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Transvestia

FICTION

Radio Station W O M B
Charm School - Part II
Career Girl

HISTORY

It's a Long Road

TRUE STORY

Up Date
My Precious Day

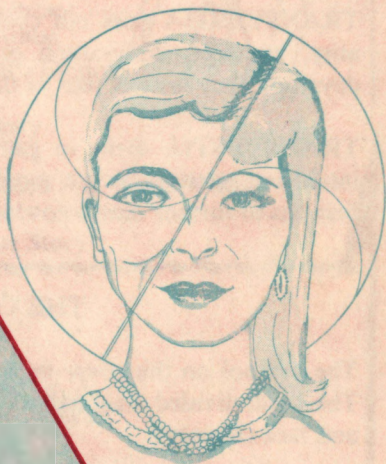
ARTICLE

The Girl Within Yet Again

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Acceptance and Responsibility



Volume XIII No. 76

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

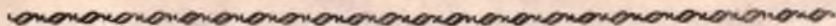
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



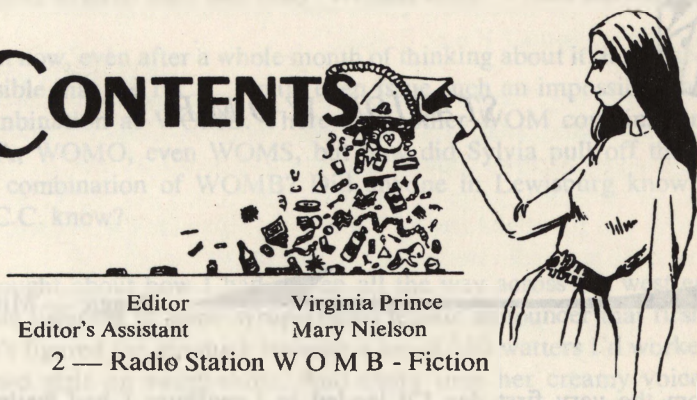
A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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VOL XIII

NO. 76

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

STATION WOMB

Peggie — Missouri

From the very first day I'd landed in Lewisburg I had waited and schemed for a chance to get back at the man-haters that ran station WOMB. No bunch of freak females were going to get away with accusing me of being a skirt swishing fairy.

I had never even considered dressing up in female clothes, or any of it, until the day I walked into WOMB. "How do you look in a dress, Donnie Doll," the snooty bitch had squealed. And then they all three laughed at me. And for a whole miserable month it had been an endless joke around Lewisburg. A joke that was a daily nightmare.

But tonight I was going in there and wreck their rotten little powder-puff set-up. I sat there in the cool darkness of the evening watching the gleaming WOMB building across the street, hypnotized by the red lights threading up the tall tower into the darkening sky.

As I lit what must have been my tenth or even fifteenth cigarette, since parking the car, I considered that it wouldn't be a matter of physically wrecking the place. No. Not smashing everything to pieces, although I had often thought of doing just that.

I couldn't risk a jail rap, not tonight, not when I finally had enough money saved up to leave this rotten town. I would just sit there in my car and wait until the night girl came on. Then I could sneak into the station and have the supreme satisfaction of ruining the reputation of WOMB. I would be the first male disk jockey their listeners and sponsors had ever heard. And I could tell this whole stinking town the real story behind this freak set-up.

I could still picture the sign on Sylvia Stern's desk, the impossible, bitch, gold-lettered sign, that read "Women Only — Men Banned."

Even now, even after a whole month of thinking about it, it still seemed impossible that the F.C.C. would even issue such an impossible call letter combination as WOMB. There were other WOM combinations — WOMA, WOMO, even WOMS, but how did Sylvia pull off the nauseating combination of WOMB? Did anyone in Lewisburg know? Did the F.C.C. know?

I thought about how I had driven all the way across the west end of the state listening to some syrup-voiced female announcer that first day. I hadn't figured the gimmick because a lot of 250 watters I'd worked for had used girls on swing-shifts. And every time her creamy voice had identified the station she had let the "B" trail off into a WOM . . . B.

And I still hadn't really been thinking about the WOMB part, even after seeing the gleaming low-built building. I'd been more curious about the jazzy little foreign compact jobs on the station's parking lot.

Inside, as I'd walked down the polished tile floor of the corridor the intense perfume had been something else to consider. Then I'd discovered where most of the Chanel No. 5 fragrance was coming from when I opened the door marked: Sylvia Stern, *Manager*.

A female station manager I'd mused. But even this hadn't clued me in. It was different, but not impossible. But by then I'd become too intoxicated by the sight of the plushy carpeted room. Sunlight had streamed from some large modern windows framing a luscious giant of a blonde seated at a desk. Her cool green eyes had met mine in a steady momentary gaze as we both surveyed each other. Then her lips had parted in a half-moon and she asked, "Did you have an appointment — "

"Don Dillon," I'd broken in, "I just got in town. I'm a DJ, but I can double as engineer."

She'd slithered up out of the leather-covered chair without letting the curious twist of her lips change. Then she'd let her eyes drift over me again as she said, "You're cute, Donny, real cute. And you've got the kind of shrill girlish voice we could use. How do you look in a dress, with a wig and everything?"

For what must have been a full two or three seconds I'd been unable to speak. It was too incredible. Then, when the words had come, I spit them at her. "What is this? I'm no faggot!"

"My dear boy," she'd hissed, "WOMB is exclusively a female radio station. From the janitor right up to me. All girls. Only now and then we do have a boy like you come flitting in — Donnie Doll —"

"Why you perverted freak," I'd yelled, "I wouldn't work in this dump if it was the last radio station on the face of the earth."

"See us when you get back from Denmark, sugar," she'd squealed as I turned around, "I'm sure nature has made a mistake we could correct here at WOMB." As the words had rained in my ears laughter filled the room from a large public address set-up. I'd looked in through a glass paneled control-room to see two of Sylvia's trained felines laughing their beautiful heads off as I bolted for the door. Their squeals carried out through the long corridor, and followed me clear outside.

Only the sudden sting from the butt pinched in my clenched fist brought my mind back from the insanity of that first and last encounter with Sylvia Stern. I sat up, realizing that I was about to gain my final revenge. It was now growing much darker. The red lights of the WOMB tower were more brilliant in their sensuous climb up the tall tower. The night girl would be pulling in any minute in her jazzy little sports car.

Maybe she would be one of the two in the control-room that first day. I began to go over it again. My real mistake had been running out of there. The average guy would have just let Sylvia have her fun.

But was I an average guy?

The thing a man hates most is to be called a sissy. And worse than that even, a queer. And Sylvia had hinted at all of it. She had some strange hold over me, some edge, some way of sensing fears and memories I had long since forced out of my mind.

Only during the last month those fears and memories had been coming back in pieces during the long hours at the turn-table, and in bits during the fitful nights in my flea-bitten apartment. But I could never fully piece the bits and pieces together.

There would be a dream centered in Jamaica Plains, my old home place. And there would be the faces of the mean Harris brothers. But the

taunts were not those of the Harris brothers, but of Sylvia, as if Sylvia had known me all of my life.

I was all mixed up.

And Sylvia Stern had been the cause of that, too. Whatever Sylvia thought she had on me, whether it was my high-pitched voice, the way I exploded when she pulled the DJ in skirts thing, whatever it was, she made sure I would never forget it.

When I had left WOMB that day she was certain I'd head for the only other station in Lewisburg, and of course, I had headed for KZYZ.

But when I got over there, the manager, his only full-time DJ, and Ruth, the Girl-Friday at KZYZ, were ready and waiting for me. Sylvia had phoned ahead and talked to Ruth. And the story Sylvia told had been on each of their faces when I walked in.

I had showed up at WOMB dressed in female clothes!

But how cruel had those first few remarks been? And how much of it had been mixed with the embarrassment and anger from having Sylvia start it all only minutes before? And then how much of it was all woven up in the dreams since then?

Only the desperation of needing the job had let me hang on those first few minutes. And only Ruth's plea to Mr. Moon had brought a momentary stop to the kidding and cruel jibes. "All right, Dillon," the manager had said, "fact is, we do need a man, and I guess you are a man."

I could still picture his bald head and the ugly eyes as he'd said it. And I wanted to tell him to take his damned station and shove it, only to keep fightin' back was to keep admitting that they were very near the whole truth of the thing — that somewhere, in all the madness Sylvia had stirred up, maybe somewhere deep within me — I was afraid of something.

And across the room the thin wirey face of Tom Purcel had jerked with laughter. We were going to have to work together. We hadn't even been introduced, and yet, he was already planting his hooks in me. But Ruth Zittner's black eyes had narrowed with rage as her pretty face twisted into a snarl that made both Tom and Mr. Moon lay off me.

Ruth was the key herself, to this whole mad business. It had been Sylvia who had called Ruth that first day, setting me up as having been to WOMB in drag. But had Sylvia really said it? Or had this been something Ruth had fabricated from just a remark Sylvia had let slip?

What was it with Ruth?

She had helped me get the apartment. She had given me a weapon to use against the taunting Tom Purcell, that put Tom in his place, that made him lay off me for good.

And now, only today, she had agreeably sneaked me the key to the WOMB control-room.

Maybe I could find out the connection between Sylvia Stern and Ruth, once I was inside the station. It was obvious that Tom Purcell wasn't ever going to tell me anything. He too, had once tried to sneak into the WOMB control-room. Ruth had told me that, but only that much. But it had been enough to scare Tom into thinking I knew the whole bit.

I sat there thinking how Ruth always put off my constant questioning about Sylvia. Always something to the effect that Sylvia had sensed how tender I was about my high-pitched voice, and how she always went after new announcers that had been suckered into applying for a job at WOMB.

And that could be. Sylvia was smart. WOMB had its snooty reputation to uphold — an all girl radio station. No men allowed. So any new disk jockey who came to Lewisburg would be a natural for Sylvia and her felines to pounce on, get him mad, make him keep punching at WOMB. It was just the thing Sylvia wanted.

But I knew that Sylvia Stern didn't pull the DJ in skirts thing with every new DJ that hit Lewisburg.

That had been a treatment reserved just for me. But how did she happen onto it? Had she merely issued a hit, just put out the bait? Then when I snapped, she had me?

Or did it all hinge on Ruth? Was more of it Ruth's doing than Sylvia's? Ruth was always putting me off, always avoiding answers. And I could never exactly lead into it without feeling like a sap.

But Ruth had always put me off in another important way, too. I would stare at her from across the table in the coffee shop down the street from KZYZ, and try to fathom what was really going through her mind. She knew I was on fire about the way Sylvia had ripped me apart in front of those two pet tigers of hers.

"You don't have to prove you're a man to me, Don," she would say. "I don't want you to be like Tom, to be always pawing at me. Wait until you've been here awhile. Wait until you get over this hatred of Sylvia —"

"I won't ever get over that," I would break in. "WOMB has all the business in town. That's why Moon has to run such a cheapie outfit, why Tom and I have to damned near live at the station. That bitch and her pet felines have cornered every advertising man, every song-plugger — I'm going to break in there, Ruth, I swear I'm going to break into that control-room one of these nights and —."

My recollection of the many times I'd tol Ruth of my plans was interrupted as a car's headlights bathed in through my windshield. A car was at last turning into the WOMB parking lot, a little foreign roadster. I knew that in minutes the girl on duty would leave and I eased out of the car and crossed the street.

It was now fully dark as I made my way around the shadowy shrubs that ringed the low WOMB building. Inside, the two girl DJs were talking as I went around to the rear door. All I had to do was walk inside now, creep along the corridor, and unlock the control-room door.

The key was sweaty in my palm. I stood there rehearsing why I had been so careful about getting a key. I wasn't going to take a chance on a breaking-and-entering rap that would hold me in Lewisburg. With the key I could always say I'd had permission, that I had even been invited to go on the air.

As I moved toward the door I considered that it would be simple to over-power the cute night DJ and then tie her up. Then I could grab the microphone and tell this stinkin' town what I thought of this freak operation. I would have at least ten or fifteen minutes of air time before Sylvia or her pet panthers could get over to the station.

The smell of the intense perfume was even heavier than it had been that first day a month ago. The sultry girl-type music that kept WOMB

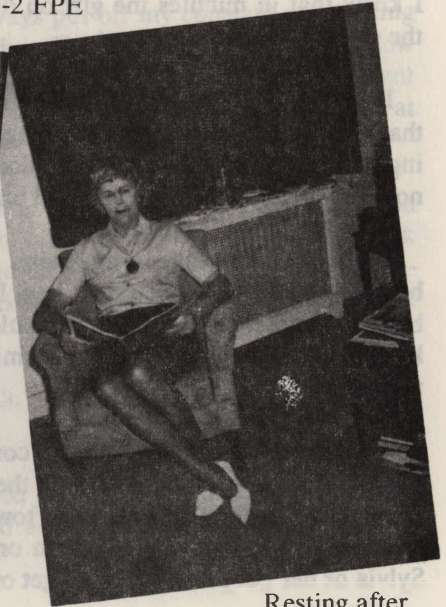


Domestic
Type

Conny 32-V-2 FPE



Going to
the dog



Resting after
a hard day

Conny 32-V-2 FPE

loaded with sponsors filtered from the large public address speaker in the dim-lit corridor, the same speaker that had carried the laughing, mocking taunts of Sylvia and her two felines that first day.

As I approached the control-room I could see the cute red-head sitting at the console. I moved toward the door with my key ready.

Suddenly, an animal held hold of me!

A beast with the strength of a gorilla had its arms around me from the back. I grabbed for the hands and then felt the bracelets around the powerful wrists. Looking down at the long fingers I saw the glint of the polished fingernails.

Sylvia!

She was crushing my ribs and at the same time I was being helplessly dragged down the corridor like a sack of flour. I tried to yell but my throat was too full of rage.

Suddenly, she pulled me into a room and two of her girls grabbed my arms as the door swung open. "Now, glamour boy," Sylvia hissed, "so you want to go on the air? Well, we're going to see that you do just that little thing!"

It was useless to struggle. The black-haired girl that held my right arm in a vice-like grip was every bit as strong as Sylvia. And the other brownish-haired girl had my left thumb twisted back until my whole left arm was paralyzed from the excruciating bolts of pain.

Two more girls, both raven-haired, came into the room carrying ropes. All of the girls, including Sylvia, were wearing ridiculously high-heeled shoes, with heels at least five inches tall. Their voluptuous figures were tightly-drawn into various kinds of chorus-type, satin leotards, with wide leather belts that crushed their stomachs into hour-glass silhouettes. And from their wasp-waists their hips slanted outward, sensuously, with the line of their curvaceous bodies then falling sharply into the black mesh-net stockings covering the solid legs clear down to the patent-leather spike-heels that clicked on the room's hard floor as they began tying me up like a calf being made ready for slaughter.

"What're you doing?" I cried out, at last.

"You're going to go to work for WOMB, Donna!" Sylvia hissed.

"Donna?" I said, gasping from the pjeasure the girls were applying to my arms and legs.

"Yes," she replied, sadistically, issuing some harsh directions to the girls as they continued with tying me up. "You've made quite a reputation for yourself here in Lewisburg despite the — ah rumors that one hears. Instead of tearing jealously into WOMB, you were smart. You built up your male image. But then, of course, that's the one great fear you have, isn't it, Donna? Your male image . . ." she hissed. "So tonight, in the window of Strauss-Meyer's, that image will be destroyed."

"Strauss-Meyer's?"

"WOMB's doing an on-the-spot remote broadcast from there tonight. You will be making your debut as our newest girl DJ. Donna Dillon, recently Don Dillon of KZYZ," she snarled. But as quickly she began laughing hysterically, and the other four girls roared with glee.

"What makes you think you can force me into your mad schemes," I challenged, suddenly determined to fight back, "once I'm on the air I'll tell this whole stinkin' town how you girls blackmail the advertising men, how you're nothing but a bunch of freak nymphomaniacs!"

Sylvia walked mincingly to another door of the small sound-proof audition room. She let her green eyes sweep to me majestically as she opened the door. There, bound and gagged, was Ruth Zittner!

"Ruth!" I screamed.

"Exactly," Sylvia purred, "and you've been very cozy with Ruth in this past month. If she's found beaten and molested it'll be a cinch to pin it on you, Donny Boy. And I have enough on Ruth here to make her press charges against you. Don't ever doubt that."

I looked over at Ruth, bound to the chair and helpless. Her sad dark eyes seemed to be pleading with me, telling me to play along with these female vampires. Now, of course, it all figured. Sylvia had gladly turned over the key to Ruth. And no telling what Sylvia had on her.

"I see you're thinking it over, Donna," Sylvia said presently. "You know, in any event, we can always say you sneaked in here in girl's clothes. In fact, that wouldn't surprise anyone in Lewisburg, would it girls?"

The others laughed wildly in agreement before Sylvia quieted them somewhat with an order to bring in what she described as *the trunk*.

This left only Sylvia and myself, alone with the helpless Ruth looking at us from the other room. I decided that this was my one chance to work a bluff. "There's one thing you're forgetting, you bitch. Tom Purcell knows I'm over here. If he doesn't hear me over 1490 in the next few minutes he'll know something's wrong."

"So what," Sylvia snapped, folding her long powerful arms together over her voluptuous breasts, "we've handled him before. In fact, Tom Purcell is in no position to do anything connected with WOMB." She let me consider what I had already suspected about Tom, and his once mysterious attempt to sneak into WOMB, before saying, "In any event, your voice will be heard on WOMB tonight, whether you cooperate with us or not."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked.

"Edited tapes," she snarled, curling her ruby lips into a cupid's bow, "carefully edited tapes of your broadcasts over KZYZ. With the words snipped out and — ah slightly rearranged, words, my sweet, in your own fabulously girlish voice. Would you like to hear how Donna Dillon sounds, right now?"

