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# Transvestia



## FICTION

- La Shoppe Beaute
- Costume Ball
- The Visit
- A Long Winters Night

## HISTORY

- Beyond Sex - Growth in a Lifetime

## ARTICLES

- Fear
- Open House Talk

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## VIRGIN VIEWS

- Suggestions for Economic Survival

Volume XIII No. 82

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

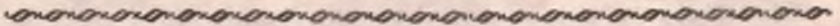
to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

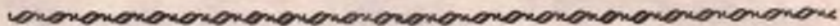


### THE COVER SYMBOL

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

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

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



### A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

# Transvestia

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Editor's Assistant

Virginia Prince  
Mary Nielson



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FICTION

## LA SHOPPE BEAUTE

Rita - Ind.

The day was a clear crisp fall afternoon with a touch of winter in the air as I walked down the street towards the Beauty Shop where I am employed. My 3" high heels clicked sharply against the sidewalk as I turned onto Broadway. Walking along I was very conscious of my long brunette hair waving in the gentle breeze blowing off of lake Michigan. I stopped for the stop light at 6th Ave. and stepping off the curb for the walk light, crossed the street and walked half-way down the block. I turned into a Beauty Shop known as the "La Shoppe Beaute'." I am smiling to myself as I open the door. If you are curious I shall tell you the tale of this unusual house of feminine beauty.

As far as the people of Gary, Ind. are concerned, I am Rita O'Brien, a rather tall, fairly attractive, brunette beautician who works for her sister Denise, owner of the "La Shoppe Beaute'." The strange part of this story is that only Denise and I know that I am really her *husband PAUL!!!!*

Yes, I am a male and have been all the 28 years of my life. However, during the past year I have forsaken my masculine roll in life for the feminine existence of Rita O'Brien. I originally accepted the part of "Rita" as a favor but now I would not give up the roll I have come to love so well.

In June of 1966 I met and fell in love with Denise. At the time I was employed as collection manager by a local finance company. We soon were married and had an apartment of our own. At the time of the wedding Denise had only a very few relatives and insisted on a quiet wedding I was a rather quiet type myself so I had no objections.



Denise was employed as half-owner of a prominent beauty shop and beauty college in downtown Gary. Between her income and mine we did not want for anything which we desired. We did as we wished until tragedy struck. One night on the way home from a party, a car in which Denise and I were passengers, was struck from behind by a driver who was drunk. Denise was seriously injured, receiving fractures of the left leg and severe internal injuries. I received a bad whiplash type injury and also internal injuries.

I had almost recovered in about three months but Denise was confined to our apartment because her leg was not healing properly. She was becoming very depressed and hard to live with. One day she remarked to me that leg or no leg she had to go back to work. When I heard Denise's plan I vehemently said no and told her so. An argument ensued during which Denise revealed to me that her partner intended to take court action to acquire Denises' half of the Beauty Shoppe if the back payments were not paid within 30 days. This action was allegedly because of the long absence of Denise.

"If only I could find someone to carry on in my place I would be able to maintain my share of the business. But I only have one month to find a person to take my place and that is almost impossible to do now."

From across the room I replied, "Not only would it be hard to find someone who was able to handle the shoppe but it would also be difficult to find someone who could be trusted not to throw in with your so-called partner, Marie."

Denise gazed across the room at me and sadly agreed and then suddenly asked how much I loved her. Needless to say I was more or less confused at this rather sudden remark and then asked her why she questioned my love for her.

"I don't really doubt your love for me, I would just like to know if you would carry on in my place."

"Carry on in your place!! I don't even know the first thing about the beauty shop business and further more a man has no place running a beauty shop which is nothing more than a gossip place for women!"

Denise laughed at this outburst and then to my astonishment she laughed and agreed with me that a man has no place in a Beauty shop. She went on to explain that only a woman could take her place in the

business. Then gently and very seriously Denise again asked if I would take her place!!

Incredulous as it was, the idea suddenly occurred to me that Denise was suggesting that I take her place in the shop by impersonating a woman! Denise replied that was exactly what she desired me to do.

I was so shocked by the idea that I just stood and looked at her. She presented such a desperate and forlorn picture that without stopping to think of the possible consequences I replied that I would try. Even to this day I have no idea of why I gave a yes answer so quickly.

Denise lit up like a little child at Xmas and said she knew I could do the impersonation. She had found a picture of me dressed in women's clothing while I was in college!

Denise looked at me and said, "We may as well start on your wardrobe by getting the necessary measurements. By tonight we should have a good start on your clothing. As soon as we have all of the measurements we will go out shopping."

Still in a state of confusion I followed Denise into the bedroom where I was instructed to get a tape measure out of a drawer and then to strip. In a very short time Denise had taken all the measurements she needed. "Rita will you please get my coat we are going out!"

I stopped dead in my tracks upon being called Rita and turned to look back at Denise but just shrugged my shoulders and went for her coat.

True to her word, Denise and I made a whirl-wind shopping tour the likes of which I have never seen before. After returning to the Apartment and carrying everything inside I was astounded at the large quantity of items which had been purchased. The boxes contained high heels, nylons, panty girdles and panties, waist cinchers and bras, also two wigs which we had picked up at the beauty shop. Several other boxes contained skirts, blouses, dresses and white uniforms for use at the beauty shop itself. About the only thing Denise did not buy was make-up, but that was present in the apartment in great quantity.

After making sure that everything had been brought in from the car we sat down to a short lunch after which Denise suggested that I go into the bathroom and shave my arms, legs, chest and all other hair

off my body. To my surprise the process of shaving an entire body is quite a time consuming project and took almost 1½ hours before I finished.

“Honey, I’m finished, now what?” She asked that I come into the bedroom and as I stepped into the hallway and felt a strange but pleasant coolness as the cool hall air touched my hairless body.

Walking into the bedroom I saw an assortment of clothing laid out on our bed. I blushed when I saw Denise looking at me and I realized that I had nothing on. “Why are you blushing? After all you are my husband, Rita.” Denise was laughing as I turned beet red. She was sitting on a chair next to the clothing on the bed, she reached across for an article of clothing which she handed to me with the instructions to try it on. The article was a white-satin latex long leg panty girdle. I stepped into the girdle and found it very tight as I struggled to pull it into place. However after a few moments the tightness reduced itself to a very pleasant feeling of constriction. Next came a white long line bra which overlapped the top of the panty girdle. When I had trouble with the hooks in back Denise had me turn around and she hooked them for me. Turning around I saw Denise was holding out a box to me.

Opening the box I found that it contained a pair of very realistic false breasts. If I had not been able to see the special adhesive backing I would have thought the falsies real. I slipped the shoulder straps of the bra down and placed the breasts in place against my chest. After replacing the straps I became conscious of the weight of the breasts in the bra. Glancing down I saw that the adhesive backing had almost perfectly blended the falsies with my own chest and had pulled my chest muscles together a bit creating cleavage. Denise pointed out that with just a little make-up it would be impossible to tell I was wearing falsies.

“Here put this waist cinch on,” she said. “I thought the girdle and long line bra would hide your “pot” but I see I was wrong.” I fitted the waist cinch to my waist and felt my artificial breasts sway as I moved my shoulders. My thoughts came back to the cincher and I pulled a little harder to catch the hooks on the side. “Boy, is this tight.” I gasped.

“It’s not as tight as it should be,” replied Denise, “tomorrow or the next day we will get a lace up type cinch which will do a better job.” She then handed me a pair of nylons.



I carefully rolled the stocking into a ring and then slipped my foot into the foot of the stocking and began to slide the nylon up my leg. After pulling the stocking taut I attached it to garters front and back which were hidden up under the leg of the panty girdle and then quickly encased my other leg in nylon. In a rather conceited manner I remarked that my cleanshaven, nylon clad legs presented a rather nice appearance. Denise looked at me and smiled.

Next came a dark grey skirt and a matching sweater. The skirt was the sheath type and felt a bit tight but I liked it, while the sweater had a turtle neck and 3/4 length sleeves. It was just tight enough to call attention to my bustline but not in a vulgar manner.

I inquired what kind of shoes would go with this combination and Denise produced a pair of black 3" patent leather pumps. Sitting down on the bed I slipped my feet into the shoes and attempted to stand up. My hurried efforts almost landed me flat on my face, blushing heavily I sat back down on the bed. Denise came to my rescue and said I should put the heel down first and then let my weight settle evenly between the heel and toe. After about 15 minutes of instruction I found I could walk without making a fool of myself. Needless to say I still needed much instruction on how a lady walks in heels.

Denise had moved over to the dresser where she had me sit down and she began to apply base, powder, eyeliner, mascara and lipstick to my face. When that was done she placed a brunette wig upon my head and carefully arranged the hair so the hairline would not show. Stepping back she looked at me and smiled approvingly. I couldn't resist the impulse to look any longer so I walked over to a full length mirror.

The sight which met my eyes was that of a tall fairly attractive woman in her middle 20's. I was captivated by the sight and only Denise calling to me brought me back to reality. "Rita, why don't you go into the living room and mix a couple of drinks and we will sit down and discuss exactly how we will accomplish our masquerade."

I walked into the hall towards the living room and was very conscious of the high heels and the tight skirt just above my knees. I tried to walk in as feminine a manner as I could considering the newness of my new role. Little did I know that I had just forsaken my masculine role in life nor did I realize the tragedy and heartache which lay ahead for both Denise and I. During the remainder of the day Denise began to put me through a crash program of feminization which I found that I thoroughly

enjoyed. In the course of her instructions she told me of her plans to save her share of the beauty shop. I was a little surprised to find that I was to play a major role. Supper time quickly came and went and soon it was way into the evening hours and time to retire for the night. Denise did not insist that I wear a nightgown to bed, and I shortly found the reason. That night we made love and we both seemed to feel a closeness that the union never gave to us before.

## CHAPTER TWO

Early the next morning Denise was shaking me to get up and get dressed and then come to the kitchen for breakfast. At that remark she tossed some clothes at me and then went out of the bedroom. I climbed out of bed with a sleepy groan and reached for the clothing.

The clothes were quite a difference from the night before. They consisted of bra, panties, cincher, blouse and capries, a pair of flat heeled shoes lay on the floor. I quickly dressed and went to the kitchen where Denise had already poured coffee and made toast. During the course of our meal she explained to me that today she would concentrate on trying to teach me the fundamentals of being a beauty operator. In the back of my mind I sort of snickered and thought that this will be a snap! Little did I know!!!!!!

Immediately after eating I went into the bathroom and shaved and then Denise applied new makeup to my face. She then requested that I change into a white work uniform and white shoes. After my quick change, she launched into her training program with an enthusiasm I never saw in any school teacher. It seemed like we just got started when the day was over and it was time to retire for the night. I don't mind admitting that it was a very tired Rita who fell into bed that night.

In quick succession the days flew by and turned into one week and then two. At the end of the second week Denise made the decision that I had progressed far enough in my femme education that I could successfully make my debut in public! At this announcement a great fear arose in my throat. Although I had not had a stitch of mens clothing on for two weeks and was very content, relaxed and sure of myself in skirts, I was not in my mind ready to go out in public! Denise sharply disagreed and informed me so by pointing out that if I couldn't do it now I never would be able to do so. With considerable reluctance I agreed and began to get dressed. For the occasion I was to wear a beige knit suit with matching high heels. No sooner was I dressed than I received the shock





Suzanne - TX. -16-P



of my life!! Denise was in the bathroom bathing when the doorbell rang. I had no intentions of answering it as Denise had always done so the past two weeks. To my chagrin I heard her call from the bathroom, "Answer the door Rita. Don't just stand there, see who it is!" I gulped twice and then started for the door.

As I grasped the handle to the door I tried to remember every little thing that I had been taught the past two weeks. My high heels felt so tight and my wig felt like it was about to fall off but I opened the door. I almost fainted there in front of me stood Jeff, one of my co-workers from the office!!!! "Hi, is Paul around? We were paid today and I thought I would stop by and drop off his check for him."

"N-N-N-No! He's not here right now and won't be back until late this evening." I gasped.

"Well OK, but who are you so I can say who I left his check with? I mean like I can't just go back and say I left his check with just anybody you know!

"M-M-My name is Rita and I am Pauls' sister-in-law. I came in to help out while Denise recovers." It began to occur to me that Jeff did not even begin to recognize me and I started to settle down somewhat. Jeff handed me the check and then he left but not before I saw him trying to sneak a quick look at my legs. With a mixed feeling of relief and elation because Jeff had not even shown the slightest suspicion of my identity.

Denise was waiting for me when I walked into the bedroom. She had a triumphant look on her face and she just had to say, "See I told you that you could do it! Jeff had no idea that you are Paul, and no one else will either as you will see." It took her about fifteen minutes to finish dressing and then we started on my first trip in public as a woman.

Before we left the apartment Denise handed me a handbag with some various feminine articles in it. An inspection revealed my drivers license and the rest of the contents to be makeup and tissues. I learned the drivers license was present just in case something should go wrong and my true self be discovered. After that brief explanation Denise and I headed toward the door. May I point out at this time that Denise had made such good recovery the past two weeks now that she did not have to worry about the shop, the Doctor had taken her off of her crutches.

To make a long story short our outing was an outstanding success in all ways. We went not only shopping but also stopped for lunch and to the best of our knowledge nobody suspected that I wasn't what I ap-

peared to be. The excursion lasted about 3½ hours and then because Denise was feeling tired and my feet were about ready to kill me from the high heels, I suggested to call it quits and go home. To my dismay (primarily my feet's) Denise decided that we should pay a visit to the beauty shop before we started home!

The shop was only a short distance from where we were so we walked over in just a few minutes. The shop was open but apparently business was slow so we just walked on into the shop. As we approached the receptionists desk a man came out from behind a screen and greeted Denise with a rather disgruntled nod and then asked rather bluntly when she was going to come back to work and carry her share of the load. Denise quickly countered by introducing me and informing her so-called partner that I would be temporarily taking her place for the next one or two months or longer if necessary. This other person took this last news with a bit of a start and an obvious dislike. I was looking closely at the person I would be dealing with the next few weeks. He was not bad-looking, about 6'2" tall and rather well muscled with no excess fat. I also noticed that he was eyeing me rather critically from top to bottom. His pleasant greeting to me gave me the impression that I had passed his inspection with no problems at all. A conversation on the financial situation of the beauty shop ensued and I learned that Denise was very close to losing her share of the shop. Many additional expenses had been incurred because of the absence of Denise and all of the expense had been charged to her. Because she was not producing, the added expense had to be picked up by her partner. His name I learned was Jack Mansard. It seems that Jack had a girlfriend who worked in the shop. Her name was Marie and was the one whom I had previously taken to be Denise's partner. Marie was not present at the time of our visit and it was just as well because Denise and Jack became rather short tempered over the money problem and a minor argument began which was ended when I feigned a headache and asked Denise to accompany me home. It was finally agreed that I would start work in 3-4 days and thanks to some fancy talk by Denise it was Jack who suggested that I go to work on the receptionist desk. To be truthful I was glad of this because I had grave doubts that I could set a good hairdo without causing problems.

The trip home was a rather uneventful one and it seemed to drag for me because by this time my feet were hurting so bad I was having a hard time concealing my "agony." When at long last we arrived home I flopped down on the couch kicked off my heels and began to massage my nylon clad feet. Denise sort of sympathized with me when she said, "I

know how you feel.” She suggested that I change into something more comfortable and then help with supper. It was a relief to slip out of the girdle and into a sheer pair of panties and a pair of slacks with a blouse. After supper Denise sat me down and began to give me a critique of the days excursion. I had thought the day had gone quite well but Denise pointed out some rather obvious flaws when one stopped to think about them. It was way into the early hours of the morning before we called it a day and went to bed.

### CHAPTER THREE

It was late the following morning before Denise and I awoke and managed to find our way out of bed and to the pleasure of a cup of black coffee. Today was to be the day that I return to work at the finance company. This realization was brought back to me by the harsh ringing of the telephone. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was past 9:00 a.m. and knew who it was before Denise picked up the receiver. I could tell by the sour look on her face that it was the office calling to see how come I had not come to work as planned. Denise very politely but ever so firmly informed the district manager who happened to be the caller that I had found better employment elsewhere and would not be returning to his Company. I could almost hear the scream of protest from 10 feet away. Despite the rather indignant language used Denise kept a calm mind and insisted that the District Manager would have to call back that evening when I returned and that No she would not give him my new phone number! At that remark I could hear the voice on the phone say that I should not bother to submit my resignation that I was fired on the spot and that I could pick up my check in three days. With a rather elated as well as triumphant look on her face Denise slammed the phone down with an ear jarring crash and looked at me expectantly.

I looked straight back at her and stated that as long as I was working at the beauty shop I could not possibly work at the finance company, also Denise knew that I had been entertaining thoughts of quitting the job as soon as I had a decent offer. So all things considered I didn't come out so bad after all. The Finance Company would have to give me one months severance pay because they fired me rather than accept my resignation. With a rather smug look of triumph on my face at the thought of the extra money I headed into the bathroom to shave and shower.



I was about half way finished when Denise wandered into the bathroom and inquired if I really minded about the job and having been fired. I admitted that I would rather have quit but this way was almost as good since I now received severance pay and that I didn't really mind. She seemed to feel better and urged me to hurry up and get dressed as we were going to take another trip downtown. The word downtown caused me to feel a bit apprehensive but the feeling quickly wore off as I remembered the success of the previous day.

The outfit I chose consisted of a blue sheath skirt with a white sweater. A blue cardigan to match the skirt went around my shoulders. At first I had decided not to wear nylons as it was a bit on the warm side but after looking at my legs I decided I had better don a pair and went to the dresser to get a panty girdle. The girdle was a bit tight but after a bit the tightness disappeared as usual. I shivered as I rolled the sheer nylons up my legs and attached them to the garters. After smoothing down my skirt and slipping my feet into a pair of black patent pumps I clicked into the living room where Denise was already waiting for me.

"Where are we going today?" I inquired. Denise smiled and stated that we were going to see about getting me some of the usual legal papers that a person normally carries around with them. The papers that she referred to consisted of drivers license, social security card, check book ID, and a credit card or two.

"Denise I have never driven a car while in skirts and I will probably have an accident!!"

"Too bad! There is no time like the present to learn. When we get down to the parking lot you will drive and I will just hold on for dear life!"

