaps . . . things I've never known as man or woman — things none have known. It's all a dear worrisome puzzle. Glad the snow blew out to sea. Motor purring blissfully beneath long star-streaked waxed hood forging ahead to silent faces smiling hullo . . .

I park the car away from the house to avoid prying neighbor-eyes that fill the curtain gaps when mufflers ruffle the quiet street-night, then, downward looking to find the curb in the inter-car shadows I pick my way to the sidewalk . . . still fifty yards from home . . . and there's Bruce . . . great German shepherd ear-rubbing hand-licking canine neighbor friend of mine but vicious guardian of the Parks' house against all strange folk . . . leather and chain leash straining toward me, pulling small Mrs. Parks — taking *her* for an evening walk!

This is it . . . the gap between us closes rapidly and Bruce stops . . . sniffing at the crisp winter air from my direction . . . mane fur rising on end and fangs bared glistening in the lamplight leaps forward from steel-sprung legs toward me — all teeth and snarls — pulling small Betty Parks off balance for one fearful moment. I freeze . . . Bruce . . . big Bruce . . . claws not gripping — tugs — making claw-scrape noises on the concrete sidewalk . . . chains rattle as Betty whacks Bruce's rear with leather leash . . .

"Down Bruce . . . down!" Betty yelling as curtains part here and there.

I stand — petrified — upon the grass edge behind Parks' garbage can for protection.

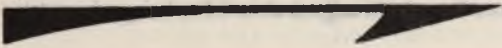
"Oh, I'm so sorry. I do hope he didn't frighten you too badly — he's not used to strangers!"

My no-meaning nod passes well in reply — under the circumstances. I edge around the garbage can keeping an eye on the receding shadows of Betty Parks and now cowed Bruce — puzzled — sniffing spots my feet had so recently trod. Poor Bruce . . . I cheated again . . .

A hot bath . . . so nice on ice-cold knees and face nipped by the sharpness . . . bubbles and perfumed suds . . . rainbow hued . . . to hide my . . . Oh, love this life with sweet tomorrows mystery wrapped in future-foil — each day a brand new beribboned gift-surprise for everyone — I love it all . . . I am me! And Bruce sweet giant pup . . . an ounce more proof . . . simply must remember to buy an ever-so-big bone — tomorrow . . .

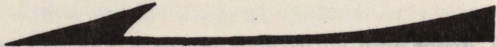


Catherine FAU-1-P
(Australia)



RESEARCH AID AGAIN

by Virginia



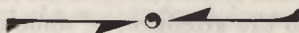
In both Nos. 79 and 80 I mentioned the research I have undertaken with Dr. Bentler of UCLA and our need for help in financing it. I reported in No. 80 that \$160 had been donated and asked for more support. Nothing happened. Now I know that times are difficult for all of us. Some of you readers are just squeaking by and I could hardly expect you to make research donations. However I know for a fact that we have quite a number of readers who are pretty well off and who wouldn't miss \$50 or even \$100. So I have concluded that perhaps there is a misunderstanding involved.

Because I indicated the research dealt with TSs perhaps some potential donors got the idea that I was doing the research on TSs and FOR aid to the TS cause. This is exactly opposite from the facts. I have to do the research ON TSs but FOR FPs. That is because great numbers of those going thru surgery are really FPs and are simply misguided in seeking surgery as the answer to their problems. My hope is to get enough information from those who have gone the surgical route that some conclusions can be reached which can serve as a warning to potential operation candidates to stop, look and listen before crossing the tracks.

To do this takes some data FROM those who did cross since obviously all my personal efforts and persuasion and education have not proved sufficient—we lose perhaps a dozen a year to the knife. I would like to think that some of those could be saved if more information was available about what lies ahead for them. But I can't do everything alone. For 14 years I carried the ball pretty nearly single handed for all of you. I have a lot of letters of appreciation but for every one expressing her appreciation

there are a hundred who never say a word. O.K. I don't want words, I want help. If you aren't in a position to go on radio and television, to give lectures, write papers, visit schools, give interviews etc. all of which I've done in your name and behalf, well at least you could help with your purses (wallets?). I'm not asking for *me*, I'm asking for science, for truth, for knowledge and, if you will permit, for lifesaving purposes. Yes, you read it right. Surgery is for all too many not the glamorous solution that they imagine. Too many suicides, too many empty lives and too much sickness from upset hormone balances result. How about saying thanks for what you've gotten directly or indirectly by helping me to help others. \$160 won't even pay the postage. Give it some thought and then some action. Mark the funds for RESEARCH. That's where they will go and an accounting will be given when it is over. Thanks in anticipation.

Virginia



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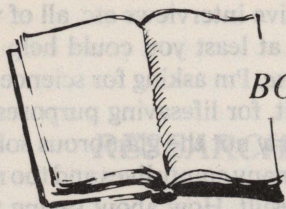
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BOOK REVIEWS

Conundrum by Jan Morris. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 1974, \$5.95

This is really a book review of a book review since I haven't read the original book myself. However, it was reviewed in the N.Y. Times and there was a long article about the author in the N.Y. Times Magazine. As the books may come to the attention of some of you a word about it seemed to be in order.

This is just the latest in quite a series of books by persons who have had "the operation." "Jan" Morris used to be James Morris. He was quite a well known English author having achieved some fame by his interviews with Sir Edmund Hilary and Tensing regarding their victorious conquering of Mt. Everest. He scooped the world on his reporting of that event and actually climbed to an elevation of 22,000 feet himself. Subsequently he won awards for journalism and literature in both England and America. He has written 17 other books. So he was a person of some eminence and reputation in these fields.

His story appears very similar to lots of others both so-called TSs and FPs, such as his claim that "from an early age I prayed God everynight to make me a girl." Where have I heard that before? Like many another before him he set out to prove himself a man and apparently did very well at it being sent to America on a Commonwealth Fellowship and to the Middle East by the London Times. During the war he was an officer in a British Cavalry regiment for 5 years. He was married to a woman who turned out to be very understanding and she bore him 4 sons. He apparently shared his internal dissatisfactions with her from an early time and she was kept fully informed about the progress of his "change," which took 8 years of hormone treatments, and of the ultimate decision to have the surgery. While they necessarily were divorced after that had occurred, and now occupy two separate establishments, they are still very close

and as concerned about each other as two sisters might be.

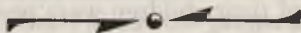
This particular book and person would probably be no more important to review than many of his/her predecessors were it not just the most obvious case yet of the misfortunes and mistakes resulting from a non-perception of the difference between sex and gender. I say this in the sense that this individual was obviously not homosexual having been a loving husband and father for 25 years, so he didn't make the change in order to have sex with a male. Why then did he? Because he wanted to "be a woman"! Why didn't he just do so then and start to live as one? Because having the surgery enabled him to present himself to his colleagues, friends and reading public as one of that unique and much to be pitied group called "transsexuals." This way he could achieve some sympathy and understanding and be able to go on working and writing as "Jan." Consciously or unconsciously he rejected the solution of just changing his gender role and living as Jan because of a feeling that the world would consider him some sort of a weirdo for doing so. Thus the surgery was in reality just a means of rendering the gender change that he really wanted both necessary and inevitable—and, with all the publicity that sex-changes have gotten over the years, publicly acceptable and justifying the change of role.

What a shame that someone should have to go thru that ordeal, pain-wise, money-wise, danger-wise, and in every other way just to be legally entitled to be "herself." The long article in the New York Times Magazine about Jan Morris makes interesting reading (March 6, 1974 Section 6). It was written by his longtime friend and colleague David Holden. It is very sympathetically written and it covers many aspects of James' personal life and history. But to one more acquainted with this phenomenon—and in this sense I mean myself—it serves to make it very clear that James was *not* a transsexual in any sensible meaning of the word. He was a transvestite-femmiphile even as you and I. His boyhood, young manhood and life were very adequately masculine. His maleness and heterosexuality were unquestioned. But since by an early age he had had that feeling so well known to most of us of "wanting to be a girl." It was a secret that he shared with his wife from early in their marriage and because of the type of woman she apparently was she was able not only to understand it and him but to integrate his feminine feelings into family life so that their joint feelings and treatment of their children were perhaps closer than in an ordinary marriage. It is ironic that several references to Jan's awareness of the differences between sex and gender—she uses that exact expression—appear in the reviews about her. She is quoted as saying that she

had the surgery because she "couldn't live a lie." Why is truth equated with genitals while the psychological "self" is considered a "lie"? The real "lie" was living in the masculine role when he didn't want to, wasn't happy and dreamt all the time of being a woman.

A further proof of his not being a TS is in the quote that while she has met and corresponded with quite a few, "by and large they are among the unhappiest people on the face of the earth." The original reviewer says "Miss Morris sounds as if she is satisfied with simply being a woman, as if her new condition contained no particular imperatives of its own." The author's own words and the interpretation of her colleague and of the book reviewer all point the same way – her change was solely for *genderal* reasons. *He* was just another FP like the rest of us and he could have all that he now has and expects to get if he had just gone the gender route like I did. Not that I'm anything marvelous, but I AM RIGHT and I know it from living it. I hope that any among you still toying with the surgery bit will think not just twice . . . but all that may be necessary to realize the truth. Your SELF is in your head and YOU have to develop it. The surgeon doesn't work on that end of you so whatever is in your head before surgery is still there afterward and whats more whatever is NOT there that should be is still missing after the surgeon gets through.