"No," I answered, shuddering at the lengths the she-devil had gone to.

The girls were now parading back into the room carrying a large coffin-sized trunk. They sat it down and began excitedly removing item after item of female attire as Sylvia directed each facet of the operation.

My eyes riveted to the coffin-like trunk. I slowly became aware of my dire predicament. I had checked out of my apartment. Given Mr. Moon notice of my leaving Lewisburg. I had kept my departure as secret as possible in order to carry out my scheme of revenge on WOMB. As the vampires continued laying out various items of clothing and padding, fussing with a blonde wig, and preparing for whatever they had in mind, I considered one agonizing possibility.

Don Dillon could, in fact, drop off the face of the earth tonight. Sylvia would have forced Ruth to relinquish my employment application and other personnel data at KZYZ. She knew I had no close relatives. I

shuddered at the realization of how very desperately I had played into her hands.

Suddenly Sylvia addressed the largest of her four goon-girls. "Debra," she ordered, "your fingernails are sharp, rip his trouser-legs off weel up over the knees — and also his jacket and shirt."

Before I could believe what was happening the dark-haired vixen had sunk her claws into my thigh and ripped savagely away at the trousers, causing the torn fabric to fall down around my trussed-up ankles.

Sylvia bent over and examined my one bare leg as Debra savagely removed my other trouser-leg. Another girl was ripping my jacket off, and still another one was tearing at my shirt, working the shredded cloth from under the ropes that now began to cut into my wrists.

"Girls," Sylvia said, in a tone of businesslike seriousness, "we won't need to use electrolysis — not just yet. We can simply shave his entire body."

"You're not going to shave me!" I screamed.

Instead of answering, Sylvia brought her giant hand crashing across my face. "Are you going to behave or not?" she snarled, raising her hand again.

I was dizzy from the blow and nodded my head for her not to hit me again.

Dizzily I watched as Sylvia plugged in a pink electric razor and began to shave away on my left leg. One girl was busy with my right hand, filing the fingernails, while still another girl was starting on my left hand. They were laughing and fussing over me like kids getting a 4-H calf ready for a state fair.

My leg began feeling strange immediately . . . Sylvia continued to make it smoother. I could feel the difference as I pressed it against the leg of the chair. As she worked near the ropes around my ankles she directed Debra to untie them.

The leg was nearly numb from being tied so long. As the feeling began oozing into it, as the thousand pin-pricks of its awakening made me

tremble, I calculated a moment, and then kicked into Debra's wasp-waisted stomach with all my strength.

She screamed and reeled backwards, tripping in the ridiculous high-heels, and gasping, she crashed to the floor. Sylvia's hand raked across my face with a savage swiftness. For a moment all feeling left me as I grew dizzy and groggy.

Then I heard Sylvia ordering one of the girls. "Bring me that beaker with the lysergic acid diethylamide in it."

The mention of the eerie hallucinogen drug, LSD, now brought me out of my dizziness momentarily. I had read about the drug. How they could literally split your personality in half with it. I screamed in horror, "LSD! You can't force that stuff down my throat — Sylvia, you can't!"

She didn't reply, she merely wheeled around on her spike heels and brought her big hand into my neck. The room grew suddenly bright, and then slowly, the brightness became a dull gray, and then the blackness settled in upon me.

My first sensation of consciousness was one of knowing the presence but somehow not being part of it. I could feel a dull throb at my neck, and I consciously knew it was the result of Sylvia's judo-chop. I could also feel the girls feverishly working on me in several places. But as I opened my eyes I was outside, in the bright sunlight . . .

Quickly, I closed my eyes tightly, trying to concentrate on how long it could possibly have been, since Sylvia knocked me unconscious. I cautiously re-opened one eye, and then both eyes. I could not accept what I saw.

They had jerked time out from under me.

Again, more slowly than before, I opened my eyes. I was in my old neighborhood, in Jamaica Plains. It was a warm spring day, I could smell the odor of the flowers and the scent of the river, smells that echoed crazily in my brain as I recognized the home of our next door neighbors.

I was in their back yard. I could hear a train.

There was only one incongruously impossible fact. I had moved from Jamaica Plains when I was six years old! This incredible recollection

caused me to once again close my eyes. But each time I re-opened them the image of the Scott house and the surrounding houses became clearer.

I was back in time to the age of six!

But it was no dream. Because I could, at the same time, continue to feel the dull throbbing of my neck. There was also the continued pull of the ropes and the knowledge that I couldn't move. Moreover, I could feel the girls working on my fingers, and Sylvia still shaving me with the razor.

They had administered the powerful LSD drug!

That had to be it. Because, how could I know Sylvia and her goon-girls were still working on me; how could I feel the throbbing of Sylvia's blow; how could I feel the pull and burn of the ropes — and yet not bring the girls into focus, or hear their gay laughter and banter, or smell their intense perfume?

Instead, a young girl was coming out of the Scott house. It was Judy! Judy, whom I hadn't seen since the age of six. Only her face bore a remarkable resemblance to Ruth! I kept closing my eyes and re-opening them. But always, she was coming nearer and nearer to where I stood — only I could not feel myself standing there before her.

She was carrying a little pink, pinafore dress and a pair of patent-leather shoes. As she stood directly in front of my eyes I could smell her fragrance, the same sweet fragrance I could recall on the hundreds and hundreds of occasions when we had played together. And then her voice. Not Ruth Zittner's voice, but the voice of Judy Scott — six years old.

"Donny," she said clearly, "I want you to dress up again for me."

"But those mean ol' Harris brothers might come walking down the alley looking for pop bottles and see me, Judy," a voice pleaded. Whose voice? Someone had spoken the words because Judy heard them! Was this my raspy, girlish voice at age six? I closed my eyes to shut off the impossible torment.

But Judy continued pleading with me. Explaining that I had dressed up in her clothes the day before and she wanted me to do it again. My mind reeled with the fury of what was happening. I knew my memory

was operating. I could recall vividly of having played with Judy thousands of times.

But I could never remember dressing in her clothes!

Still, at the same time all this was happening, I could feel Sylvia's girls at work on me. I could feel them working on my face, on my hands, at various places on my body. But I couldn't bring them into visual focus, or hear them, or smell them.

And taste. I could taste the sweetness of the cookies Judy's mother used to bake! And Judy was offering me another cookie as I opened my eyes. Still I had no sensation of taking the cookie, or of chewing on it, only the sensation of its taste! *Its sweet chocolate taste.*

The LSD drug had separated my senses.

My eyes, my ears, my voice, my taste, were in another time zone of my life. I was standing there, arguing with Judy Scott, and yet not feeling myself doing it, not feeling my throat, my tongue, make the noises and sounds I could hear.

My feelings were in the present. I could feel the WOMB girls working on me. And I knew the instant they untied me. I sensed the freedom of my arms and legs, the thousand pin pricks as my physical self came slowly alive . . .

I wanted to move, and I did move, and I was moving . . . Only I was moving with Judy to the old garage out in back of her house. Judy paused at the double-doors and handed me the pink pinafore dress and the little black patent-leather shoes. Although I could not feel myself take them from her I could feel the anxiety of wanting to put them on swell up in me as I stepped into the dark interior of the garage.

There, majestic in its shadowy form, was the '32 Model A Ford of the Scott's. I could smell the crankcase oil and the grease on the cement floor. But it was as if I was watching a movie, and all this was moving toward me and through me. Because there was no feeling of any of it.

Even as I knew I was changing into Judy's things I had no feeling of doing it, yet I was holding the little panties she had slipped under the pinafore, the little brassiere, all of it . . .

Judy wasn't with me in the garage. My mind strained for some kind of feeling. And the feeling was there. A feeling of someone forcing my feet into ridiculously tight shoes. And of someone else pulling my ribs into a tight vice-like contraption.

But there were sounds now. Judy. Talking to the Harris brothers outside the garage! And the sounds came closer and closer until the garage door flew open and they were all standing there laughing at me and shouting

My brain reeled from the sheer fright of it.

Then they were shaking me — only it couldn't have been the Harris brothers because I had no feeling in that time zone. It had to be Sylvia's girls. "She's coming around, here, steady her in the chair," I heard Sylvia ordering.

I tried to focus my eyes but everything was like an impossible kaleidoscope as a million brilliant colors kept spinning before my eyes. Slowly, there were the five pairs of black patent spike-heel shoes, then, ever so slowly, the shapely legs in the black mesh stockings. Then the provocative hips, the sensuously drawn-in wasp-waists, and the jutting voluptuous breasts, and finally, the images of Sylvia's girls, and then the image of Sylvia herself, came into focus.

And now my senses were re-organizing.

The odor was not that of the crankcase oil and the grease on the floor of the Scott garage in Jamaica Plains, but of the even more intense perfume of the WOMB girls. The sounds were not those of the Harris brother's cruel laughter and taunting cries, but the subtle click-clack of Sylvia's goon-girls as they walked back and forth in front of me in their spike heels, talking enthusiastically to one another.

There was a strange unfamiliar taste but quickly the sensation of having my feeling organized with all my other senses made me forget the strange taste in my mouth.

The sensation was one of being outside myself and then slowly flowing inward, as if I was becoming my own reincarnation. They had laced me into a corset. It was almost impossible to breathe. I looked down at the crimson, sequined dress they had literally poured me into. My chest had the illusion of voluptuousness that heaved every time I tried to breathe.



Charlotte - Wisc.



Barbara - Wisc.



Barbara Ann
FM-3-5 FPE



Sheila
10-R-1 FPE

Further down, my hands rested lazily in my lap and my fingernails were long and ruby red in their richness. I brought my hands into tight fists and felt the ridiculously long fingernails dig into my palms. They had used some kind of hard plastic to build the nails out to their razor-sharp points.

My hips jutted out sensuously and under the dress I could feel the pull of the garters that made the sheer nylon stocking hug my smooth legs. Further down I saw the five-inch high heeled pumps they had forced my feet into. I trembled at the black patent leather glistening up at me and felt a strange feeling around my neck.

For the first time I realized that my neck no longer throbbed. Instead, I could feel the strange sensation of long ringlets of curls sweeping past my shoulders as I moved my head from side to side. But how could this be? Then I knew, I was wearing a wig.

Now I wanted desperately to try out my voice. I let out an unearthly scream. Then I cried out, "You have brain-washed me!"

No one replied. My voice seemed to hang suspended in the eerie quietness of the sound proof audition room and they each seemed to be hypnotized by the strange feminine tone of it. Again I screamed, "You've drugged me with that LSD!"

"Now are you going to behave yourself, Donna," Sylvia said, "or do we call the Harris brothers in here. They're waiting out in the station lobby, you know."

"How — how do you know about them?" I hissed.

"Why you told us, all of us," Sylvia replied importantly, "we were right there with you in Jamaica Plains. We saw little Judy, her cute little pink pinafore you put on, everything."

I waited before replying. I knew she could be bluffing. Perhaps I had related my experience in Jamaica Plains. But the Harris brothers would be thirty-three years old now. It was impossible for them to be here in Lewisburg.

Something made me lunge for Sylvia and I leaped up from the chair, tearing and slashing at her with my long fingernails. But as quickly, I

was falling forward, out onto the floor as I desperately tried to maintain my balance in the high-heeled shoes.

Then they were all laughing at me. A couple of them helped me to my feet and steadied me. Then, with me trembling on every uncertain step, they helped me across the room to where they had leaned a large full-length mirror up against the plain wall.

I stared incredulously at the image staring back at me.

The wig was an explosion of blonde curls around a face that was too breathtakingly beautiful to be my own. They had applied make-up to my face! Now the strange taste in my mouth made sense. It was the ruby richness of the lipstick on my curved lips, and I could taste it as I let my tongue explore the curvature of the cupid's bow they had made my mouth conform to.

Slowly, I brought my hand up and let it rub across the smooth whiteness of my satin, powdery face, letting it trace the lines of my nose, and explore the edges of my eyes where they had plucked out almost all of my browline, arching the brows upward into a narrow arch of ebony richness.

I turned to face them, utterly overwhelmed by a strange paralysis of absolute helplessness. I was afraid to take a step in the high heels, afraid of again losing my precarious balance and pitching forward. My hips, my waist, my whole body, was paralyzed now by the corset's taut constriction about my waist.

There was suddenly no need to fight them anymore. They had unlocked some deep force within me, something that was causing me to have a strange exhilaration as I teetered there before Sylvia and the others.

What had I really related to them during the time the LSD was ripping my very soul apart? There was the one dress-up occasion there with Judy — but how many other times had I done it?

And what difference did it make, now?

These girls had wrenched my very being apart, they had looked into every hidden crevice and crack, there was nothing left to hide or hide from.

Had they actually transformed me? Or was it just a partial transformation? I suddenly felt very weak just asking myself, and I would have pitched forward had it not been for Ruth who was rushing up to me. "Ruth — are, are you still all right," I asked.

"Oh, yes, darling, oh, yes," she said, leaning into me, embracing me, and delicately kissing me with a throbbing passion. Then she backed off and said, "Oh, Donna, you're, you're just lovely."

"You mean, you — you wanted —"

"Oh, darling," she murmured, "that was all kidding about making you appear in the window downtown — about them hurting me, and blaming you for it."

"You mean, Ruth," I choked, "this — this whole thing was just a scheme to make me into a woman?"

"Of course, lovely," she pouted. "But you're not a female, you're feminine — and there's a world of difference," she said.

"I — don't understand," I muttered.

" Sylvia has always known how I wanted someone like you. When she called me that first day, well we just knew that finally it could be possible, finally I could have the kind of guy I'd always dreamed of —"

"But the drug, and this —"

"It was the only way we could have unlocked the part of you that you have been hiding from all your life, silly. You've been trying to prove what a big strapping he-man you were, trying to run away from the hidden gentle part of your personality. When Sylvia told me she had some of that LSD we all decided to try it out."

"But my voice — I mean . . ."

"It's your same voice, oh, maybe a little more relaxed, more naturally your voice, now that you're not trying to make it sound so fake and all."

"And — and I'm not a girl, a female?"

"No, silly, you're a femme-man, a boy-girl. The kind of fabulous man I've always wanted, a man with both sides of his personality fully out in the open. Sure, we had to trick you into dressing this first time, but I'm going to quit KZYZ and come to work here at WOMB, and I'll be able to help you make this feminine part of your character come to life."


It was still like part of a half-dream, and I wondered if the full effects of the drug had worn off yet. I looked around the room. Sylvia was nodding her beautiful head and smiling mysteriously. The rest of her beautiful vixens were smiling, too, with that same mysterious satisfaction, not laughingly, not mockingly. But as if they had successfully pulled off a long-planned experiment.

And the exhilaration was still there, too. A feeling of suddenly being without pretense, of being a part of what these girls represented, of knowing how they felt because I was dressed exactly like them, I had been accepted into their world if only on a temporary level.

But hadn't I wanted it all along?

Why had it been such a passion, my wanting to be the first man to ever make an announcement over the all-girl radio station? Fate, yes, had brought me to Lewisburg, where such a station existed. But afterwards, the planning, the scheming, the thing I thought would be sweet revenge, it was all my own subconscious acting on the symbolism the station stood for.

I looked at Ruth again, and I was at last totally thankful that she had guessed so correctly. I was through running from myself, forever . . .



PICTURES TO PRINT IN TVia

If you send in pictures to be put in TVia please send in duplicates that you do not need to have returned. Not knowing in advance which issue they will appear in, and having to give them to the printer, it is almost impossible to remember who wants theirs back, to dig them out, and to mail them. It is just one more detail to remember and I am desperately trying to cut out as much detail as possible.



HISTORY

IT'S A LONG ROAD

Monica — Australia

Where and when did it all begin? You might as well ask where and when did life begin? We are, no doubt, a conglomeration of traits and characteristics of our ancestors. We have inherited a great deal of what we are; in fact, our very existence is unthinkable without this inheritance and we are not at liberty to accept or refuse what is handed on to us. This is a fact of life and the sooner we come to terms with it, the better.

Similarly, some of our traits and characteristics, likes and dislikes, abilities and weaknesses are acquired by ourselves. This, however, does not mean that we have always the free choice of what to take and what to leave. Especially not, when our environment either openly or secretly tries to force itself upon us in our earlier years. A small child is not likely to successfully refuse to be influenced by its surrounding. It might struggle against them, in fact it often does, but the battle is uneven and the outcome decisive for part or the whole of our adult life.

During the process of maturing, many people succeed in ridding themselves of a payload forced upon them in childhood. But no-one has the right to set himself up as a judge condemning a person as "immature" if he has failed to jettison all that was heaped upon him by inheritance or voluntary or involuntary acquisition.

Once we have accepted the premises on which we stand, we have nothing to be ashamed of as long as we do not harm society as a whole — even if this society out of ignorance or malice finds us unacceptable — and as long as we do not harm individuals either. Since most of us are already part of a pattern created before we fully real-

ized that our condition is an integral part of our personality, we have accepted responsibilities towards others which we cannot shirk without causing harm. We have families, jobs, social and business obligations, and affiliations of various kinds which must inevitably clash with part of our personality.

To come out into the open, to discuss the problem with those nearest and dearest to us, to put our cards on the table, as it were, is probably the most honest and in the long run the most successful way of dealing with the conflict. "To reach a political solution" — to speak in the jargon of governments — is better than to shoot it out. But, for fear of losing those we love in the process, many of us are reluctant to take the risk. Thus, we continue to hide behind the thick wall we have built around ourselves since our first and early venture into the wonderful fairyland of FP. As a result, we have lived part of our life in a self-imposed prison which we can enter and leave at will or at least as the opportunities arise.