"Very funny, but if I do have an accident you won't think it so funny.

"Oh come on, driving in heels and a skirt isn't that much different from driving as a man so don't worry about it." And at that remark Denise headed for the door. For a brief instant I refused to move and then I decided I may as well go through with the whole thing since I had already lost my job and what else could I lose? If Denise had confidence that I could do the impersonation then I must really look the part. With a sense of dwindling apprehension I put one nylon clad leg in front of the other and walked out the front door of the apartment.

The car was parked on the side of the building so it was necessary to walk approximately half a block to get to it. On the way we met our landlord who stopped to talk to us. Denise introduced me as Pauls' sister-in-law from California. The landlord gave me an approving glance and then went on his way after nodding a good morning. Not once did he seem to suspect the truth about me.

Upon reaching the car I went straight to the drivers side and got in in as feminine a manner as I knew. Sitting down on the seat I carefully kept my knees together and swung my legs up, around and under the steering wheel. After settling myself comfortably in the seat and adjusting it I started the car. I tried to familiarize my feet with the pedals as they felt strange in high heels. Very carefully I backed out of the parking place and then under instructions from Denise I began to drive around town. In a short time I found that driving with high heels wasn't as much of a problem as I thought it would be but I surprised myself with the problem I was having in keeping my skirt from climbing too far up my legs as I sat behind the wheel. After fighting with the problem for a little time Denise finally came to my aid and suggested that I have a compromise with the skirt and allow it to ride up only so far. This she explained would accomplish two points, one it would eliminate the fight in keeping the skirt down and two, despite my new-found modesty would allow a certain amount of male look-see at my legs which I was to find was a definite advantage to a woman. Accordingly I allowed the skirt to ride up and to my surprise it only went up a little further than I wanted it to in the first place.

Denise and I drove around for an hour or so and then she decided that it was time to find a parking place and go and get my social security card. I turned down Massachusetts St. and found a parking place almost next to the Post Office. Having by now become used to the high heels I had virtually no problem at all backing into the parking place. I shut off the engine and then put the keys in my purse. My previous feeling of apprehension returned as I realized that this would be a real test of my impersonation. Denise seemed to realize my sense of fear of what I was about to do, with a pat on my knee and a confident smile she assured me that I would be OK. So with a steady stride and an unsure feeling in my chest I stepped out of the car. I stopped momentarily to place a dime in the parking meter and then headed down the street to the Post Office where the Social Security Office was located. A gentle breeze had come up and it felt cool and gentle as it brushed against my legs.



Roxanne - ?



Lee AR-2R

R



I almost startled myself out of my heels as Denise and I turned into the Post Office Building. The building is in the traditional marble style with high ceilings and tremendous echoes! I was unprepared for the loud, excessively loud to me, clacking sound of my high heels on the marble floor as Denise and I entered the hallway leading to the upstairs business offices. In fact I was so startled that for a split second I tried to walk on my very tip toes so as to not make any noise. Quickly getting hold of myself I continued to walk in a normal manner and began to ascend the stairs at the end of the hall. At the top of the stairs I stopped, looked up the room number I wanted and then walked on to the office. A clerk looked up and asked if she could help me. I explained that I found it necessary to go to work and that I would like to obtain a Social Security Card. The clerk produced a few simple papers and asked a couple questions and then to my complete surprise handed me my card, instructed me to sign it and then the task was finished! I turned to leave and as I did so the clerk smiled a good day to me and went back to work. Not a trace of suspicion!!

Since we were already parked in the middle of downtown, Denise decided that now would be the best time to go over to the bank and apply for a credit card. She explained that I should be able to get one in my own name if she co-signed for the card. The Bank was located over on Broadway so we began to walk towards the Bank and doing some window shopping on the way. It had now been three weeks since I had agreed to take on the roll of a woman and I found that I enjoyed the part very much. I realized this very intensely as Denise and I stood looking in the windows with displays of all sorts of womans clothing. A thought passed through my mind that it would be horrible yet a blessing if something happened that I would not be able to resume my masculine role in life! Little did I realize the events that were to take place in the near future would make it all but impossible for me to once again assume my rightful place in life.

Denise and I entered the bank and approached the Credit Managers desk. I explained that I would like to apply for a Credit Card of the type used for all kinds of purchases in almost all stores. It was easy to see that as the Manager took my credit statement, which of course consisted of little other than a name and address and that I was employed by the Beauty Shop for a little more than two weeks, he knew that the application could not be approved. Upon finishing he carefully stated that I would have to have a co-signer in order for the Credit Card to be issued. At this time Denise stepped forward and said she had come along just for that purpose. It felt very strange to hear my real name

mentioned and jotted down on paper. I thought for a second that the credit man might demand that I sign along with Denise but he finally decided that since Denise had her own profitable business she alone could sign. He stated that it would be 2-3 days before the final approval and that the card would be mailed to me if approved. At that Denise and I said Good-day and left. Back out on the street I sighed and remarked that it was getting easier to talk to people and keep my confidence. Denise agreed that I was becoming much better than I had been doing at home. The reason being that since I was in public I tried more to make my impersonation as perfect as I could.

We began to walk back toward the car when she noticed me trying to hide an effort that I was making to reposition my bra.

“Rita, what are you trying to do!”

“I guess my bra is too tight my breast is sore and itching like crazy! If I don’t get to scratch it soon I’m going to go nuts.”

“Better not go nuts too soon we still have to get you a drivers license you know. Why don’t we stop over at Sears they have a nice ladies room and you can duck into the restroom and adjust the bra.”

Sears was just around the corner and after finding the restroom I stepped into one of the stalls, closed the door and started to adjust my bra. It was at this time that I noticed that not only was my breast itchy but had swollen up considerably. I finished adjusting the straps and then met Denise outside. Remarking that I was feeling sort of thirsty Denise suggested that we stop at the lunch counter for a cup of coffee. I agreed and shortly we were sitting by ourselves in a corner booth.

“Denise we are going to have to do something about my bras they have irritated my chest so much that my breasts have begun to swell up!”

“Rita, I feel sort of embarrassed and sneaky about this so I am going to tell you the truth. If you stop and think about it I think you will realize that your complexion has become softer and that your beard is not as heavy as it used to be. The reason your breasts have become so sensitive is because I have been slipping female hormones into your meals for the past three weeks!!!”

Needless to say I was astounded at what she had just said to me. Before I could begin to protest she explained that although I made a very

good presentation as a woman it was inevitable that I would be discovered sooner or later if I did not have some EXTRA help to conceal my beard and rougher skin. So she had taken it upon herself to start giving me hormones and one of the effects was the beginning development of my breasts in a typical female manner. She was certain that the swelling would recede when the hormones were stopped. When I asked just how much my breasts would develop Denise admitted that she could not say for sure. It would all depend how much of me was really feminine to begin with, and also how long I took the hormones. I asked if she planned on keeping me on the "pill" for the entire period of my impersonation and she smiled and said that she had no choice. With another sigh of resignation I reluctantly agreed that I would continue to take the hormones but she wouldn't have to be sneaky about giving them to me.

Finishing our coffee we left Sears and walked over to the car where I once again got behind the wheel. The trip out to the license bureau was uneventful and we arrived at the right time since the examiner wasn't busy. I filled out the necessary papers and to my chagrin only a permit was issued to me. Since I said I had no license I had to wait three months before I could take the driving test and receive a regular operators license. Actually this wasn't much of a setback because the drivers permit was as good as the license for identification purposes. As we were leaving, the examiner called me over and told me that he had seen me drive in and that since I had no license I had no business driving a car. He then cautioned me about driving only with a licensed driver in the front seat and then sent me on my way. I smiled demurely and then walked out to the car being sure that my hips swayed in a feminine manner. The drive home was hectic as the rush hour traffic for the Mills was starting.

Supper was relished by Denise and I as the day had been a rather tiring one for us both. After eating I walked into the living room where I mixed martinis for both of us. I kicked off my heels and flopped down in a chair. Shortly Denise came in and sat down and began once again to criticize my days actions. Most of the criticism was good but she was very harsh when she came to my attempt to adjust my bra while walking down the street. I agreed and assured her it would not happen again itch or not!



## CHAPTER FOUR

Early the next morning, 4:30 a.m. to be exact, I crawled out of bed and began to prepare myself for my first day at my new job. During the discussion the night before Denise had told me that she thought I was ready to start to work at the Beauty Shop. I started to object but after stopping to consider what had been accomplished the past three weeks I finally relented and agreed that I may as well try since I doubted I would get any better in my impersonation than I was then. (Little did I know!)

I very carefully shaved all over my arms, legs, and face. After taking a bath in scented water I went into the bedroom and began to dress. First came the make-up which I had become very adept at applying the past three and a half weeks. Upon finishing I went to a dresser and removed a panty girdle, waist cincher and a bra. I sprinkled a little powder into the girdle before I slipped it on and it took considerably less effort than usual to get it on properly. Next I donned the bra which was the longline type. I noticed that my breasts were in fact swelling quite noticeably and wondered if I would ever need a bra for them. I slipped the falsies into the bra, adjusted them and then reached for the waist cincher. The cincher was a side hook type and reached from above the bottom of the bra to below the top of the girdle. It was quite tight and I had a bit of a struggle to get it in place. With a last effort I finally got the last hooks hooked and removed a pair of nylons from a drawer. Sitting on the edge of the bed I carefully rolled each of the sheer tan colored stockings up my legs. Ever since I first donned a pair of nylons I had never become used to the slick, smooth feeling they brought to my legs. I attached each of the stockings to the garters and then stood up to make sure they were properly adjusted. That done I padded over to a closet and removed the clothing I had chosen the night before for my debut as a receptionist. The dress I had chosen was a white sheath with 3/4 length sleeves, high collar and a belted waist. I very carefully removed the dress from the hanger, unzipped the back and stepped into it. The dress easily slipped into place as the lining was of satin. I struggled a bit to zip up the back but once zipped the dress fitted perfectly. After buckling the narrow belt I stepped over in front of the mirror and turned around a few times observing the contours of the dress and the way it accented my figure. Slipping my feet into a pair of 3" white high heel pumps I then opened my wig case and removed a beautiful brunette wig with long hair. Carrying the wig over to the dresser I sat down and meticulously set the wig in place on my head. This made my transforma-

tion complete. It was no longer a man in woman's clothing looking from the mirror but a young lady, rather tall but definitely on the attractive side. Picking up a watch that I had borrowed from Denise, slipped it onto my wrist and then suddenly remembered that I was supposed to wake Denise up at 6:15 and it was now 6:30.

She was already awake when I leaned over to waken her. She smiled up at me, complimented me on my appearance and then suggested that I fix coffee while she dressed. Denise wasn't going to accompany me to the Beauty Shop because she had an appointment with the Doctor who was handling her treatments and it could not be rescheduled.

It was after 7:00 a.m. before Denise and I finished our coffee and she finished giving me advice on how to conduct myself as a receptionist. With a smile and a quick kiss on the cheek Denise wished me luck and walked to the door with me. I knew that the time had come when I would no longer be just impersonating a woman but now I would have to actually be one in almost all aspects. Needless to say I was having feelings of apprehension and doubt. Once again Denise seemed to sense what I was experiencing and she gave me some comfort by assuring me that I looked as genuine as any real woman could possibly look. I smiled, reached for a scarf to protect my hair from the wind and then picked up my purse. After giving Denise one last squeeze of the hand I stepped out into the hallway and began walking down toward the taxi stand. Since Denise had to have the car to go to the doctor, I would have to either take the bus or a taxi. I chose the taxi.

The taxi arrived and I instructed the driver to take me to the beauty shop and then settled back for the fifteen minute ride. I noticed the driver trying to eye me out of the rear view mirror whenever he had a chance. Feeling a bit devilish I thought I would tease him a bit. Making as if I was uncomfortable I deliberately allowed the skirt of the dress to ride up my legs to the point that the tops of my nylons were visible. It may sound conceited but I do have nice legs and it wasn't very long before the cab driver had just narrowly missed an accident because of his gawking. When we arrived at the beauty shop I got out of the cab in such a manner as to reveal just a little more of my legs but not enough to be vulgar. To my surprise the cabby just drove off and forgot to collect his fare! I chuckled to myself at the thought of what the man would have thought if he had only known the truth about me.

The Beauty Shop was just a little ways down the block from the taxi stand where the driver had let me off. I began walking the short distance and wondered if Jack Mansard had already arrived and opened the shop. To my relief I found that I was the first one to arrive. Quickly opening the door with the key Denise had given me I stepped inside and observed the place of my new employment. Approaching the receptionists desk I found it in a state of disarray and confusion. Papers were strewn all over the top and there seemed to be little if any system or arrangement present. Boy, what a mess, I thought, as I continued to look around, I wondered how Jack could possibly get a customer to return after once experiencing the messy conditions prevalent throughout the shop. I was so absorbed inspecting the condition of the shop that I failed to notice the door open and Jack arrive.

"Well, Good Morning! I see my partner has finally decided to break down and send you into work. Well we can sure use you, we have been very busy and Marie and myself just haven't been able to do it all ourselves. I imagine that Denise has told you what your duties will be. If not, I will. They will consist mostly of setting up appointments and handling customer relations. You will also be expected to handle the bookkeeping under MY supervision and do any other associated tasks I may have for you." This last statement I noted was made with a long frank appraisal of my physical assets. The look on Jack's face left little doubt in my mind that I would be having problems with him in the future.

"Denise did fill me in on most of what I will be doing Jack, but I would appreciate it if you would sort of give me a quick instruction on how the shop is run. I have never done receptionist work before and so it is new to me." Jack agreed and motioned for me to come over to the desk and sit down which I did. Laying a big and very masculine hand on my shoulder Jack started to brief me on the functions of the desk which was to be mine for as long as I stayed on the job. The instruction period was brief as it was only 15-20 minutes before the first customer came into the shop. I greeted the young lady gracefully and then inquired as to her appointment. I checked the appointment book and sent her to the correct booth for her treatment.

The shop quickly became very busy and the morning passed almost before I knew what had happened. Once again I was shocked when a svelte blond came walking out from behind the alcoves and said she would relieve me for lunch. I couldn't remember sending her to the back



nor could I recall ever having seen her before. She smiled at me and then introduced herself as Marie Snow the other associate in the shop whom I had not previously met. I nodded my acceptance, picked up my purse from behind the desk and then went over to the lady's restroom where I freshened up and then went out to lunch. It was not until later that I realized that I had gone into the womans washroom and not even had a thought about what I was doing. It seemed so natural! After a much appreciated lunch I returned to work, relieved Marie so she could go and eat, and once again I became so involved in reorganizing the desk that I found that before I had time to think about what time it was the afternoon had passed and it was 5:30 p.m. and closing time. As I gathered my things together to take home I surveyed my days work with a good deal of satisfaction; I had talked to about twenty-five people both on the phone and in person and no one seemed to suspect anything about my sex, Jack seemed pleased with the amount of work I was getting done for being so new. I had made some good progress in getting the receptionist's desk back into some semblance of order and above all I had convinced myself that I could carry out my deception very well and my confidence was growing by the minute. I could hardly wait to get home to tell Denise all about my first day at work. I was almost to the door when I heard Jack call me from the back of the shop.

"Rita, would you wait just a minute, please, I would like to ask you a question?" I nodded my assent and then sat down wondering what Jack had to ask. My question was soon answered.

"I was wondering if you might possibly like to have a little celebration drink in honor of your first day at work and also we could discuss some of your future work and what I would like to have done. There is a nice place just around the block that makes exquisite martinis. How about it?"

My new found confidence carried me along and I smiled and said I thought that would be nice. With a flirtatious smile and an eager step I accepted Jack's arm and we headed out the front door.

Jack said that we could walk over to the Lounge as it was only a block away and parking spots weren't available this time of day. I noticed that Jack was very masculine and I mused to myself as to why he was a hairdresser, a profession usually considered to be on the feminine side. Even though I was wearing 3" high heels Jack was still a good 2½" taller than I was, making him about 6'1" tall. I guessed his weight to be about 195 while mine was only 135, a bit light for being 5'8" in my stocking feet.



Sharon Anne FCBC-4-H



Angela - FL



The Lounge that Jack spoke of was called the Bamboo. He politely opened the door for me and then guided me to a dimly lit corner cocktail table. The waitress was at the table before I had a chance to put my purse and scarf on the empty chair. Jack ordered a couple of martinis and then settled back in his chair. At first we indulged in only a little small talk and then after the waitress brought the drinks Jack guided the conversation over to the beauty shop. He started off by complimenting me on how well I performed the first day and that if I continued in this manner I would be a valuable asset to the business.

He then changed the topic of the conversation towards the financial angle of the business. I had already noted that the business took in a good deal of money. In fact I had received over \$300.00 that day myself. Jack was very careful to make sure that I understood that he and he alone would take care of each days deposit and the final and correct entries into the bookkeeping journals. It would be my responsibility to only cash out the register at the end of each day and then give the receipts to Jack. I thought this to be a bit foolish since I was a fully qualified bookkeeper and could handle the books. Jack disagreed on the basis that not only was I new in the business but I was the sister of Denise whom Jack said he wasn't afraid to admit he did not trust. That remark made me start and Jack smiled and then changed the subject. At the same time he noticed that my glass was empty and ordered two more drinks. I wasn't sure I should take another and started to decline but Jack reached out and took my hand in his and asked me to accept it as he appreciated my company. I smiled a yes while thinking that my previous thought on having trouble with the romantic side of this man would be correct. Not only did I accept that drink but also two more after that and it was a rather giggly young lady who finally escaped from the Bamboo on the pretense of a bad headache over being tired from the first day at work. Jack's parting remark was that he would like to do it again.

Arriving home Denise was in good spirits as the Doctor had told her that she would recover from her leg injury completely and would suffer no crippling effects. She was upset over the idea that I had not bothered to call and tell her where I was at and what time I would be home. During supper I mentioned that Jack was very firm about the handling of the money. Denise smiled and said that was a switch because he always pushed the books off on Marie every chance he had before. I admitted to Denise that I expected trouble from Jack and his making passes at me but Denise read right through my thoughts and told me to come right out and admit that I was pleased and flattered that he had asked me to



have a cocktail with him. With a rather sheepish look I made the admission and then excused myself and retired for the night. It felt good to remove the tight girdle and the high heels. My feet were sore but I had noticed that they were able to take the high heels for longer periods of time without becoming sore beyond toleration. My thoughts that night were those of a content and satisfied person who seemed to have at last found her place in life.