It is discouraging and it's tragic to see how much hope and expectation goes into the sex change surgery as though that was a cure-all for all the insecurities, neuroses, frustrations, inadequacies and fears resident in the head of the prospect. Why is it that such people think what is between their legs makes so much difference? Who even knows (let alone cares) except a doctor or a sex partner? If you aren't gay and aren't looking to go to bed with a male, of what value is the new "equipment,,"? If you *are* after that you've been gay all along whether you admitted it or not. But I've watched too many go down the drain who were not gay by any imagination – Jan Morris is a good example – and for what? The human spirit, personality, and *reality* is a function of the brain not of the body – you even have to be *aware* of and *think* about the new genitals before they can mean anything. Why can't these people learn to develop their femmeseves – their reality – in their heads, in their self concept and acceptance instead of copping out to surgery?



Signs
of the
Times



MY DILEMMA YOUR ASSISTANCE

You've all been hit by this time with the effects of a 25% postal increase. That 25% is only 2c on a letter, but when you mail multi-oz. packages it adds up to real money very fast. Have you looked at the postage required to mail packages to you from Chevalier lately . . . \$.50 on TVia, \$1.00 on *How to* and the *Wives* book. And postage isn't all, paper and printing are also going up. Of course all your bills are going up too and as a result many readers are having to cut down on moneys spent on their femmeselves . . . on clothes etc. and also on reading materials. This is understandable but it also means that there has been about a 40% drop in our receipts. The costs go right on however, as I have no way of cutting them 40% to match. I can't cut publication orders because then we would run out of issues too soon and on top of that the cost per issue would be even higher.

In TVia No. 80 I mentioned considering cutting page length of the magazine but on checking found that it wouldn't reduce the weight from 5 oz. to 4 oz. and would actually cost more to print because it would mean printing 5-16pg. sheets and 1-8 page sheet instead of 6-16pg. sheets. That is more of a printing and binding problem and thus more expensive so what to do? I don't like to increase the price because I think \$5 is high enough as it is and it would mean reprinting price lists and having a lot of explaining to do to people who saw and ordered from old lists etc. So it's a dilemma that poses real problems. Altho I pay against it every week from the week's receipts, as I write this I have outstanding typographic and printing bills amounting to over \$1800 and bills for reprinting *Male Actress* and *Schoolgirl* have not been sent to me yet. On top of that No. 81 is already in the works at the typographer's.

It's time to print some more new stories but that is even more capital

outlay so I'm really in a bind. There is really no complete solution except to get more customers to make up the loss of income and I don't have much money available for advertising. So what can you, the readers, do to help this situation out? I'm assuming that many of you would like to. Well there are a couple of things you could do in each area. Concerning new customers you could help (a) by not lending Chevalier items to friends but urging them to buy their own—you paid why shouldn't they (b) going to some of the adult bookstores in your town and trying to get them to handle Chevalier material. You can give them the wholesale figures of \$2.75 for TVia, \$4 for *How to* and \$2.40 for the *Wives* book as starters. Shipments are made by parcel post COD. Tell them that there really isn't much else available for FPs and that there is a market for such material. (c) you—or your group if you belong to one—could put ads in local underground or advertising giveaway sheets, where the cost isn't as high, giving Chevalier's address in them. Word it as you wish but it is well to use the words "heterosexual cross dressers" and "counselling" or "help" with the "problem." Censors, if there are any on the paper, are corrected if they think of homosexuals and most every paper is interested in "helping" people.

In the second area, postage, you can help too. I've asked before that if any of you wouldn't mind receiving material by 3rd Class mail to let us know that we have your permission to mail that way. Book Rate is even much less. This would cut my postal bill quite a bit. Secondly, if you can't do that you could voluntarily include something extra in your check or money order towards the postage. I can't demand and I won't beg but under the inflationary problems now facing everyone I don't think it is unreasonable to ask you to at least split the postage bill with me and thereby reduce the mailing cost back to where it was when the \$5 per issue price was established, namely 25c per copy. The *How to* and *Wives* books weigh 10 oz. so it would take 50c per copy.

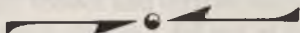
For FOREIGN READERS: Please note that rates have gone up so much that I'm going to have to not just request but to REQUIRE an additional 75c for surface and, ridiculous as it seems, an extra \$2.25 for AIR-MAIL on TVia and \$5 for the *How to* and *Wives* books. I know it takes forever by water but airmail is 26c per 1/2 oz.

* * * *

While we are talking about the survival of *Transvestia* this is a good place to mention again that the magazine is mostly made up of material

submitted by you readers. My backlog of ready material is running quite low, maybe a couple more issues soooo . . . "no write-um, no print-um" as a Chinese editor might say. How about it? Some of our best story-writers of past times are no longer with us so some of you newer readers who are aspiring authors must leap in and fill the gap . . . Fiction, True Experiences, Histories, Articles, Poems, fillers, cartoons, pictures . . . you know what goes into TVia. If you want it . . . feed it.

Thanks for your help and understanding, Virginia



WHAT IS PHI PI EPSILON (FPE)?

It is desireable every so often to explain what Phi Pi Epsilon (FPE) is for the benefit of new readers.

FPE is a Sorority for males who enjoy being women at times and in places. Its purpose is to give FPs a change to their femmeselves in safe and secure surroundings among other people, both FPs and wives, who are understanding of each others feelings. We all know only too well what it's like behind the locked door. Some break out of those confines by going out into the world. Some can make it there but many others can't and shouldn't try but they too need outlets and occasions when the door can be unlocked. That is what FPE is all about. Unlike other "open door" organizations which exist, FPE is limited specifically to heterosexual male cross dressers. Homosexuals and transexuals must look elsewhere for their social contacts—they are on a different trip anyway.

Security is of prime importance in the organization of FPE. Its first requirement is that the applicant have read 5 issues of TVia, and to be sure of this it is required that they have been bought from Chevalier, not from a store. The purpose of this requirement is to allow the prospect to learn about our kind of people and if, after reading the 5 issues, she says, these ARE my kind of people and I want in, she may write for an application form. When returned, approved, accompanied by an information from for our Directory and the \$12 first year dues, she is a member and is sent a copy of the Directory so that she may then contact other sisters around the country. So if you've had the 5 issues, and want in, write for and application. It will *not* be sent *with* the first order for 5 issues however. We want you to *read*, not just buy. So order, read, and request.

*"Dear
Editor"*



LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

Enclosed you will find a M.O. in the amount of \$12.00, to be used for the payment of my dues in FPE.

Although I am aware of the fact that you asked for only \$6.00 for this membership, I feel that I owe something extra for the many friends, enjoyments, sense of belonging, and sense of fulfillment that I have had for these number of years.

Just as an example of what this has meant to me, I recently made a trip to the frozen Northlands and I visited Toronto, Canada - Buffalo, N.Y. - Cleveland, Ohio - Northern Indiana - Southern Ill. - Eastern Ark. - and the entire trip was made without one single Motel bill. And my nights were spent with my friends at their invitation!!!! Where can you meet and be with people such as this except in FPE????

Love, Priscilla Evans TN-3-A FPE

* * * *

Dear Virginia:

This writing I guess constitutes what can be defined as a long overdue "Thank You" from me to you. I'll start near the beginning.

I was somewhere around 10 or 11 years old when the fascination for clothing of the opposite sex first came to me. My mother was ill and in the hospital, my father a traveling salesman. I lived for about three years with my sister and her family at this time. I used to babysit for her. One night while she and her husband were out and her children in bed, I came across her wedding dress neatly folded in a box in the closet. I tried it on, took it

off, went to her bedroom, got some underclothing, and dressed up in her satin wedding gown. My sister being of a larger size made it easy for me to comfortably wear her clothing. Hence a transvestite was born or at least surfaced. I remember from that time on to this day, at every opportunity I've dressed in female clothing. As far as I can remember during my adolescent years this opportunity did not present itself very often. During late grade school years and early high school years I took babysitting jobs for the advantage of being able to wear the clothing of the woman I was babysitting for. I was nearly caught several times!

My later years in high school and thru military service, as I think back, prove to be somewhat confusing as I did not at that time have the obsession for dressing even as much as I do today at 28 years old.

I married my first wife at an early age, (for both of us) and somehow made a joke out of wearing her things. After awhile, she would have "clothes" ready for me to change into when I came home from work. Even at this stage, let's say between 17 and 21, I did not fully dress in front of my wife. I would wear stockings and a nightgown occasionally but never went *all* the way. I think that during this time my obsession began to bother me. I felt I was weird, the only one in the world, etc., and what could I say if I was found out? My first wife and I were divorced as a result of problems unrelated to transvestism. Shortly thereafter I married my second wife.