I was born in Europe a few years before WWI, as the only son of well-to-do parents. I have a sister two years older, and one two years younger than I. My hair was almost shoulder length, blond and curly. I am told that at the age of five they dressed me in my younger sister's clothes and her in mine. Our nursemaid and my mother thought it great fun because I made a better girl than my sister. Apparently, I had not shared their opinion and am said to have protested and cried. I am also told that I was an almost unmanageable child, not all the time, though. When I chose to be pleasant I was more charming than most children. No-one could predict or explain my tantrums. They came and went without apparent rhyme or reason.

During the four years of war my father was most of the time at the front. When he came home on leave, I was in awe of him since I was not used to males in the family. Mother, nursemaid and two sisters were my normal company.

I revolted when taken to school for the first time at the age of six. It was a non-coeducational school and I remember being afraid of some of the boys. In spite of my aversion against this institute of learning, I was top of the class in prep school. At the age of nine I was transferred to a new school because we had moved to another suburb. The war was over, my father home again and I had a bedroom of my own while my sisters had to share one.

On top of the wardrobe in my room I discovered a carton, securely tied with string. One night, I climbed on to a chair and took hold of the mysterious box. Mysterious, because all other things in the room belonged to me. I opened the carton and to my surprise I found my mother's old fancy dress costumes in it. One of them was a gypsy girl's outfit, consisting of a blouse, a skirt and a bodice. I dressed up in it and looked at myself in a full length mirror. My long curls had, of course, been cut when I started to school, but there was also a scarf in the carton which I could tie around my head to make myself look like a real gypsy girl. I don't think I went any further with it that first night, but soon I learned to use crayons and water colors of which I had the normal supply usually found in the possession of any child of that age. My first attempts at making up my lips, cheeks and eyes must have been rather crude, but I lived and learned.

To my knowledge, I have never really been found out. Only once, when I had been careless enough to leave some small piece of clothing out after putting the carton back on top of the wardrobe, my mother found it and asked me about it. I was stricken with fear and shame and had to confess that I had been curious to see what was in the box. I said no more, and my mother seemed to take my word for it. She had either never heard of transvestism or did not connect its existence with mine.

At about that time, new tenants moved into the apartment above ours. As I watched from my window the furniture removers unloading their van, I saw one of the daughters of the new family. I still remember her dress and how I dreamt of being that girl and wearing that dress.

I have no definite recollections of the next few years. I only know that I steadily deteriorated at school, sliding from the top of the class to the near bottom. I was stood down twice and finally allowed to leave school at the age of seventeen. I was supposed to become my father's successor in his old established company, and it was only natural that I would be trained in this field. However, my father had never been very proud of me and seemed to be reluctant to have me around him in his office at that age. As distinct from him, I had been a poor scholar. Besides, his own business was being adversely affected by the economic depression and thus he found me a position as a junior and so-called business apprentice in another firm.

I had been looking forward to this new purpose in life, full of hope that it would be a more successful adventure than school. I was soon disillusioned. I was not in the least suited to dreary figure work day after

day. Besides, my colleagues and I had little in common. I was waiting and longing for the day when my two year apprenticeship would be finished and I would be accepted by my father into his company. I adored my father, no matter how much he shrank from me whenever I tried to show him my affection. He was very proud and fond of my older sister who was exceptionally beautiful and he had begun to spoil her by taking her along together with my mother when they went out for a meal in a fashionable restaurant. He also liked to joke with my younger sister. I can't remember ever having consciously resented his attitude. Apparently I must have taken it for granted, thinking this was the way boys were normally treated, and to expect and accept it.

I had, at the time, a very close affinity to my mother who thought she understood me better than anyone else in the world. Later on, when I had learned to know better, I didn't have the heart to destroy her illusion.

Unfortunately, when my two years of apprenticeship were over, my father's company went bankrupt and into liquidation. It shattered my dream and my last hope to follow in my father's footsteps. Strangely enough, I was not heart broken. I just carried on working in the other firm, being bored stiff for the next eight years during which I had to use most of my salary to contribute to our household since my father was no longer able to support either my mother nor my younger sister who was still at school.

My father had moved away from our home town, trying to build up some new existence but somehow failed, both financially as well as in other respects. My parents became estranged and were finally divorced. I was twenty-one at the time. It was all done in a very civilized way, there was no unpleasantness or hatred, and we all kept in contact with father, except that we lived with my mother.

Owing to the circumstances, I had very little money to spend on myself. I could not afford a girl friend although at the time, because of the economic depression, it was quite acceptable for a girl to pay for herself when taken out. I hardly had enough to pay for myself.

Since I liked dressing as a girl, I found this a much cheaper and easier way to enjoy myself. Some of my sister's dresses and garments fitted me reasonably well. The opportunities were few and far between, but I was always grateful for small mercies when they occurred. We lived at the

time in a very small apartment. Still, I could manage since I, as the only male member in the family again, had my own bedroom.

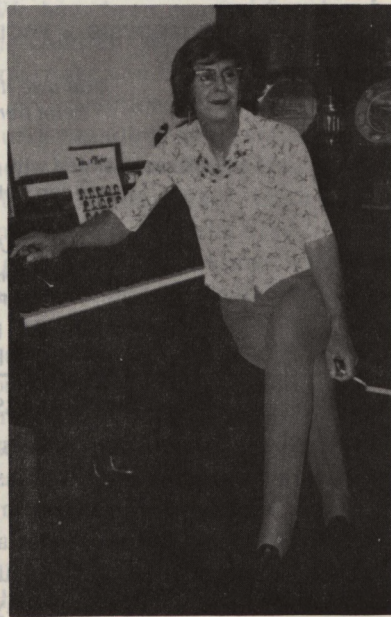
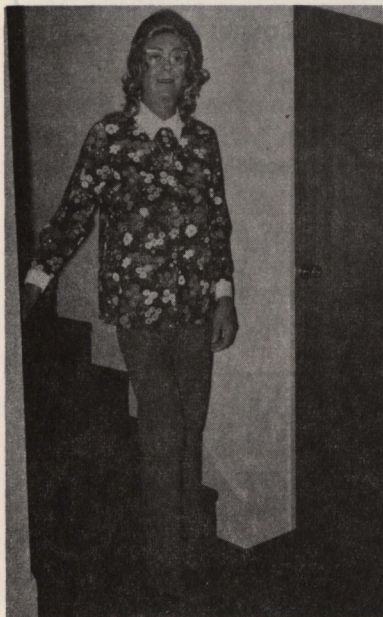
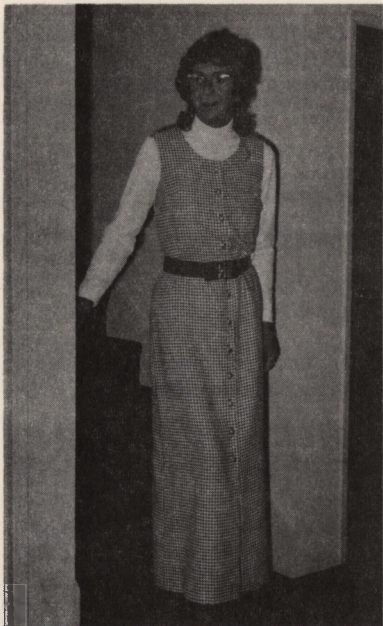
At times I was extravagant. I bought grease paint and hired a wig. I could hardly afford these luxuries but as I had no girl friend at the time I could spare a little cash for it.

Often I went to places where fancydress costumes were obtainable for hire. Under the pretence of preparing to go to a fancydress ball, I tried on several costumes, all female of course. I always finished up by telling them that I would be back next day to make up my mind which one to take. I don't think I could have continued this mal-practice for too long since there were no more than half a dozen places with fancydress costumes for hire in our town and I was soon known by each one of them as an unprofitable customer.

I remember envying a friend of mine who was invited to a private fancydress party. He went dressed as a girl. Since he was young and had a natural, beautiful complexion, he fooled the father of the young people for whom the party was arranged. The gentleman who was a well known personality in our town, occupying a prestige position, flirted with this so-called girl and only towards the end of the part was told, to his embarrassment that he had flirted with the son of one of his colleagues. A victory, no doubt, for my friend's artful impersonation, though not quite fair, perhaps. He became a successful actor and I have never found out whether he was an FP. He was happily married and had several children.

I was twenty-three years old when I met, at long last, what I thought was the "right girl." We fell in love with each other. She was a little younger than I was. I thought my dressing-up days were over. All desire to do it had left me. I was completely inexperienced. My few contacts with street prostitutes — I could hardly even afford the small fees they charged — had been unsuccessful. I was convinced that my impotence was of a nervous nature. Later on I was proved to be right in this assumption, but I had no opportunity to find out at the time. I was too young for the girl. She suffered from a father complex and later married a man who was old enough to be her father.

I returned to my life in the FP prison. I had become more subtle and more daring. I went to theatrical hairdressers and asked them to make up my face. I always found a good excuse, but whether it was good



Marylunn 50-M-1 FPE



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enough, I shall never know. It was a comparatively cheap pleasure in those days. The depression was still being felt and people were glad to earn a little extra money.

When I was twenty-five I met my future first wife. It coincided with a worsening of the political situation in Europe. War was imminent. We decided to get married and emigrated overseas. We founded a family, we worked hard, we succeeded, we were happy for a few years, until our marriage broke up. There was a divorce and for many years I was at loose ends again. Although I had greater freedom now to dress up, I took little advantage of it. I was simply longing to get married again. I can't and I don't want to live alone.

At times I was tempted to join a circus as a clown. I love dressing up as a clown, with a face extremely well made up, day after day, for hours on end. Once or twice I had a go at it, for a short time only, but I lacked the courage to give up my job and become a full time circus clown. My life was too closely tied up with other people, friends, conventions, etc. I took part in amateur theatricals as I liked the stage and all that goes with it. The smell of greasepaint is exciting to many people, I believe.

At long last I met my present wife. We have been married for almost twenty years. Unfortunately, we have no children. But I think our marriage is otherwise as near perfect as a marriage can ever be. Very early in the piece I spoke to my wife about my condition. It was something she had never heard about. She was understanding and eventually co-operative to the point of buying garments for me and allowing me to dress up at home. We even went to public fancydress balls. Once I was dressed as Madame Pompadour, once as a geisha. My wife always went as my male partner but as she loathed dressing up our outings were unsatisfactory and we discontinued them and limited my activities to an occasional evening at home.

All the time I felt I was imposing on my wife's patience and understanding. In an effort to side-track from the main issue I began training as a clown to entertain children. I finally succeeded in getting engagements at birthday and Christmas parties, and I am still doing this work which is quite well paid and gives me some pleasure at the same time.

About four years ago I burned all my femme-clothes. I had been to a psychiatrist who was of no help. I felt that by purging my FP personality I could rid myself of it. For over three years I had been successful. About three months ago I was back to where I had left off, or where I had

started over half a century ago. I feel that, as long as I live, my whole personality is alive, no matter how much force I use to suppress part of it.

Through a newspaper ad I finally made contact with an understanding association and was sent to a psychologist. He quietly listened to my story. When I had finished he simply told me: "You need no psychiatric treatment. You need people with whom you have this in common. We all need people to share our interests. I believe there exists such a group in our town. If there isn't one, then there should be one. I'll find out and let you know."

He did, and within a fortnight I was contacted by a small group of people who all said to me: "We need you as much as you need us."

My understanding wife has encouraged me, and welcomes the opportunities now open to me. I doubt very much whether she will ever involve herself personally. Quite possibly, she is right in this, although I admire and welcome wives who partake in FP socials. But I respect and understand my own wife's reluctance.

I have every reason to be happy with the understanding she has shown so far. But then, husband and wife who love each other should always keep in mind that each has a right to the amount of freedom required to keep one's whole personality intact, and not just a part of it. This, of course, goes for both partners.

I sincerely hope that my short autobiography, especially written for TVia, will be of help to others.



MY PHONE NUMBER

Once again I give my phone number to those who may need it. It is (213) 876-6141. If you lose it, it is listed in the L.A. directory under Charles Virginia Prince — so you'll know that it is the right "Prince!" Please show some consideration for me, however, and allow for the time difference. I like to eat dinner in peace 6:00 to 7:30 Pacific Coast time and I don't like to be awakened before 8:30 or after midnight my time. Otherwise I'll be glad to help those in need.

VIRGINIA



CHARM SCHOOL

(Continued from *Transvestia* No. 75)

Kathy 5-P-4 FPE

"Yes, he is expecting me. Show me to his table and I will wait for him there" she replied.

Harriet followed the maitre de to a far corner of the large room, dimly lit as is usual where liquor is served, waited as he pulled back the table so that she could slide in the booth more easily, and once seated ordered a vodka gimlet to keep her company while she waited for the doctor.

A few minutes later she saw Dr. Rodin enter the room, walk towards the booth, hesitate, then approach it once more. "Pardon me Miss, I thought I had reserved this booth for a friend and myself. Are you certain that you have the right booth?"

"Please sit down, Dr. Rodin, I am the person you were to meet. I am Harry Babbitt and simply must talk to you!" she responded to his inquiry. She could see the look of shock on the Dr.'s face as it traveled from the well groomed coiffeur to the perfectly arched brows, to the artfully applied mascara, down the perfect makeup on her face, then slipping down over the well formed breasts which revealed just the right amount of cleavage, and stopping at the table top which halted his de-escalation.

As he seated himself, he quickly regained his composure and ordered a drink for himself. He then sat back to listen to his patient's husband explain the peculiar circumstances for his appearance.

She quickly told him the events of the past several days, the reasons for them, and the problem that she now faced in having to see Liz. "You see, I don't want to cause a relapse and I would die if she did not understand my reasons and I MUST continue this deception till she is well." How do I resolve this dilemma, Dr. Rodin?" she inquired.

"As your family doctor, my first interest is for my patient and your appearance would be a shock to her which we must avoid. I think it would be best for you to visit the hospital as Harry, even though it breaks a pattern that you feel is necessary for carrying out your deception to a successful conclusion. At least go as Harry for the next few days until I have a chance to talk to Liz and explain the situation to her" Dr. Rodin replied.

The course of action decided on, they ordered lunch. Harriet noted with some surprise that even though the doctor was aware of the true state of affairs, that he did little things for her that he would not have done for Harry. He lit her cigarette for her, arose when she went to the ladies room to freshen up, and assisted her in and out of the booth. He even walked her to her car and assisted her in getting in and closed the door once she was comfortable. She enjoyed these little courtesies more than she cared to admit even to herself.

That evening, Mary drove Harriet to the Babbitt apartment where he divested himself, with the greatest reluctance, of all his feminine accoutrements. More reluctantly, he removed his deceptive artifacts and took a vigorous shower so that no trace of perfume or cologne remained. Then he began to dress in now less familiar garments but with one exception.

Without thinking, he put on a blue pair of panties from Liz's drawer, and then put on his trousers, shirt and tie. His shoes seemed to weigh a ton! Finally he went to join Mary who was waiting for him in the living room.

"Harry, how strange you look to me now! I think you look much better as Harriet" she commented. "Do you notice how loose your jacket fits and how loose your shirt collar has become? Even your pants are baggy."

"Well, I have lost about 8 pounds since we got involved in this because of the long days and the light diet. Let's hope that Liz will assume that it is from worrying about her." he replied.

The brief visit with Liz that night was most pleasant. She appeared a bit wan and they talked very little. He assured her that everything was fine and that all missed her. This visit had to be brief and soon Harry took his leave.

When he and Mary returned to the apartment, he could not wait to get back into his female anatomy and then into a full length black nightgown. It was mandarin style with slits on the side and had a matching robe trimmed in pink embroidery on the pockets and down the center. Though without makeup, he put on a short auborn wig with an upsweep similar to the casual style women wear their hair in the evening.

Mary remarked, "You're getting to like your role now, aren't you Harriet? And to think that only a week ago, I was worried that you would not go along with our little plan! NOW, I'm beginning to worry on how we can get you to go back to being Harry again, when Liz is ready to come back to work!"

"I'd be lying, if I said that what you are saying is not true. I don't believe that there will be a problem in getting back to being Harry, but I am following the advise you gave me the first evening and I AM trying to think, act, and be feminine at all times so that this deception remains just that, a successful deception" he countered.

For the next several days, Harriet increasingly enjoyed the preparations prior to leaving for school and each day took on more of the classroom workload. Each evening, the reluctance to become Harry again for the hospital visits increased, and he would wait until the very last minute before changing. The girls no longer came to visit the apartment and coach Harriet each evening. She was getting all the instruction she needed at the school and found that her retention of what was being taught was excellent. Practicing living as a woman virtually 24 hours a day did not do any harm to the deception either.

It was with some tension and yet with some relief when Dr. Rodin phoned her at the school one day and said, "Harriet, I want you to come to the hospital this afternoon, just as you are. Liz has been feeling better and I have explained the situation to her. Believe it or not, she cant wait to see you and finds it impossible to believe that you have doing her job at the school. Can you make it? Just the two of you will be there. I thought it would be easier for you that way."

Of course she could! That morning Harriet had put on, very daringly for her, a checkered minidress, several inches above the knees and with a wide belt that accentuated the waistline. Textured pantihose and low, square toed shoes completed her outfit. With long auburn hair resting on her shoulders and the long dangling black earrings, she made a most attractive picture.

As Harriet drove to the hospital, she could not help but wonder what Liz's reaction would be to all this. How would she react to seeing her husband as a woman? Would she think that he had lost his masculinity? Would she laugh at him? Would she find him basically the same person except for appearance? She could not wait to have these and many other questions answered.

The door to Liz's room was partially open as Harriet approached it, and she could look in and see Liz looking very well, though thinner than before, and reading a magazine. She stepped into the room and softly approached Liz, kissed her lightly on the cheek, and stepped back so that Liz could see her her better, and waited for her reaction and her first words.