Early the next day I arose, got dressed and went to work. At lunch Jack asked me to accompany him but I declined on the basis that I had to run an errand for Paul. Actually this was true because I planned on going out to the Finance Company to pick up my check which had come in.

The trip out to get the check was uninteresting. When I arrived at the office, everyone was gone to lunch, but one clerk who scarcely had been hired when Denise and I had the accident. I identified myself as Pauls sister-in-law and then she got the check for me and had me sign a receipt for it. I momentarily panicked as I was sure that my signature would be recognized but I managed to disguise it enough that it was almost readable but not recognizable. I then took a taxi back to the beauty shop.

## CHAPTER FIVE

In rapid succession the days began to fly by for me. Denise was able to return to work but since I was doing so well she stayed at home. During this time I noticed that my breasts were developing very fast and that I could now wear an A cup in a bra without falsies. It became my habit to do this at home. Although I had now become determined that I would have my own real breasts and disliked the falsies I knew that I could not yet go without them as the decrease in my bust would be too noticeable. During the period of my employment (three months) I had not cut my hair and it was now long enough for Denise to begin to set and work with it. I was also looking forward to the day I could go without my wig. At long last it came and I made a small sensation at the shop as I had not told Jack or Marie that I planned to "cut" my hair. At first neither of them recognized me, and I felt sort of foolish. My anxious fears were soon set to rest as I realized that after the first initial shock everyone took my new hairdo for granted and seemed to think no more about it.

By this time I had been in my new role for about four months and had become so accustomed to it that anything outside of this role seemed to be absurd. I was thoroughly ingrained with the feminine role in life and had long since subconsciously decided to adopt it as a permanent role.

It was about this time that I began to notice some rather disturbing things about Jack. In particular I began to note that the amount of money deposited in the bank was not the same as I had estimated it to be. I knew that my estimates would be off from the true deposit but not very much. I began to notice that after I had turned over as much as \$300.00 to Jack, only \$150.00 to \$200.00 would find itself deposited in the Bank. My suspicions became aroused with good reason and I decided that on the next convenient Sunday afternoon I would slip down to the shop and make my own audit of the books to determine if Jack was keeping the deposits on the business in an honest manner.

My chance to examine the books came that following Sunday afternoon. Jack had asked me on Friday if I would like to take a short trip with him down to Indianapolis for the weekend and then return on Sunday night. I naturally declined and said that I had already made other plans and could not cancel them. I smiled to myself at the thought of Jack's reaction if he knew what those plans were.

I set the alarm on the early so that I would be up and out of the apartment before Denise awoke. After arising and rushing through my make-up I slipped into a pair of slacks and a sweater and then hurried out of the apartment and down to the car. I saw no one on the way and lost no time in driving over to the Beauty Shop, found a place to park in front and went inside.

Jack kept the books and records in a desk in a more or less private office at the back of the business. It took me about 20 minutes to locate the financial records and get them laid out for my review. In rapid succession I began to review the day by day deposits and to my astonishment I could find no discrepancy. After becoming suspicious of Jack I had started keeping notes on how much money I gave Jack and the figures in front of me showed more deposited than my figures did. Deeply disappointed I returned the books to their proper places and then started to look through Jack's desk. In a file marked PERSONAL and CONFIDENTIAL, I found what I was looking for. Jack had prepared duplicate records and had undoubtedly used the first records I had examined as a ruse to delay anyone who attempted to reveal his secret. Not only did I discover that this em-

bezzler was taking money but I found that the shop receipts were much more than I had estimated. Quickly examining the books I took enough notes to convict Jack in any court of law and then carefully replaced them in their proper place.

After leaving the Beauty Shop I decided to drive around for awhile to try and determine what course of action I should take. If I faced Jack with my evidence outright there was no telling what he might do as I had notes showing over \$4500 missing over the past four months. If I brought the police into the matter it was probable that Denise would be able to send Jack to jail but would never be able to recover her share of the stolen money. After driving for about two hours I realized I was about out of gas and I pulled into a gas station to get some. The car was quickly serviced and as I pulled back onto the highway I had to brake hard to avoid a semi-truck bulling his way through traffic. All of a sudden the idea came to me that I would blackmail Jack into giving Denise the money he had taken and forcing him to sell his share of the business. Paul would naturally be the one to buy this share of the business. A feeling of elation came over me and I headed for the apartment to tell Denise what I had discovered and planned to do to recover her money. As I drove a plan formulated in my mind as to my plan of action.

When I arrived at the apartment I found Denise up and worried about where I had gone at this hour of the morning. Smiling, I sat her down and told her of the mornings events. A glance at the clock showed it to be 1:00 p.m. and that I had been gone since 7:00 a.m. Denise was very much upset upon learning that Jack had pocketed as much money as my records indicated. Denise commented that she had suspected for some time that Jack had been doing some embezzling but had never suspected that the offense was on a scale as great as this was at this time. I informed her of my "plan" which was to obtain photo copies of Jacks records and after confronting him with them to demand that he return the \$4500 and sell his share of the business to Paul or Denise. An alternative I had in mind was to force Jack to sell his share of the business to Denise at a \$4500 loss. Denise became rather irritated and mad at my ideas. She brought it to my attention that she had managed to pay up her back payments on the shop and would rather let things ride for awhile as though Jack's activities were undiscovered. In a short while I was to learn the reason for the delay.



During the next few weeks Denise and I kept a close watch on Jack and made copies of all financial records and receipts without his being aware. Needless to say I was also paying close attention to my own physical development. Before another two months had gone by my bust development had continued and I was now wearing a B-cup in a bra. I was very sure of myself and only rarely even thought of my old role in life as a man. I was very content and made no secret of it to Denise. She was very happy that I had accepted my new status and we made dreamy plans for the future after we had solved our dilemma with Jack. Little did we realize the terror and tragedy that lay ahead for everyone.

It started as a rather routine Sunday morning. I had arisen early, dressed and gone down to the shop to make copies of the latest financial reports. While I was in the shop I failed to hear the door open and I was petrified with fear when I heard Jack's voice ask "Just what do you think you are doing in my desk?" My fear turned to fright when I saw that he had a .38 cal revolver in his hand. Despite my efforts to lie my way out of my compromising situation Jack knew exactly what I was doing and let me know in no uncertain terms.

I saw that Jack was looking at me in a very peculiar way and for the first time in my life I knew genuine feminine fear when Jack ordered me to strip! I started to hesitate but his harsh command to get moving started my trembling hands unbuttoning the front of my blouse. I removed the blouse and had started to slip down my skirt when he snarled at me to remove my bra. By now I was shaking so badly that I could not hold on to the back hooks long enough to undo them. Suddenly without any warning Jack snarled and reached out and ripped the flimsy piece of white cloth from my body. I fell back against a desk very conscious of my breasts standing exposed to view. The sight of my breasts caused Jack to lose all self control and he came at me like some kind of wild animal. In desperation I side-stepped him and screamed all at the same time and ran to the front office with Jack close behind. As I came into the front office I saw a police officer walking his beat pass by the window. Once again I screamed and threw a paperweight at the glass window. This attracted the officer and he immediately saw and understood the situation. In no time, it seemed, he had kicked out the front door and had come to my aid. Jack, having seen the police, had escaped out the back door.

When the officer asked what had happened I told him I had been attacked by Jack and gave a description which another officer took

down to be given out to the squad cars. Denise had been notified and she arrived just as the police were leaving. When I saw her it suddenly dawned on me that if Jack were caught I might possibly have to take some type of examination which could expose me and ruin our scheme. This was not to be however.

Approximately forty-five minutes after the police left the shop, Denise and I received a phone call from the police to go down to the hospital and meet a detective. Upon arriving we were met by Det. Sgt. Quinn who asked if we would identify the body of a man believed to be that of Jack! We were shown to a place in a cold room where a body was lying under a sheet. The coroner was also present and when he pulled back the sheet I let out an involuntary cry. The body was unmistakably that of Jack and it was terribly mutilated. The Sgt. went on to relate that a Gary Police Squad car had spotted Jack and when they tried to stop his vehicle a high speed chase resulted. The cars had exceeded speeds of 100 mph and gone East on US 20 into the city of Portage. Here additional police had joined in the chase and a roadblock had been set up on a bridge. Apparently Jack had chosen to die rather than be arrested. He made no attempt to stop and drove his car into the side of a truck put across the road to stop him. The resulting crash had killed Jack instantly and injured two officers. Fortunately they would be alright. The reason Denise and I had been asked to identify the body was because there was no next of kin.

Immediately the next day Denise contacted her Attorney and started the necessary legal paperwork to complete entire ownership of the Beauty Shop. I continued to work as assistant to Denise who now returned to work. The two of us worked hard and now the shop prospers and we have another shop planned in another city. My femininity has progressed and even I am amazed at times that I was once a rather masculine young man. Denise and I gave serious discussion to possibly having sex change surgery performed to complete my transformation but we discarded the idea. After all Denise and I still love each other and enjoy the visits that Paul pays on weekends. We are both very happy and feel that we have achieved a wonderful if very unusual solution to lifes problems.



Rita  
FG-1-B FPE  
Brazil



Some of our foreign sisters

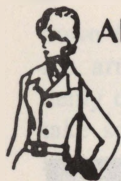


Catherine FAU-1-P FPE  
Paula in Australia



Gabrielle  
W. Germany





## FEAR

Page - Nev.

*"A feeling of anxiety and agitation caused by the presence of danger, evil; to be afraid of, dread, uneasy, doubtful; in order to avoid or prevent."*

The dictionary defines *fear* as something terrible, something that a person could and should live without. To have the kind of fear that makes each day of life a living hell is my story.

I have shown feminine interests since the age of 12, but a complete understanding of this and the many other questions that go through an FP's mind were not achieved until the age of 20. Prior to this understanding, I shared most of the same feelings as so many of you. Until the age of 25, I also had most of the same experiences that many of you have reflected in TRANSVESTIA.

I believe that a very brief summary of these early years of my life will provide the necessary information to bring you up to age 25 in the life of this FP. Condensing the story of my early years will not bore you with a repetition.

A child playing dress-up in Mommy's clothes — started doing it more often — I found that I enjoyed it — no sister, so still mother's clothes — interest in dressing would come and go — cubscouts — normal little boy — high school — still mother's clothes — football — dates — Boy Scouts — growing interest in what clothes girl wear — college — started buying miscellaneous feminine articles — I started getting concerned about it — am I a homosexual, NO! — what am I? what's wrong with me? — still my complete secret — accidentally heard the word *Transvestite*

— started reading everything I could on this — told my long time girlfriend — she said she understood — still no wardrobe — married my girlfriend — bought some clothes, and used my wife's — 3½ years of my wife threatening to tell my secret unless I did as she said — I had a very henpecked life — psychiatrist — minister — divorce — started to build a new life and wardrobe — happiness, very lonely but at least happiness . . . .

Now, at 25 years of age, I felt that I must make a choice between being a man or a woman. A lot of thought and study concerning a sex change revealed that I did not want either a complete or partial change. For the next few months I considered suicide. I was tired of being alone and of the constant fear of being exposed. I lived in an apartment complex by myself, with my secret in constant jeopardy. One example occurred when I arrived home from work one day and neglected to lock my apartment door. I took off my clothes, shaved my legs feminine smooth, and then went into the bedroom. I eased into a pair of black nylon panties, garter belt, and a pair of sheer dark tinted nylon hose. Putting on my black padded bra I slipped into my gold spring-o-lator slippers with the three-inch heels. I then went to the powder room to concern myself with make-up. A knock at the door sent that dreaded feeling of fear that I always lived with, tingling through my body. I kept very quiet so whoever it was would go away. I watched helplessly as I heard my name called out by a friend and as the door handle turned and the door started to open with me standing in the hall. Oh my God!

I literally jumped into my bedroom, grabbed a couple of feminine articles laying about and got into my bed. I had the covers pulled up to my neck when my friend looked in the door. I told him I didn't feel well and I would talk to him later. He said OK, and asked to use my restroom, and I consented. I stayed in bed but started to undress. I removed my bra and slid it down near my feet. I started to unhook my hose when he came back into my bedroom. He talked for a minute and then playfully grabbed at my covers as he started to leave. The covers came down to my stomach before I could grab them. I thanked the good Lord that I had removed my bra, but it had left some rather strange marks on my chest. My friend asked what they were and I quickly said they were from a tight "T"-shirt I had worn earlier, as I again pulled the cover up around me. Finally he left, and I then locked the door.

Then there was the time that I decided to test my acceptance and venture into the outside world one night. I removed all signs of body hair and

slipped into my white lace panties, tight girdle, dark nylons, make-up, bra, light blue pant suit, earrings to match, dark blue three-inch heels and then got my purse ready to go. I can't really explain how I managed to overlook one detail — I guess it was due to my nervousness. I looked out the window, saw no one, and then opened the door and at a quick pace, looking like a very feminine young lady attempting to break the record for the 50 yard dash, I headed for the safety of my car. I felt much better when I closed the door of my car. I looked into my mirror, to check my appearance, and to straighten my wig — *My WIG — My God, I'd forgotten my wig!* It's hard to believe I could do it, but I did. I smile when I think about it now, but at the time I was terrified. Still no one in sight, I commenced to break the dash record again in my stocking feet as I headed for the apartment. I made it, and decided not to venture out after all. I figured that if I was that stupid I had no business going out at all; I would probably drive off and forget my car next time.

Unhappiness, loneliness, fear, and a very serious consideration of suicide were my thoughts during the next few weeks. Then the God I love and worship so much led me to the friend of all FPs — Virginia!

I now had hope and knowing that there were so many understanding friends out there, although I haven't had the pleasure of meeting any of you yet, I finally gained the courage necessary to conquer many difficulties. I told my GG girlfriend, whom I had known for about six months, and she understood. I remembered being told this once before, so I completely tested her, and found her to be very sincere and honest in her acceptance. Together we are improving the newly created Page. My GG is curious about the name of Page, and I explained my choice the following way.

An FP is different than others, no matter if she is right or wrong. Personally I don't consider it wrong to desire a soft, hair free body, clean, manicured nails, soft lacy clothes, and fragrantly scented cosmetics as opposed to hairy arm pits, legs, rough skin, coarse clothes. If this is bad or wrong, then that's the side I will have to stay on. Now I spend full time with my GG perfecting PAGE for her acceptance by the outside world. I chose my name just because it too is different and I am proud of it — and of being an FP.





Paige - Nev.

**TV** MOVIES WE'D LIKE TO SEE...

**THE LONGEST DAY**  
 MARVIN WAS *ALONE* IN THE HOUSE *at last!*

**FREE** TO WEAR WHAT HE PLEASSED!  
 TO GO ALL THE WAY ALL DAY!

MASCARA! MAKEUP!  
 EAR RINGS! EYE SHADOW!  
 WIGS!  
 SHOES!

**SEE**

*You'll never forget D-DAY!*



FICTION

## *COSTUME BALL*

Renee-Canada

Every summer, at the end of July, it is a rule for the girls spending the summer in the area, to organize a ball to celebrate mid-summer. It is usually a costume ball held at the dance hall near the lake.

I must tell you of the one we had last summer, because it was the one during which I had the most fun. We girls had formed a committee to discuss the arrangements for that night. The boys did not bother to do anything about it. Everything was left to us girls. After the date was chosen, we began to speak of the costumes we were going to wear.

Every year we have a theme for the event. Once it was a Mexican fiesta, another time a limbo contest with West-Indies' costumes, etc. This time, we decided that everyone would wear the costume she wanted to, and as the boys had nothing to say about it, the girls chose the costumes they wanted to wear and then told the boys what costume to get to match theirs.

While we were discussing our costumes, each told the others of her choice so there would not be two costumes alike. One girl opted for a nurse's uniform, another one for a saloon girl's dress of the western movies. I wanted to wear a Spanish dancer's outfit.

At the same time we decided how our escorts should be dressed. The girl with the nurse's uniform decided her escort should wear a doctor's white jacket. The saloon girl wanted her boy friend to be a cowboy for the occasion. We all agreed on the choice of the other girls, but when it came to my turn, some objections arose. I wanted a toreador ensemble for my partner, but the girls suggested, that since I was taller and slimmer than he, I should wear the toreador costume myself and let the boy be the Spanish dancer.



To convince me, they told me I would be a very lovely toreador with tight pants, silk and lace blouse and a black velvet hat. I admitted they had a point there, and I added it would be fun if I wore a dark foundation, heavy eyebrows and a little moustache. The idea sounded great to me.

But I thought of the boy accompanying me to the dance. Would he agree to be a girl for a night?—As he was the brother of one of us, the girl told us not to worry about it, she would take care of it and persuade him to accept. One of the girls owned a black wig and agreed to lend it to him for the event. Another one, who was a beautician, said she would look after his makeup. We had to find him a dress. One girl said her mother had a party dress looking like a Spanish dancer's gown and that it would certainly fit him without any major alterations.

The following weeks were filled with our thoughts, talks, and plans for the ball.

We had other meetings during which we made reports on the situation. The beautician easily found the nurse's and doctor's uniform from the man who supplied the uniforms to the place where she worked. The "saloon girl" went with her boy friend to a costume rental store where they easily found what they needed.

As for myself, I knew I could not go to such a place to rent a male costume because I knew none would fit me. I explained the whole thing to my dressmaker and she said that she would be able to make the costume for me and give me a better fit than with a rented garment. She started to work on it and I went to her place to try it on. She was a pretty good designer besides her skill at sewing and the result was marvelous. I felt wonderful in it. The white silk blouse had lots of lace in the front and at the wrists. The little coat and the pants were of black velvet with golden embroidery. The pants fitted tightly on me. I had my best girdle on so my hips did not show too much and I had a nice slim shape.

The only missing things were the hat and the shoes. I went to the rental store and found a black velvet toreador hat. I borrowed black shoes from my brother. I combed my hair and fastened it on top of my head so it disappeared completely under my hat.

I invited some of the girls to my house to show them my costume. All said I was a pretty toreador and that I would be the favorite dancer



of all the girls attending the ball. That made me think of something that I had not thought of before. I had agreed to impersonate a boy, so I would have to ask girls to dance with me.