Again, I made a joke out of being able to fit into (as I remember) a pretty taffeta half slip which belonged to my second wife. She at first thought it was funny and used to prod me to wear it. Then one day going thru my personal papers, she found two photographs of me dressed completely in female clothing. After arriving home from work that day, an explanation was in order! At the time I did not know what it was "I had" or what drove me to wearing these clothes. However, I explained to the best of my knowledge that I was not a homosexual, and that I just enjoyed wearing this attire. During the five years in which we were married, my second wife went thru stages. First she seemed to accept this behavior which neither one of us knew the correct answers for. She made clothes for me, helped me to make clothes, bought me clothes and tolerated shopping for clothes with me. Then, in the middle of our marriage, she changed her approach, she began trying to shame me from dressing. I remember she prodded me into going to a party dressed as a female. Later I learned that her motive was to shame me; however, I had so much fun at the party that I talked her into going out on the town dressed as I was at the party.

We both laughed so much that night we could hardly eat our dinner. I recall a man in the bar trying to pick me up; this amused both of us. We never went out that way again, and my wife's acceptance turned to apathy. Possibly because she felt I was competition for her, I don't know. Business problems, the subject of transvestism and a host of other matters caused her to leave home and file for a divorce.

Now, four years later, and at the age of twenty-eight, I find I am still enthused about expressing my "other side." During my marriage to my second wife, I ran across an ad for your book, *The Transvestite and His Wife*. We both learned much from the book, and because of the information contained therein I began to be at peace with myself, comfortable with the feeling that *I was not the only one!*

Before reading your book, I even visited a psychologist. He kept asking me how dressing in female clothing made me feel, then took his notes and consulted a psychiatrist. No definite conclusions were ever reached by either one of them, and I guess I've done them an injustice by not mailing to each of them a copy of your book.

Transvestism, or as you refer to it Femmiphilia, is something a person has to live before an entire understanding of the subject can be reached. The turmoil it causes in one's life cannot really be understood by someone just reading on the subject of Transvestism. I know I went thru "hell" just learning to live with myself. I found, however, and as you stated in your book that once you are able to face yourself, it's easy to tell others about yourself; and nine out of ten times they will at least try to understand.

I am going with a nice girl who completely accepts my way of living and does everything possible to complement it. She has read your book, sent for more of your material of her own volition, and I really think she knows that even though I am a transvestite on one side, I am plenty masculine on the other. She enjoys the feminine things I do for her, e.g., doing her hair, helping her with her makeup, etc., and I enjoy her acceptance, her devotion to my needs as a transvestite and her genuine interest in the subject. I think at this point, I have attained the "best of both worlds"! I would like to go out "dressed" more often and will as soon as I feel I can act and look like the person (a girl) when I am out, that I am trying to emulate. By the way, I don't know the law here in Illinois relating to this. I think it has just been changed . . . maybe you can advise.

I am hoping that in the future I can be of some assistance to your cause in helping other transvestites to know themselves. I am an educated professional man and I am sure there is something I can do to that end.

I have in the past ordered several of your publications, *Transvestia*. I have not kept up with them, however, because for myself, (and this is not meant to criticize) *Transvestia* contains too much fiction, too many stories of boy-turns-into-girl-and-lives-happily-ever-after. Let's face it, unless a man is a true transexual, a boy living happily ever after is neither practical or appealing, (except in extreme cases like yours). I believe that most transvestites enjoy roles as girls occasionally, but could not live that way permanently. Maybe I am wrong?? At any rate, keep up the good work, I know you helped save me and I am sure there are many others.

I sincerely wish to say a heartfelt THANK YOU. I hope some day I can do so in person. Again, thank you, Virginia, and God Bless.

Respectfully Yours, Vicki IL-32-G FPE

Dear Virginia:

I am quite amazed at the many TV publications which are on the market now. I have bought quite a few of these from our local "dirty book" store, and some from the publishers. These are quite interesting to read, although some of them are just on the borderline of indecent. In fact, a few of those if read by a young person with FP inclinations would give that person the wrong idea about FPs that most FPs are gay, etc. In my opinion, and I think I am right, those of this type are in the minority, although because of the publicity they get in a row of these magazines this might not seem so.

The point I wish to make is that "Transvestia" is the best magazine in the field. The articles are well written and the fiction is good. And above all "Transvestia" could be read by anyone from "nine to ninety" and not be offended by anything in it.

Sincerely,
Jaqueline FCNB-1-T FPE

* * * *

Dear Virginia,

This Friday marks one year since I met my first FP (you). Since that memorable evening, I've grown up considerably, matured greatly, and begun to look at life from an entirely different point of view.

I've been able to better deal with my internal conflicts, and begin to exploit my strong points. While I don't consider transvestism as a blessing, I don't still consider it the curse I once did. Through you I've been able to hold my head high, and more importantly, show greater tolerance toward my fellow human beings.

I've got a long rocky road ahead, and I can't say exactly where it'll lead. Of one thing I am certain however, it won't be the lonely journey it has been in the past. My travels are with true understanding friends I've been blessed with, through you.

I owe you a debt far beyond that repayable by words or monetary means. Through your pioneering efforts, we FP's enjoy a freedom and understanding that was unthought of scant years ago. True, we have some to go yet, but progress is being made. The beauty of your efforts are that no marches, "sit-ins" or other publicity gathering stunts were used, just dogged persistence educating professional people. Each and every FP out there owes you their gratitude, but humans being what they are, few will readily admit it.

You and I have had some differences of opinion this past year, yet I feel that out of those differences we've grown to respect one another greater. I feel that variations in thought between thinking people is the healthiest of conditions, and makes for stronger people.

At this time I wish to thank you again for your outspoken courage, your vociferous defense of our rights, your pioneering efforts, and most importantly, for being you. May you have many, many years left on this earth, and may they be healthy, happy, and prosperous.

Thanks again,
Sandi CA-53-R FPE

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FAR AWAY PLACES STRANGE SOUNDING NAMES

Monday, Sept. 31 we flew to Amman, Jordan. Just as when flying in from Beirut we had to fly west from Cairo some distance and then north before turning back toward the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. The reason being to keep away from the Israeli border and not to provoke any unfortunate incidents like that over Sinai where a Libyan civilian plane was shot down.

We arrived in Amman in the early evening. The airport was small but adequate – Jordan, like everyone else it seems, has its own Royal Jordanian Airlines – but the first thing that struck us was its tidiness. Everything was neat and clean and in place. This was such a dramatic change after Lebanon, Syria and Egypt that it immediately excited our attention and made us more observant on the ride to the hotel. We found that the airport was no “exception” just to impress tourists. That was the way the whole city was – nay the whole country as we were to learn in the next few days. I was quite impressed with Amman. It is built on hills so all the streets are up and down but the shops were many and varied, the traffic was relatively heavy but orderly. None of the dense exhaust smoke as in Damascus, though perhaps this was due to the fact of its being built on hills instead of in a valley and the prevailing winds would move the pollution along. I also noted that least 1 out of every 3 cars in Jordan was a Mercedes. They really did a sales job there and 90% of the taxis were Mercedes too. It made me feel good about mine. If they would stand up so well in desertous and mountainous country with heat and dust that the taxi companies preferred them, I thought mine might last in the asphalt jungles of Los Angeles.

The next day we were up early and drove around the city a little before heading out into the country and south. In daylight Amman maintained

its reputation of the night before as a clean, functional city though obviously not a large one. Jordan isn't that big. We had a long drive through the countryside which is arid, rocky and hilly. We passed lots of herds of sheep, goats and occasionally camels which the camera nuts in our tour had to stop and take pictures of. Eventually we turned off of the main road toward the mountains and wound up a canyon with orchards and more greenery than we'd seen previously. Eventually at the crest we came to Moses' well where the early Hebrews stopped during their wanderings in the desert. I think it was here that they got their first view of the Promised Land. Of course their land in those days wasn't limited by the present borders of Israel. We then descended the other side of the ridge for a few miles and came to a hotel whose dining room was literally a hole in the wall. It was a good sized hole, being a cave, and therefore relatively cool. After a refreshing lunch we were ready for Petra. We walked to the back of the hotel where a lot of horses had been assembled and we all "mounted up" and took off down the trail. This was quite an experience for some who had done no previous horseback riding. We weren't on our own though as an Arab walked in front of each horse leading it down the trail. I guess the total walk was about 1 and 1/2 miles and they do it twice a day when there are enough tourists.

Shortly after leaving the mounting area we entered the "canyon." This was a narrow defile ranging from 20 to 40 feet in width with sheer high walls several hundred feet high. Carved into the side of the sandstone walls was a slot which in early times had been an aqueduct carrying water from Moses' well all the way down the canyon to the city of Petra. It was very well engineered following the contour of the canyon walls and where there was a notch or a big crack a pipe had been utilized lying on top of a rock bridge to span the opening. After about a half hour ride we suddenly rounded a turn for the most unexpected sight of the whole trip. The narrow canyon suddenly opened into another canyon and there right across from us about a hundred feet away was the front of what looked like the National Bank. In fact it was called the "Treasury." It had the tall columns in front, the horizontal facing across the tops of the columns and the flat triangular facade above that in the most classical fashion. Then you walked thru the entrance between and behind the pillars into a colossal room that must have been 40 feet high and 50 wide. All of this carved right out of the side of the mountain, pillars and all. It was an amazing sight.