It seemed an eternity before Liz spoke. As Dr. Rodin had done when he first met Harriet, her eyes traveled slowly from the top of the auburn hair to the hem of the miniskirted dress, then to the trim ankles and high styled shoes. Her reaction was not what Harriet had expected. Instead of words of anger, disgust, or other derogatory remarks, Liz burst into tears.

"To think that you thought enough of me and my school to put yourself in this position, is just wonderful. I don't think anyone else I know, would have, or could have, done it. Dr. Rodin has told me the whole story. Your willingness to do this only increases my feelings for you." she finally exclaimed.

Then followed a quick series of questions and answers by both of them.

"How are you feeling? When will you be able to come home?"

"Very good and I will be able to leave in about 10 days. What are you wearing underneath the mini?"

"Pantihose, of course. What else does one wear with a minidress? Have you had much pain these past few days?"

"Not really, Did you put on your makeup yourself? it is beautifully done!"

"Yes, I have, of course. I'm getting quite good at it now. How does my dress look on me?"

"Really super, Harriet! You don't mind if I call you Harriet when you look the way you now, do you?"

"Of course not. Really, I would prefer it. It would sound strange calling me Harry, especially if a nurse came in. You don't mind my wearing your clothes, do you? I have bought some of my own, but not nearly enough."

"Wear anything of mine you want . . . as long as you will let me wear some of your things when I get home. How did you achieve such a lovely bustline, Harriet?"

"With the help of Femina Foundations and medical science. You would be surprised on how feminine I appear where you would least expect it."

And through these short questions and answers, Liz was brought current and the first visit came to an end in what seemed seconds, but which was over two hours.

Each day for the next week or so, Harriet would visit with Liz and she would give additional instruction on improving her appearance, voice, walk, mannerisms and gestures. Harriet would keep Liz informed as to what was happening at the school. It was somewhat longer than 30 days since the date of her accident, that Liz was released from the hospital and sent home with instruction from Dr. Rodin that she not go back to work for at least two more months. However, she could increase her activity every day as her returning strength would allow.

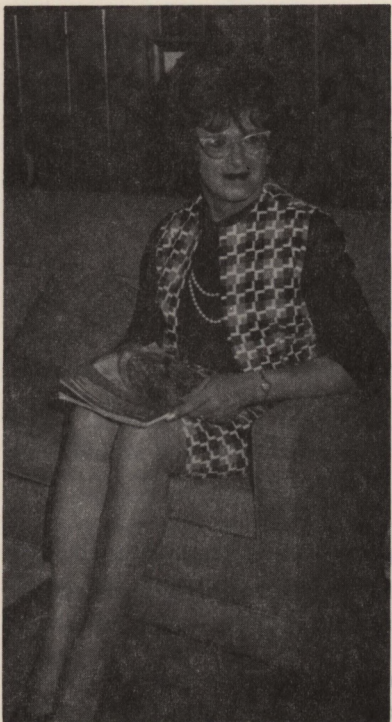
The first evening home, Harriet set the table and prepared the dinner.

"You set a beautiful table, Harriet. I couldn't do any better and the food looks and tastes delicious" Liz complimented while they were dining.

"Thanks Liz, the only thing I don't really like to do is to wash the dishes and pots and pans." replied Harriet.

"A typical woman" was Liz's unexpected reply.

Each day at home was a supplement to the professional instruction in femininity that Harriet was getting at school, and from her association



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with the other instructors in entirely feminine activities. Liz had begun knitting a wool dress to keep herself occupied. Harriet became interested and began one for herself, knowing full well that when completed, she would not be able to wear it.

No longer did the accessories have to be labeled as to which outfit they went with. She was now selecting with her own good taste and with a desire to avoid a sameness to her outfits. Harriet's weight was now only three pounds more than Liz and she was using a waistcinch only to hold up her hose and the girdle only to pad the hips. She did not have Liz's curves, but she definitely had a good figure, though somewhat boyish.

When Liz had been home over a month, she surprised Harriet by asking. "Would you like to go to the Beauty Parlor with me today? You had better say yes because I have made an appointment for BOTH of us".

"What for Liz? You can take my wig in, and I can get a manicure at home, or I can do my nails at school when things slow down."

"I know that, honey, but have you noticed that your hair has grown so long that you have difficulty tucking it beneath your wig? Besides your black hair shows below the auburn wig which is not good. I might add that your eyes could use a bit more work, too." Liz replied, then continued. "besides, it will be a new experience for you and you will be better able to understand your students and what they have to go through. You can cut your hair when I come back to school, but now it is long enough for an attractive short hair style.

"You win, Liz" he gave in. "Besides, Pierre Dumont and his employees know about me and what have I got to lose — except my wig!"

That day, for the very first time, an experience took place that was to be repeated many, many times in the future. Pierre, a somewhat effeminate man, insisted on doing Harriet's eyebrows personally and assured her that he would not take off too much, but just enough.

Despite the feminine gestures of Pierre, Harriet could not identify with him. She had heard stories about his suspected homosexuality and for the first time she experienced fear that this is what Liz and others might be saying about her. Yet, she felt no desires for relations with a man and still felt as a husband to Liz, even though Dr. Rodin had instructed against fulfilling this husbandly responsibility. She would have to discuss this with Liz when they returned home.

After the brows had been properly plucked, Harriet was taken to the rear of the Salon and told to take off her outer clothes. She was given a short white smock to wear. She no longer worried about the other women who were in the room, doing the same thing, since she knew that her "special accessories" would keep her secret. She was pleased when one of the women remarked on her lovely complexion and figure.

Rosemary, Pierre's assistant, picked a short hairstyle that fitted her face closely, leaving her ears exposed and with one long curl on each side which curled towards the corners of the eyes. It was an experience having her hair washed by someone else, having curlers set in, sitting under the dryer and talking woman talk with the other customers as she waited for the dryers to complete their work, having her hair combed out, and finally receiving instructions on how to do it by herself between beauty parlor visits. All in all, it was a very enjoyable experience. When Rosemary had finished with her, and she was able to look at the completed work, she marvelled at how much nicer it looked, and how much more comfortable it was than the wigs she had been wearing till now.

Their manicures having been managed while they were under the dryers, Liz and Harriet put on their street clothes and left for home. They stopped at a small coffee shop for dinner on the way. For the first time, Harriet understood what a woman means when she says that "she feels beautiful". The routine of the beauty parlor became a weekly must for both and was enjoyed equally by both and possibly even more so by Harriet.

As Liz's condition improved, the two girls would go shopping for clothes or groceries and engaged in a variety of feminine activities with complete feeling of total togetherness. It was during this time that Harriet learned to shop for perfume, cologne and cosmetics just for her.

It was also during this time that Dr. Rodin gave Liz permission to do anything that she had done before the accident. It was during this time that Harriet learned that Harry was still present and capable of doing that which was expected of any husband. It was with relief that he learned that Liz felt no aversion to his performing as a husband, though his nightclothes and general appearance did not seem to fit that role. It was a new delight to Harriet, that of being one with Liz, while both were dressed in matching nightclothes, and of feeling smoothly silken legs against the same of the other, and of ruining makeup for two when they kissed.

It was also during this interlude, that Liz had suggested that since he had a light beard anyway, that it might be a good idea if he had it removed permanently. Half kiddingly, she had said. "You know even though I will soon be back at school, I may have a baby someday and you will have to cover for me again. Shaving is a nuisance anyway and it does make it more difficult for you to be 100% feminine at all times." Harry had agreed and the treatments were begun.

The two months passed quickly and Dr. Rodin told Liz she could return to her work which made her elated, but noticeably depressed Harriet. Liz noticed, and asked Harriet what seemed to be the matter.

"I didn't think so at first, but I am not going to be happy going back to my grey office and being only a figurehead at the school. I am going to be bored and unhappy and even a bit jealous of you and the other teachers and students." he answered.

"There must be something more" Liz insisted, "You have done it before and why should it be different now. What else is really bothering you?"

"All right" he replied somewhat angrily, "If you insist on my saying it. I am not happy about giving up these wonderful clothes that I am enjoying so much, my being a woman among women and actually teaching them to be feminine. I don't want to cut my nails or hair, nor do I want to give up the pleasure of wearing attractive makeup. I am used to night-gowns and not pajamas now, and don't want to go back to them. I want to go shopping with you as we have been doing, with BOTH of us trying on lovely new things in the dressing rooms, and not my waiting outside. I will resent giving up my favorite perfumes and colognes for after shave lotion which I won't be needing in a few months anyhow when my beard is completely gone!"

Then he continued. "I enjoy doing the cooking and setting an attractive table. I am almost finished knitting my wool dress and I frankly want the pleasure of wearing it. Liz, I enjoy being a woman except for the few moments that I want to spend with you alone. If I am as honest as I should be, I admit that I have given serious thought to using hormones so that I might have natural breasts, a more realistic feminine voice, and some roundness to my hips so that the darned padded girdles won't be needed!"

"Hold on honey, you are getting worked up too much. Let's sleep on it and we will give it some serious thought and talk about it tomorrow morning" Liz commanded.

The following morning as they were having breakfast, they had to admit that they could not come up with a solution by themselves and made arrangements to see seek professional help via Dr. Rodin. Because of the nature of their problem, Dr. Rodin agreed to discuss it that evening during dinner at their place, rather than at his office.

The school day dragged for Harriet as Liz resumed the duties that she had been doing so well. The dull grey office appeared even more so, and the only cheering note was the enrollment of five new students and many requests for interviews for future enrollment.

Since she did not have too much to do, Harriet left early to straighten out the apt. and to start the dinner. She outdid herself in setting the table for three and doing the flower arrangement herself. When Liz came home shortly thereafter she prepared the steaks while Harriet made a salad. Neither talked about the coming discussion with Dr. Rodin.

"I'll finish up, honey. Why don't you change into something fresh so that at least one of us will be ready when Dr. Rodin arrives?" Liz suggested.

Harriet went into the guest room which contained her wardrobe, and selected a floor length hostess skirt and a long sleeved chiffon blouse for her costume that evening. She slipped the peasant type blouse over her head, being careful not to mar her makeup, and noticed how well it revealed her breasts for others to admire to just the proper degree. The pale pink color of the blouse contrasted well with the green skirt. She stepped into the full skirt and lifted it to the waistline relishing the soft folds as it draped about her hips. A single strand pearl choker and matching earrings completed her outfit. Quickly retouching her makeup, she returned to the dining room and told Liz to get herself ready.

There was a ring at the door and, since Liz was not yet ready, Harriet opened the door to greet Dr. Rodin. "Good evening, Doctor" she greeted, extending her hand which he took in his for a brief moment. "Liz will be ready in a few minutes. May I fix you a drink, while we are waiting?"

Dr. Rodin agreed and while she was mixing the drinks, he observed her most closely, noting all her actions and marvelled that this could be a man.

Liz joined them shortly and said that dinner would soon be ready and would they like to come to the table.

There was only small talk during the meal and not connected with the reason for this meeting. This did not prevent the doctor from noticing the grace and feminine efficiency of Harriet as she assisted Liz. How completely at ease, she seemed as she poured his coffee! He was aware that there was almost no discussion between Liz and Harriet and that both seemed strained.

When the meal was concluded, the three friends went into the living room where Harriet promptly sat down in the oversized chair that had been Harry's favorite, tucked her legs under her hips and faced Liz and Dr. Rodin who were now seated facing her. After lighting Harriet's cigarette, the doctor finally addressed himself to the two women.

"We have been avoiding our problem all evening and it is now time to look at exactly what it is, and to try to come to some solution that will be satisfactory to everyone concerned" began Dr. Rodin.

"What am I to do?" inquired Harriet. "I find myself resenting return- to being Harry again after these past several months for the reasons I spoke to you about on the phone. Yet I know that this situation cannot continue."

"I appreciate what Harriet has gone through these past few months, but I married Harry and I don't know what will happen if we were to continue this masquerade" added Liz.

"Let's analyze what the problem actually is," continued Dr. Rodin. "Harry would like to continue as Harriet and we want to know what the ramifications are. Not only emotionally, but economically as well. We want to consider how it affects your marriage and your social arrangements with both family and friends". He continued. "This is not a unique situation, although this type of problem does not very often get publicized, you know. Other man have had the desire for the same thing more often that one would suspect".

"You mean that you have had to deal with this situation before? What did you tell them to do?" asked Liz.

"Yes, others have come to me but each case is completely different" Dr. Rodin replied. "First, many did not have the physical characteristics which would have allowed them to pass themselves off as women and for this reason, I suggested that they did not make the attempt. However, in Harry's case, this is not true since he gives the appearance of a most attractive, and I might add, desirable woman." Dr. Rodin did not stop at this." Considering the economic area of making this change permanent, I have often had to discourage others from attempting to live as a woman, since they could not have earned a living for themselves and family as a woman. Again, here we don't have the same situation, but rather a situation where the livelihood is actually improved by the change. The marital aspects of this problem, only you two can answer. Many times the spouse of a transvestite, which is what Harry really is, objects to the deception and develops an aversion to her husband which precludes a satisfactory marital relationship. I would like to know your feelings on this, Liz" he asked.

Liz hesitated for a moment trying to come up with a completely truthful answer. She thought, there has been no aversion to Harriet but then she had considered it a temporary thing and sort of a lark and fun at that. How did she really feel about it as a full time relationship? She continued to ponder.

Finally she answered. "for my part, I can live with the change if that is what Harriet wants. Harry is still the man I married and we have been happy in every way with each other and even more so these past few months. I feel that I can make the necessary adjustments without strain and in many ways I know I will enjoy the relationship since "our secret" seems to add zest to it. I am more concerned with Harry's attitudes and feelings knowing that this is not a temporary thing for him, but that it would be for all time!

"Liz does not seem to object too much. What are your feelings on this Harry? demanded the doctor.

"I want to be a woman, more than anything else! I don't know why I feel this way, all I know is that I do. If it meant giving up Liz, I would try to forget it. But if she is willing, I know that I can keep her happy and I can be of more help at the school. As the doctor said, neither our income nor our relationship has to suffer!" Harriet replied. "Our friends will not object since most of our good friends know about me already. Mary and Ellen have both said that we could really expand our school operation

if I were to become fully active again. Even the others have said that they no longer think of me as Harry, but rather only as Harriet. We have no family out here and so that is no problem.”

The conversation continued on for several hours and every aspect involved in making the change a permanent one was discussed both pro and con. Finally Dr. Rodin informed the two women that he would be leaving since their problem had been resolved.

“What do you mean? What have we resolved? You haven’t told us what we are to do,” both asked of him.

Yes, the problem has been resolved,” the doctor replied. “If you could have listened to what has been said as disinterested observers, you would realize it. Let me summarize. First, it is something that Harry wants more than anything else. Secondly, Liz, you are willing to go along with it and that your feelings will not change towards him. There is no problem from an economic or social point of view, is there? We are not talking about the impossible task of making a woman of Harry, but rather of making it possible for him to live as a woman. As far as I am concerned, I feel that for the best interests of all involved, you should proceed on the assumption that you will make this change permanent” he concluded.

There was no argument from either Liz or Harriet-and none had been anticipated. Now that it was settled, Liz asked the doctor, “Last night Harry mentioned that he was considering using hormones to obtain a more feminine appearance. What are your thoughts on this?”

“If done under a doctors supervision, I would have no objection. By proper dosage, we can possibly achieve a natural bustline, a softer voice, and curves in the right places for Harriet, and still not disrupt the sexual drive too much, but it will certainly be less than it is now. If this is what you both want, think about it and make an appointment at my office so we can begin this treatment.

Dr. Rodin then left and the two relieved girls began to plan for the permanency of the change. It was decided to begin hormone treatments at once and to speed up the process of beard removal. They would move to the suburbs and buy a home for more privacy and they would “become sisters” as far as others were concerned.

After some searching, a lovely home surrounded by two acres of land was acquired and just before moving in, they donated all of Harry's clothes to the Salvation Army and sold the few pieces of heavy masculine furniture to a neighbor. It was a new delight shopping for furniture, carpeting, drapes and other items for their new home. "House Beautiful" joined the other magazines such as "Glamour" and "Fashion" that had become regular reading for Harriet.

The only time that Harriet insisted on any item for the house was when she insisted on Priscilla curtains which provided the feminine softness that she wanted. The completed picture when everything had been selected and installed presented an aura that was completely feminine and even the warm colors increased this impression of extreme femininity.

Under the supervision of Dr. Rodin, and with the help of the hormones he was dispensing, Harriet was able to discard the falsies that she had been wearing for several months and no longer had need for a padded girdle. A garter belt replaced this item although she still used the waist cinch but in a much smaller size. She took pride and derived knowing that the roundness of her bust and her hips were all hers.

It was during these first few months that Harriet decided to dye her hair the auburn color of her first wig, and was able to wear her hair in a longer hair style.

The two stately, attractive women became well known in all the better dress shops and were a sheer delight to the many salesgirls who delighted in outfitting the two well formed women. Their weights were now identical each weighing 123 pounds. Waistlines measured the same 23 inches and hips the same 36 inches. However Harriet was a 36 B cup for her bra in contrast to Liz at 34 same cup size. Although they shared similar tastes in clothes, they still retained enough individuality so that each had favorites that the other did not share.

As business improved at the school, they added more real jewelry and furs to their wardrobes and it seemed a shame that they only had occasion to wear these on rare occasions. Their social evenings had been limited to a few evenings out with the girls from the school, a short trip by themselves, or a dinner out and a movie.

One evening while they were waiting for Mary to come out to have dinner with them, they received a phone call from her asking if they would mind if she came another evening.