The girls said I didn't have to worry about it. On the contrary, it would be fun for me to dance with everyone, boys and girls. Then I thought it had to be the same for my escort who would have to dance with boys and girls, also. We decided that we would, first, dance as our characters, with persons of our sex, and then, spend the rest of the evening dancing with persons of the other sex. It sounded like a good idea to me and I accepted it.

While I had been thinking of my own costume, I had forgotten to think of the one for my boyfriend. At one of our get-togethers, I asked his sister how she was doing in convincing him. She told me she had to get the help of her mother to convince him. She had already got the dress and the wig and had her brother try them on. I wanted to know what he looked like, in a dress, but she did not want to tell me. All she said was: "Wait till you see him . . . All I can tell you is that he makes a very real girl."

That was not enough to satisfy my curiosity, so, the next time I saw him, I asked him if he had liked his dollying-up session. I could see he was shy to speak of girl's clothes with me and he did not tell me exactly what had happened when his mother and sister had asked him to try on the dress and the wig. He just said he had agreed to be a girl for that night and that he was going to do it the best he could. Once again, my curiosity was not satisfied.

But, I wanted so badly to see him with his costume on, before the ball that I decided to organize a meeting during which we girls would wear our costumes to get the others' reactions to them. It was decided that the boy would join us, as he was going to be a girl during the ball. The meeting was to be held at my place. When the time came, the girls brought their costumes and used my bedroom to put them on. The boy used my brother's bedroom to transform himself into a girl. After his sister had her costume on, she went in and helped him with his.

She then took him to my bedroom where the beautician looked after his makeup. In the beginning, he was a little shy, but when he saw we were all wanting to help him, he recovered his smile and made jokes

with us. I had been made up by the beautician before he entered the room. When he saw me, he said I was too pretty a girl to try and look like a man and that I had not lost an ounce of femininity, even if I was wearing a male costume.

But I could not say the same thing for him because the dress suited him very well. His sister had adjusted a well-padded bra to his chest that gave him a nice-looking front. The dress, in fact, had needed no alterations. But, in order to fill in the skirt adequately, he was wearing his mother's corset, well upholstered at the hips and the derriere. The dress fitted his corseted waist tightly which gave him a real girlish figure. He wore red calf cuban-heeled shoes that looked bright and shining below the bottom of his multicolored skirt. The dress had a large lace collar, long sleeves tightly fitting his arms and wrists. Under the billowing skirts, he wore a crinoline made of starched white cotton trimmed with a large band of lace which showed when he walked.

The beautician made him up as a very nice looking Spanish girl using lots of dark foundation. His dark eyes were shining while beautified by the black mascara and eyeliner. His eyelids wore blue eyeshadow and his lips were heavily painted with dark red lipstick. When the beautiful dark wig was on and topped with a little black veil, we were in front of a real Spanish girl. I painted his finger nails with dark red polish and, while doing it, I told him how pretty a girl he made. He admitted he did not regret having agreed to be dolled-up because he could see himself that the result was really amazing.

We gathered in the living room where we talked and danced all evening. He seemed to love the part he had to play. He held castanettes in his hands and executed a few flamingo steps. The girls applauded him and said he was doing fine. I was glad he was enjoying his costume and was really playing the part of a girl, because I had been afraid he might refuse to do it. I know that boys do not like to wear dresses, even for fun. They are always afraid that girls might laugh at them. But that only happens to those who make a caricature of a girl. That was not his case because he looked so much like a real girl that if someone had dropped in at the moment, he would never have realized he was not in front of a real girl.

I had to learn how to lead and he had to learn to follow. I invited the girls to dance with me, one after the other, to get used to my new role. He too was invited by the girls to dance with them, one after the other.

He found it was not difficult to dance, as a girl, because following the steps of a partner was very easy. I could not say the same thing for me, because I had trouble making my partner move on the floor.

Finally I invited him to dance with me. It was even harder for me to lead then. It took a couple dances before I got used to it. But, at the end of the evening, I was good enough at it to make jokes while dancing. Once, I held him tight in my arms, the way he does me sometimes. He did not protest and seemed to like it. One girl said to him that a well-born girl should never let a boy hold her so tight while dancing. He replied that he loved it and did not care if he was well-born or not. We all laughed at it.

On the night of the ball, he came to my place to take me to the dance hall. He already had his costume on. As I was not ready yet, he went to the living room with my mother. While they were chatting, my father entered the house and saw my mother with the Spanish dancer. He walked to the kitchen, where I was, and asked me who was that nice-looking girl. I said she was one of my girl friends attending the ball with me. As I was ready to leave I kissed him good night and I joined my mother and my boy friend in the living room. I kissed my mother and told her to watch her husband who seemed too much interested in Spanish women. She started to laugh and said: "have fun, girls."

Our dance was a success as usual. We won the first prize for our disguises. Harry enjoyed his evening very much and said he did not regret having accepted my idea of becoming a girl for a night. He admitted that we, girls, had it over men, wherever clothers were concerned. A dress was much cooler, during summer, than pants. He said, he could, after that, understand why girls liked so much to wear light clothes and asked himself why men could not do the same.

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PROBLEMS OF AN AGING FP  
(with apologies to Edmund Wilson)

The wretched old physique decays  
One smoulders in a slump for days...  
One dresses and then sadly sees  
The wrinkled face...the bony knees  
And yet the effort will be made  
The need for beauty and finesse obeyed.



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## HISTORY

# BEYOND SEX

## *Growth in a Lifetime of FPia*

by Tecla-CA

Outsiders continually brand the phenomenon of transvestism (or Femmiphilia as Virginia prefers) as some sort of "misdirected sexual outlet." It has been said so often that I am afraid that some of us are willing to let it go at that and give up any hopes of seeking a higher level.

I say that the "experts" are wrong. There is more to it than that. Much more.

In these pages, Virginia introduced us to the concept of "the girl within" who must be served. And, in my experiences with F.P., I discovered the gold mine of fulfillment that this girl can uncover if only we meet her on the proper terms.

Like many things in life, however, it is easier said than done for we are dealing with an extremely mysterious and devious force. In my case, I was well into the journey before I was even aware that I had left home.

It is not my intention to present a detailed history of my life as an FP, but certain events must be set down in a chronological order to give meaning to what I feel. Each one has its own value and therefore is important. If these incidents are familiar to you, so much the better as it indicates again that we all walk the same path.

As sisters, we have all shared the same sensations: exhilaration, joy, fear, disgust; boundless happiness and deep depression. Circumstance and degree may vary but the essence of our experience is inevitably similar.

As I lived my FP life, it seemed like one confusing event tumbling after the other. Now, many years later, I can perceive a positive growth and direction. It is almost as if some mysterious guide took me by the hand and led me through the mental hazards and traps to a place of true peace.

This is how it came about. I am sure much of it will sound familiar.

When the first realizations of transvestism came to me, I was sure that I had invented a new "sin." I was truly frightened that an unspeakable monster dwelt inside me. The combination of the drives of early puberty and the desire to express them in women's clothing is a great deal for a sexually immature mind to comprehend. Naturally, there is no one to ask. Who can discuss the soft sheen of a satin slip with the boys on the corner without fear of dire consequences?

I was raised in a home with more than the usual number of relations. Being a family that was involved in heavy industry, the men were all very masculine and the women were not far removed from them. All except one woman: my youngest aunt. As if fate were interceding, she and I were the only ones whose rooms were on the isolated third floor of the large house in which we all lived. What a perfect set-up for a budding FP!

Though I know that my transvestite urges were with me from my earliest recollections, it was my aunt's room that enabled me to bring my fantasies to fruition. It was my dream world!

Red-faced and with heart pounding, I made my first forays into the world of femininity across that narrow hallway. The perfumes that hung in the air, the gentle caress of nylon and laces, a small world where sensitivity dominated—these were the irresistible lures. Time after time I returned. And, despite repentance and pledges, I knew I could never abandon that magic land. From panties and occasional slips, I became more brazen as my familiarity grew.

At this point, I suppose that we would be much less than honest if we did not admit that transvestism presented an early sexual outlet for most of us. I would think that it would be a rare one among us who cannot recall the discovery of masturbation through the medium of the warm softness of an article of feminine clothing. Sexual titillation is not my purpose here, but because of the pattern it established within me, I feel everything must be discussed frankly if I am to tell a completely open story.



In my situation, the clothes were always the initial attraction. The desire to be surrounded by the gentle femininity of a nylon or silk slip was overwhelming. If the circumstances allowed, I would spend hours savoring the many sensations that tingled beneath my outward clothes. Many times, however, the ecstasy was too much and an orgasm came within minutes.

In any case, the reaction following the climax was always the same: shame, recriminations and a firm resolve never to let it happen again. Of course, it always did.

In as large a family as ours, the chance of my ever being alone in that house were miniscule. But, it did happen once. The details of how it came about are rather dull involving a one-in-a-million set of circumstances. Suffice it to say that for one precious evening, I had the place to myself with no possibility of intrusion.

As soon as the family car disappeared down the driveway, I went to my room and removed every piece of clothing. To me, the moment was almost ceremonial when I approached my magic world for the first time with none of the trappings of masculinity. The next hours were heaven! I fondled; I examined; I tried-on; I modeled. Then, I began again.

I discovered the items that appealed to me most and fitted best and assembled a costume for the evening. I recall a garter-belt that clutched me tightly about the waist, peach-colored satin panties that had a small button at the side and a glorious white satin slip that set me into such a frenzy that I had to lie on the bed while I recovered my composure. For the first time, I wore shoes. The sensuous feel of my nylons bound by the slim straps made up for the initial discomfort of having to cope with the heels. A pleated skirt and white blouse completed the ensemble and I roamed the house for hours relishing the sensations that pounded through my system. It was the first time I dressed completely and I knew that no matter what, it would not be the last.

This was the high point of the first stage of my FP development. Perhaps because the chance never came again in that phase of my life, it epitomizes those early days when the tactile feel of the softness of femininity dominated my days and nights. I had tasted the supreme and it was sweet indeed. This level of contact continued for many years. There were great delights and countless precious moments. But, it was also a period of great frustration, for I could never accept the most obvious

element of my relationship to FP: it was a permanent part of my life. In this time, I lived constantly in an aura of secrecy, listening for footsteps, attempting to re-fold pieces of clothing the way I found them, fantasising all day over what I hoped to find that night. Whatever there was was never enough.

When marriage came, there was a fumbling attempt at an incomplete explanation. This did little more than place my FP desires in the category of a "cute" sexual quirk that was acceptable for a time and later resented as a rival.

Never able to face the situation squarely, I "swore off" and returned to the world of inner secrecy. Years passed and still there was no progress. I was no closer to understanding the churning inside me than I was the first time I crossed the hall to my aunt's bedroom.

Item by item, I began to assemble my own wardrobe and tuck them away in secret hiding places, daring to dress at scattered intervals.

Then, another door opened!

Bemoaning her boredom with the city in the hot, muggy summer months, my wife announced her plans to rent a summer home miles away by the seashore. She and the children would depart as soon as school was out and return at the end of the season. I would visit on weekends when work allowed and spend my month's vacation with them near the end of the summer.

She asked, "Would I mind?" !!!

Probably one of the most difficult and ambiguous tasks I ever faced was trying to conceal the palpitations of my heart as the time of their departure approached. I knew I would miss them all terribly, but—

I forced myself to live one day at a time. The thought of spending six full weeks dressed in the clothes I coveted for a lifetime was almost too much to comprehend. Eventually, the day arrived.

It was another birth. For the first time, I was able to allow my femininity to penetrate every one of my senses utterly and completely. There were no distractions. The empty house was mine and mine alone. After so many years of waiting, every dream became a reality.

There was the joy of freeing all my treasures from hiding and lovingly arranging them in my bedroom. I bathed languidly surrounded by the scent of oils and perfumes and emerged from the water with every last body hair removed.

After spending hours dressing, I recall descending the main stairway like a grand lady, feminine from head to toe, marvelling at the joyous freedom of movement I felt as the wide skirt danced about my knees. My whole being seemed to glide as every gesture was softened by that lady inside who was having her turn at last. Fantasies scrambled for attention as my soul struggled to retain every sensation of this special moment. We both knew that this was a "first and only" experience; it could never feel exactly this way again.

The bright day was a kaleidoscope of colors that I had never seen before; a barrage of sensations and flashes and images and patterns – all startlingly new and real.

And, as the freshly familiar rooms began to reflect the tints of the late summer sunset, it culminated in the most glorious and complete orgasm that I had ever known. When the final spasm passed through my body, I moaned, "Oh!!! This is where I belong!" Then, I drifted into a deep, satisfying sleep.

Redness was still in the sky when I awakened and uncoiled myself from the divan in the living room. Shakily getting to my feet, I knew that only a few hours had passed, but I was aware that in that short time, something had taken place within me that was to alter my relationship to transvestism forever. As I showered, a new realization came to me. For the first time following an orgasm inspired by the clothes, I had no desire to reject them and repent my transgression.

Totally spent sexually, I still longed for a return to my femininity. This had never happened before.

As I dressed, something within me welcomed the soft feel of my panties and slip, the delicate touch of my stockings, the return to the gentle world. All was as it was before with one important difference: the heavy cloud of sexuality had lifted and for the first time I was able to embrace my femininity for itself and not as a mere sexual outlet. What could it mean?





Sandy-TX.



Sheila WI-9-M FPE



Candice-TX.



April-GA.

Of course there was the pleasant contact with the clothing—the unfamiliar tugs and pulls as I went about preparing dinner. But, there was much more.

A lady that I had never formally met was making herself known to me step by step. After being ignored and abused for years, she was letting me know that she was alive and well and was quite anxious to be recognized as a living, breathing entity. I was just as anxious to know her.

At that time, my professional schedule required that I only be away from home in the morning hours. On most days, my time was my own after noon. Considering this happy state of affairs as I sat alone at the dinner table that night, I pledged that my lady would take advantage of every possible moment to express herself. This meant that every day, as soon as it was practicable, I would return home and allow her to take over as she wished. Except for working hours, she was to be completely dressed in her clothes day and night.

It was a fascinating time. In one sense, I was freer than I ever was before. In another sense, I was a complete captive. In retrospect, I know that it would be more apt to say that the lady inside me had, at last, been set free. The feelings of “captivity” originated in my masculine side for her freedom brought restrictions to him: I could not walk in the yard until after dark, I always had to be aware of my proximity to our large picture windows, I missed a few ballgames, etc.

Naturally, there were times when I resented these limitations but I was determined not to falter from my pledge to make up for years of lost acceptance. The great experiment of living an almost completely feminine life was too important to lose.

Again, I knew that it would be folly to expect the sexual aspect of transvestism to become completely dormant. I will be frank to admit that there were times when the excitement was as feverish as ever—maybe more so. But, I learned to accept this as part of the relationship and it was not allowed to effect the bargain I made. Regardless of how high or low the sexual appeal of the clothes was, I would continue to wear them. No way out!

Strangely enough, after a very short time, orgasms related to the clothing or my peculiar situation fell into a very reasonable routine. It was at this time that I made the startling discovery that sex was not my basic



motivation to cross-dress. If sexual relief was not the sole attraction, then, what was?

When I reached this point, new understandings began to flow freely.

Completely dressed in feminine clothes to suit the situation, I went about normal tasks of maintaining my career. This included a good deal of creative writing, tending bills, making phone calls, arranging meetings and so forth. However, living in peace with the lady inside brought a new verve for the routines of life. My whole approach lost the ponderousness that marked it before. I found a new lightness. I was taking less time to do things for the simple reason that my attitude was more positive in the beginning. Surprising new energy filled me. Accomplishments were much more satisfying.

On the personal side, I was aware that my skirts and slips and bras and panties were no longer a novelty to me; I had become quite used to them. However, this in no way diminished my desire to wear them.

The various chores of tending my feminine self slowly became a part of my daily routine. For instance, body hair had to be kept at a minimum. Although, at first, it had been quite an exciting operation, it now seemed the normal thing to do.

Washing, ironing and minor mending soon lost their novelty and I found myself absorbing these little jobs as a necessary part of my schedule. In time, I found myself developing a truly feminine knack for neatness and a feel for doing the work properly, free of giddy flourishes.

But, perhaps most astonishing of all was the automatic change that took place in my physical movements. After a lifetime in masculine clothes, it is quite reasonable to expect that the wearing of skirts, high-heeled shoes and all the other items of women's apparel would modify the manner in which one moves. However, I know that the phenomenon that occurred within me went beyond that. A totally unconscious feeling of grace seemed to effect everything that I did. Even in a wide skirt, my steps were no longer full masculine strides; I was more aware of how I sat; arms reached gracefully instead of grabbing; I climbed steps one at a time. None of these alterations in behavior involved a conscious effort on my part. They simply appeared from somewhere within. Most important, they occurred daily, whenever I dressed and with no regard whatsoever to my sexual attitude toward the clothes or my extraordinary



opportunity to wear them at will.

It was when I reached this point that I commenced a period of serious introspection in order to try to understand what was taking place within me.

For the first time in my life, I was able to approach transvestism with a free and uncluttered mind, for now there was no listening for approaching footsteps, no fear of surprise discovery. Also, because of the determination to understand myself, the guilt that plagued me for years was set aside. There were no obstructions to my view.

The first important realization that came to me was that the desire to dress had been with me almost as long as I could remember. Fantasies came back from my earliest years—I was a young maiden with long blonde hair who was adrift in a boat on a serene lake as a soft warm breeze rustled my silk skirts. At the time, I could not have been more than four or five years old. That daydream had not been in my mind for almost twenty years, yet now it came back with startling clarity. What could it mean?

With that recollection, I saw that dressing was not the evil sexual outlet that I was later led to believe it was. How could it be when my first dreams of transvestism came to me before I was aware of sex? Slowly, three distinct phases in my life of cross-dressing came into focus with sharp dividing lines separating them into Pre-Sexual, Sexual and Post-Sexual cycles. But, it had not been possible for me to comprehend these divisions until I was able to step into the last area of understanding during my summer-long adventure in marathon dressing. Now, everything took on a new meaning!

This comprehension marked a turning point for me in that I was able, at last, to see the phenomenon that was such a strong part of me as more than a "dirty habit" or a bizarre "sin" for which I would surely be punished. It was one of the driving forces of my life. As such, it deserved serious consideration.