After a rest and exploration of this monument we mounted up and rode on further into the city of Petra. I can't take the space to describe all of this amazing place but at one time something like 50,000 people lived

in this valley and there were no structures "built" on the ground. They were all carved out of the soft sandstone of the hills both private homes of the ordinary and "palaces" of the rich and the civic buildings as well. The narrow defile through which we had come was easily defended and on inquiry I learned that the exit from this valley on the west side was equally defensible. It seemed that this remarkable place lay directly astride the only feasible caravan route from the eastern lands through the mountains and eventually on towards the valley of the Jordan River and ultimately the shore of the Mediterranean. Thus the inhabitants of Petra exacted tribute from all caravans passing thru. This made the city wealthy for many decades. Eventually the Romans found other routes and thus cut off the city's source of revenue.

After our return ride up the canyon we got back in the bus and drove the rest of the afternoon down to Aquaba on the Gulf of Aquaba. As you will recall from the map this Jordanian city is just around the edge of the bay from Eilat in Israel. Both cities are the southern ports of their respective countries since the gulf of Aquaba opens into the Persian gulf and thus into the Indian Ocean, so there is much going on in the areas - oil storage tank farms, pipelines, shipping and hotel-resort building. Just to say that I'd taken a swim in the Red Sea I pulled out my suit and took a dip with one of the other women on the tour. It was very refreshing in the desert sun. After that we had a long repetitious bus ride back to Amman - 5 hours' worth.

The next morning we had to get up at 4:30 AM to get an early start for the Jordan-Israeli border crossing. There had been another tour of some 200 people in town too and we wanted to get to the border before them. We did and it was just as well because it was a long hot process as it was but if we'd been behind them, wow! The Israelis understandably are extremely thorough in their baggage search. You and your bag are at a long table and the official unpacks it completely, I mean empties it. The bag is then sent for X-raying to be sure you haven't got a false bottom or other goodies in it and then you repack it from the bottom up one item at a time under his watchful eye. My man and many of the other people were former Americans and thus spoke good English which made it a little easier. It is a slow process as one at a time you pass through a series of stops including a personal "frisking" until you step out into an open area with benches in it to wait while the rest of the tour goes through the same tedious process. Fortunately for me, the girls in the "frisking" booth were sort of bored by it all and were not too thorough, else wise they might have discovered my secret "weapon." Considering what can be done with

a few ounces of plastic explosive I'm surprised that they didn't require a vaginal examination of the females. After all that "private pocket" could easily be (and has been) used for secreting contraband so why not explosives? That would really have blown it wouldn't it. Wonder what the tour group would have said to my "revelation." Well, I was cool about it (in spite of the Jordanian sun) and would have carried it thru.

As we finally left the customs center and drove toward the Allenby bridge crossing (temporary as the original bridge had been destroyed in the 1967 war) we noted the machine gun emplacements, barbed wire, fortifications etc. all along the heights. Little did we realize on this day Thursday Oct. 4 that war would break out just two days later on the 6th. Fortunately for this area Jordan had sense enough not to open this front too. I really think that Hussein and Jordan could get along very friendly with the Israelis and be very useful to each other if the other Arab countries didn't bring pressure on them. Of course Jerusalem and the west bank of the Jordan had been in Jordanian hands until the 1967 war which is a big bone of contention. But then the Arab Legion (Jordanian) had captured it from the Jewish inhabitants back in 1947 when Israel was founded.

On the way to Jerusalem we stopped at the ruins of Jericho which have been excavated down to a depth of about 30 feet to the original city whose "walls came tumbling down" at the time of Joshua's assault. There isn't much to be seen except the excavation holes and the various levels but it gives one a certain feeling of awe to be in the presence of such recorded history. We finally reached the Jerusalem International Hotel on a hill overlooking the old walled city, a very interesting and beautiful view.

I don't want to bore you with a blow by blow description of all the places we visited but we spent the next 3 days covering Bethlehem, the old city, Garden of Gethsemane, the temple, Wailing Wall, Church of Nativity and the rest of the tourist places. It was naturally all very interesting but to me vaguely disappointing and disconcerting. I'm not very religious by this time in life but I went the Sunday School route as a child so I have a lot of programming in my head. One sets up some imagination about these places and then doesn't find them to be as imagined and it is something of a letdown. Being herded (that's the right word) into a building or church thru narrow corridors and down winding steps to be shown some "spot" under glass or behind fencing where Jesus was born, sat, talked, was buried or whatever is pretty disillusioning. Then when you find that the Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Protestants have literally cordoned off parts of these holy places as

"theirs" and set times for ceremonies with neither spaces nor times being infringed on by the other, it is hard to believe that they are all purporting to worship the same Jesus who taught peace, brotherhood, loving thy neighbor, etc. Somehow I could have done without it all. My imaginations and memories from childhood were much more satisfying than this competitive way of handling things. We visited the convent of the Sisters of Zion and our wise young woman guide made a telling point. She said that it should not be the rock, the tomb, the place, the building or the event that occurred here or there that one seeks out or venerates, but rather the whole concept of what happened in that city in those days. That was very wise and somewhat erased my disturbed feelings.

We took a morning ride from Jerusalem down to the Dead Sea, along the cliffs where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found – the caves are high up on the cliffs and no way to get to them easily – down about 30 miles to Masada. There we took an aerial tramway to the top. This is a very fascinating and historical place which I'd never heard of before until a friend, knowing I was going to Israel, gave me a book about it to read. Here on this relatively flat topped mountain rising sheerly out of the desert and the other hills around it the early Jewish Zealots made their last stand against the Romans. The place had been built and fortified by King Herod long before and there is a whole city on top with palaces, temples, baths, storehouses and everything. These 600 people men, women and children made their last stand up there. The Romans circled the place with about 6 camps, could not storm it as it was too steep and finally did a fantastic job of piling dirt up against the mountain in a rising wall until they could walk up it about two thirds of the way and gain a footing to climb the rest of the way. It was a feat of fantastic proportions to build this ramp. When they finally got to the top they found practically all of the defenders dead – by their own hands. I think I recall that 2 or 3 women were still alive and told the story. But rather than fall into Roman hands or to have their women raped their children taken into slavery they all decided to end it right there. The words of their leader in explaining their conditions, the alternatives and exhorting them to take their lives are about the most intense, dramatic and forceful I've ever read.

Saturday the 6th of Oct. we spent visiting the Dome of the Rock, the large Moslem mosque. It is really large, the floor covered with Oriental rugs with men sitting in groups all over the floor. We had to remove our shoes to go in of course. It is a really magnificent place with the big rock in the middle from which Mohammed was supposed to have ascended into heaven. Only Moslem men worship here, women are not allowed

(except in tourist groups) because they are presumed to interfere with the men's devotions – this compares inversely with the comment of American women that “men only have one thing on their mind” (and it isn't religion). We visited the Wailing Wall which is also divided into the men's and women's sections – maybe for the same reason. I walked down and into the women's section – where else – it was Yom Kippur and consequently very crowded.

That evening back at the hotel we heard the news of the outbreak of war. At first people thought it was just another skirmish but as I had brought along my little transistor radio I was able to pick up the Voice of America from Beirut and the BBC from London which made it clear that this was for real. I became the source of current news for our group. Sunday morning we learned that Lod airport had been closed. We weren't due to leave the country for several days yet but it did begin to cast a cloud of concern over some of the group. In the afternoon we drove in private cars to Haifa – taxis and buses were busy with troops. We watched a number of tanks winding down the streets on the road to the Jordanian front from which we had come just 3 days before. On the road to Haifa we found groups of soldiers at intersections hooking rides to join their units; groups of white-coated people in front of the hospitals, many of them high school girls, awaiting the arrival of casualties; and frequently along the road collections of trucks of all kinds stashed under groves of trees – transport awaiting assignment; and convoys on the roads. Never having been in the middle of a war before it was sort of exciting and fearful at the same time. We of course had no idea what was going to happen either to the country or to us with the airport closed. Anyway we arrived at our hotel in Haifa on the slopes of Mt. Carmel in the middle of an air raid alert and were ordered into the basement garage to await the all clear before we could go to our rooms. There was another in the middle of the night but I didn't get out of bed for it.

Next day we took a ride up the coast to the Lebanese border which was quiet. There was an Israeli television crew there and they got us to line up by the border barrier and interviewed us as to whether we were frightened, etc. We weren't and said so and that we were being very well taken care of in Israel, etc. We learned later from letters from the states that the film had been shown on US-TV and friends of tour members had seen it and written. We had lunch at a kibbutz and were shown around it – including their bomb shelters – we were only about 40 miles from the fighting on the Golan Heights. The whole war made me so damn mad. Here was Israel where everybody was working and building and in which

a whole modern country had been constructed in the past 25 years forced into a war on a religious holiday. On the other hand Syria, and Egypt, where we had been, were dirty, full of beggars – and Syria and Lebanon full of the Palestine refugee camps – and I thought of what those countries would have looked like if the monies spent on armaments and the efforts spent on anti-Israeli actions had been put into improving the country and the people in them. It came to me that the higher-ups in the Arab countries didn't really want the Palestine question settled – they had a vested interest in keeping it alive as 1) it gave them continuing excuses for anti-Israeli acts and policies, and 2) it was the only issue on which they could all agree. (Even the subsequent oil embargo was neither unanimous nor equally effective in all Arab countries.)