Beverly



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"That's a shame, we were looking forward to seeing you. Are you sure you can't make it? We would love to see you this evening." asked Liz.

"Doubt it honey, I have a date with an old school friend. I am going to call Sylvia and Alice to join me as he brought two friends along. Hope they are free this evening as I don't know what I can do with three men"
-Mary answered.

Liz and Harriet were sorely disappointed but their gloom came to an end when the phone rang again and they heard Mary's voice pleading. "I need your help. Can you two girls be ready in an hour. Couldn't reach Sylvia and Alice, and I promised Fred that I would have dates for his friends. Please say you won't let me down. Its only for an evening and wouldn't it be a thrilling new experience for Harriet?"

Liz looked at Harriet as if to ask "what should we do" and Harriet sensing that Liz was anxious to get out of the house and also anxious for the challenge of this new type of evening answered her silent request. "Let's do it. It should be fun and besides what can happen in a restaurant?"

"Pick us up in one hour and we will be ready" Liz told her. "We can keep an eye on Harriet during the evening so that no problems arise."

Harriet removed her makeup and started fresh preparing for this evening and wishing that she had made a beauty parlor appointment that day. An exotic eye shadow was applied and her mascara more exaggerated than usual was put on. Eye lash extenders were added and she was most careful in the outlining of her lips and in filling them out. A basic black cocktail dress with extremely low neckline and spaghetti straps was selected and a strapless bra with slight padding and wiring to provide the uplift that she felt the dress called for. She slipped into a bikini panty and slipped the fully lined dress over her head since no slip was needed.

"Liz, darling could you come here for a moment, and zip me up?" Harriet asked and Liz complied and hooked the low cut dress in the back.

Harriet stood before the mirror and straightend her hose running her hands from ankles to thighs giving her that good feeling that she still enjoyed even after these many, many months. As she inserted the pins of her earings into her ear lobes, she was grateful that Liz had convinced her to have her ears pierced. She viewed the completed picture in the full

length mirror and was pleased with the total effect. Her waistline appeared even smaller as it did whenever she wore black and her smooth legs were shapely.

Her observation was interrupted by Liz remarking. "How well you look. Let's wear our stoles tonight since it is rather cool, and we just don't get enough occasion for really dressing. That all right with you, honey?" Harriet was quick to agree.

It was strange to hear Harriet ask Liz what she should talk about with strange men and to be aware that she had never been on a date as a woman before. Liz regarded the well formed figure that was the equal of her own before she replied.

"Just be yourself and show interest in what the other person is saying. In social settings the woman who is a good listener, rather than a great talker is the most sought after. I think you will find the evening most interesting. I hope we did the right thing in accepting the invitation, but I did want to help Mary out."

Soon their company arrived and after introductions, the two girls draped their stoles over their shoulders and everyone left for the big evening.

Mary drove, since Fred's car was being repaired and she and Fred got in the front seat and Liz joined them. Al and Jerry, Fred's friends, sat on each side of Harriet in the back seat where she had been placed. Liz was tempted to turn around and see how Harriet was reacting to this, but did not do so.

Enroute to the restaurant, the conversation was mostly small talk. Because of the crowded confines of the car, Harriet was a bit uncomfortable as Al's legs brushed against hers with planned regularity, and that Jerry insisted on holding her gloved hand. She had not anticipated this and really did not like it.

The meal was excellent and while Liz and Mary were dancing, Al asked Harriet how she spent her time.

"My sister and I run a charm school and have been very busy managing it. We live a quiet life but we do have good friends and good times with them. Harriet answered. For the first time she was aware that when she said friends, she meant women friends and not men!

"Tell me about yourself Al", she countered, "What is San Francisco like? I have not been there for years. I understand the shopping is wonderful."

The conversational burden was thus removed from her pretty shoulders. For the next several minutes Al talked about his work, his hobbies, and his experiences.

When the others returned to the table, Harriet accepted Al's challenge to dance with her. Dancing had been part of the school's activity and Harriet had participated and was good at it, but this was the first time that she would be dancing outside of a classroom situation. The dancing itself was no problem as she had a natural rhythm and was light on her feet. She felt strangely uncomfortable though, as Al held her closely and she could feel the press of her breasts against his chest and the feel of her body against his as he held her tightly at the slim waist. The pressure of his cheek against hers and the feel of her gloved hand resting in his were not reassuring. She was most grateful to return to the others when the music had ended and Liz noted that she was somewhat flushed.

The balance of the evening was most pleasant as the men were good company and all had a good sense of humor. Just before leaving, Mary asked if anyone would like to join her in the powder room and noticing that Liz was going to do so, Harriet quickly joined them not wanting to be left alone with the men again. The three women departed for the no mans land known as the "Powder Room".

The necessary duties were completed and the makeup supplemented so that each could look her best. Harriet no longer felt uncomfortable in the various powder rooms whether alone or with others.

"How are you enjoying yourself, Harriet". Mary inquired.

"Very much-except that I don't think that I will do this again. You two know what I mean. I feel uncomfortable dancing with a man who looks at me in a way that is normal for a man to look and I don't want any problems" she replied.

"I know what you mean dear." Liz commented. "I have a similar problem since Jerry does not know that I am married, but just consider yourself a woman and realize that the evening will soon be over. Just act out the part and let it go with a goodnight kiss at the door when we get home tonight. I see no real harm to you, me or the fellow." Liz answered.

On the way home, Harriet made certain that she sat up front with Mary and Fred, the latter two who waited in the car while Al and Jerry escorted them to their door.

Jerry, who was the least extroverted of the two men, kissed Liz lightly on the lips and took his departure. Al, once Liz was in the entryway of the house, grabbed Harriet tightly about the waist, drew her very close to him, and kissed her fully and passionately on the lips. With a quick shove, she disengaged herself, blurted out a goodnight and ran into the house.

"Oh Liz, this has been awful!" she cried. "For the first time I was ashamed of myself. I hope we never have to do this again!"

"Now honey, calm down. Nothing happened. You danced with a man and he hugged and kissed you goodnight and it's now over. What harm has been done?" she consoled. "I enjoyed the evening and it was good for me to be in mixed company again. I would not object to doing it again but not too often."

"You mean that you don't object to my being treated as a woman by a man? Are you now sorry that you agreed to go along with my wishes in this?" Harriet asked.

"If I felt that you were interested outside of the company the man provided, I certainly would object, but let's face it, we are living a rather secluded life and while we are both young, I think it would be nice to be seen with and be with others," she replied. "What harm is there if we were to occasionally date when male companions are a necessity, as long as we let it end just there. You are still my husband in everything except appearance, and don't you forget it!" she smiled.

As they removed their makeup before retiring, Harriet was grateful for Liz's understanding. Neither wore a hair net since there was their unusual beauty parlor appointment the next day. Harriet selected a two tiered pink full length gown with lace trimmed bustline and Liz put on a transparent black gown which flared up from the bustline in the popular Grecian style.

When the lights were out and both were in their kingsized bed, any doubt about the correctness of the decision of months ago dissipated. Liz nestled her head on Harriet's shoulder, was drawn close to her, and kissed full on the lips, a long clinging kiss. The nylon folds of their

gowns blended together and the always pleasant sensation of breast against breast seemed to stimulate both, and all was well again with the world.

Life from that moment on was all that they could desire. Harriet became one of the favorite instructresses of the expanded school staff. She relished the compliments of the students who tried to emulate her in every way. The delicious delights of her visits to the beauty parlor, of changing hairstyles, and makeup continued with no diminution of pleasure.

They would spend the evening in the quiet seclusion of their home in typical feminine pastimes of sewing, knitting, reading, practicing makeup changes for new effects, and entertaining their growing circle of friends of both sexes. The inner circle, who knew their secret, never mentioned it, and seemed to have forgotten the reality which they knew existed.

After three years had passed and they had become accustomed to the smoothness of their lives, they decided that it was time to visit Dr. Rodin again. The hormone treatments had been virtually completed and office visits were infrequent. They invited the good doctor to dinner.

After an excellent dinner, the good friends retired to the family room. Dr. Rodin could not get over the complete and total femininity of Harriet. Her voice, feline actions, her appearance, belied the true sex which he knew was below the surface. Even comparing her to Liz, he could find no flaws.

Eventually the inevitable question was asked by him. "Did we make the right decision three years ago, or were we wrong?"

Liz answered first, "I have never been as happy as I am now. A husband who understands me and women as well as Harriet does would be impossible to find. We are closer now than ever before and I believe it is our "secret" that brings us so close to each other. I have doubled the wardrobe because of Harriet. We can go shopping, to the beauty parlor together, everything together, and can even double date at no expense to ourselves, unlike any other married couple!"

"And what about you, Harriet? How do you feel about it? inquired the Doctor.

Harriet arose from the couch on which she had been sitting, smoothed out the folds of her skirt, drew back her shoulders thereby accentuating the curvature of her well formed breasts, tossed her head causing her long tresses to swirl over her shoulder, and extending her soft, well manicured hand towards Dr. Rodin, she answered. "Thank you".

Though no answer had been given verbally, no answer was needed to convey her feelings. What would you have answered if you had been Harriet???????????

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**MY PRECIOUS DAY****Mary — Sweden**

Lena, my wife, went to her sister who was having a baby. I was left alone — for the first time since Lena and I married, half a year ago.

Her happy voice . . . her dimples . . . the eager clatterings of her high heels . . . didn't I miss it all? Perhaps I did, in a way. But there was something else: a soft and delicious stirring of my own personality inside me.

On her bed there was her bright green nylon nightgown. But I knew of a much more beautiful nightgown: three layers of silky soft nylon, each in a different shade of blue . . .

When I returned home from work that evening I went up to the attic and dusted my big old suitcase, brought it down in the elevator with me.

In my bedroom I opened it, arranging on my bed all those wonderful, delicious things . . . I sat on the floor and marvelled in them . . . those "sinful" things in black and violet . . . unfortunately I could never forget how much better they looked on the model than on me . . . The cherry-red set was more my style.

Some of the dresses were a little out of fashion . . . and rather crumpled after their long stay in the suitcase. My wig . . . it looked a mess! Carefully I started brushing it.

Next morning found me in my blue nylon nightgown, pearly nails, absolutely smooth arms and legs — and with a whole day of freedom in front of me!

All the same I had been crying that night. Because now I understood that a grave mistake it was not to tell my wife about this.

The bright sunny morning blew away all my fears. Of course I was going to tell Lena! Some day . . .

My favorite most beautiful underwear . . . a bra, a girdle, little panties, and a slip, all dove-colored with a shade of lavender . . . How expensive they were when I bought them! But the quality! And the fine creamy laces . . . well worth their price! — And now for the stockings. Pink ones with embroidered butterflies? Outrageous? “Black tulip”? No, too dark for a day like this. Ordinary stockings of a neutral shade, they would do.

I lifted down the long mirror from the hall and carried it into the bright sunshine near the balcony. Carefully I scutinized the “lady” in the mirror. She wore a beautiful blue dress, and her hair caught the sunshine. She wasn’t pretty. But she looked so happy! And the make up was well done, although I hadn’t had much training, lately.

I didn’t possess a coat, and the day was chilly. Furthermore my shoes weren’t too comfortable . . . But I went straight to the garage and borrowed my wife’s bright red little car and I drove downtown, to the shopping center where I carefully parked the car.

Slowly I walked in the October sunshine, looking into every window. I saw dresses, books, jewelry . . . and myself, mirrored in the glass . . . People around me would have been surprised, had they known how happy *that* made me! But nobody noticed me, particularly. And that made me even more happy!

I went to a cafeteria and had a cup of coffee. The place was crowded. I shared my table with two ladies, out shopping. I sat there with my coffee and tried to analyze a growing feeling of unreality . . . as if I didn’t exist . . . or rather as if all these people were actors in a play I was watching . . . didn’t we belong to the same reality?

I walked out in the sunshine again, feeling rather confident. Very soon, however, I lost some of this new confidence when Reality tapped on my shoulder: I had no idea of the effect of artificial daylight on my face. In a shop I was looking at some pretty embroidered blouses when I happened to see my own face in one of the mirrors. There were faint dark shadows on my cheeks and chin, also very noticable on my upper

lip which made the silvery paint on my lips look somewhat ridiculous. I fled. Out in the sunshine. My own little mirror told me that real daylight was much more merciful to me.

Later on I was about to make another little mistake: I found some lovely synthetic wigs. The girl behind the counter wanted me to try one of them, but I mumbled some excuse and hurried away: to try on that wig would mean taking off my own wig first. Out of the question!

Late in the afternoon I drove my wife's little car home. Around me were lots of boxes and bags with beautiful new things . . . I didn't want to remember that I had to pack them all into my suitcase — till next time . . . A policeman lifted his hand. I was about to stop, but he waved me away and stopped the next car. I drove on, suddenly absolutely rigid with fear: In my pretty red handbag was my very masculine driver's licence . . . A nice little oversight!

Fortunately nobody seemed to notice my terrified face. And I arrived home, safely.

My wife called. She asked me to take the car and fetch her.

I washed my face, removed my nailpolish, changed my clothes.

My day was over. No use crying . . . And yet . . . Something felt hot and tight in my chest, and my eyes were dimmed.

Carefully I put my things back in the old suitcase, my wig in tissue paper . . . all my new underwear . . . I hadn't even tried them on . . . I was crying all the time, fiercely telling myself that it was no good crying, no good . . .

I sat on my suitcase in the attic, wiping my eyes. I said to myself: "Well, I've got to tell Lena! And I will! Some day . . ."

And so I postponed it . . . Again.





Gladys 13-M-16 FPE



Jamie Renee 42-M-1 FPE



FICTION

CAREER GIRL

Eileen PA-8-5

I had been in Central City for two weeks, and was rapidly running out of money. There were few jobs open for an unskilled veteran as I had found out by the bitter experience of the past few days. Most prospective employers, while kind, told me in no uncertain terms that I could not hope to get into the job market without a skill to sell. I had no intention of returning to college, which I had left three long years ago, so the only thing left for me was to get some vocational training. I had left the service with some secret determinations and ambitions, but I was in no way sure of what I really wanted.

Still pretty much at a loss, I bought a copy of the Central City Star and turned to the want and technical training ads. Looking with disgust at the shortage of jobs, and with disdain at the opportunities for mechanics and welder trainees, I was about to crumple up the sheet when a small ad at the bottom of the page caught my eye.

Verna Childs
Beauty School
"Learn While You Earn"
27 Mine St.
Central City

I thought for a moment on some of the resolutions that I had made in the service, and some of my secret childhood desires that had been carefully tucked away in the back of my mind. I had always admired girls, with their perfect hair and makeup, and had often wished that I knew more about the mysteries of femininity. Well, why not, it was a job that I would really like and the training at the same time, and I knew that a good hairdresser could make quite a bit of money. I was sure that they would accept me at the school, it was really something to look into!

The next morning, bright and early, I entered the door of Miss Childs' shop. An attractive, perfectly coiffed woman was seated behind the reception desk. She looked up as I entered and said, "Yes, can I help you?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I came in response to your ad. I'd like to enroll in the school."

"Well," she laughed, "I'm afraid that it's quite impossible, you seem to have wasted your time."

"Why not. It's a school isn't it? And I'm a veteran who needs training and I would like to be a hairdresser."

"Young man, I admire your ambition, but I would suggest that you try a large school that takes men. We have a small operation here and the policy, which has never been tested is to take only young woman."

"But . . . but you can't refuse me. I can't afford to move to a large city with that type of school, and after all women are always yelling about women's lib and how they are denied training and jobs because of their sex, but when a man wants to have equality too, it's a big no-no."

She laughed again and said, "That's just it, my school is geared to women and it is, as I told you, small. Who do you think the girls practice on? Each other! If you wanted equality with women, you'd certainly get it here. As a matter of fact in a week you'd look exactly like one!"

Suddenly a secret hidden memory of afternoons in my mother's closet stirred and I felt a tingle of pleasurable memory run through my body. Surprised by my expression which must have shown the momentary happiness, she was taken aback. After a moment she said,

"By the look on your face, that idea didn't really displease you. Is that what you really wanted, to be near women so you could learn to be one? Does your big tough veteran want to be a frilly female?"

I stood there shocked that my emotions had shown themselves that honestly on my face. I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

"What, no denial, or are you so shocked that I read your thoughts. If you knew me better you would realize what a judge of character I am. I think that I hit quite a nerve there, you might not have even realized the whole scope of what you desired until right now. What's your name?"

"Ah . . . Jim, James Phillips."

"Well, Janey, I think that you would rather be called Jane, wouldn't you, perhaps we can help you out. I imagine that if I started right now and reduced every bit of your masculinity, and rebuilt you in lace, you would not even make a peep of dissent. Would you like that?"

"Well, I don't . . . that is . . ."

"Shut up, Miss, and stop being wishy-washy. Do you want this or not? I'll start you in the class tomorrow, and I promise you that your mother wouldn't even recognize her daughter in a week. But I'm going to let you make the decision. It would be much too easy to force you."

Picking up the phone, she dialed and waited.

"Diana, this is Verna . . . I'm sending you down a new student to get uniforms. Fix her up and charge it to the school, and a couple of civilian things too, the poor dear doesn't have a stitch to her name . . . don't be too surprised if she looks like a boy when she comes, just so she doesn't leave like one . . . yes . . . o.k. . . oh, Diana, by the way, do you still have that efficiency apartment open . . . good . . . we'll move Janey in today . . . bye."

Hanging up the phone, she turned to me again.

"All right, young lady to be, go to this address and see my friend Diana. She'll take good care of you. That's all you have to do, and I'll take over and give you exactly what you want. That's all you have to do, if you want it badly enough. Can you make the decision?"