Today, I am still puzzling my way through the myriad details of why one has such an intense drive to adopt the clothes and mannerisms of the opposite sex. Much new information and encouragement has come to me through work with brilliant and understanding psychiatrists. It has been a long and expanding journey from the terrible loneliness and fear

of the early years. I feel that I can now see FPia as a part of my life of which I need neither be ashamed (I didn't start it) nor boastful.

The important thing that I now realize is that it has brought me to a realization of myself that I would otherwise have totally neglected. My desire for femininity has been the safety valve on a personality that is too deeply rooted in what the world considers "reality." It has provided an avenue for attempting to truly know myself in deeper ways than were possible before.

Who can say what I might have been had I never coveted the rustle of a skirt or the softness of a blouse? We will never find an answer to questions like that, so it is foolish to carry the burden of wondering. We must deal with what we are. And, if that includes a cache of feminine apparel, so be it.

Seek that lady who lurks inside you. Yes, occasionally she may seduce you. But you must not be overcome by despair or disgust; it is her way of insisting on recognition. This is not the time to turn away from her; she has much more to offer than mere titillation.

Give her a chance. She can bring a gentleness and understanding into your life that you might never have known; a consciousness of beauty, color and form that one might never feel otherwise.

Now, we have hit upon the key word.

She can teach you to FEEL things within you that so many of us have been taught to ignore in our world of so-called masculine logic. We can begin to savor the joy of acting on our feelings with no obligation to explain. And, in doing so, we open into a more complete entity—as a bud opens to become a rose.

But beware. She is not you. You are not her. She is a PART of your whole. The great C.G. Jung calls her the "anima," the woman who dwells inside all males. We must recognize and deal with her as part of ourself but we cannot permit her to take over any control of the whole.

When we establish her place in our life, it must be defined clearly so that we both understand its boundaries, and that neither part will be threatened. As you contribute to her, she will return the compliment and the result will be measured not in terms of masculinity or femininity but

in the wholeness of the individual.

By my own long and often painful experience, I know this to be true. Now, I can see my attraction to things feminine almost as a gift—something that opened doors to me that I never knew existed beyond the barriers of doubt, misinformation and shame.

My “Summer of Discovery” has long since passed and the opportunities no longer exist for me to dress as I wish for weeks at a time. Of course I miss them. But, the understanding that came from those unforgettable experiences allows me to accept the limitations placed upon me by an equally strong desire to lead a complete life. I will not deny that I am filled with pangs of reluctance when it is time to return the outward manifestations of my lady to the closet. We both know however, that her chance to reappear is not far away.

I set these thoughts and recollections down in the hope that they might be of help to you and that maybe you can avoid some of the anguish and pain that has filled my FP life. My particular wish is that our younger sisters understand that, as with so many other relationships, contact with that lady inside offers much more than sexual relief. It goes far beyond that.

Why are we possessed of our inclinations? What real meaning do they have in the greater scheme of things? I wonder if we shall ever know.

We do know that the drive IS there. For better or worse, it is part of our person. And, like all other aspects of our being, the difference lies in what we can make of it as individuals.

*Editorial Note: This article is a very nice expression of one sisters journey. But as she says it is really every FP's journey only the times, circumstances and details being different between us. For those younger FP's (in either age or development) who are still in the sexual stage I suggest the following. Instead of removing the clothing as soon as orgasm occurs, continue to wear them. When the sexual factor has ically and named her “anima” (as contrasted with animus the masculine factor—your own femininity. When you are sexually aroused you are only a boy or a man in a dress. But when the sexual appetite has been satisfied—as Tecla discovered—the girl within is free to live IF you give her a chance. The girl within IS real. Jung discovered her theoretically and named her “anima” (as contrasted with animus the masco-*



*line aspects of females) but it remained for FP's to bring her forth in 3 dimensions and real time – to give her life. This is the origin of my term “Femme Personator” which is defined as one who “personates”, i.e., makes a person out of his feminine self.*

## AN INTERESTING SPECULATION

Jung, like all other humans from time immemorial, lived in a society that was highly polarized between masculine and feminine. Observing his contemporaries in that kind of a society, it is not surprising that he discovered the Girl Within. But consider a moment . . . when society has finally accepted the principles of women's liberation and broadened them (no pun intended) to include men's liberation too, i.e. human liberation; and when gay liberation has won its battle, all people will be equal in rights, opportunities and acceptance. In such a society there would be no gender distinctions to speak of, though naturally the biological distinctions of sex would continue. The question then would be, will there be an “anima” and “animus”—that is, cross gender manifestations—to be found in people? I would venture to suggest that there would not be and I would draw from this the conclusion, not generally considered in psychiatry, that much of what the psychiatrist sees in his patients and extracts from him or herself to evaluate that patient by, is strictly a matter of the state of the culture at the time. A psychiatrist in ancient Greece would not have considered homosexuals as being sick or disturbed or in need of help because the culture didn't define that behavior pattern in that way at that time.

In the same way femmiphiles (TVs) are today considered odd or disturbed simply because we fail to conform to today's norms. As a matter of fact I have said before that it is not the FP who is “sick,” it is the society that is sick in that it divides all of us into two parts: one acceptable and one forbidden. Those of us who can not or will not accept that division are then oddballs. In a truly equalitarian, humanly liberated society there would be no FPs, no TSs and no gays because there would be no need for those behaviors and nothing to be gained from indulging in them. Stick around awhile and see!



## FICTION

### *THE VISIT*

Eileen - PA.

Marie was just returning from picking up the morning mail. In her arms she clasped the bulk of it, but she was tearing open one particular envelope. With a worried expression on her face she read the contents.

“Oh, no, Bill, my parents are coming!”

“Really . . . why . . . I thought that they agreed to let you live alone while you attended college?”

“But they’re coming and if they find out about you . . .”

Marie really had a reason to worry. We had been dating through three years of college and now in our fourth year we had decided that we wanted to try a test marriage. So we had set up housekeeping together in a lovely apartment in the suburbs of Philadelphia, where we were both attending the University of Pennsylvania. We planned to marry as soon as we had completed our college, but the intent wouldn't be enough to satisfy her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were from the midwest and they probably would have been upset if we were only dating regularly. The thought of us living together would probably prelude a wholesale dragging of Marie back to Indiana.

“You’re just going to have to get out of here for a while. I hate to throw you out of our home but . . .”

“That’s probably the best thing, they should be gone by the weekend, and everything will go back to normal.”

"Oh, wait they are staying for a week, and . . . THEY WANT TO MEET MY ROOMMATE!"

"What roommate, did you tell them about me after all?"

"Well, sort of, they would never have let me live alone in the city, so I had to tell them that I was living with some one."

"You'd better come up with one then, you don't want to disappoint the folks. Did you tell them much?"

"Well, as a matter of fact I have been telling them regularly what we, my roommate and myself have been doing."

"Well, let's get my things out of here and you can think about the rest."

It took us both the best part of an hour to get all my clothes and accessories collected and to haul them down to the storage room in the basement of the building. But after we were done, there wasn't a single male article to be found. The place was just exactly right for a couple of college girls, very Now but just a bit feminine. Marie had gotten out her flowered bedspread and lace curtains, and she had evenly divided her wardrobe between the two bedrooms, so as to give the impression that there were indeed two girls in evidence. This left her with only one problem, where to come up with the other young lady. I didn't think that I would be of much more help, and I wanted to give her thinking room so I said:

"Well, I'll see you next week, call me if you run into any trouble. I'm going to take a room at the "Y" until Mommie and Daddy leave. Call me if you need help . . ."

"Bill, please help me with my problem, first, before you go."

"Which one, your parents, or your roommate?"

"My roommate, where can I get Anne?"

"Anne, who?"

"My roommate, Anne Bliss."



"You've just lost me again, but it sounds simple, why don't you just call this friend of yours and ask her to move in with you for a week, that should satisfy your folks."

"But that's the problem, there isn't anyone named Anne . . . I really don't know anyone, and she was just an imaginary one!"

"Now, you have a real problem, how much time do we have?"

"Till tomorrow morning, and I can't think of anyone."

She started weeping, and I tried to hold her and comfort her, but it looked as if we were at a real impasse. We sat for a while, both silently trying to come up with a solution, but to be honest my mind was blank. Suddenly she had an idea.

"I think I have something that just might work, but it will take a lot of cooperation from you. Do you really love me as much as you claim?"

"Yes, of course, why?"

"Because I am going to call on you to prove it. I know that this is a terrible thing to ask . . ."

"Oh, I know we'll just tell your parents that I'm your roommate and that I look the way I do because I have a gender identity problem."

"Well, sort of . . . only you won't look like you have a problem. Could you make yourself be Anne for me?"

"If you think that I'm going to put on a dress and flit around here for your parents, you're crazy."

"Bill, please, just try anyway. It could work you know, and it's my only hope. After all, if they find out that I've been lying, they would take me right home. And anyway, we're the same size, and your hair's long, and you've got small feet, and you'd . . ."

She was crying in earnest now. This request in desperation was about the only if implausible way to pull this off by tomorrow. I had to make a decision. I had told her and myself that I loved her more than anything in the world, and when the chips were down, now, would I back out.

I looked at that tender face, with tears streaming down, the soft lovely hair that I had caressed so many times, and I knew . . . I would do anything for her, even if it meant that I would have to surrender my masculinity for a while.

"All right, Marie, I'll try. I don't know whether it will work, but you can do anything you want, I guess I just became Anne."

"Bill . . . oops . . . Anne, we'll make it work, oh I love you so much, to think that you'd even be a girl for me." Then mischievously she said, "I bet you'll be a pretty one, too."

"Oh, oh."

"Never mind, young lady, we have a lot of things to do if you are going to meet my parents tomorrow."

## II

The transition, while not swift at all, was thorough. We discussed what must be done, so that I would look genuine, and realized that it would have to be completely flawless in appearance and manner to fool them. This would mean sacrificing my hair, eyebrows and all else to be real. We discarded the idea of a wig, since her parents expected a demure, shy country girl, and not one with a lot of big city ideas. I would have to assume a feminine psyche, to answer to my new name and identity and to assume the mannerisms of the shy, docile, and modest Anne of Marie's letters.

Physical changes were the first to come, since we figured that I would more likely think like a girl, if I looked like one. I took off the rest of my clothes, and while Marie was putting them in the storage room with the rest of my things, I took a bath and with a sigh of regret and a "How did I get into this expression" I shaved my body and legs until not a single masculine hair remained. Stepping out of the bathroom after applying feminine deodorant, I realized that not a single stitch of masculine attire was in the apartment, and that I was very much on the road to being Anne.

I slipped into a pair of pink panties that Marie had left me. When she returned, she gave me a long line girdle with a six inch waist cinch. I think that we were both surprised at the figure and female lines that

this garment molded my body into. Nylons, and a carefully padded bra, plus a tape job for cleavage followed. Then I put on a lacy slip and a housecoat.

Marie took me back into the bathroom and I was seated in front of the vanity mirror. Putting a towel around me, she began my most dramatic transformation. She had been a beauty operator after high school in the summers and was quite skilled. So under her deft hands, my shapeless locks got an official girls hair cut, complete with bangs and back parting. A set followed, pin curls and rollers, and when the operation was over, and the rollers were removed, I had a Greek girl hair do, fluffy, and all femininely curled, with tendrils by my ears and puffy bangs to the edge of my eyebrows, as if pointing the way to my next step of transformation.

She set to work, and with a great deal of ouches and painful yelps from me, succeeded in plucking my thick eyebrows to graceful arched curves. Luckily, I have a light beard, or I think that would have been pucked too, but I am able to go without shaving for at least two days. so we left the beard alone. She then applied light makeup, explaining the procedure, and separating it, for my sole use. We used light shadow and a pale pink lipstick with a sheer base.

About this time, I had started getting the feeling of the whole thing. It's much easier to think of yourself as a girl, when you see a fluffy feminine head, peeking back at you in the mirror. Once the initial shock of the transformation wore off, I was quite pleased with my appearance, and my new identity, which I found quite easy to relate to. Marie had continued to call me Anne all through the whole thing, and I was keyed to respond to that name only. At the moment, I think that if she had called me Bill, I would have looked at the girl in the mirror and asked her who she was talking to. To add to all this the cool deliciousness of the lace on the hem of my slip, as it rubbed against my sensitive nylon clad legs, filled me with pleasure.

"Anne, you're all ready now, and I think that I'll leave you fairly alone to develop the rest of your personality and appearance. Why don't you go into your bedroom, and get dressed as you see fit, and I'll start some dinner?"

I went in, gliding nyloned feet over the carpet, and checked through the wardrobe that she had provided for me. I was cognizant of her clothes, but was sort of pleased to find that she had put the items that



I considered the most attractive in my closet. Perhaps she was feeling that since I had commented on these clothes, that they would be the ones I would most likely choose, if I were in the position to do so.

Anyway, it seemed quite natural to me at the time, although it is quite amazing that I had gotten dressed as if I had been doing it my whole life. Perhaps if there is anything like reincarnation, the last time I was around, I was a girl, because I had no trouble assuming that I was one now.

I put on a high collared white blouse, with puffy full sleeves, a blue plaid skirt, black pumps with one inch heels, a pair of small earrings, and a bracelet. Just before going out to show Marie, I put some perfume behind my ears, wrists and into my curly, greek-girl hairdo.

### III

An evening of charm lessons, window shopping, stopping for a soda, so that I could get used to people looking at me, changing the names on the mail box, and a night in curlers and nightie gave way to the dawn of P-Day.

Her parents were to arrive at eleven so we were up preparing by eight. I put on my underthings, and took the rollers out of my hair. Then Marie brushed it into style and added a white satin ribbon to the brown curls, as accent. I put on a blue tailored dress with white collar and cuffs and a pair of red pumps. Part of the training the night before had been in makeup, so I performed my own painting, sparingly, but with a cute pink to my cheeks and mouth. Then with the nervousness of two schoolgirls we waited.

They appeared right on time like the plague. Actually, they were nice people as I was to find out later. But instead of looking all comfortable, and homey looking, they resembled the judges of the Star Chamber to me at that moment.

Marie answered the door, greeted them and led them into the living room where I was standing, trying to shrink, disappear, and cursing the whole idea. To make matters worse, they both seemed to stare at me.

It must have been just a few seconds at the most, but my whole life passed in front of me, all I could think of was that I looked like a joke,

and that any minute her parents were going to ask what the guy in the dress was doing in the middle of the living room. But then the flood broke as Mrs. Johnson said:

“And you must be Anne, Marie’s told us so much about you, but you’re even lovelier than she described you.”

She came over for the final moment of truth and put her arms around me to buss my cheek, if ever I would be “read” it would be now!

Nothing happened! I responded in my softest voice, and told them how glad that I was to be with them, and to finally meet them. Everything worked out after all.

Actually, once we got used to each other, it was almost funny. Mr. Johnson, although a stuffy midwesterner, had a real eye for the ladies, and although it was quite embarrassing, just about stepped all over himself trying to be nice to me. We spent a rather pleasant week, with him squiring us to dinner and a show, both Marie and I dressed to the hilt in cocktail dresses, a luncheon where I wore a blue wool suit and a flowered silk overblouse, and to the zoo in sweaters and kilts. I have to admit to this day that he is the fastest man at opening a door for a lady that I have ever seen. In a way I was quite sorry that they had to leave, I’m afraid that I was enjoying my new self so much that I kind of hated to go back to plain old Bill.

As things have worked out though, I never have really . . . As her parents were leaving, they insisted that we come at spring vacation to their farm, and we wouldn’t have wanted to spoil their holiday. But the adventures of Marie and Anne, for two weeks on the farm are another much longer story, and suffice it to be said that Anne in calico was just as big a hit as in sweaters and skirts!

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Several years have passed by now, as I look back on all this. Marie and I are married, and living in California. Anne is still with us, since both of us discovered during that week that we enjoyed it far beyond our expectations. We go shopping often, and get our hair done about once a week, mine is below my shoulders now, and in the last month has been done a radiant blonde. In complete contrast to the usual thing I wear a man’s wig to work, and my own tresses at home. We visited her

parents often until their death in 1968, both as Bill and Marie, Anne and Marie, or separately. It's really a thing that has brought us closer together than anything else ever could. Both Anne and Bill know their place, and both are completely satisfactory.

Perhaps the funniest thing that developed out of the whole thing, occurred the first time that I visited the farm, as Bill, to ask for Marie's hand. Mr. Johnson looked at me for a little while, then said, "You know young feller, I've got this feeling that we've met before, but I just can't place you."



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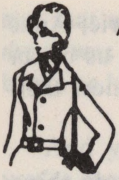
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## ARTICLE

# PROFESSIONAL OPEN HOUSE TALK

by Virginia

*NOTE: On May 4, 1974 the Alpha chapter of FPE had an open house to which we invited psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage counselors, "hot line" operators, ministers, and even an FBI agent. We had about 50 in attendance (plus 13 of us and 3 wives) and got a nice write-up in the Los Angeles Times entitled "The Sisters of Phi Pi Epsilon." The following is the talk I delivered to this audience. It is reproduced for you in the hope that it might provide concise material for talks any of you might be giving to other groups; for any open houses of a similar nature that other chapters might wish to put on; or for a simple, concise way of explaining the field to those whom you wish to educate for personal reasons, such as parents, girl friends, wives or others. I hope it will prove helpful.*

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to our open house – an open house the like of which has not been held before anywhere at any time. This open house is a combination social and educational evening. We hope you will enjoy yourselves, particularly after my opening remarks when you can patronize our no-host bar and then meet, talk with, question, argue – anything but fight – with our members. We have invited you here to give you a chance to see a number of our girls at the same time, to satisfy your intellectual curiosity and at the same time give us a chance to tell you some things that you won't find in textbooks, didn't learn in school and don't have much exposure to anywhere else. So relax your bodies, open your ears and your minds and let's get with it.

In the first place, you are the guests of PHI PI EPSILON – Alpha and founding chapter of an international sorority for males. A special kind of males, to be sure – males who have learned that they have a feminine as well as a masculine side to their total personality and who, through the

mediation of feminine clothing, make-up, etc., are happy and comfortable in expressing that part of themselves outwardly to you. As a matter of fact, Phi Pi Epsilon are just the Greek letters for F.P.E., which in turn are the initials of our motto—"Full Personality Expression." We believe and feel that it is not possible to express ourselves fully just as men in society, and thus, upon occasion and depending on circumstances, we give our other side her chance. This is one of those occasions.