On our way back to Haifa we visited the Crusader City of Accra which was a fantastic place. All your childhood imaginings about big castles and dungeons etc. There were endless rooms underground – big ones – which had only been excavated in the previous couple of years. On the roads there were a lot of women army MPs directing traffic, convoys moving up to the front and many other evidences of a war in progress and this was only Monday the 8th. We visited the beautiful gardens of the Ba'hai temple on the slopes of Mt. Carmel and found ourselves pinned down there for about a half hour with an air raid alert. We were in the open but they didn't want cars wandering around the streets in case something happened. We were only a couple of miles from the big Haifa oil refinery – a prime target for Syrian aircraft if they chose to make an attack into Israel.

Tuesday we drove on down the coast to Tel Aviv. It is a really growing city with many building projects underway, but these were all stopped and partly built buildings standing silent with the construction cranes on top of them with their slack cables blowing in the wind. Many shops were closed and many were boarded up or with strips of tape criss-crossing the windows. Traffic was very light even at the rush hour. Of course most of the shop owners had been called up to their units leaving only the women and old men to carry on the business of the country. Of course there was a blackout at sundown and what cars drove at night had blue lights. Although we stayed in the new Tel Aviv Hilton it was a measure of the pressure the country has lived under for years that all rooms were already provided with blackout curtains – they didn't have to be put up for the occasion. There were a lot of sonic booms all the time as jets came and went toward the Syrian and Sinai fronts. There was no panic anywhere, the hotel service was good tho slow due to short-handedness

and the lobby was full of war correspondents. The Army had an information booth in the lobby for them with news bulletins and AP press releases pinned up for all to see. We had another couple of air raid alerts in Tel Aviv too, but I figured that from my 10th or 11th floor room I'd rather take my chances on falling on top of the heap if we were bombed than to be in the basement with 10 stories of rubble over my head, so I just put my ear plugs in and stayed in bed.

Wednesday we had a free day while our tour leader tried to figure out what could be done with us and to make arrangements. Lod airport had been opened in a limited way and we were supposed to have gone to Cypress next, but the British pilots refused to fly in so that was out. The war also deprived us of an opportunity to visit Galilee and Nazareth in the north near the Golan Heights and Mt. Sinai and other parts in the south, so we just milled around town. I took the occasion to get my hair done again in a more reasonable color than the "Sadat Orange" that I'd acquired in Cairo. One of the other women on the tour with whom I had become quite good friends—the one I'd shared a stateroom with on the Nile—and who felt as I did about Israelis, felt that the only thing we could do to help the war effort, other than to stay out of the way, was to give some blood. So we managed to find a taxi to take us to the main hospital. Here high school students had mobilized to do their part. The boys were gate guards and couriers. The girls were guides to take us to the blood bank and also to take down medical information, keep an eye on us as we rested afterward, drank orange juice and ate cookies. Of course trained technicians actually took the blood. We were impressed with the way everybody pitched in and contributed useful effort without a lot of panicky milling around as might occur here. There is a great sense of community in Israel and it certainly showed during this emergency. I'm all for them. Anyone interested in the whole Middle East problem would do well to read "O Jerusalem", which I did on the trip. It puts the whole past history of the country in perspective and makes it easier to understand today's attitudes on both sides.

To use up time we were taken on a trip around Tel Aviv. I asked our guide, who was of military age, how come he wasn't called up. He said that he was assigned to the Lebanese front and it was not yet active. Apparently they assign men to the Lebanese, Syrian, Jordanian or Egyptian front depending on where they live. They do their training along those frontiers and thus are familiar with the area in which they may have to serve rather than being assigned to an unfamiliar area. Just another example of the efficiency and planning with which this country lives. War being an expected contingency rather than an unexpected event, they plan for that too.

Our tour leader, who was very knowledgeable and efficient, managed to promote us places on an Alitalia flight to Rome. That was the only line other than Israel's own El Al that was flying in. But the airport was busy militarily during the day so flights didn't leave till about 11 or 12 PM. We learned in the afternoon that we'd go that night but it was a long dismal lobby wait for the time to arrive to go to Lod. Then we flew to Rome and bussed to Ostia where they had found space for us—its nearer the airport than Rome itself—and we got to bed pretty pooped at 3 AM. But it was hardly worth it as we had to be up at 7 AM to eat, pack, bus to the airport and catch a flight to Istanbul. Arriving there we had to walk about a quarter mile to the Domestic airport and sit around—or stand since it was very crowded—waiting for 3 hours to catch a Turkish Airlines plane to Ankara. When we arrived at our hotel there we were a pretty bedraggled bunch I can tell you. But although we missed Cypress we were back on schedule again so that the rest of the tour could go on without a hitch.

So now we had Turkey to “do”. My first discovery was that it was a lot of country geographically speaking and one that I knew little or nothing about to begin with, although I've always been interested in really ancient history I never realized how much of it involved territory now within the borders of modern Turkey. Our first day was a full days excursion out to Hattusas whose claim to fame is that it was the capitol city of the Hittite kingdom about 4000 years ago. It has about 5 miles of wall around it and with many escape and supply tunnels one of which is 45 miles long and still open. These were the people that swept down thru Syria, Lebanon and Israel and battled the Egypt Pharaohs.

Next day we did a bit of Ankara itself. This city was founded and more or less designed by the founder of modern Turkey Mustafa Kemal Attaturk. It is a very interesting and beautiful city but has one thing in common with Los Angeles, it was laid out in a valley between mountains which was fine in the days when it was first built. But as industrialization progressed and auto transportation multiplied the smog problem became considerable. The pollution is just held above the city by the surrounding mountains with nothing to blow it away. It's as though the city were at the bottom of a coffee cup with thousands of feet of coffee (pollution) above it. Attaturks monument is here and it is about the most colossal individual memorial I've ever seen. It is a great flagstone courtyard about 100 yards square with his tomb and mausoleum at one end. The opposite side as I remember is open with a long vista across a rolling park. The other two sides are enclosed by 2 story buildings which are museums, offices and barracks for the guards. These brawny fellows pace back and forth all over the place

in a step that is a cross between the German goose step and the British stamping kind of walking. I should think they would pound their arches flat on those flagstones hour after hour. In any case it is really impressive.

We now embarked on a long day's ride by bus from Ankara through the middle of the country to the area known as Capodocchia ending up in the little town of Goreme. But we had a bit of an incident on the way. Our bus broke down – the transmission gave out even though it was a big modern, and not too old, vehicle. Over there the bus is driven by the driver but he is always accompanied by another man who helps out whenever necessary, such as backing up in tight places, etc. Well, after we had been parked by the side of the road for about an hour, while the driver, the assistant, our guide and any of the men (and occasionally me) who had any ideas tried to figure out what was wrong or what to do, the driver finally decided to flag a ride into the next town, which he did. About 45 minutes later he returned down the road in a new (different) bus and we all piled in. All but the young man who was the assistant. He stayed with the bus.

Goreme and other towns in this area are amazing places. While they are made up of more modern buildings and market places now, their fame and interest rests in the fact that during the Middle Ages and up to not too many years back everyone lived in houses literally carved out of the soft volcanic tuff which formed most of the hills of the region. Because it was soft it was easily eroded into canyons, but that left not only the sides but pinnacles of considerable size standing isolated from the canyon wall. Each of these became a house. It was hollowed out inside and became home. During earlier times considerable numbers of people lived in the area and were early Christians and quite religious. Thus there are any number of little chapels carved out of the rock too. Many of these were decorated by murals in very interesting fashion. I got a big laugh out of one of the women who was really quite a devout Catholic – she knelt, crossed herself and prayed at every church we entered. But in this case she stood and studied intently a mural showing the birth of Jesus. Joseph and Mary were in it, of course, and the wise men too. But she kept looking at Joseph and finally in a tone of amazement and disbelief she said half to herself, "Golly, he looks like he was thinking to himself, 'Well I'll be damned – and I never even laid a hand on her.'" This broke the rest of us up, but she was right – that's exactly how he looked.

As you can see from one of the accompanying pictures this is a very sexy part of the country. It proved to be quite embarrassing to some of

the older ladies in the group. The peculiar geological feature of having a layer of hard rock over the softer volcanic tuff meant that the soft material was eroded by wind and water much faster than the cap rock. Thus a piece of hard rock was left on top of a column of soft, and yet the rains managed to erode these pieces into cones. Thus we had a valley of rigid vertical penises sticking up all over. It bugged some of the old gals all right. I bought the postcard reproduced here before we actually went to the valley. I showed it to one of the Jewish men in the group and he looked at it, smiled and said, "What do you know, they are all Jewish" – meaning circumcised.