"But . . ."

"That's all. If you want the job, show up in your uniform here at 9 a.m. Otherwise stay away, do you understand?"

"Ah, yes, Miss Childs."

"O.K., before you go here are the rules of the school. No gum chewing, nylons and light makeup at all times, and above all, good grooming."

"But, Miss Childs, how can I wear makeup and nylons, won't I look out of place on the streets going to and from work?"

"Not in your new uniform you won't, sweetie."

"Well, goodbye, I guess." I stammered.

"Are you coming to the school or not" she demanded. "No, don't tell me, you'd only lie. Just surprise me. Well, goodbye . . . Janey!" she said.

I backed out of the door unable to think or even reason straight.

I spend the rest of the morning sitting in the park and mutilating in my nervous fingers the address card that I had been given. What to do! I had the answer to all of my secret dreams of my life at my finger tips, and yet I was very very afraid. On one hand was security, a dream world and a good job, on the other my masculine pride, or what was left of it, and in the middle a grey area of doubt; could I be a successful girl, or for that matter was I a successful man. My past track record didn't seem to indicate it. On that note, I made my decision, and for the first time in months, with resolution and purpose I proceeded . . . straight to the address given to me by Miss Childs.

I was only partially surprised to discover that the address was the location of a small dress store. I had figured that I was about to become intimately acquainted with the mysteries of skirts. Following instructions, I requested Diana, who in her turn was quite surprised that Verna had meant quite literally, a boy. I will say that she maintained her poise, and with good humor fitted me with the required uniforms and quite a few "civilian" clothes which she said that I would desperately need.

Two hours later I was again in the streets, this time with my arms full of bundles, heading for an apartment that Diana had rented me, against my first month's salary.

The next morning I walked through the door of the beauty school, feeling quite awful, ugly and insecure. Miss Childs glanced up and greeted me just as if she were accustomed to seeing a man wearing pink nylon uniform with ruffled front and cuffs, nylons and pink low heeled shoes.

"Well, Janey, I see that you had the courage to make it after all. You don't look too bad either; you just might make a nice looking girl. How do you feel?"

"Well, first of all, I'm kind of scared, and well, I don't know how the rest of the class is going to accept me."

"That's why I wanted you to come in today, if you were going to. The class doesn't start until tomorrow, and the shop is normally closed today. I thought that we could put in a little extra work. Why don't you come back into the shop with me and we'll see what we can do."

I followed her back into the shop where she instructed me to get into the first chair. She quickly put a cloth over me and started to assemble her tools.

A LITTLE WORK! That was about the biggest exaggeration that I had heard in a long time. When I stepped out of the chair, almost five hours later, there wouldn't have been one of my former acquaintances that would have known me. She had started off by washing my hair, and then altering the color to a light strawberry blonde. While this was being done, she had tilted the chair back and plucked my eyebrows to thin arched curves. Then she put a special compound, in a beauty mask, all over my face. Then she started cutting and shaping my rather long but shapeless hair and finally set it in pin curls at the bottom and larger rollers on the top and front. While we were waiting for it to dry, she put a lotion on my arms up to my shoulders and in a few minutes completely denuded them of hair, when the lotion was washed off. She explained to me that the beauty mask would do the same for my beard, but that it wouldn't be permanent and that I would have to start electrolysis treatments with her in the evenings until all of the hair on my face and chest was gone. Then she washed off my face and started to apply makeup while she explained the mystery of each step. I learned to smooth the base and use other shades to accent or reduce the features needed. I watched as she applied shadow, lightener over the top, and mascaraed my lashes, ending with a curl. Lipstick and blusher followed. Then the curlers were removed and my hair, now a lovely blonde, was backcombed and teased. A spraying followed and I was given the chance to admire the new Jane.

It certainly is a strange thing to sit down and within a few hours stand up as an entirely different person. The lovely blond in the mirror, all curled and lovely, wasn't me and at the same time I knew that it was the real me, the one that I had been seeing in my mind for a long time. I, at the moment, didn't mind Verna's desire to tear me down and rebuild me in lace. I thought Jane was just the right name.

"Well, Jane, what do you think of my handiwork, or you still going to resist your true calling?"

"Miss Childs, all kidding aside, I am happier right at this moment than I have ever been in my life."

Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, she put her arms around me and hugged me. "Oh, Jane, I'm so glad that you said that, I've always wanted to do this to someone, and you have been just perfect. I know that we will get to be great friends. And just think, in a few months of training you'll be able to perform the same magic on my customers. Don't forget that school starts tomorrow! Listen, I have an idea. I'll call Diana up and invite her to dinner, you go home and change to something pretty, and meet me back here in about an hour. And please call me Verna, we girls have got to stick together."

I rushed home and quickly changed. Considering that the occasion would be informal, I slipped out of my uniform and into a pink and white polka dot crepe de chienne blouse, a blue skirt and a matching vest. Blue high heels and a blue leather purse completed the ensemble. Since it was rather warm, I didn't worry about a wrap. With only a few minutes to spare, I quickly hurried back.

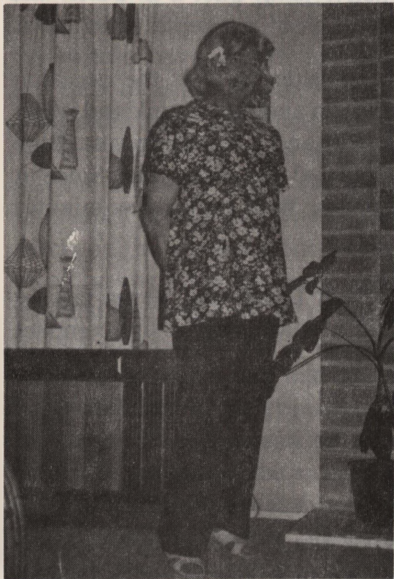
I approached the apartment and could hear Diana and Verna talking inside. Taking one last pat at my hair and a quick look in my compact mirror, I knocked on the door.

"Who's there?"

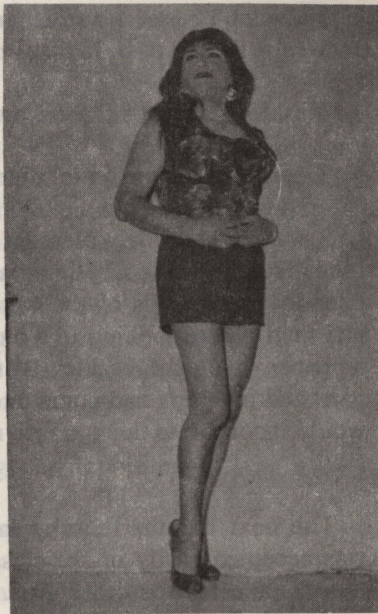
"It's . . . Jane"

"Well, at least you haven't forgotten your name," Verna said, opening the door. "My, but you look pretty. Did you pick that out with Diana's help?"

"Oh, no, I used to wear it on liberty all the time, in the service!"



Catherine Mary
FA-1-P FPE



Antoinette
FMA-I-M (Malta)



Christine
New Zealand



Susan
Australia

"Now don't be sarcastic, as far as I'm concerned, your life started today since Jane has no past. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Verna, that's fine with me!"

"Good then. Come on in, dinner's on."

It was an extremely pleasant evening, and by the time it was over another facet of my education was started. I learned quickly and with the friendly reprimands of the women that there is much more to being a girl than just to looking like one. I got quite an education in acting like a proper young girl, besides. By the time the evening was over, my posture, gait, and manners had come under scrutiny. I completely resolved that I would incorporate this too into my total appearance.

The next months flew by in rapid succession. With Verna's help I was accepted easily in the class, and my awkwardness was covered by the mistakes of the other girls. Verna was an excellent teacher as well as friend. During the day, I learned hair setting, coloring, and cutting. The shop also specialized in wigs and makeup and I quickly grew to be an expert in the field. Of course the fruits of my education were passed on to myself and I blossomed into quite a lovely young lady. My hair grew longer, and was carefully cared for. At night Verna continued my education in deportment and charm. Early in the year she succeeded in permanently removing all the unnecessary hair on my face and chest, so that except when unclothed, no one could ever suspect that I had a secret. I grew to be fast friends with both Verna and Diana, but I must admit that Verna and I became extremely close, but more of that later.

After school was over and I received my license, Verna offered me a job with her in the shop. Needless to say I quickly accepted the position and spent the next two years as her assistant. It was an enjoyable time working with women and performing virtual miracles on some unbelievable cases. It is really amazing that some women born with natural feminine beauty do little or nothing to take care of themselves, while people like me who were not women have done so much with so little. To this day I will never understand why women ruin what the good Lord gave them to work with. Bleaching their hair till it is ruined, wearing no makeup, buying clothes that look terrible, or things that are unfeminine and awful. I don't mean pant suits, some of which are extremely fem-

inine and lovely, but men's tee-shirts and jeans, ugh! One incident really stands out in my mind, even today.

I was in the shop late one afternoon, and about ready to close up when I heard someone in the reception room. When I went out, there was a girl standing there wearing dirty jeans and a shapeless sweatshirt. It was rather easy to see that underneath these clothes the girl had a lovely figure. Her face, completely void of makeup, would have been radiant with just a few light touches. And to top the whole thing off she had the most lovely chestnut hair hanging down to her waist. It was a little dirty and unkempt. But with a washing and a good brushing it would have looked lovely plaited in ribbons. But of course, as I was afraid of, that was not what she was there for.

"Miss, would it be possible for me to get an appointment?"

"Why yes. What would you care to have done."

"Well, my boyfriend is getting tired of my hair and with us being on the road, I don't have the time to take care of it. I'd like you to cut it some."

"Well, of course, if that's what you want. Sit here," I said, guiding her to a chair, "and I'll be right back."

I gave her the styling book, so that she could select a style, after first turning to the longer styles. Getting the cloth I put it over her and asked: "Have you found a style, yet?"

"Yes, I'll take this one, and please hurry, I have to meet him in an hour."

I picked up the book and was shocked. She had turned to the shortest, pixie style in the book. For a moment I thought that I had lost her place and when I asked, she assured me that it was indeed what she wanted, and if I didn't mind, she would just like to borrow a pair of scissors and do it herself. I thought quickly and decided to try to talk her out of such a rash move toward her lovely mane of hair. First I washed her hair and then combed the damp tresses to a lovely sheen.

"Are you sure that you want to give all of this up? I realize that too long hair can be a bother, but what about just cutting it below your shoulders?"

"No, I'm swimming every day, and besides, I am just so sick of looking like a proper young lady and oh, but your hair is lovely, you're such a nice young girl, cut the damned stuff off or I'll leave."

"No, I'll do the job if that's what you want, but it's going to be a wholesale butchery."

"Please stop being a sissy and go ahead and do it.!"

There was little else to say. I turned her so that she was facing the mirror. Picking up the scissors and a long plait of hair, I quickly chopped off the front portion to the chin.

"Do you want me to save it for a fall?"

"No, just dump it in my lap. I'll put it in a bag and give it to Bob as a present."

With that remark, I dropped a three foot tress of hair in her lap. The rest of the procedure didn't take long. I continued to slice her hair off at the nape of the neck. The severed plaits made a huge chestnut pile in her lap almost covering the front as well as it did before. A few more flicks of the razor and the remaining hair was chaff on the floor. When we got done, she ran her hand through her 1 inch hairdo and asked for a paper bag. She then stuffed the yards of beautiful hair into the bag, still as expressionless. I was quite surprised at this, since most women will shed at least a little tear when going to a shorter hair do, as a matter of fact I had deliberately turned her toward the mirror as I cut and here her facial expression was that of a disinterested spectator. Even when her hair was completely chopped on one side and hanging over her breast on the other, the only look was relief that she was rid of the need to be feminine. As she walked out with her bag and raw chopped hair do, I repeated the old statement, "I'll never understand women!"

That was about six years ago, and I'll still never understand women. Last spring, I was leaving Verna's house after visiting when she suddenly took me into her arms and gave me a definitely unfriendly kiss, it was much more like passion. We went back in, needless to say, and although I can't figure out why a woman would want to marry a man with shoulder length blond hair who looks like a dream in cashmere sweaters, she did. And now my wife and her best girlfriend, me, run that little shop together. A happy ending and a great career for someone who wanted to be a career girl.



UPDATE

Joan — New Zealand

Since the article in *Tranvestia* No. 63, I have continued to have a full life in cabaret and clubs and last week reached a very rewarding stage. I was invited to a conference of the 36 entertainment clubs from all parts of New Zealand, in Dunedin. On the final night the top twenty-two items in New Zealand were presented as a programme, attended by the Mayor and Council and a large audience in the Town Hall. I was No. 19 so felt happy in the theory that the best is kept until the end. Sheer vanity? I made up carefully in my hotel and took more than usual pains with make up and clothes. My wig, which is a good one, was styled beautifully in an extravagant night club style. The Manager and Reception had asked to see me when I left. Three Committeemen called for me and we went down in the lift — it was the biggest and most modern hotel in Dunedin, with many American tourists. There were several people in the lift and to have some fun I spoke to them in my deepest voice. The looks of astonishment and then relief as I explained to them. I wore a leopard skin coat and brown knee boots as my costume was at the Town Hall. The Reception staff and some visitors enjoyed a few minutes fun — one woman trying to explain to her husband that I was really a man. His side glances amused us all. We departed. My dresser was an elderly man of 73 — a lawyer, who in his younger days had acted for many years as a female impersonator in Wellington. He was careful and gentle in helping me into my costume and doing me up. He said afterwards that it filled him with nostalgia to see me in my underthings and smell the theatre make up again. My heart warmed to him for I believe bringing back memories of his own moments in theatre made him happy. I do hope so. Before the show we were instructed "No Encores." When I went on I gave them the full treatment with everything I had — legs, bosoms, and hips. I felt just right to do so and will describe my costume: Black Velvet leotards cut very high on the hips and with patterns of gold sequins, gilt chain loops

on the legs and white fur round a very low cut top. Sheer black tights and high heel black patent shoes, long white gloves, long good chandelier earrings and a vermillion throat ribbon. On my derriere I wore clouds of white net with large white ostrich plumes. When I finished my act the audience stopped the show, demanding an encore, which I was then asked to give. I finished and went back to my dressing room which immediately filled with people shaking my hands, bringing me drinks, shooting congratulations and inviting me to perform here and there. It was exciting and most exhilarating. My dresser had quite a time trying to give me breathing space. I was plied with questions as members of the audience came backstage without waiting to see the end of the show. My bosom — was it real or plastic? Yes, I explained, it's really *me!* Where did I get my costume made? Was I really French? Had I been trained in Paris? Where had I learned make up, and so on. I was placed top amateur entertainer for New Zealand and ahead of other male and F. I. items. It was so exciting and I write this to share it with you as a result. I have arranged for some professional studio photographs and will send one or two if they are successful. I wonder whether any of your readers are on the stage, because I would so much like to contact them to discuss yet another mutual interest.



ANSWERS TO LETTERS

If I am to stay afloat in Chevalier I simply have to minimize detail. Therefore once again I say I SIMPLY CANNOT TAKE TIME TO REPLY TO LETTERS UNLESS — you enclose not only a stamped, addressed envelope, but phrase your questions on a separate sheet in such a way that they can be answered yes or no, a date or number given, or some other simple information supplied. I don't like to sound so cold and mechanical. I'd like to write to all of you but the more readers we get the more difficult it becomes to stay ahead of it. So rather than have your letter put aside help me to help you by asking what you need to know in such a way that I can answer it simply and promptly and get it back to you in the next mail. Thanks muchly,

VIRGINIA



THE GIRL WITHIN, YET AGAIN

Rosemary — England

I am very pleased that you have returned yet again to this theme, for I think that it is central to our experience as TVs and to our acceptance of the state.

In the psychoanalytic field, C. G. Jung was the first to make the suggestion of subconscious counterparts to the displayed, everyday personality or Persona, when he described the "Anima" and the "Animus." The former was buried in all men, just as you describe it, and the latter in all women. Esther Harding, an English follower of Jung's, in 1937 published a book "The Way of all Women" in which these ideas were displayed and developed. Any man is attracted most towards women whose Personas most nearly resemble his Anima ("like seeking like"). The woman whose Persona can reflect the Anima of whichever man she is with becomes "all things to all men" and is highly desired by all men. I was given this book to read in 1943 (when I was 18) by my parents for they felt that some of my many rather superficial girl-friends were of this type. From that time on I had this idea of the Anima, buried in my mind, but never related "her" to the transvestite urges that had already begun to plague me.

It was only when I first read Transvestia three years ago and met your thoughts and those of Susanna that I saw for myself the real force, within myself, of the Jungian concept. Here was this damned Anima bothering the life out of me, spoiling my marriage and making me disgusted with myself.

I cannot say that I have fully accepted her yet. I still find myself almost resenting "dressing" and have to fight against the tendency to dress in a half-hearted and slovenly manner. I do not always shave and

makeup as carefully as I should. I can neither say "so what" to the Anima (as my ex-wife thought I should do) nor fully and willingly accept her, whole or part time, into full co-existence with the normal, masculine me.

And yet . . . Is this masculine me really so very masculine? My own hair is now a good three inches longer than it was once and it is still growing. I am taking better care of both my wardrobes than I ever did of my old one. Now that I am installed in a "batchelor" apartment I am learning to cook, wash and housekeep like any woman. Finally, my friends in the Beaumont Society say that they think that my Persona changes as I change my clothes and that they then have no difficulty in thinking of me as a woman.