It is important to make one further distinction, and that is that the members of our group and the probably millions of others like us are heterosexual—75% married and fathers. We are the ones for whom the term "transvestite" was originally coined by Magnus Hershfeld. Of recent years, however, it has come to be applied to anyone who cross dresses, whether gay or straight. We separate ourselves from homosexuals not from a sense of superiority—as we don't feel one minority should put another down—but rather in the interests of our own particular identity, motives and satisfactions and because public misconceptions usually assume that any male who has any interest in anything feminine is *ipso facto* gay. In order to get around the no longer clear and communicative word "transvestite," which only means cross dresser, I have coined a new and more descriptive term and that is FEMMIPHILE, from "feminine" and "love of," meaning literally "lover of the feminine." This is abbreviated as FP; so if I use that term, you will know that I am referring to heterosexual cross dressers.

Now, you came here to find out a lot about us, so let's get to that.

1. WHAT is our kind of transvestism? As just mentioned, it is not a form of homosexuality. Neither is it a form of psychopathology, though there may be psychopaths who cross dress on occasion. It IS a behavior pattern which by definition applies to heterosexual males.
2. WHEN does it start? Anytime—from 5 years to whenever.
3. HOW does it start? Through induced dressing such as an adult suggesting it as a joke, a girl's part in a play or mock wedding, a New Year's or Halloween costume, or by voluntary means such as plain curiosity about mother's or sister's clothes.
4. What happens at that time? This requires some diversion of attention for a moment. Society is based on the polarization of human qualities and potentials into those suitably masculine and suitably feminine

and requires conformity to this polarization. The penalties of non-conformity are name-calling, ridicule, isolation, ostracism, punishment and even attacks. We are each therefore deprived of the other half of ourselves.

Parents act for society – they are programmed themselves in childhood and through their lifetime, and they lay the same trip on their children. Peers enforce it in preschool years by projecting their parents' concepts onto their playmates. Teachers, authorities, the system and still peers maintain it through elementary and high school. It is self enforced thereafter for fear of social penalties and consequences. RESULT: All boys *learn* to be boys but they also learn NOT to be girls. That is, they learn what acts, behaviors, activities, interests, etc., are socially designated as feminine and therefore not for them. This has the effect of emphasizing the deprivation and denial of a part of the self and makes one aware of that original segregation.

Back to what happens: We live in a highly visually oriented culture. What we see is what we get, to quote Flip Wilson. Or, to quote Virginia Prince, What we see is what it IS. "Girlness" to a boy is, what he sees girls wearing, doing, acting, how they use their bodies, the different attitudes parents have toward them, different expectations, different tasks, etc. Therefore, people who wear slips, panties, dresses, girdles, high heels, etc., are people who are permitted to act differently, speak differently, feel differently and express different feelings in different ways than he can. In short, they are persons of different requirements and expectations. So . . . a boy in a slip or a dress . . . keys in to his subconscious awareness of the separation and deprivation he suffered as a boy, only now – in the dress – he is not deprived, he is one of them. When in Rome you CAN do as the Romans do. Result – discovery of the previously lost part of self.

5. WHY does he continue to dress in feminine things in spite of fear and shame? Because the feeling is good – satisfying. Superego steps in and says it is bad and wrong for a boy to wear a dress. It is a no-no and he should never do it again . . . so guilt is born. But self discovery and fulfillment is too basically satisfying, and the long battle between self and society, between satisfaction and pleasure and shame and guilt, begins.

There are other motivations, of course, which occur in specific individuals – such as, a desire to be like mother or sister in contrast to father and brother; to escape from an over-demanding, hyper-mas-



culine father; to achieve love through identification with the love source in his life – his mother; to be like a sister who receives the father's love; to escape the demands of masculinity on a temporary basis; and to express goodness, kindness, beauty and self esteem factors associated with women and not with men.

6. **WHY don't ALL boys become FPs?** All children play dress-up in adult clothing, both father's and mother's. Many boys have worn dresses and didn't become FPs. What is the difference between one boy and another in this respect? While there may be some special pro or anti circumstances in the home life or in the individual himself, it may also be biological and as a genetic potential. Paderevsky was a great pianist and Kreisler a great violinist, probably for many different reasons but certainly for two which would have been genetic potentials, (a) manual dexterity and (b) tonal acuity. No amount of practice alone would have made them great without a high level of these two qualities. I suggest that there are two similar qualities that may be expressed in some boys and not in others and which could be genetically determined. These are perceptivity and sensitivity. Both qualities could be dulled and inhibited by circumstances even though present in a high degree, but if they are of a low order the boy will not become an FP no matter how or when he is dressed in feminine clothing. By perceptivity I don't mean just the ability to perceive in the sense of a synonym for "to see." No, I mean perceiving a total picture and not just portions and to see relationships and possibilities in what is perceived. Thus one boy perceives the feminine clothes in considerable detail – the color, fit, material, texture, attractiveness, style, etc., and their relationship to the persons who regularly wear them. At the same time he is sensitive to the relationship between the kind of person who wears the clothing and what femininity means, i.e., that part of humanness that is denied to him. Thus perceiving acutely and realizing sensitively the experience cuts deep. He FEELS its significance, it is pleasurable, and satisfying, but more than that it makes a connection with and temporarily gives back some of his own previously socially stolen SELF.
7. **PROGNOSIS:** The FP will continue above ground or underground till death or disability because once the need to express the full self has been realized, it will not lightly be overlooked, overlain, or forgotten.

## 8. TYPES OF CROSS DRESSERS:

- a. **The homosexual Drag Queen:** This individual adds gender to sex for the benefit of the male partner principally, though for some it would appear to enhance, legitimize and coordinate the sexual feelings of the queen herself. That is, the female role of orifice provider is balanced by having tapped into the appropriate psychic state.
  
- b. **The Fetishist:** Dressing for this type of individual starts with dressing and stays there through all the years of sexual potency. When sexual libido wanes so does the interest in dressing. Psychiatry knows of many kinds of single item fetishists—handkerchiefs, shoes, panties, hair, etc. It does NOT KNOW about what we call the Whole Girl Fetishist. For these, the fetish is the whole feminine image from hair to heels. Whether an individual is really a WGF may not be clear until old age when suddenly the sex drive and the urge to dress disappear simultaneously. For such people each dressing event is planned in expectation of the erotic event which comes sooner or later in the experience.
  
- c. **The masochistic, bondage, humiliation and punishment types:** These various individuals can be considered as a group because they are all manifestations of two factors in various proportions. (1) Moral masochism or psychic pain and (2) nonresponsible immaturity. Since throughout history the female has been in an inferior and subjugated status relative to the male, it is a comedown for a male to appear to be forced into that subservient position. Thus the masochistic individual dressed in feminine clothes is enabled to be “hurt” by the process which is by his standards pleasurable . . . thus the motivation for dressing. Those who go in for bondage take it one step further—they are physically restrained and therefore helpless and to be bound while dressed means that they are twice pained and thus twice pleased. Humiliation and punishment have some of the same masochistic pleasure involved but in addition there is the weak, helpless child reaction of “I couldn’t help dressing, he (or she, or they) made me do it.” Thus the personal desire to dress which cannot be tolerated is put off on someone else and the individual is therefore in a position of childlike nonresponsibility. He gets what he wants but he doesn’t have to pay any price in terms of guilt.

- d. The Gender Type: To a non-homosexual male almost anything having to do with females has an erotic content, thus dressing at even an early age is generally accompanied by masturbation. This exacts a double toll in guilt because (1) he is a boy and he should not be dressing up in girls' clothes, and (2) masturbation is immoral, bad, sinful or whatever and he should not be doing that either (fortunately this attitude is changing). But the difference between the fetishist and the Gender Type begins when the clothing continues to be worn for increasing lengths of time AFTER orgasm has been accomplished. Then the wearer begins to discern another type of pleasure . . . that of femininity itself . . . the gender satisfaction which is the finding of the rest of his total SELF. SHE then develops little by little over the years if she is enabled to make any kind of contact with other human beings whether they are FPs or not. Her self concept and awareness develops just as with anyone from childhood on up.

Having gone all this route of guilt, shame, isolation, fear of discovery, etc., personally for about 25 years, my privacy was shattered in the course of a divorce action and my name, picture, occupation and all were splashed across the newspapers. When the trauma had eased I felt that since I had lost everything in that exposure there was nothing more to lose and I could therefore afford to try to help my sisters who still had much to lose and still lived in fear and guilt and isolation. So 14 years ago I began publishing the magazine TRANSVESTIA. Its purpose was and is to help the individual achieve understanding of the nature of his behavior, primarily that it was neither homosexual nor psychopathic and through this knowledge to develop self acceptance and thereby achieve peace of mind.

The magazine destroyed isolation and the concept of being the only boy or man in the world who liked girls sexually but liked his own femininity too. The magazine permitted statements about SELF. "I wrote that story." It encouraged the selection of a feminine name—no mean psychic achievement, incidentally. When pictures in feminine attire were submitted it was a real statement, for although those who saw the picture didn't know who "that girl" was, that girl herself could have the feeling, "see, I have admitted to the world (and therefore to myself) that I am a feminine personality too." This meant coming out of the closet.

But the magazine was not enough, because humans are gregarious and not until you can deal with other people—even in a microcosm—are



you "real." So Phi Pi Epsilon was organized to provide a means whereby the individual could be dressed and live out her feminine role among people who were either FPs themselves or who were accepting of it. In this microcosm even the individual who would never be able to pass in public is able to interact with other human beings on the terms of his own selection . . . and to do it without fear of exposure, blackmail or whatever. In this sense FPE is a therapy group. That the therapy works in helping people to accept themselves and make the most of what they have learned about themselves is proven by the fact that we of the L.A. chapter of FPE are giving this open house tonight and showing ourselves to you, acknowledging what we are and sharing our insights and experiences with you. Ten years ago a meeting like this could and would never happen here or anywhere else. You are participating, therefore, in a very unusual event. It may not be very important to you . . . though we hope it is proving educational . . . but it is important to us that we are able to do it.

**GENERAL POINTS:** There are a few other items I'd like to speak about before we throw the floor open for questions. The first of these is that in a survey of 504 FPs, 74% of them were found to be or have been married, and an equal percentage of those were fathers. This means that most of us here have or had wives—I've had two marriages, myself. We further found that one third of the wives did not know of their husbands' interest in feminine things, a second third knew but did not approve and would not permit the dressing in their presence. A final one third knew and accepted in various degrees from merely permitting dressing at home to buying clothes for the husband and even going out in public with him while he was in his feminine role.

When a couple reaches the third stage they have something going for them in their marriage that 95% of ordinary couples do not and can not have . . . a greater communication and sharing with each other and the ability to see each other as complete humans instead of being limited to the stereotypical polarized husband and wife positions. On the other hand, those wives who don't understand . . . and frequently don't want to understand due to their own insecurities . . . and can't accept their husbands' departure from the stereotype of masculinity and husbandness, make life miserable for that husband and often for themselves. He can't simply deny the existence of a part of himself that he has discovered and developed to some extent over previous years, so he is driven underground into lying and deceit to arrange moments of release, or, conversely, into tremendous efforts to deny and suppress his feminine side. This often results in psychosomatic disturbances such as ulcers, heart

conditions, migraine headaches, etc. It was to try to explain what Femmiphilia is and is not that I wrote the book *The Transvestite and His Wife*. I'm happy to say that it has helped a great many marriages to hold together or to be greatly improved in happiness and understanding.

**TRANSEXUALISM:** In addition to being confused with homosexuality, Femmiphilia dressing is often assumed to be just a way station on the road to a sex change. I am most unhappy to admit that too often it is just that . . . not because it is the logical end but through the ignorance Liberation is finally beginning to make it clear that one's genitals do not necessarily and irrevocably determine one's potentials, talents and contributions to society. But far too many femmiphiles don't realize that being a woman and being a female are not necessarily the same thing. They want to be women, and they are essentially heterosexual and have no need for a vagina or for accommodating a male's penis, but they feel that womanhood is dependent on and determined by the genitals. This is not true, since womanhood is a psychosocial condition usually superimposed on the anatomical-physiological condition of femaleness.

Unhappily both lay and professional people consider that there is just one continuum upon which all people can be placed. Not so! There is a continuum of sex between male and female in which various intersexual conditions occupy the middle area, and there is a gender continuum running from masculinity to femininity. Thus the logical endpoint of cross dressing development is full time living as a woman. This can be done and I have done it for the last six years, so I am in a position to know whereof I speak. Transexualism is a much overplayed concept. While there are a few persons who are so ineffective as both males and men that they would probably be happier and more productive as females and women, the majority of those seeking surgery are either homosexuals seeking to improve their sexual desirability to male partners or misguided femmiphiles who think that you have to be a female to be a woman. Unfortunately their self identity is between their legs and not between their ears where it should be.

The solution to the transexual problem lies in persuading surgeons to stop playing God and getting rich, to educate the prospects into understanding their true desires and the means of achieving them, and finally changing our laws to permit a person to live in their chosen gender and not be stuck with a role based solely on their anatomy.

This whole area is a very large one and there is much more that could be said, but I hope that this has served to enlarge your horizons and contribute some new understanding to the field. So we will now open the floor for your questions. Thank you.



*"Dear  
Editor"*



*LETTERS*

Dear Virginia,

While I like to give all credit to *Transvestia* for the excellent advice, assistance and consolation give to TV's, my road to tranquility came about another way, initially. One day 18 months ago I found in my mail box one of those "contact" magazines, listing numerous people and their specific inclinations. As of today I still do not know how I came to be on that mailing list unless it was through one of my mail-order purchases. The first thing that hits you is: "There are others like me." I read and reread the listing and finally decided to write to one or two "numbers." I was so desperate that I practically bared my whole soul in that first letter, telling about my TVism and my desire to correspond. Security-wise this probably was the worst thing I ever did, notwithstanding the fact that I used a "nom de plume" and a post office box address.

Sure enough I received a reply from a Lady on the West Coast who claimed to have a TV husband who dressed most of the day, helped her in her business and served her at night. While it was not exactly what I was looking for, contact was established and for the first time in my life I was writing to someone about my problem frankly and fairly honestly. While I probably wrote three letters to one short one from her I shall forever be indebted to this woman. The therapeutic effect of this correspondence was remarkable. By writing about "my problem" the strong tensions seemed to lessen. It helped me clarify and crystallize my many thoughts on the matter and bring them back into proportion. I continued the correspondence even throughout a European business trip.



Eventually I learned that her motives were not all they seemed and when it became clear to me that I was never going to receive the special girdle she was making for me, I gave up this contact deciding that the domination bit, however fascinating and amusing, was not for me. I wrote the \$40 "girdle money" off as experience. However, because of this contact, who asked me to get some "special books," I discovered the "bookstores" in New York and happened to see the TV magazines. That was over a year ago and since that time I have bought all the numbers that were still available. There is no need to praise TVia here again. All TV's know how fascinating, helpful and interesting it is. They have helped me realize the importance to us to try and inform others and I will try to make some waves in my small neck of the woods, as far as this can be done without security risks.

And this brings us up to the present. I now feel I have the problem, if you wish to call it that, pretty well under control. I am no longer an active member of my church and service club, feeling that — should discovery occur at some unhappy time — it might reflect on them. Having decided that TV is about as difficult to erase as crabgrass in my lawn — and I have been fighting that with equal perserverance for 15 years — I feel that at my age I should have the right to this manner of self expression, if it can be done without harming anyone else.

I will not tell my children. I feel they have already had a hard enough time finding their own identity, especially during puberty and during these days of tremendous pressures at school. And I do not wish to add to this any special adjustment they might have to make on learning about my TV. However, during our man-to-man sex-education talks, I put many a good word in for TV's, I can assure you.

I have relearned the ability to laugh at myself and I suspect that if one saw me dress, that there would be plenty to laugh about. I dress about once a week, still at the office. My favorite attire is a simple white blouse and skirt. I have mail-ordered a wig from California, which, while it is supposedly human hair, feels more like barbed wire with the barbs rusted off. It makes me look too tall, especially when I wear my canoe-sized 2" heels, (12D or 13D, I blissfully forget, but way too large). I am planning to consult a beautician in the city, as I prefer to get professional advice over amateurish experimentation and getting my face all schmeared. And then eventually I have to find my way to a wig shop to get myself some nice curls. Too bad I cannot let my own hair grow. It has a very nice wave in it which makes my wife jealous. I

make a special point of having the barber cut it very short so that the wave does not show. That sensitivity dates back to the time when my grandmother orated the old European proverb — pertinent to nothing. “Curled hair — CURLED INSTINCTS”. That’s a reasonable translation I believe. Those old proverbs are almost like the “Laws of the Medes and Persians” and have a lot of truth in them.

Now if Virginia would only stop insisting on 20/20 vision in the mirror, I would feel that when dressed I look like a 30 year old school teacher. Well . . . would you believe a 40 year old lady truckdriver??? A 45 year old corset sales lady?

OUCH OUCH

Anonymous

Dear Virginia,

The magazine (TVia) is fascinating; in comparing back issues with what you’re doing now I get the impression that you have not only learned how to limit your editorial content to your “authentic” audience, but how to help the members of that audience almost in spite of themselves and their own notions of what they “need.” Needless to say, I deeply admire what you’re trying to do. It would be a shame if all your efforts were terminated because of a lawyer’s battle, now. I’m enclosing a small “deposit” on future issues and wish it could be more generous.

In many ways, the most interesting things I found were the letters — not only from other TVs but from wives. Isn’t it both amazing and sad- dening that a few really intelligent women are capable of such sympathy and comprehension — in contrast to the standard pattern of disgusted rejection and active malice which leads to either divorce or prolonged misery?

I have a theory of my own (based, of course, on experience) which you might like to discuss some time, editorially: it is that many of the wives who make a divorce issue of transvestism are simply seizing the tool nearest at hand: the quickest and easiest weapon to use. I suspect that a really good and happy marriage isn’t vulnerable to resentment of TV, any more than to resentment of prolonged fishing trips, poker-playing or occasional binges. And that (by the same token) a TV husband who genuinely loved his wife and treated her well would never be crucified for his “obsession.”