The town of Goreme is quite small and the hotel rather primitive, but after dinner the waiters, room boys and townspeople came and met in a big gathering room in the basement where we were treated to Turkish entertainment of singing, dancing by the men and music. Then they had one of the mixed folk dancing things where the men went into the audience and picked women to come out and join the circle. I was the only one in our group to join in. So later when they had a little free couple dancing the same guy came and asked me to dance, which I did, and again I was the only woman in our tour group who was asked. This served to raise my femininity a few points to compensate for my relatively unfeminine activities of climbing to the tops of ruins carrying heavy bags, jumping from rock to rock and going up on deck in the gale. Being feminine enough to interest a man proved that I wasn't entirely a tomboy and I regained a little feminine respect, or perhaps I was treated with a little more respect since I made some of them jealous by being chosen over them. Anyway it was all good fun. However, this guy began to get suggestive with a sort of "your place or mine" kind of attitude, so I had to plead an early bed because of an early departure next morning to escape from him and back to the group. I learned that Turkish men are a bit wild over foreign women because they are forced to treat their own women very, very circumspectly. A woman has to be a virgin at marriage or else. Thus any male who deprives a female of her virginity before marriage stands a good chance of being banished or maybe killed or imprisoned. They are very tough on this subject and women are protected very sternly in the villages. Of course, in Ankara and Istanbul and other larger cities the European influence is strong, and women don't wear long black dresses or go veiled and be chaperoned, etc. There it is heels, miniskirts, drinking, smoking and considerable carrying on. Yet even so the sexual restraint is very strong. But it is because of this that European women are fair game to Turkish men, and any woman who has felt forgotten at home could certainly get what she was looking for in Turkey.



"Fingers of Fate" - Gereme, Turkey



Harbor + Town - Mykonos, Greece

The country is unique for another reason too. Since it is only gradually coming out of the Middle Ages and into the 20th century and also out from under the sultanhip into a democracy, the peasantry of the country doesn't understand or accept various modern attitudes. One of these is that they don't believe in putting their money in the banks, they hoard gold and bury it or put it into jewelry for their women. As a result it is hard for banks to build up the deposits necessary for making loans of working capital to industry. Because of this every street light, bus stop bench, billboard and large sign is an ad for a bank. Can you imagine taking all the ads you are accustomed to seeing in magazines, billboards, TV and everywhere else for some brand of cigarettes and replacing them with advertisements for Bank of America, Chase National or some smaller local bank. It would be incongruous over here but Turkey is plastered with them.

While still in the Goreme area we visited the unbelievable underground city of Kay Makli, which was only discovered three years ago. Several thousands of people lived here at one time - Christians defending themselves from the Moslems. The whole city was underground, living, cooking, sewage systems, a water well and rooms and passages going everywhere. One could very easily get lost in there, and it seems impossible that all those people could be milling around underground like a bunch of ants but they did. The Moslems couldn't get at them, though, and that was the idea. Finishing with this area we bussed back to Ankara the way we had come. Two and a half days and two nights after we had abandoned our original bus we got back to it. The poor boy left to look after it was still there. I had forgotten a book I was reading on it so I got our bus to stop while I went into the old one to look for it. He had found it and gave it to me, and I returned to our bus and took up a collection of oranges, figs, candy, and other eatments that everyone had stowed away in their baggage. The poor kid had been there the whole time with very little to eat or to do while watching the bus and waiting for the driver to make arrangements for getting it towed back to Anakara and installing a new transmission. They did get it fixed in due course, however, because when we arrived in Istanbul several days later there they were waiting to take care of us again.

After another night in Ankara we flew to Izmir - or, by its old name, Smyrna. It is an interesting city on the Aegean Sea and is a Turkish naval base. Next day was spent on a trip to Ephesus, one of the really important cities of ancient times. Here was built the Temple of Artmis (otherwise known as Diana of the Ephesians), which was regarded as one of the

seven wonders of the ancient world. It was destroyed by earthquake and fire and rebuilt at various times by Alexander the Great in Greek times and by Augustus in Roman times, but it is just another ruin now. We walked through the streets of the city, which must have been quite a place, judging from the size and variety of the ruins still there. We did get a big kick out of one sign which had been erected for tourists. Seems there was a really enterprising courtesan in those days who ran the town's biggest and best "house of ill repute"; but apparently they weren't considered "ill" in those times because it was right on the corner of the main drag was quite complex inside, with bathing rooms, sitting rooms and a lot of small cubicles for, shall we say, "business purposes." Anyway the explanatory sign was in German—"Froeliche Hause" (pleasure house), English (Brothel), and Turkish—"Ask Evi." Those are Turkish, not English, words, but phonetically translated it seemed so appropriate. After all, wasn't she the "founder" of that kind of business?

We also visited the Aesculapium—you have all heard of Aesculapius, the God of Medicine. It was fascinating to learn of the various psychiatric treatments and techniques that were used here in addition to the more orthodox medical activities. They were evidently quite aware of the role played by the mind in either manufacturing illness—psychosomatic medicine—or in making worse some organic or functional condition through anxiety, nervousness, etc. So they treated for that too. Made me aware once again of how much of what we think of as a relatively modern invention, discovery and techniques were known to and practiced by our forebears two, three or four thousand years ago. Tends to make you a little more humble and tolerant. We aren't so great as we like to think.

It was on a mountain top above Ephesus that Jesus' Mother, Mary came to live with John after the crucifixion, and there is a little church there dedicated to her. It was new information to me that it was in a church council in 451 A.D. here in Ephesus that Mary was declared the Virgin "Mother of God." Interesting that it took over 400 years to get around to that, which reduces the probability of its being literally true to a very low figure indeed. I imagine this observation will irritate some of the devout Catholics amongst us, but we are all entitled to our opinions and points of view, and that was mine so I record it.

Next couple of days were spent driving around the Turkish Coast through Pergamum, Troy, Bursa and on to Istanbul. It was interesting to go to Troy, though more to say that I've been there than for what you can see. The site was excavated by Schliemann over a century ago and pres-

ently consists of very old ruins – walls and holes. He removed the collected trash and revealed the remains of the walls, and then they dug down and found the remains of separate cities one on top of the other. As time, departure of population or the destruction of wars destroyed one city and later on people would build another in its place. They are in the process of building a giant wooden horse as a tourist item, that being what the place is most remembered for, but it is only in skeleton form as yet. But here was the ground on which Achilles, Ulysses and Agamemnon walked and where Helen lived before her abduction by Paris, according to legend.

Arriving in Asiatic Istanbul and making our way slowly to the ferry dock was fascinating. Even more so was the 20 minute ride across the Bosphorus to the European side. We could see the big Istanbul Hilton on the side of the hill where we were to stay. I've never seen such maritime traffic in my life. It made the Hudson River on its busiest day look empty – boats of every kind from large ocean-going Russian passenger and freight vessels going up to or coming from the Black Sea; private yachts of all sizes, sightseeing vessels also of all sizes, innumerable little tramp coastal vessels going back and forth and ferry boats literally going in all directions. Since boats are not easy to stop like cars in crowded traffic, it took some considerable skill and awareness for the ferry captain – or any other captain, for that matter – to thread his way across, ahead of this one and behind that and to the starboard of one and port of another. Everybody seemed to know what they were doing, but for the stranger it was like being in a hurry in a New York or London taxi. I had a beautiful room in the Hilton overlooking the Bosphorus which was ablaze with ships at night as there were eight or nine cruise ships anchored in the stream, and they all had festoons of lights from the bow over the top of the masts and down to the stern. You could sit on that balcony with a pair of binoculars all day long as the pattern wasn't static for five minutes.

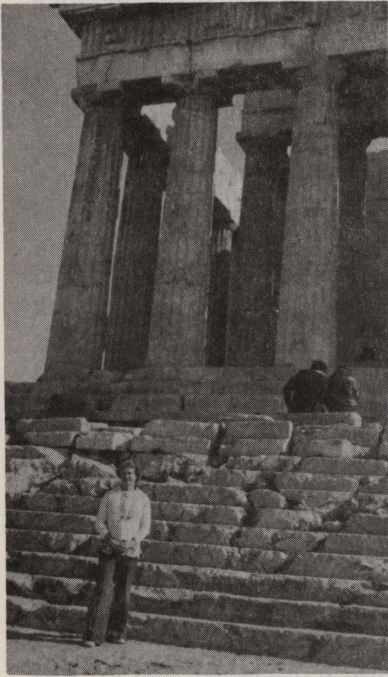
Istanbul is obviously a place you could spend a couple of weeks in – if you weren't driven out of your mind by the traffic. Take an ancient city with narrow, twisting streets and dump in a couple of million cars and about five thousand buses, set the clock for 5 PM – going home time – and watch it. We think we have traffic jams here, particularly on big city freeways – but wow, it seems like the whole city just stops. It took the bus about an hour and a half to go what must have been about five miles across town. It's all very complicated since the Golden Horn, which is a large islet off the Bosphorus, bisects the town and there are only two bridges over it. Everything has to tunnel down to and over them. Watching those bus drivers wrangle those big buses around and through the jams

was something – it's every man for himself.