In her book, Esther Harding talked of the need for personal integration, Man with his Anima and Woman with her Animus. Marital relationships in which either (or both) partner was merely reflecting the subconscious counterpart of the other were doomed to instability, for they prevented the intra-person integration that all psychologists from Freud onwards have deemed necessary. Jung himself went still further and claimed that Society (in the book, "Modern Man in Search of a Soul") itself was headed for disaster due to an unbridled masculinity and that unless men discovered their personal and collective Animas, there was no hope.

Well, Virginia, this began as a letter of thanks to you for saying so clearly what I am still fumbling towards, but it seems to have gone on to become a possible piece for Transvestia. Do print it if you wish. My ramblings might be of help to others similarly trying to find themselves.





Visit in Boston
Virginia, Dorothy, Susanne, Eloise



Christmas Party Rho Chapter

"Dear
Editor"



LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

Last month I sent in my application for FPE, but I felt that I owed you a personal note to you to express my appreciation for your efforts on behalf of all of us. I have read several issues of TVia since I first found out how to contact you back in March of this year, and expressing my feelings about what I found in those pages and in your books is very difficult. I had felt alone for so long that it was quite an emotional experience to read your philosophy and of other people's experience. To know that others have exactly the same feelings that I feel goes along way towards easing the mind and erasing the feeling of being a freak.

I guess the reason I decided to write this letter, however, concerns the things I have read in your articles about attacks on you both personally and philosophically. The hurt and bitterness that is evident in those articles is completely understandable, and you must wonder sometimes if all the effort is worth it. I am really a neophyte when it comes to knowing who and what specifically you are talking about, but I want you to know that I appreciate your efforts, and I am sure there are many others like me. You have changed my life irrevocably and I can now express my femmeself with greatly diminished guilt feelings. It is extremely easy for people to complain and throw brickbats rather than take constructive action. I feel that your actions will have impact far into the future as you have focused a light on a condition that was not well recognized outside of those of us that feel it. It has been only recently that the scientific community has taken even a cursory look at FPs as distinct from homosexuals and/or transexuals. Although the heading Transvestism has been added to *Index Medicus* there is still very little published on the subject although it does seem to be increasing. The fact that a dis-

inction is being made is due at least in part to the fact that you have presented our case at many scientific and public forums. Although others may reap benefits from your pioneering no one can detract from your accomplishments.

I feel that the policies and ground rules you have established are reasonable and sound even though they are not highly efficient nor are they meant to be. I found it difficult to come out of seclusion and submit an application to FPE and probably would not have done it at all if I had not been convinced that it was not a fly-by-night outfit and that confidentiality would be respected. I hope that others have written to express their appreciation to you because, although it does not ease the sting of a personal attack, it may perhaps make it a little less significant.

With best regards,
Valerie

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I would like to tell you of a recent bit of good for myself. I have, after becoming acquainted with you, through Dr. Alvarez column, and through (now) reading 10 copies of TVia, come out in the open with my femme-self. I have told family, friends, boss and others about myself, arranged shopping "privileges" at a number of shops (with check cashing rights) and have openly purchased my girl clothing, by identifying myself as an FP, to clerks, who, so far have been quite understanding and helpful! I have taken a number of trips in Arizona and one 3,500 mile trip back east in my van, dressed full time. Needless to say, Arizona, Tucson and Phoenix have no laws against TVs and I am single, living alone.

Now, I have, by lucky chance, found a quiet, clean, decent bar, a couple of miles from my house, that I can go to, on occasion, dressed up. I went, first, to the owner, as my brother, and talked it over with

I heard, recently, about this bar, that it was a clean, decent, quiet place and that they were quite open-minded, but that they would tolerate no trouble. The owner, as far as I can tell, a "straight" person, told me that he understood my situation and that as long as I was decent, behaved like a lady, I was welcome and that this was expected of all of his patrons. He also told me that there were a whole variety of people coming to this bar, including homosexuals (male and female), and that a lot of "straight" people came there also. He said quite plainly, that most of them were people like myself, in that they required a place (due to job, family, etc.) where they could be reasonably sure of no trouble. He also is an "equal rights" employer, in that one of his bartenders is an H.S., one a lesbian and one, a pre-op TS.

At any rate, I went over there the other night, dressed up decently, acted like a lady, stayed three hours and enjoyed myself very much! I had no problems with anyone. I'd previously discussed the "ladies room" problem with the owner and he told me that he expected me to act like a lady, "that there was a lock on the inside of the door to the ladies room." I don't drink very much at a time and usually beer and I have read your admonitions in your wonderful book, "How To Be A Woman, Though Male." So — with reasonable cautions, I now have "someplace to go!"

I have enclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply and, knowing how busy you are, hope you can find time to answer. (I'll be patient!)

Sincerely,
Isobel 3-W-2

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

My wife and I have just finished reading your book, "The Transvestite and His Wife." I want you to know that we have found the book to be very helpful.

I am 38 years old and have been a TV since the age of 11, and until about six weeks ago, no one knew of my secret, not even my wife. But as luck would have it, one night my wife returned home, from a meeting, unexpectedly early and found me fully dressed.

She was quite shocked, but she didn't panic. Possibly "shocked" is not the correct word, as we have been married almost 14 years and we knew each other for several years before we married. She is making a sincere effort to be understanding and tolerant of my TVism, but it is still too new to her to fully appreciate my feelings. Your book has been a great help, during this critical period.

Now for the main purpose of this letter. On the last page of the book, you invited readers seeking more information on TVism to write you. I want to accept your invitation. I would like to get more information so that I can better understand myself and thereby enable my wife to better understand why TVism is and will always be a part of my life.

Sincerely,
(male name)

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I am still desperately interested in joining FPE. From the articles and correspondence contained in TVia nos. 67 thru 74 which I have on hand, as well as older issues unfortunately destroyed in a "purge," it would appear that my personal history (with all its problems and frustrations) closely parallels that of many others. So I will not take my time, or yours, to go into details with which I am sure you are quite familiar. However, I recently sat down and had a long talk with myself and decided that it was about time I got rid of the feelings I have been carrying around since childhood (Sin? Guilt? etc.) and start "being myself." But how does one begin, after so many years of a secret life? Learning about Phi Pi Epsilon seemed like an answer to a prayer. Perhaps I could find someone to talk to, in an honest manner and without a feeling of shame, who would be understanding of my problems at this particular time. And hopefully, after acceptance into the organization, I would be able to understand myself better and eventually become able to make some type of contribution to it myself. There is no question that I want to belong, I only hope that you will feel I qualify. If you do, please send an application.

And now a sidelight which might be of interest to you. After having read your book, "How to be a Woman . . .," I finally found enough nerve to go out and purchase a decent wig, instead of the cheap dime store types I have previously had. After re-reading Chapter 3 (Wigs),

subheading 'Professional Services,' I felt I was as ready as possible and off I went. After walking back and forth in the vicinity of the shop for about 45 minutes trying to firm my resolve, I finally muttered a very unfeminine word, threw caution to the winds, and walked in. The proprietor, a Japanese-American male, was alone in the shop (thank God for small favors). The conversation went something like this:

- Me: I would like to purchase a wig.
 Prop.: Ah! Yes. What would you like?
 Me: Well, something like that (pointing), but with a slightly different styling.
 Prop.: Is this for your wife?
 Me: No.
 Prop.: Is this for your sister?
 Me: No.
 Prop.: (Questioning look)
 Me: (Whisper) It's for me.
 Prop.: Ah?
 Me: I said, it's for me.
 Prop.: (Absolute confusion)
 Me: Haven't you ever sold a wig to a man before?
 Prop.: Yes, men's wigs.

(Pause, while he looked at me, and I looked at him)

- Me: Well?
 Prop.: Ah?
 Me: Do you want to sell a wig or not?
 Prop.: Ah! Yes.

And from that point we were off and running, although I must admit that through the entire transaction I caught him shaking his head a few times. There were no further problems or incidents. I am most relieved to say, after the fact, that you were 100% correct — the money is more important than the *who*. I have a feeling that your book will be just as helpful in the future, as it was on this little shopping trip. My heartfelt thanks to you for writing it.

Sorry for taking up your time like this; I really didn't intend to go on so long, but this is the first time I have ever "talked" to anyone about my innermost thoughts, and I seemed to have gotten a little carried away. Hope it makes some kind of sense.

Incidentally, I also read "TV and Wife." Unfortunately, it came out a little late to be of any help to me. My wife started out as a "D" type, rapidly slid to "E" type, took one short step to "F" type, then went out the door. Moral: "Tell before Marriage." Hope this book gets wide distribution.

Sincerely,
Donna

* * * * *

Dear Virginia;

Inspired by the many stories I've read in Transvestia I decided to try my hand at writing. But after several false starts nothing seemed to work out. Then I reasoned, why not just tell my own thoughts in my own words. Here is what happens when I meet Janet.

I stare into the bathroom mirror at a face that's been around for fifty three years. It's a rather round face dominated by a large Durante-type nose. Gee how I envy those who have small noses and fine features. Sigh — Oh well, let's make do with what we've got.

Okay first the cold cream then the liquid makeup. Seems to me I've read somewhere a line of light makeup down the length of the nose will make it appear shorter. Hmmmm, well maybe it does a little bit.

Alrighty, now for the eyeliner. Easy now, Oops! Smearred the corner. Now for the real battle, the false eyelashes. With all ten thumbs working away, finally they're on. Although one eyelid is temporarily glued shut. Once I tried tweezers but almost stabbed myself in the eyeball.

Now a pause to check out what's been done. Not too bad. My normal "ruddy complexion" as my Army record termed it has vanished. My face is much lighter and softer looking. The blue eyes are set off rather well by the lashes and the liner. Just then as I look a spark flickers somewhere deep down inside me.

Lipstick next and remember clown, no big cupid's bow like last time! Okay just a slight bow on the upper lip. Now let's see. Well, well, now we're getting somewhere. The flicker lights up into a little glow.

Now for the first biggie! A new wig, silver blond. Ease it on. A little tug and its in place. Fluff it out a little with a brush and Ping! A look in the mirror produces a tiny electric-like shock.

Righto! Onward and upward. First three Pairs, one beige, one grey, one light red, of Pantyhose. This is a cop-out I know, but I sing with a mens chorus who wear a costume type uniform, and shaved legs would be hard to explain. A pair of sponge rubber pads purchased from Chevalier add that extra something to the rear. A waist cincher and then — A major decision has to be made. Shall it be the corselet or a bra and girdle. Corselet wins followed by Panties.

A pause to reflect a moment. According to a great many of the FPs whose histories I've read, they started out with one article of feminine apparel. Well, I'm right in with the crowd. My first love was Silk stockings. I still see a small six year old running around the house with an old castoff pair of my mothers. When I reached the long pants stage they were sometimes worn underneath held up by frilly garters. Holding the soft hose rolled into a circle I point my toe in and as it flows up over the knee and up the leg I get another little electric jolt. Breathing a little irregularly, my hands smooth the hose up full length and fasten the garters. Ready now for another biggie! High heels that actually fit. Right out of the pages of Lane Bryant. Beige with brown bows and three inch, slightly wide heels. Now its up to the full length mirror for a slow look, top to toe. Out of the mirror peers a rather buxom, well proportioned, silver-haired matron. I'm face to face with Janet! My face feels hot like I have a slight fever. I'm staring in a sort of trance. Now the woman in the mirror moves. I left her standing legs wide apart hands tightly at the sides. She moves her feet together on pointed toe slightly ahead of the other. Her hands, now gloved, move gracefully around.

She takes a few steps forward then twirls halfway round and glances back over her shoulder. Her lips form a circle like she was making a little 'Ooooh' sound.

She disappears then returns holding a peach colored dress over her head. It slips down over her shoulders and settles down just at the knee. A hand moved down one hip and a wrinkle vanishes. The dress is a Susie Wong type, with a provocative slit at each side at the hem.

I recover enough to notice her face. Its radiant, really glowing and the happy feeling is transferred to me. She swirls about checking the hem. Satisfied she turns and smiles right at me.

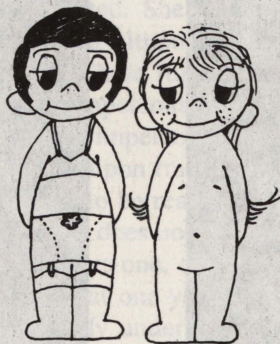
Another female voice comes up from downstairs. "Ready Dear I've got the camera." With that she disappears down the stairs, heels clicking.

I know from experience she'll be gone in about an hour. I'll wait and when she returns help her out of her things. But just before the hour is up she comes flying up the steps two at a time, in heels yet! As I close the door behind her I hear a young male voice bellow "Whatta we Havin' for supper?" preceded by a loud slam of a door.

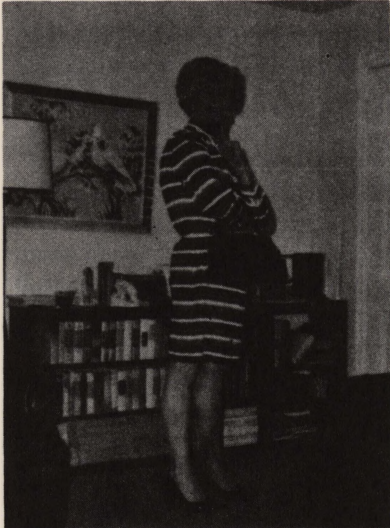
Janets visits are usually short. Guess that's why the glows, that accompany her appearance. I think though that she'd like to stay longer. Well maybe when the boy goes to college.

Very sincerely,
Gene With Special Regards from Janet

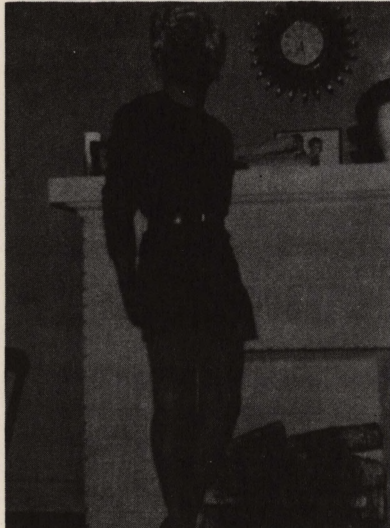
Love is ...



... letting him
wear your things.



Linda



Peggy 5-R-6 FPE



BOOK REVIEWS

Esther Newton, *MOTHER CAMP: FEMALE IMPERSONATORS IN AMERICA* (New York: Prentice Hall, 1972), 136 pp. illus, \$6.95.

Esther Newton was a rather naive young woman when she saw her first drag show, the first time she "had seen a man dressed in full female attire," and she became so fascinated that she wrote a Ph.D. dissertation on the subject at the University of Chicago. This book is a revision of her dissertation. Since she is an anthropologist the attempt is not to understand what causes female impersonation but to explain the cultural milieu of female impersonation and to allow the female impersonators to speak for themselves. Some ten impersonators were interviewed in depth.

For transvestites her findings, I think, will not be unexpected but they will nevertheless be disappointed. She found that all the professional impersonators were homosexual although there were rumors of one or two big names who were not. These rumors were discounted by the impersonators as a group. The impersonators themselves make a distinction between transvestism and impersonation and deny they are transvestites, and in fact look down upon transvestites. Transvestites, according to the impersonators, want to be real women, to think and feel like a woman, while the impersonator does not want to be just an ordinary woman, but to imitate a glamorous one, or failing that to don a fright wig and make fun. She reported that one young impersonator was found to be wearing rather lacy and frilly underwear as part of his costume and he was made fun of for being "transy." The impersonators denied that they would wear any item of feminine apparel under a male costume like the "transvestites" do and what they wanted was an illusion of femininity, not real femininity. Some admitted to having some sexual stimulation when they first began their act, but all denied they did at this point in their career.

In addition to interviewing female impersonators in depth, Professor Newton visited a vast number of clubs in Chicago, New York, Kansas City, and San Francisco and lived and worked with a number of different impersonators. She found there were three types of places who use impersonators: gay bars, tourist clubs, and chic nightclubs. Most work in gay bars, and in many of them there is almost no distinction between professionals and amateurs with impersonators drifting in and out of acts and on to the streets. The material is aimed mainly at homosexuals. The tourist club is somewhat more expensive, and caters to a heterosexual audience. She listed the 82 Club in New York City, the My-Oh-My in New Orleans, the Jewel Box Lounge in Kansas City, and Finnochio's in San Francisco as representative of this group. Above these are the chic nightclubs who only occasionally offer a female impersonator and where the prices are extremely high. The point of this is to offer a word of caution to those TV's who think the way to introduce transvestism to their wives or girl friends is through female impersonation shows. Make sure, if this is your plan, that the show is in a tourist or chic nightclub. Otherwise most of show will be directed at a homosexual audience which might get you into more trouble than it is worth.



"That Joe Ridgley will try anything to get to sit down on a bus."



REORGANIZATION OF FPE

Virginia

There are those of you who aspire to join FPE, those of you who have joined and those of you who used to belong and who have not renewed your membership. Some of the latter will read these lines so this will serve as a reminder.

FPE is now publishing a Directory of all its active members giving femmename, code, city and state, marital status, children, religion, wife's attitude, degree of dressing, hobbies and interests, etc. This Directory will be sent in February each year to paid up members. Those who miss this or who join later will be listed in quarterly supplement sheets. It is our hope that this will facilitate finding friends with things in common and in forming groups by those who are near enough to each other to do so.

All active members will be given new codes based on the POs state abbreviations. Thus CA-17-P means that I (Virginia) live in California, am the 17th person in California to turn in my registration form and my last name begins with P. Old codes will be discontinued after this issue. Joining FPE is by the same mechanism as before — you must be on Chevalier's list for a minim of 5 issues (store bought issues don't count) and have *read* them. This is to allow you to be sure that you are "one of us." Then you ask for an application. When this has been returned and approved you will get a registration form for the Directory and when that is returned you are a member, will get a copy of the Directory and will be listed in the next supplement to it. Those who are listed are members in good standing and entitled to be active in chapters. If you are interested in joining and have had the required 5 issues write for an application. Remember, however, that FPE is not an open-door organization as some are. It is intended only for those heterosexual cross dressers (FPs) who wish to meet with others of their own kind who have equal concern for security.