Of course, this simply supports your own contention that it's better for a male who has a feminine "self" to tell his wife-to-be all about it, beforehand. If a man and a woman don't know at least something of each other's deepest and most haunting needs, they have no business rushing into matrimony. If the bride has some strong need of *her own* to believe her husband is completely "masculine" (as a way of bolstering her own femininity), she's bound to be furious when she discovers what must appear to her as a gross deception. A truly feminine woman, well treated in bed, would take it in her stride. And the cruel irony here is that for most of us, if I'm any example, TV implies a certain amount of fear of truly feminine women. In other words, we marry—in ignorance and timidity—exactly the kind of women who can't possibly forgive us for what we are. The exceptions are to be envied.

I discovered all this only by accident after my own divorce, meeting and falling hopelessly in love with a woman who makes me *feel like a man*, even when I'm wearing lingerie. The fact that she's 19 years younger than I am, married, with three children, and living 300 miles away, doesn't matter. We are completely happy together during the few hours we can see each other, a few times each year. She knows about my TV-ism and doesn't care. If we could have married each other, we would have been happy anyway. And yet I know that 20 years ago I would have been afraid of her total femininity.

What does all this seem to "prove"? Only, I think, that *very few TVs are able to believe what you preach*: that transvestism is *not* homosexuality. We live for years in the shadow of that fear, and unconsciously or subconsciously choose as mates women who are equally unsure of their own femininity. If sex is not very important to either mate, the marriage can survive as "friendship." But if either or both mates have strong sexual desires, the ambivalence will eventually produce hatred. And then comes all the dirty recrimination, the tragedy for the children, if any, and the inevitable divorce.

If I am right about this, then obviously the only answer is education and broad public recognition that a man's need to "be a woman" at times doesn't necessarily disqualify him as a mate and father. It *does* place squarely on *his* shoulders the responsibility to find a woman whom he can love and who can love him for the person he is, aside from his "oddities." And it suggests that adolescents of both sexes need to know *what transvestism is*, so that neither young men nor young women associate it "inevitably" with homosexuality, as so many do today. If this could be accomplished, there would be fewer foolish marriages and far less unhappiness all around. So keep up your good work!



You asked about my other TV contact, in Brooklyn. I don't think "she" is a suitable candidate for membership. Being "a lady" isn't enough for "her," if you're willing to let it go at that. Or, to be a shade more specific, "she" uses a keen intelligence and great talent to attract and enjoy "as a woman" the excitement and pleasure unavailable in marriage as a man. This isn't intended as criticism; at one time, I had the same goals, but I soon found that I didn't relish the reality nearly as much as the fantasy. Sometimes we have to go a long ways to discover what it is that we *don't* want.

One more thought, which I'm sure you've had: a person who finds himself strongly drawn to TV may very well become convinced that it implies "gay" behavior simply because it *seems* to bar him from normal sex relationships. I'd be willing to bet that there are a good many practicing homosexuals now who don't genuinely love or desire other males. But because they *think* they're "effeminate" (and, therefore, that no woman could desire them), they accept the only sexual role left to them... which fits all too neatly with their desire to be "womanly" in terms of costume and comportment. This is what has happened to my contact. In Brooklyn. In time, he'll know better...

It seems a real, if nasty, question whether you *can* achieve your goal of public education in the face of this situation. Only painful experience, as I can testify, will prove to many TVs that you are right. And meanwhile, the public at large sees the evidence of their efforts to "find themselves." A police court judge who is really enlightened may be able to tell the difference between a TV who goes with a man because he *thinks* no woman wants him, and a genuine, spontaneous homosexual in drag. But how many others see it? And how should the law differentiate between them if justice is our aim? Is the "difference" comparable to that between "accidental homicide" and murder with malice aforethought? This is what every TV ought to ask himself, when his own success at "fempersonization" goes to his head, and at the same time he is starving for sex with a woman who "understands him."

Sorry to have been so longwinded, Virginia. I'll look forward to your own further development of your ideas and to more expressions of what TVs and their wives feel and think about all these questions.

Sincerely,  
Betty



## A LONG WINTER'S NIGHT

Eileen - PA.

It was late in December, and I was driving along the deserted mountain road in upstate Vermont, paying little attention to the drifting snow. Just out of the service, I had been driving around the East Coast, spending my separation money and searching for something, perhaps a meaning in life. It was a wicked time to find myself in this part of the country, with 6 to 8 feet of snow covering the barren terrain. From the highway, I could only see whiteness through the dusk, no lights or signs of rest or civilization. Just like the snowstorm, I was lost in my own cloud and couldn't see anything ahead of me in life. I punched the engine viciously not caring, as I swept through curve after curve. Not caring, losing myself in speed I was drifting wider and wider, all of a sudden my rear wheels hit a patch of ice spun twice and shot off the road, a sheer cliff and into the whiteness . . .

I had a sense of drifting rather than falling as the ground wasn't even visible through the snowfall and the gathering dusk, I have no idea of how far I fell, but the concussion knocked me into a sea of blackness. I awoke much later, in the inky darkness of night, but with the false light of the moon on the snow. The car, front end smashed, lay buried in the snow bank that had saved my life, I rolled down the window and struggled out on the car roof. Looking around, freezing cold, I hadn't the vaguest idea where I might be. Down at this level, I was beneath the fog and the snowfall had stopped. I was able to fix a position on the landmarks in the unknown valley that I had fallen in. Far across the valley, huddled against the reverse slope of the mountain, I could make out the golden glitter of a small light. Half afraid of sinking into the unknown depth of the snow, I hesitated before setting out. It appeared to be a scant five hundred yards away, but I could be lost, drown or freeze, long before I ever covered the distance. I stepped out onto the plain of the snow and was surprised to find that the crust was solid enough to sustain my weight. I walked gingerly out for about two hundred yards,

before I felt myself beginning to slip into the snow. I got down on my stomach to spread the weight and started to do the low crawl that I had been taught in the service. I was almost to the light by now and I could see the half buried farm house, iced with a thick crust of snow on the roof. There was smoke coming out of the chimney, and looked extremely cozy, especially to one who was wet clear through, with chattering teeth and cut hands and clothes from the jagged ice. About twenty yards from the door, I finally found out the depth of the snow, I hit an extremely soft area, probably caused by the warmth of the house, and fell eight feet into the enveloping whiteness head over heels.

When I recovered I realized that I would be completely unable to climb out of the hole, so I did the only thing possible in the situation, I screamed for help. In a few moments, I heard voices outside calling to me, to locate my position. I yelled with renewed hope. After what seemed like an eternity, I felt a shovel biting into the snow next to my body. I grabbed out with my last strength and hands pulled me from my hole, into what appeared to be an ice tunnel, unable to stand, almost unconscious from exposure, I was half dragged, half carried into the warmth and light. I promptly passed out.

When I awakened, I felt warm as toast. I was in a softly lighted bedroom buried under tons of covers. I opened my eyes and saw two lovely girls, both long haired blondes leaning over the bed.

“Hi, how are you feeling, now.”

“Fine, I’m just grateful to be alive, where am I anyway?”

“In a little farmhouse in Vermont.”

Suddenly all of the evening’s events flashed in front of my mind and I explained who I was and how I got there.

“I guess that I’ll have to call a wrecker, and drag my car out, so that I can get on my way.”

The girls laughed and one said, “I’m afraid not, you won’t be able to get across the valley for months, and besides the road won’t be open until then. We are really quite remote, and when we settled in here we expected to stay the winter. We have a phone, so you can call, but I’m afraid there is little else you’ll be able to do unless you have a friend with a helicopter. My name is Penny, and my friend is Joan, we’re trying an



experiment to see how it was for the pioneers to live remotely for the winter. We're both authors, and are using the solitude for writing. We've laid up more than enough provisions of all sorts, thank goodness, since I'm afraid that unless you want to take a walk across the snow field for twenty miles you're going to be with us for rather a long time!"

"Well," I said evaluating my position, "I guess I'll just have to be the unwanted guest, I don't have anyone to notify of my whereabouts, so if you'll have me I'm going to be extremely grateful."

Two smiles of assent made me feel wanted. "There'll be a problem as you are about to discover, but if you don't mind, we'll be happy to have you and your company."

"What problem?"

"Why don't you get up, and come down to the kitchen for something to eat and we'll talk about it."

I tossed back the covers and stood up. At that moment I immediately discovered my problem. I was wearing a pink flannel nightgown! My clothes had been hopelessly torn in the crossing of the snowfield, and the rest of my clothes rested in my car five hundred yards and five months away!!

The girls giggled, and led the way to the kitchen, with me following, in swishing female splendor.

"Now you see Joe, or should we call you Jill!"

"You mean that I'm condemned to this nightgown for the next five months?"

"No, of course not silly, we have plenty of clothes, and I think that you are about Penny's size, but we have nothing that could even be considered masculine in attire. Noticing the girl's soft sweaters and skirts, I realized the meaning of that statement.

"You mean that I'll have to wear skirts and all?"

"Well, no, we have slacks too, but I'm afraid they are equally frilly, unless you'd rather walk around naked."

"What about the clothes that I arrived in?"

"We can salvage something of them, but they are all ragged and shrunk."

I thought for a minute or two in silence and finally said, "This will take a lot of getting used to, I haven't ever considered being a girl before. I'm afraid that I'll have to ease into this slowly, and I'm not afraid to say that I'm extremely embarrassed."

"I don't think that you'll mind after a while, and if it will make you feel any more masculine, we'll keep your hair cut short and not make you wear any makeup. But, really if I were you, I would take advantage of the situation, and learn how the other half lives. Besides with a man in the house you'll be much less likely to cause mischief if you're in skirts too!"

I explained to them hurriedly that I had no intention of starting a love triangle of any sort, but that I was just extremely embarrassed. I would be glad to pitch into all the work that I could do in the little community, that I was a reasonably good cook, and that I would appreciate the chance to do some writing also. I had been doing quite a bit while in college and in the service, and one of the purposes of my odyssey had been to gain experience to write about. I could not guarantee that I would enthusiastically take up the challenge of being one of the girls, but that I felt glad to be alive, and that the softness of a sweater was a million times better than the feel of the cold grave that I had been dug out of.

The girls were pleased, and it was apparent that we hit it off right from the first so that the mutual friendship that would develop, would be deep and lasting in a short time. Penny asked me if I was ready to find something to wear and I followed her back up the stairs.

She dug out a pink man-tailored blouse, a pair of plaid capris, knee sox and a pair of panties. We also discovered that we wore the same shoe size. She left the room and I slipped off the flannel nightgown. The sensation that the panties had as I slipped them over my hips was strange and not in the least painful. For a moment I just ran my hand over the material, noticing the clinging softness with my body, and feeling suddenly warm. I didn't even notice that Penny had come back into the room.

"I notice that you like them, thought you would somehow."

I stammered looking for the proper words to cover my embarrassment and my actions. Somehow I knew that I had been caught in a newfound wonderful enjoyment of female sensation.

"Don't feel ashamed, that's how I and every other girl feels when she dresses. Warm, good and wonderful. I wish more men could experience that feeling, perhaps we'd have more peace and a lot less trouble and violence. But go on get dressed there are a lot more pleasant experiences awaiting you in the mystery of girls' clothes. In a way I envy you, and your discovery, I wish that I was as aware the first time I got dressed, but growing up wearing lovely things perhaps girls get immune to the sensations sometimes."

I pulled on the capris, relishing the tailored closeness on my hips and the silk lining against my legs. Then I buttoned on the cotton blouse and slipped into the loafers that were loaned me.

"How do you feel now?"

"Fine, but cold, I don't think you girls realize it but T-shirts keep you a lot warmer under a shirt. I'd try your female equivalent, but I'm afraid I don't have the figure, and I doubt whether a bra would keep me warm!"

"We can't provide you with a T-shirt, but girls have their own ways of keeping warm, and soft, pretty, and feminine at the same time." She walked over to the chest of drawers, opened one, and tossed something fluffy on the bed. I picked up the angora and lambswool navy cardigan.

Pulling it on, I felt immediately soft and warm, and strangely I felt like hugging myself, with the new found feeling encompassing me.

"Feel good and warm now, Joe?"

"Yes, I feel warm . . . and good."

The implication of the statement wasn't lost on her, and she smiled as she turned to lead the way down stairs.

The next days were fun, for the first month we got well acquainted, read, wrote, and played indoor games. All the time I felt more secure and happy than I had been in my life. The girls were wonderful, and the thrill of the clothes never quite wore off, as I got more used to dressing myself. Penny and I shared her wardrobe, and although I had not tried to wear a skirt or dress, I slipped in and out of sweaters and blouses, slacks and flats, like I had always worn them. I became accustomed to choosing compatible colors, in pinks, blues and greens, and didn't feel the



least embarrassed to wear a pink angora turtleneck and hip hugging wool slacks. Secretly I craved more and more each day to try on the skirts and makeup, but I never quite got around to broaching the subject to Joan or Penny. I had let my hair, not cut since my discharge, four months previously, grow and the girls had never made any reference to me not cutting it. I shaved closely each morning, washed my now long hair twice weekly and brushed it to a soft sheen. I had been feminizing myself without noticing, merely by assimilation, and although my hair was shapeless it hung softly below my ears and on my neck. The tickling was extremely pleasurable and I started tossing my head, as a habit without even noticing, so that I could feel the brushing against my face. One day, in late January, the matter finally came to a head.

I was upstairs tidying up as it was my turn, when the feelings I had been having about total femininity, aroused my curiosity to a peak. Lately, I had been touching the skirts in the closet, as I dressed, feeling their softness, and the flow of material, but today, I finally picked one up and held it to my waist. I walked over to the full length closet mirror, and was posing when I saw two more faces in the mirror. I spun around blushing and confronted Joan and Penny.

They didn't look the least upset and were both smiling. "I wondered when you would finally do that, Joe. We've been noticing your habits, hair care, and so forth lately, and we knew that sooner or later you would be ready to go all the way. We haven't wanted to rush you, or push you in any way, but we'll be glad to initiate you into the complete mysteries of femininity if you're ready. All this time all you had to do was ask, but it's much better when you know that you are ready."

"O.K., you two wise, wonderful females," I said, "I'm hooked on this life, so I'll just turn myself over to you and let you do what you will."

The next two hours were heaven. My hair was shaped, bleached to a soft blond, and set in a soft wavy style. My eyebrows shaped, my body shaven. A bra, panties, nylons and a slip were caressed around my willing and waiting body. Then a blouse covered with flounces and ribbons, a soft A-line skirt, and pumps. A powder blue mohair sweater was draped and arranged on my shoulders. The taste of lipstick was introduced to me, and the softness of the sable brush as it added color to my eyelids and cheeks. The scent of perfume was applied and I felt weak, soft, and totally encompassed by my own senses and emotions. I was so happy that I was on the verge of tears. As I stood there, pale blue, longhaired and lovely and examined the girl that I had become thanks to the kindness

and insight of these two wonderful girls, I realized that the plunge off the cliff was my plunge into the life that I had been seeking, away from hate, violence, the need to prove oneself constantly to the always critical world around you. When I left the valley in the spring, I would leave as Jill, a happy, smiling girl, free of all former restrictions, to face the world in silk and skirts. I will always be what I had wanted to be without knowing, what the voice soft inside of me had been saying . . . .

A WOMAN!!!!!



the NEW TV SEASON

# IRONSIDE

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VIRGIN  
VIEWS *by*  
VIRGINIASUGGESTIONS FOR  
ECONOMIC SURVIVAL

This editorial is a departure from anything I have ever written in TVia before. Some of you may resent the use of the space for something that has nothing to do with FPia, others of you will really appreciate it and probably a large number of you in the middle will read it with passing interest and not care much one way or the other. Be it as it may I'm about to "do my thing." Most of you are not aware of it but I have a considerable sense of concern about "my people," as I choose to think about you. Over the years I have tried to compose editorials that would help you survive the constant psychological pressures that we are all under by virtue of being FPs. But this time I'm going to write about something else but still do it out of concern for you - my people. I hope it will help at least some of you to survive the economic pressures that I am sure lie ahead. I don't set myself up as a predictor nor one with all the solutions. But I have learned some things that have helped me and I set them forth here in the hopes that they will help some of you. I'll try to make this concise and point by point, though not very short.

1. Our country and our world are in a rather bad way for a great many reasons but I am concerned about the economic ones. Let some may say, "Well, Nixon's out and Watergate is more or less over so now we can settle down to a normal life," I hasten to say that this has nothing to do with either Nixon or Watergate and it is not going to settle down because of a change of administration. There is going to be much talk to that effect now that President Ford is in office but he isn't going to be able to do anything more than Nixon could or did - or that a Democratic administration could do. I am talking of course about inflation-recession-depression.

2. The present conditions are, I believe, inherent in a capitalist system of free enterprise by the very nature of it and have been there all along



but not so evident because as long as there was new land to exploit, new resources to develop, room for more people, and productive potential to keep up with that expanding population the only limiting factors were human ingenuity and ambition. By mentioning the capitalist system I don't want some of my more conservative readers to jump to the conclusion that I am touting some other system because I'm not. I'm only concerned with what we are actually a part of, what it is likely to do to us within our lifetimes and what protection we can achieve against it. Even the Communist countries are up against some of the same problems though not all.

3. Today we do NOT have new land to exploit, we are running out of resources, we do NOT have room for more people—we have too many already. With depleting resources we do not have the ever expanding productive potential we used to have. On top of that, the by-product of our past and present industrial activities is one of widespread pollution everywhere—land, sea, air and water. We are not alone.

4. For many years back we have constantly raised the statutory debt ceiling in this country, we have promoted credit buying to the nth degree, we, and most other countries, have constantly increased the money supply by printing press activity rather than by backing our money with something tangible. We have not only gone off the gold standard in this country as far as our internal resources are concerned, but Nixon informed the rest of the world that we would no longer pay our international debts in gold when it was demanded. Thus there is *no* standard of value behind the U.S. dollar directly. The amount of gold in Fort Knox and elsewhere equals only about 1/8 to 1/9th of the sum of our foreign debts, so we couldn't pay up if we wanted to. The only reason our country can survive such a declaration as Nixon made is that we are the most industrialized country in the world, and most peoples of the world need at least *some* of the things we produce; thus our money is backed by our ability to produce, not by anything of intrinsic value. A smaller country could not do this and survive.