Naturally we visited the famous Topkapi palace of the Sultan with its museum of valuables of every kind. They don't keep the cases dusted so that jewelry, jewel encrusted crowns, plates, medals, etc. all end up looking like something out of Woolworth. Diamonds and emeralds worth a fortune look like pieces of white and green glass in brass settings. It was interesting to see that the Sultan had all the most precious relics of Mohammedanism here which he had captured from the Arabs in Mecca and elsewhere. I expect he would have taken the Kaaba (the sacred black stone in Mecca that the Arabs go on their Hegiras to touch and kiss) if it hadn't been fastened to the ground or too heavy. I'm sure the Arab world would be very much interested in getting it all back. This palace and grounds and contents once again brought home to me how much human toil, suffering and death were exacted by rulers of old to build pyramids, temples, palaces and monuments of one kind or another to their egos. Surely, though there is misery in our own country today for thousands of people, it must be greatly better than what must have existed for so many for so long in so many places.

Finally, "bye bye" to Turkey and a plane for Athens. We were supposed to go directly to the docks and board a cruise ship, but things got screwed up so they took us to the Athens Hilton for the night and we spent the afternoon walking around town. Got to see the Evzons guards at the entrance to the Royal Palace – which is now the home of the Dictator Colonels. These are the famous crack troops who wear panty-hose and ballet skirts, pompons on their shoes and tassels on their berets. Judging by their size – all over six feet – I think anyone calling them sissies (in Greek) would soon learn the error of their ways. I got the desk man at the hotel to write down the Greek letters under an English alphabet so I could figure out what the several Greek letters that were either unlike ours or looked like ours but meant another letter, really were. So I had a lot of fun trying to read signs. Knowing some Greek signs from my scientific background and fraternity names, it was a challenge.

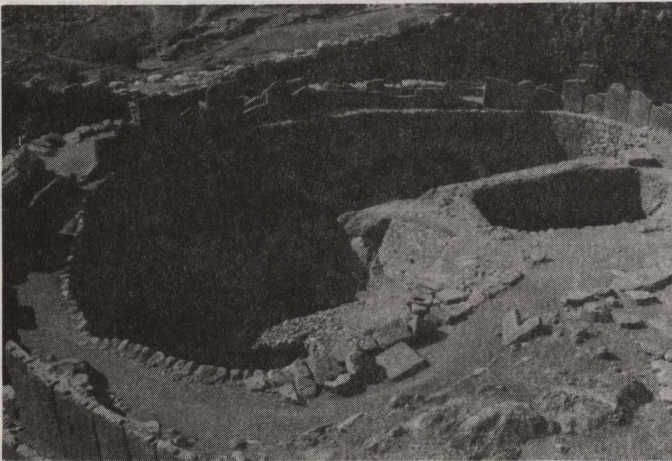
Next morning the boat trip was on and we sailed out of Pireus for the island of Mikonos. We were on one of the many cruise ships that cover the eastern Mediterranean and Aegean seas. We had quite a little gale going when we got out in the open, and most of the ladies stayed in the lounge and indulged in a lot of ladylike vomiting from the pitching and rolling. But with one of the few adventurous men I went up on the flying bridge and, standing behind the windbreak, enjoyed nature's manifesta-



Visitors to the
Parthenon. Athens, Greece



Corinth Canal, Greece



Ancient Burial Chamber—Mycenae - Greece

tions very much. We arrived in the late afternoon at Mikōnos and were lightered ashore as the sea was too rough to tie up at the dock. This is a most picturesque little island and evidently a tourist place, because it was also an artist colony with lots of shops selling painting, weaving, ceramics, jewelry and native souvenirs of various kinds. Every building is white washed so that it is all blinding white in the sun. We were supposed to go from here to the island of Dolos, nearby, which was the reputed birth-place of Apollo and a sacred place to the ancient Greeks; but the tides were too strong for the small boats, and we remained an extra day on Mikonos. The larger tourist vessel, the Jupiter, couldn't get in close enough to take us on, so we boarded a smaller vessel and chased the Jupiter all night, arriving in Rhodes the next morning where we transferred our luggage to the Jupiter. Rhodes was a very interesting place, and we enjoyed going through the castles of the Crusaders. It was here that the Colossus of Rhodes—a gigantic statue of brass—stood astride the entrance to the harbor. It too was one of the wonders of the world, but was destroyed for its metal centuries ago.

That night we sailed for Crete and landed the next morning in Heraklion. Crete was one of the most interesting places on our trip, to me, as it was here that King Minos reigned. He lived in the palace of Knossos, which was excavated and partially reconstructed by Evans in the 1890's. This palace once again showed me how much was known by our early ancestors. The architects who built it must have been pretty sharp: they must have worked from blueprints—drawings, that is. There are three separate water systems—one for fresh water, one for sewage and one for roof drainage—that are built into the walls and under the floors, indicating that they were designed *before* the building was built. The queen's chamber had a bathtub in it and a running water toilet. Fresh water was carried from a spring up the mountain, down and across a canyon that was much lower and then up the plateau where the palace was. Thus the principle of water seeking its own level was understood long before Pascal demonstrated it with his famous vases. Interesting enough, this palace was largely built with columns of gypsum, which is one of the softest minerals (No. 2 on the hardness scale). I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it. I also learned that the gymnastic events which are still used and which involve a leather "horse" are a modern adaptation of an ancient Cretan sport. Both young men *and* young women would let a sacred bull run toward them, jump up, catch his horns and somersault over his back to the ground. That is still one of the gymnastic exercises, differing only in that the gymnast runs at the "horse," grabs the two handholds on the top of it—equivalent to the bull's horns—and down on the other side,

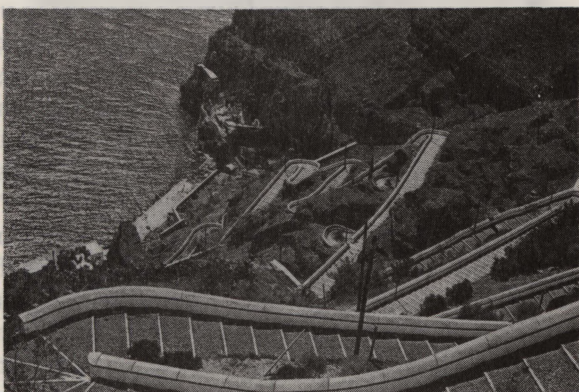
whereas with a live bull the bull does the running and the person waits for him. This civilization fell about 1450 years B.C., or nearly 3500 years ago. It was here that Theseus slew the Minotaur in Greek myths. But like most myths there was some basis in fact, because if you take the word Minotaur apart it becomes Minos, the king; and -taur or taurus, the bull. Bulls were sacred and Minos was a very powerful king. Apparently the story of Theseus slaying the Minotaur really meant that he broke (slew) the power of the Cretan court, represented by the bull, over Athens, which was being oppressed by Crete at the time. Modern study of Greek myths has led to the conclusion that there was some core of truth and reality at the bottom of them. Anyway I really enjoyed Crete and Knossos.

We left Crete about 1 PM and arrived at the island of Santorini (Thera) about 5 PM on an overcast day. We had to lighter off to the foot of the cliffs, and then we mounted mules that were led up the interminable steps to the top where the village of Thera is located. The main attraction of this island to me was in its geology. I have printed three pictures of it – one taken from the rim shows far outlying islands which are in reality part of the remains of the crater wall, for this is in reality one gigantic crater. It exploded about 1450 B.C. in what must surely have been one of the world's greatest volcanic blasts. The tidal waves set up are presumed to be responsible for the destruction of the Cretan civilization on the island of Crete, which is only about 60 miles away. Terribly violent earthquakes occurred at the same time, and practically all buildings on Crete were destroyed along with the famous Cretan fleet. It has been suggested by several authorities that this was the origin of the myth of Atlantis, since Crete had a very highly advanced civilization in the arts, sciences and trade and it all disappeared almost overnight. The pictures show an island in the middle of the bay which is just volcanic ash that was pushed up centuries later. You can get an idea of how gigantic an explosion it must have been if you visualize a mountain volcano whose edges were the present cliffs of Santorini and the outlying islands. Not only did all that earth disappear, but as you see from the pictures the crater wall in many places blew out to well below sea level, which allowed the sea to flow in. The steam and smoke that must have formed would have filled the air with dust literally for generations, so it must have been many times greater than the explosion of Krakatoa in the East Indies in the early part of our century and dust from that explosion remained in the air for years and years. After our muleback ride up and down the cliffs we re-embarked on the Jupiter and sailed back to Athens.