ACCEPTANCE AND RESPONSIBILITY

Many of our newer readers probably wonder from time to time why we don't have more stories of domination of a male by a powerful female; of punishment of young boys by being forced to wear girl's clothes, or of young boys being humiliated and having their spirits broken by such treatment. In passing I might comment on the fact that such boys or men in the stories go through a period of great resentment and refusal and rebellion but somehow they always end up loving the treatment and really never make a move to escape. That is one of the improbability factors in the stories since certainly a boy or man of even slight guts would be able to get out of the situation. Yet somehow they never do. If they did you wouldn't like the stories, right? You might ponder on that a bit.

On the inside front cover of each issue of TVia it says, that along with homosexuality we leave these fields to others to exploit. Probably most of you haven't read that inside cover since the first issue of TVia that you got hold of. You might run over it again in this issue.

This policy has caused some annoyance over the years and presumably some loss of subscribers. Many of you may wonder at the policy or have the feeling that this is probably just one of Virginia's personal foibles — she doesn't like these kinds of stories herself so she won't print them for the rest of us. Not so! I've read many of these sorts of stories in my time. There are other publishing organizations in the field today who proudly present this kind of material and I suppose that the disappointed ex-TVia readers migrate in their direction. Well, that is O.K. by me. Every-

body needs a "home" — a place where they can nurture their own particular needs and feel part of some larger group. So if they find such that's great.

Of course I should point out that this is not a black and white issue. One cannot draw a sharp line of distinction between what is acceptable to Chevalier and what is not. That is one of the prerogatives and responsibilities of an editor and editors notoriously cannot please all their readers. A cursory glance at any "Letters to the Editor" column in magazines and newspapers makes this abundantly clear. As an example of this "grey area", the first separate story that I printed and which has been reprinted a number of times since, was "Fated for Femininity". It has "something for everybody" in it — literally. "Tales from a Pink Mirror" is a mild humiliation and domination story. I did not publish it originally but thought it would be acceptable to my readers so I bought copies for resale. When that printing was gone so was the original publisher so I have reprinted it myself several times.

There are elements of these themes in various fiction pieces appearing in TVia and separately. As I said, the matter is not black and white. There are these "in between" areas such as the stories I have mentioned. But I can hear (and have) many readers saying, in effect, "If Virginia will print this why won't she print that, others do!" Thereby hangs an explanation. It comes down to why one goes into the publishing of this or any other type of material in the first place.

The first and most obvious reason is to have a business, i.e., to make money. The second is that you start out to do something else, such as to disseminate information and find yourself publishing or selling material either to fill a demand or to supplement the inadequate income of the first enterprise. Both types of operations are presently in existence in the FP field.

The third reason, and the one which brought TVia into being 13 years ago, was a desire to help, educate, and explain cross-dressing not only to the outsiders but primarily to FPs themselves. It is true that I was a business man at the time and I set up Chevalier as a sound business so that it could survive and continue. TVia being the first, the oldest, and the largest (in pages per issue) FP publication presently (or ever) available it is obvious that it *has* succeeded and is still going strong. To do so implies that it has been financially successful — that is, that more money comes in than goes out. That is true, but its profits would not support

me if I had to depend on it for a living. Fortunately, the sale of my original manufacturing business plus savings and investments keeps me going. So although Chevalier is a successful business in this sense, that was not the original purpose. I actually printed the first issue of TVia with 25 subscribers and \$100 of initial capital.

No, my reason for starting TVia was exactly as indicated on the inside front cover — to provide “Entertainment, Education and Expression.” I have wanted more than anything else to teach, suggest, help and bring to FPs self-acceptance and peace of mind because I was and am very aware, from long and bitter experience, just how important it is to the FP to achieve these goals. This then brings us back to the matter of the material that does not appear in TVia.

Erich Fromm, the widely read psychiatrist and author, has pointed out that two of the indications of maturity are the ability of an individual to make the important decisions in his life him (or herself) rather than to take them from some real or imagined authority — whether that authority be parent, teacher, leader, an important personage or a book, philosophy, doctrine, social movement or just custom. The second is that having made his own decisions that he have the guts and the integrity to take the responsibility for the results of those decisions.

Now put my purposes in publishing TVia together with Fromm’s conception of maturity and maybe you’ll understand a bit more. FPs live in a fantasy world, we all know that. More than one wife has commented that FPs are much like immature schoolgirls and of course the wives are right, little as the FPs like to hear it. The reasons are obvious. FPs don’t get enough elapsed time, not enough help and not enough experiences as girls to allow them to grow up and to mature. That’s a fact that can’t be helped under existing circumstance but that is no reason to take it lying down. There are other ways of maturing.

My past history is pretty much like any other FPs. I didn’t have much opportunity, experience and certainly no counsel or help of any kind for a great many years. But I had a good mind, a better than average education, scientific training and above all a driving curiosity about everything. That was what made me a successful scientist but it also drove me inward to ask innumerable questions about myself and my FPia. I could not find much even in the Medical Library at the U.C. Medical School where I was an Instructor for a couple of years. I wanted to KNOW and as I gradually over the years began to figure it out I wanted to TELL it to others — to *you*.

When the concept of self-acceptance was first laid out for me by Dr. Karl Bowman, I realized that it was, a) the only solution to my problems but, b) that one could only accept oneself if one shouldered the responsibility for being that kind of self in the first place. If you are made to be or do something by someone else you are not in a position to accept the situation because it wasn't your doing in the first place. You *can* achieve self-acceptance however when you come to realize that you **ARE** something or you **DO** something because **YOU** decided to do it yourself. There may have been all kinds of guilt, shame, fear and whatever involved but when you really looked at it honestly **YOU** did it because **YOU** wanted to. Now do you begin to see? I early decided that much as I might try to quit being an FP and, guilt ridden as I was, ashamed as I was, fearful of discovery as I was, and as desirous as one part of me was to swear off and never dress again — when I did dress again *nobody* was *responsible for doing so but ME!* And when I faced that ugly fact the battle to achieve acceptance began to turn in my favor.

Having learned that, I was motivated to TELL it and I began to do so in the first issues of TVia. I didn't know if I could locate enough other FPs like myself to keep TVia going, so in the first three issues there were stories of domination such as "Life with Aunt Cora." But in No. 4 I printed a questionnaire about both the material which had appeared in the first 4 issues and asked it to be graded on degree of approval and asked a question about future material. The heading titled, "TV stories without involving bondage, humiliation, punishment and force got 90% compared to headings covering these types of themes which only rated 40%. I was pleased and relieved.

Now why should it make that much difference? As an editor I should presumably be willing to print anything people wanted to read, right? But I am not just an editor. If you will allow me the liberty, I like to think that I am also a teacher or a helper in the battle to understand and accept. Having learned how myself I wanted to pass it on. Well, in thinking about all this it soon became clear to me that stories about humiliation and dominations and beliefs in astrology and reincarnation were not helpful to FPs trying to learn to accept themselves. Now I also realize that saying that may lose me some readers who fervently believe in Astrology or Reincarnation but that can't be helped. Hopefully my words may be helpful to some of the rest of you and are therefore justified.

You might ask how come I class these two philosophical persuasions along with stories of humiliation and punishment and the answer is clear and simple. Both the stories and the philosophies stand in the way of

maturity — of learning to make your own decisions and standing up to the results of them. Stories of humiliation, domination and punishment always feature some other person who forces the poor FP to dress as a girl in spite of his protests. This other person, strangely enough, is always a very strong and dominant female, often a relative — an older sister, an aunt, a step mother, or some individual who stands to benefit financially from the downgrading or destruction of the young man who is the hero-heroine of the story. Isn't it strange that the dominant party is hardly ever another male though sometimes a butler, footman, or crony of some kind who is a male gets into the act but it's always in a secondary capacity. Does it occur to any of you that the reason that it is not a dominant male is that this has too strong homosexual themes in it to be palatable to the writer of the story who is after all an FP himself? Being dominated or pushed around by another male is not "where it's at" in the fantasy. After all every male that works has a boss who is another male, athletes compete against other males. Male-male competition and interaction is the way life is, there is no fun and no eroticism in that for a heterosexual person. In passing I'll bet that the fantasy stories of the gay world are replete with dominant males who push the passive-receptive males around and tell them what to do.

Sometimes there is a variable inserted in that no actual persons are responsible for the necessity for the young man to dress as a girl or woman. Some situation is created in which there are reasons which appear to make it worthwhile to effect the change, such as in one story where a twin sister dies and the brother assumed her place in order to inherit an Uncle's estate; or another wherein the role change was necessary to protect a parent from some sort of skullduggery. The point is that such stories, no matter how they are constructed, serve to divest the hero-heroine of the blame for the role switching. After all, he can't help it; his aunt, stepmother, cousin, the situation — you name it — MADE him do it (cf. Geraldine Wilson's famous line — "The devil made me buy this dress.>"). This is just great because now he can have the pleasure of doing what he wants to do — dressing — without having to face up to the fact that he does it because he wants to and because he enjoys it. Somebody else MAKES him do it so it isn't his responsibility. The inconsistency in these stories and what provides the giveaway is that no matter how our hero yells and protests at the beginning, the slow, subtle, devious effects of high heels and corsets (and long kid gloves, I almost forgot) always manage to convert him so that in the end he renounces his masculinity, adopts femininity as a way of life, and is a good "girl" ever after. Of course, somebody else gets the fortune, the estate, or whatever stakes

they were playing for.

The observation that Perry Mason (or any other fictional detective) always wins; that the forces of good triumph over the forces of evil; that crime doesn't pay, etc., are paralled in the kinds of story we are discussing. The force of good (gentle femininity) always wins out over the bad (the strong determined, rough quality of masculinity). In real life the forces of evil very frequently overwhelm the forces of good, detectives don't always catch the criminal nor do smart attorneys always win their cases. Virginia you are just a spoil sport! Yes, that's true. But remember I set out to help the FP achieve maturity and self-acceptance and this kind of story works in the other direction and fortifies his natural tendency to blame it on someone or something else.

Where do Astrology and Reincarnation come in? Right along with inheritance, hormones, absent fathers, dominating mothers, sickly childhoods, long hair as a child, etc. These latter "causes" have something on their side in that they can affect to one degree or another the road a child chooses although they are not "causes" in the proper sense of the term. But if one believes that the stars influence and are directly responsible for all the major events in one's life — well, you've had it as far as self-acceptance is concerned. After all, if the stars and planets "did it" to you what chance have you of changing it. Moreover you can't help it because you were born under the sign of "X" with "Y" "rising" and "Z" was in your "A" "house", etc. (I've heard the terms but have admittedly no understanding nor belief in them.) Goodbye fair atrologically-oriented-FP-reader, guess you won't be subscribing to TVia No. 77!

And then Reincarnation . . . here is another cop out, perhaps the most effective of all. Who can fight destiny? I was a handmaiden on Cleopatra's barge on the Nile in a prior lifetime and some of it is still with me. Or I am scheduled to be a woman in my next life and so this dressing thing in inherant with me — I'm just getting kind of prepared ahead of time for being born a female next time around. Now if you want to believe in these two philosophies you have every right to — be my guest. I hope it is worth it but you will never mature as a self-responsible human being because one of the most deep seated aspects of your total SELF (see VV column in TVias No. 73 and and 74) is being ascribed to forces over which you have no control. You are psychologically helpless about the whole thing and obviously cannot assume responsibility for what somebody else or something else or some supernatural force has and is

doing to you. At this point I guess I'd best say a loving goodbye to my reincarnation-oriented readers too. I hope they too have a good trip and I'll see them again in the next life. What I'll be back as is pretty confused since I have kind of jumped the gun by living two lives this time.

So much for the negative side, how about the positive? In the editorials in TVia 73 and 74 I outlined my philosophy of the source of and necessity for our femmeselves. If those considerations are valid then all we are doing when we dress is giving vent to what is inherently and inescapably a part of ourselves anyway. In a less polarized and stereotyped society that same part would exist but its expression would cause no comment or raised eyebrows. Its our present society that interprets our actions as "abnormal" "bad" etc. The whole point of this essay is to urge those of you who have a passion for humiliation, domination, punishment stories, and philosophies like astrology and reincarnation (at least insofar as they apply to your FPia) to stop a moment and think about it. Stories are enjoyed because we tend to put ourselves vicariously into the part of one of the persons in the story. When an FP identifies with the dominated punished boy who is forced to dress as a girl he is only fortifying within himself a denial of responsibility for his own decisions. Let's face it — in real life we dress up in girl's clothes *because we want to* but we feel guilty because our culture says we shouldn't do it. We assuage the guilt and shame by identifying with some fictional FP who has no choice in the matter, who is forced to do what he does and who rebels (which is HIS guilt and shame coming out) but who eventually comes to enjoy his activities (which is the reader's own self-justification coming through).

Why shouldn't you and you and yes, even *you* look in the mirror when you look your prettiest and say out loud to yourself — "nobody made me put these clothes on, I wasn't destined to do it by the stars or a past life. I do it because *I want to* do it; I'm pleased with my femmeseff — she is part of me and all I'm doing is giving her a little living time and space. And I'm not going to feel guilty and ashamed any more! Why should I? This femmeperson I see in the mirror is not somebody else, she is a real part of my total SELF and why should I be ashamed of or guilty about being myself? If I really wanted to stop dressing I and only I could decide to do so but I don't want to stop, it is my own decision to be an FP and to dress. And since I have made this decision I will hold my head up and take the consequences of that decision. I will run no unnecessary risks and I will not force my femmeseff on others but I will be responsible *in my head and to myself* for being an FP. I DO accept that I am doing this voluntarily and I'm happy with myself."

When you can say that or something like it, can face yourself, be responsible yourself to yourself you will have achieved self-acceptance, you will *have* peace of mind about it and what's more you'll be a lot more mature human being because of it. And it is because stories of the type discussed herein tend to prevent you from achieving that goal that they do not appear in these pages. I hope this explains my position on them and I also hope it will start some of you thinking and making your self-acceptance that much closer. Bye now. VIRGINIA



Person to Person
FOR PHI PI EPSILON MEMBERS ONLY



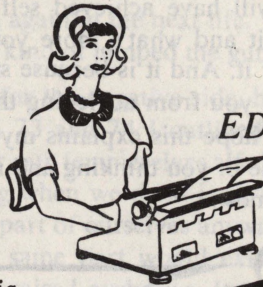
Letters to be forwarded should be sent to PHI PI EPSILON, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. This box is for forwarding letters ONLY, do NOT send letters to Box 36091. All other correspondence, questions, ads, payments, etc. should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.

38-C-6 FPE Married FP wants to meet other members in western Penn and eastern Ohio area to form chapter if interested. MARGIE

2-T-1 Married FP with understanding daughter would like to contact same in St. Petersburg and Sarasota Florida areas. ROBERTA

30-E-2 FPE FP, 30, like to correspond and meet others in Southern N. J. and Phila. metro areas DENISE

NOTE ABOUT PERSON TO PERSON COLUMN: This space will be open in future issues only to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. The functions and purposes of Contact and FPE have been combined so that those wishing to advertise must join FPE. The cost of the ad remains the same — \$2. See page on FPE's reorganization in this issue. After this issue code numbers of the old type like those above will no longer be used, only the new ones.



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. **NEW STORIES:** The five stories first listed in the price list in No. 73 are gradually getting into print. "Schoolgirl," "Turnabout," and "His and Hers" have been printed and mailed out. "Birth of Barbara" will be done about the time this issue is — maybe before, and "If You Can't Lick 'em, Join 'em" is in the artist's hands for some illustrations. So those of you who have these on order please be patient a bit longer. They'll get to you in good time. There is quite a logistic problem getting five stories typed, illustrated, typeset, proof read, then pasted up and printed; especially when at the same time I am reprinting the "Martin to Marion" series and the new issue of *Transvestia* is also in the works.

II. **THIRD CLASS MAIL:** Elsewhere I've asked for postal help from any of you willing to receive things via Third rather than First Class Mail. I'm asking it here too in the hopes that if you miss one you'll read the other. Other TV outfits do this but I have made a covenant with my readers and I won't switch to 3rd class without your specific permission. But if you wouldn't mind, please let me know. My postal bill would keep any of you for six months, so any help you could give me to cut this expense down would surely be appreciated. Just look at the postage on some of your multi-item packages and you'll see what I mean. 8-12% of sales price for delivery only is very high.

III. **SINGLE CHECKS FOR TWO PURPOSES:** Once again, PLEASE DO NOT COMBINE money for Chevalier and money for Phi Pi Epsilon in the same check. They are two separate operations with two separate bank accounts. Please make FPE checks payable to FPE and Chevalier purchases to Chevalier Publications. Otherwise I have to write a check from one account to the other to balance things up.

PRICE LIST

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

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

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

Annual Subscription \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.

Single copies \$1.50

Four copies in advance \$5

SEPARATE BOOKS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARTIN TO MARION — A novel in Three Parts

MARTIN DISCOVERS MARION — PART I \$3

MARION GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II \$3

MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III \$3

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

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVETIA

Any 6 of back issues listed here \$20

The following back issues are still available: 14, 15, 18-22, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53. Every issue is new until you have read it.

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

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

MERCHANDISE

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

BRA and INSERTS \$6

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

JELLY KIT \$5

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

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

EACH \$5

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

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

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie *and* girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. PAD, EACH \$4

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

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Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

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



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