After another night in the Hilton it was off by bus for a tour of impor-



Crater Rim Santorini, Thera at top



Steps looking down from Thera



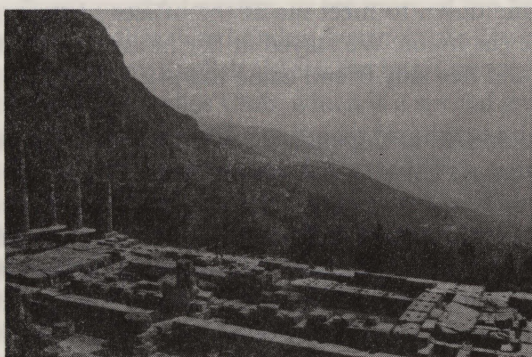
View of flooded crater, Santorini, Greece

tant places on the mainland. First were Corinth and the Corinth canal—see picture. This is dead straight across the isthmus, like some giant had just taken a sharp stick and scratched a deep furrow from sea to sea. We covered various historical spots including Mycenae, where Agamemnon reigned. This was the principal city of the Greeks at the time of the Trojan War. When it was excavated again by Schlieemann, who had discovered Troy, he found hoards of golden objects including a cup which had been described by Homer as the one from which Ulysses drank. It is on display in the Athenian museum, and I was so impressed with it that a reproduction of it now rests on my mantelpiece at home. We went on to Olympia, where the original Olympic games were held, and saw the stadium, the temples, baths, etc. Having been an athlete in my college days and having seen the Olympics in 1932 in Los Angeles, I was particularly thrilled to be here “where it all started.” There is an Olympic Museum in the town, too, which I visited and found interesting; but I was the only one of our tour group that did—it figures. The next day’s ride took us across the Gulf of Corinth on a strange little ferry boat to a landing at Itea, which is below fabled Delphi, up to which we drove for a two day stay. I never realized before that Delphi is on the side of a mountain *below* cliffs a couple of thousand feet higher straight up and *above* a very deep Yosemite-like valley almost straight below. It’s a breathtaking sight. No wonder the ancient Greeks found it a place of the gods. Apollo had his chief temple here and of course the Delphic Oracle. The accompanying picture shows the stone over which the Delphic priestess who was the current oracle sat. In those days there were volcanic fumes arising from the ground at this place, and the priestess sat over the vents and breathed the fumes. She was also given bay leaves to chew which have a toxic principle in them. The combination of the two sent her on a “trip” in which she uttered various words which the priests in attendance then rearranged so as to give a subtle meaning—something like fortune cookies. But the priests were sharp—why not, they had a good thing going as treasures were left by the great and the common—they had their spies throughout the ancient world keeping them abreast of current events, intrigues, wars, scandals, etc. So they seemed to have some sort of local information for most anyone who came there. This made it the most famous oracle of the ancient world.

After two nights at Delphi we began the long bus ride back to Athens with some considerable doubt as to whether we would make it. It was on a Sunday and the oil crisis was on in Greece (this was the 4th of November) and stations were closed. Our bus driver finally drained the diesel oil from the air conditioning motor and put it into the gas tank, and we made it back to Athens safely. The next morning all the rest flew off to New



Ruins of Corinth, Greece



Delphi - Temple of Apollo



Delphi, where the oracle Priestess sat

York, and little old me flew back to Vienna, took a taxi to the Mercedes dealer and reclaimed my lovely little yellow car. I had hoped to get in another glider flight at one of the two fields near Vienna, but it was a low overcast day so no luck. I just took off, threading my way uncertainly through Vienna till I found the Autobahn, and headed north for Hamburg. That trip took me four days driving up the Danube and stopping overnight in little towns where one could find a "Zimmer und Fruestuck"—bed and breakfast, as the English say—arrangement in a home. Lots of people have extra rooms and take in overnight guests, and the price includes a continental breakfast of coffee or chocolate, rolls, butter and jam. I met some interesting people this way and managed to make myself understood *im Deutsch gut genug* (in German good enough). I went through Regensburg, Nuremburg, Wurtzburg and stopped along the way as I felt like it. I couldn't drive more than 60 because the car was new, but those German drivers on the Autobahn—there is no speed limit—are really something else. Arrived Nov. 9th in Hamburg and got in touch with Gaby, who came down to meet me at the offices of the company who would ship the car home. We stayed at her house that night, and Wera from Bremen and her lady friend came to visit. We had a good time.

Next day took SAS to Copenhagen where I spent five days in one of my favorite cities. As before I was entertained by Erna, our FPE coordinator for North Europe, attended the annual meeting-banquet of the Danish FPE, visited with friends from previous trips and made new ones. I gave another talk to the psychiatric faculty at Riggs Hospital and had dinner with a couple of the doctors at their home. It was cold, windy and snowing in Copenhagen, and most of my clothes were selected for the Middle East region so I had to go out and buy a warm dress to hike around in. In Denmark now you can, with a letter from a doctor (and willingness on your own part), take it and your drivers license to the police and they issue a document with your femmepicture on it which is attached to your regular drivers license. This is, in effect, a femme license and they don't give FPs any trouble. There are a lot of things in Scandanavia a lot smarter than a lot of things over here.

On Thursday the 16th I flew to London in the evening. England was already in the beginning stages of an energy crisis, so all unnecessary lighting was out. That meant that at night there was no glare from signboards or lighted buildings, etc. Only the street lights were visible, and there were the usual white kind, which looked silver, and the sodium vapor lamps, which were golden. I've never seen anything so beautiful from the air. It was as though one had taken numerous strings of gold and silver pearls

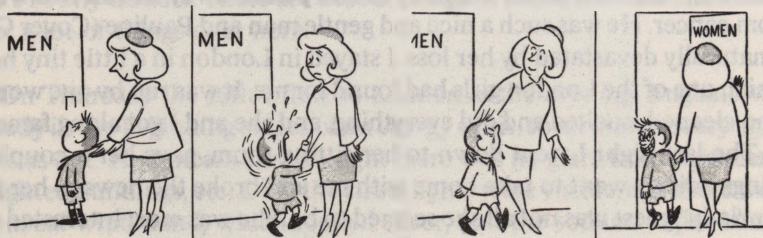
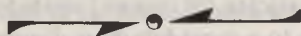
and flung them at random onto a large piece of black velvet. With no diffuse lighting each street lamp stood out individually, sharp and clear against the black night. We had to circle for about 45 minutes, and I nearly paralyzed my neck with my face glued to the window.

During my two weeks in London I had an eventful time. It started off with a dinner for me put on by the Beaumont society and attended by everybody who could get to town, including four French girls that came over from Paris. I had met them at the beginning of my trip three months before, so it was good to see them again. I took a train and boat trip to the Isle of Wight to spend the night with one of the English FPs and her wife that I'd met on the previous trip. They met me, fed and housed me, drove me around the island and we had a most interesting visit. Later that week Sylvia, who is the Beaumont's secretary and an old friend of mine, and I took a train trip to Ipswich to have a meeting with the Beaumont sisters in that area, and then the next night over to Leeds to repeat the performance there. It was most interesting to see more of the English countryside and some towns other than London, but most of all to exchange views and experiences with my English sisters. Back in London I spent an evening with the Fairlawn Ladies Club, which is a special group of London Beaumont members who rent an apartment for their own monthly meetings, and again we got into some great discussions.

In addition to such meetings I made a taped interview for a series to go to MDs all over England for their enlightenment on various subjects; I did a radio interview on a news show and I got in a lecture to the psychiatric staff at one of the hospitals, and visited with a couple of magazine editors about possible articles. Of course I visited with Cover Girl and her husband, who took me to a most fabulous dinner which was a smorgasbord type but where they had prime ribs, leg of lamb and roast pork all at the same time. Boy, I'm afraid I made myself a femme chauvinist pig at that dinner. I was so sorry to learn just a couple of weeks ago that Ivan, the husband, had been taken suddenly ill and passed away within two weeks from cancer. He was such a nice and gentle man and Pauline (Cover Girl) is naturally devastated by her loss. I stayed in London in a little tiny hotel which one of the London girls had found for me. It was run by one woman who cleaned, cooked and did everything, and she and I got along famously. The last night I went down to her sitting room, gave her a couple of things I didn't want to take home with me and broke the news to her that her "lady" guest was not all she seemed to be. She was most interested and accepting, and now that place will be available for any others who want to go. It was very reasonable, clean and within two blocks of the Baker

Street Underground station if any of you are going to England – Merryfield House on York Street.

Well, all good things come to an end and the day came to head home. TWA was on strike so my ticket had to be transferred to Pan Am on what was to have been a direct London-Los Angeles polar flight. However, we were so packed with people and baggage that they announced that we couldn't get off the ground with a full fuel load, so we had to drain some of it away and plan on a stop in Seattle to refuel. This we did, but it was a kind of remarkable flight – we left England about 3 PM and took off northwestward over Greenland. As it got later it got darker, naturally, and the sun set eventually and it was night. Presently it began to get brighter as we moved further north as well as west, but it got bright in the west. This was the first time I ever saw a *sunrise in the west*. We were then our furthest north – somewhere around Hudson bay, I guess – and then as we curved around in a southwesterly direction toward Seattle, the sun began to set again and finally it was night. So on that “day” I had two sunrises and two sunsets, but three of the four were in the west – kind of weird. Well, we got into L.A. about 10 that night, Dec. 1, an even three months since I left. It certainly was an adventurous, fascinating and educational trip. And of course it leaves my travel bug in high gear to go some more to learn more about this great world of ours. However, I have to stay home this year and recover from the financial shock of that trip plus the car. It, incidentally, arrived three days after Xmas without mishap and I'm driving it most happily; it's a really great car. So that's enough of Virginia's doings for now (probably too much, in the minds of some of you), so it's back to the salt mines. Bye, now!



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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.

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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 addressees femmename and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

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