5. In view of too many people, too little production, too little real value to money, too much demand, too many things in short supply starting with energy, and too much being spent on military expenses, we are in a depression already and it is going to get MUCH worse. This cannot and will not be said in so many words by government and business spokesmen lest it set up a wave of panic. But if you read between the lines of statements by Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board and by the

various economists on various commissions or serving banks and institutions, the message is clear.

6. Now the question is, what can you and I do about it? To begin with we might as well recognize that it is unavoidable and we are going to be in for much worse times than at present. Unfortunately the problem for many is simply how to survive the present high costs of living even before they can worry about tomorrow. But for those who do make enough to be able to save a little one way or another, there is not only the question of where to do the saving but a philosophy that needs to be recognized. For years and years we have all been taught to try to "make a profit" in stocks, real estate, mutual funds, diamonds, antiques, collections of various things, etc., on the principle of "buy cheap, sell dear." That was good sense up to the last 5 years but not any more. The philosophy of today is not how to make money but how to preserve the assets we already have or expect to get in one way or another. And this is what prompts me to write this editorial. I'm not the most knowledgeable person in the world in this area, but I have had occasion to give quite a bit of attention to this problem for myself and thus have learned a few things which I seek to pass on to those of you who may not have had the opportunity to consider the situation in the way I want to describe.

7. "Where can I 'invest' what I have to preserve it and possibly to make enough so that I can at least keep even with inflation?" That is the big question. So check these over—inflation is now at a two-digit rate, meaning anything from 10% per year upward.

**Stocks:** All you have to do is to look at the dismal record of the stock market for the last several years to see the answer to that yourself. Sure you can make money even in a lousy market if you are practically a professional at it and if you devote a large amount of your time to "working" the market. But I doubt there are a half dozen among those who will read this who are in that position. So stay out of the market or get out of it if you are in, take your losses like a man (woman?) and set about recouping.

**Mutual Funds:** They were great about 10 years ago; I made money in them then, but lost a lot in the intervening years. They are just aggregations of stocks managed by a company for you so what applies to the market in general applies to the funds too. Get out and stay out.

**Insurance Annuities, Pension Plans, Endowment Policies:** These things pay off all right, but they pay off in a specified number of dollars

in a lump or per month or whatever. No provision is made for the falling purchasing power of that dollar. If your policy says it will pay you \$100 per month starting now you can buy about 200 loaves of bread with it. Three or four years from now that same \$100 may only buy 50 to 100 loaves, which won't last you nearly as long, but the company will have fulfilled its obligations: \$100 is a \$100.

Banks, Saving and Loan deposits: Passbook accounts only slow the loss – they don't prevent it. At 5-6% interest and inflation 10-12% per year you have lost not only the interest paid but a depreciation of principal by the same amount, and the longer you leave it there the worse it gets. Of course, you can increase the interest by tying it up for a period of years; but if you have to have it you lose the interest, and even if you do leave it there it is not keeping even. Of course, you have to have some assets available at all times, so keep them where they will at least earn something. I'm talking about money they call "discretionary money": the kind that you can make a decision about what you do with it – not money for rent, food, car, clothing, etc.

Real Estate: Great – "the basis of all wealth is the land," somebody said, and if you live long enough you'll win this way because land will be needed someday by somebody; but how long can you hold out? I sold a house the other day, but I had to do it on a land contract because nobody but nobody would lend on it – even the company who has had the mortgage for 10 years. They stood to be able to raise the interest from 6.8% to about 9.5%, too, and all they had to put into it over what it already carried was \$5,000. But they didn't because they, in effect, couldn't. I say "in effect" because although they were not penniless (they are one of the largest Savings and Loans in the country), what monies they did have they kept to loan on top flight, high demand properties. Mine was a small house in a canyon and so was not a prime property. The point I'm making is that if you tie up your assets in real estate, the time may come when you desperately need that value to eat on and yet nobody is able to buy it because they can't get any financing, and they are not likely to be so foolish as to pay all cash. So there you are owning a dozen properties and going hungry or letting them go for taxes. No, this is not the time for real estate unless you have enough extra money to see you through hard times and the real estate is just marking time for your grandchildren.

Diamonds, Indian Jewelry, Antiques, Collections, etc.: These kinds of things are often touted as a refuge for your assets. Again, as in real estate, when things are really rough and they are selling apples on the street cor-



ners like they did in 1932-34, who will want to or even be able to give you the real value for these items? Sure, some dealer will buy them – but at distress prices. You will need his money but he won't really *need* your diamonds, jewelry, Ming china, etc., so he'll buy them, all right, but at *his* price. The figure may well be higher in numbers, even much higher than you paid for it; but it won't buy the same number of loaves of bread, and that's what will count.

**Bonds:** Although bonds usually have an assured return, their buying and selling prices vary like stocks; so you might lose on the sale all that you made on the interest, and that is not going to be high enough to cover inflationary losses.

**Treasury Notes:** They are paying pretty high interest rates just now, but they still don't equal the annual loss. They are as secure as you can get, since if Uncle Sam goes under, what else can float? Unfortunately they also have to be bought in pretty good-sized amounts.

**Trust Deeds, Income Property:** Getting warmer, but only as long as the holders or tenants pay their payments or rent. When times get very tough, how many foreclosures do you think there will be? Will taking property back help you any? When your tenants are out of work and can't pay you, what will you do? How will you eat and pay your taxes? The trouble is that too many of those living today were too young during the Depression and can't really imagine how rough it can get.

When unemployment climbs to 10 or 12% what do you think will happen? Do you think they will just sit still and starve, or, in this day of group and individual violence, do you think they will take matters into their own hands? How physically safe will you be, or your family? If you wanted to move to a safer or different locality what would you use for money? Where would you have kept your assets so that they would be both convenient, available, and with at least as much purchasing power at that time as when you acquired them?

You have been waiting to see where I am going and for the answers to these questions, haven't you? Well, I'll tell you right now, but lest you put all this aside as just another crackpot's ideas, please go out and buy a book titled "You Can Profit from the Monetary Crisis" by Harry Brown. He will explain all that I have said and much more in greater detail, but now for a thumbnail answer.

8. Put a fair share of your assets into American silver coins – dimes, quarters and halves dated 1964 and earlier. These are 90% pure silver. Their value lies in their silver content rather than their face value. Last April or May – I forget the exact date – they achieved a high market value of 4-1/2 times their face: that is, \$1000 face value bags of coins sold for \$4,500. I bought my first bag in November of 1971, less than 3 years ago, and I paid only \$1158 for it. How is that for staying ahead of inflation? – nearly 100% per year for 3 years. But the game isn't over – you can still get into it at this point. As I write this, the price is around \$3400-\$3500 but it will go back up. The special thing about coins over silver ingots is that you could always spend a silver quarter or half dollar in the nearest Safeway under the worst of conditions. They might not give you all it was worth, but they would gladly take it. If paper money decays as it has in other inflations, you may need a whole shopping bag full of it to buy even simple foods.

9. Why silver? Because (a) it is rare, one of the precious metals, (b) it is an industrial material as well as a coinage metal. The photographic industry is based on it, the electronics industry uses large quantities, silver plating and jewelry account for a lot more. (c) It is not and has not been produced in quantities equal to its rate of use for some years, so that it has the factor of shortage to keep up its value. (d) There are very few primary silver mines in the world where the mine is operated for its silver yield. Almost all silver is a by-product of the mining of copper, lead and zinc. When these are a glut on the market there is no incentive to work the mines at all, so silver production decreases.

10. You can buy silver as bullion in bars on both a "right now" basis and as futures – contracts for future deliveries; but this requires a lot of know-how and capital to risk the ups and downs of the commodities market, and most of you don't have either one.

11. How to buy silver. You can buy in small quantities for cash at a great number of coin shops, but check around for prices till you find a good supplier. You can buy "bags" of coins, \$1000 to a bag outright, for cash, too. Or you can buy on "margin," which means that you put down about 35% of the going market value and borrow the balance from the broker. But at present interest rates you have to pay 11 to 12%. The value of the silver will undoubtedly rise considerably more than that in a year's time, but in the meantime you have to have the cash flow to take care of the quarterly interest payments. There are a number of brokers in this field in most of the larger cities. My company is the Pacific Coast Coin

Exchange at 3711 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach, CA. You can write them for information about buying and selling silver and gold bullion and coins, or foreign currency if that interests you. They have about 6 or 8 offices around the country and can tell you the one nearest you. It is the oldest and largest company in the field. If you do business with other local brokers, it would be well to inquire about them from some state agency to be sure they are on the up and up.

12. What about gold? On Aug. 15 a bill was signed, which becomes effective Dec. 1, which will permit American citizens to own gold bullion for the first time since the early thirties. When people are enabled to do this there will be a big rush to do something they have not been able to do for 40 years. This will push the price up. When it gets 15 or 20% higher than it was Dec. 1 there will be a lot of people who will say, "Wow, look at the profit I've made!" and will sell it. That will make the market go down temporarily. The idea would be to get in sometime before Dec. 1 (into gold coins, not bullion, which won't be legal till Dec. 1), ride up with the rush and get off at the top. Take your profits, wait till the market turns around in the next few weeks and then get in again in order to ride up more slowly in a more ordered market. As I write this, gold is hovering around \$155 an ounce. Most of the authorities see it as going as high as \$300 in the next year. Want to take the trip?

13. I mentioned gold coins as distinct from gold bullion. The former you can buy now, the latter only after Dec. 1. You are ostensibly buying the coins as a collector and many companies sell them. In actual fact you are buying them for their value in gold at the moment of sale, plus a "premium" which is an added value based on the fact that they have had work done on them to coin them in the first place, plus a rarity factor too. This is the "numismatic premium" (numismatics is the name for coin collecting), and it varies considerably. It is lowest for Austrian Coronas presently selling for around \$160-\$165 apiece. Mexican 50-peso pieces have the next lowest premium, while British Sovereigns and U.S. \$10 and \$20 gold pieces have very high premiums. So you get the most for your money in gold with the Coronas.

14. Why gold coins? Because from time immemorial gold has had a recognized scarcity value plus the fact that it has high value for small size. Its beauty and easy workability have made it desirable for jewelry and decoration since it was first discovered. Therefore, it is a good way to store value—a lot of value in a small space plus easy convertibility. Obviously one would not take a \$150-\$200 coin to the shopping center—



they would not know its value and would not therefore be able to accept it at a fair price. But gold can always be sold to banks, coin exchanges, jewelry manufacturing firms, etc., and they do know the going prices. You can buy gold coins from coin shops, but, once again, become acquainted with the going prices by checking other stores or ads in newspapers or the Wall Street Journal. If you do not have enough money at one time to get into the bags of silver coins but you can put aside a sum of money each month, I would suggest that every time you accumulate enough to buy an Austrian Corona or a Mexican 50-peso piece, you do so. Put it in the safe deposit box or some other completely safe place - where it would not be found even if a burglar went through the place. When you have accumulated enough to put it into silver you can sell gold, buy silver and have your value in a spendable form.

15. As I've tried to make clear in the foregoing, the problem today is to conserve assets rather than make profits. Of course, profits are always nice to make, but if you buy gold or silver and it goes up and you sell it to make a profit, what are you going to do with the proceeds of your sale? I have already indicated in the beginning why there is no other investment better than gold or silver in these times, so you'd have to put it right back in again; but you would have paid sales commissions going in, out and back in again - brokers have to eat too. A good rule to remember (which I made up myself) is "You Don't Have to Take a Profit to Make a Profit." That means if you own something and it goes up, you don't have to sell it (convert it into paper dollars) to have a profit. You can leave it there and the potential dollar profit rests with it. Say you buy 3 gold Coronas for \$165 each - you pay out \$495. After a couple of weeks gold begins to climb and the Coronas become worth \$170 ... \$190 ... \$210 ... (They have already been as high as \$205 and I bought some there.) If you sell at \$210 you receive \$630, or a profit of \$135. Pretty good, you say. But if your object is to save your assets, what are you going to do with your \$630? If you just continued to hold the coins and the price stood still at \$210, let alone continuing to rise, you still have your "profit." You have made it but you didn't take it. Okay?

16. Another good thing about saving in gold to buy the silver (unless, of course, you want to invest in gold for its own sake) is that while you are waiting to accumulate enough value, the probability is that inflation will push the value (in dollars) of your gold up so that you more or less stay even with inflation. If you hold them in a bank account while waiting you are losing twice what you are earning, as explained earlier. Gold is a commodity which has intrinsic value. Paper dollars do not have

value – they are receipts of value. Originally money was a receipt for a unit of gold stored someplace and recoverable upon demand. In the U.S. today, (a) there is only a small amount of gold in the treasury compared to the amount of money, and (b) the dollars are, by presidential order, no longer redeemable in gold anyway.

17. A word about margin buying. If you have a limited amount of capital at the moment yet will be able to pay the interest, it is worthwhile to buy on margin because this means that you are able to tie up more metal at a time to profit on its subsequent increase in value. For example, you buy 3 bags of silver coins at a net price of \$3500 (net means including the sales commission of 2%) on margin. You will have to put up about \$1200 on each bag, or \$3600 altogether. Or you could have taken \$3500 and bought one bag outright. Now, say that after a year the value has risen to the point that you could sell at \$5000 net. You have paid \$1200 per bag and borrowed \$2300. If you now sold only 1 of the 3 bags for \$5000 (\$1200 your original investment plus \$3800 profit), you could take that money and pay off the loans on the other two bags –  $2 \times 2300 = \$4600$  – have \$400 in cash and own the two bags outright, for an actual value of  $2 \times \$5,000$  or \$10,000 (\$2400 being your own money). On the other hand, if you had used your original \$3500 to buy 1 bag outright it would be worth the \$5000, all right – but you would have only \$3800 profit in it. So properly done margin buying can increase your assets substantially. My trip to Europe last year was paid for this way.

18. Finally, once you have bought either gold or silver for the purpose of asset preservation, forget the market price. It makes no difference whether it falls below what you bought at. You bought for the long term – 2, 5, 10, 15 years. All during that time the market will fluctuate temporarily up and temporarily down, but in the long haul the trend will be inevitably upward because of (a) inflation, (b) demand by others for the metal for the same reason you bought it, (c) the inherent scarcity of gold and silver to begin with. So my motto is, buy it – store it – forget it. I don't mean forget where it is stored, but forget concern with the market value. Incidentally, if you do take delivery of either gold or silver coins and if you stash them away somewhere other than a safe deposit box, be sure that the location is known to your wife or your executor or someone. People are all the time dying with unrevealed assets. They turn up every so often when houses are being wrecked or someone spades up an old garden, etc.

19. One word of caution: I have, in the beginning, indicated that there is a good chance things may get a lot worse. If you buy gold or silver and



take possession of it and store it in a safe deposit box in a bank, pay some attention to the news of bank failures or of stern and vigorous actions on the part of the government to prevent economic collapse. When we get to this stage it may be well to remove the metal from the bank's custody and hide it elsewhere. The reason I say this is that in 1932, I think it was, Roosevelt proclaimed a bank holiday for a week. During that time the banks were not open for business. In that drastic a situation you'd have the assets but they would not be available to you. So always have some assets where they are immediately available.

20. I hope this review of the problem of asset preservation will not only prove interesting but helpful to a lot of you. For those that feel I should not have wasted space on non-FP matters, I beg your forgiveness, but look at it this way: Being an FP takes money, so I'm only telling you how you can conserve assets in order that you can not only eat tomorrow but also will be able to buy a new dress or wig now and again, so there is a relationship. Good luck and don't forget the book I recommended. It may cost the price of a new dress, but it will certainly educate you in a lot of things you weren't aware of in terms of the rather desperate economic realities of today.



*Person to Person*  
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



PA-13-H; Married FP with A+ wife would like to meet, correspond with and help other FPs and wives in PA, NY, and NJ. - KATHY





## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

1. **PRINTING DELAYS FOR TVia:** You all received my note with No. 81 explaining the financial situation and that new issues would be printed as and when finances made it possible. Things should improve in the fall after everyone is home from vacations, but they may well get worse as inflation continues. I know how much a lot of you look forward to TVia and I'll keep it coming as frequently as I can; but Chevalier is, after all, a business by itself and will have to stand or fall on its own. I don't propose to subsidize it out of my own personal assets. I finally got the debt reduced to the point that I could put this issue together, and by the time it appears I'll have the past debts paid and be part way up on the costs of this issue. After all, my income from Chevalier comes from the wholesale sales, and with nothing to sell to them I'm in a bind, too—so I have personal motivations to keep them coming as fast as I can. But as I said in that note, you can help, too, by ordering any of the previous issues that you haven't read. This gives you something while waiting for the new issue and helps reduce my inventory and provide the means of paying off the current costs. Please do.

2. **THANKS TO READERS:** My thanks are extended to several of our readers who made free gifts to Chevalier and one who extended a long term interest free loan. These went immediately to servicing the debt and I appreciate their help very much. You should too as it helped bring this issue to you quicker than it would have otherwise.

3. **PRICE INCREASES:** No sooner do I announce a few price increases and print up a new price list than I am hit by new increases. The makers of the bra inserts have increased their price to me again by 86 cents a pair which of necessity requires an increase in our price to you of \$1 a pair, making the new price \$5.50 per pair. Sorry, but that is the way it is. The inserts are vinyl plastic which comes from petroleum which you may have heard (??) is in short and expensive supply.

The Camp Company, which makes the bras themselves and which uses the inserts, will doubtless get a price raise too which they will pass

on. They are not noted for generosity so they may well increase the bras more than \$1 per bra. They haven't notified us yet, but I would say that after our present dozen or so of each size is gone, the price will go to at least \$7.50 per bra and insert set.

4. DISCONTINUANCE: To complicate matters further, the Glydon Co., which has made our Pretti Panties, has informed me that they have discontinued all styles having that handy little open slit front. If I can find another supplier I will do so, but that is not too likely as Glydons seemed to be the only one making that style. So for now our *Pretti Panties have been discontinued*.

5. CLIPSHEET: Unhappily I must report that after the publication of No. 39 sometime in the next month to six weeks, I will have to discontinue the clippingsheet also. The interest in it has waned so that in our strained circumstances it is not feasible to continue it. Those who have paid in advance for issues beyond No. 39 will receive a credit slip for the amount they have paid (or cash if they prefer and request it). The slip detailing the credit will go out with No. 39.

6. MORE PROBLEMS: This column seems to be nothing but problems this time, but they are there and have to be dealt with so I report them to you. No. 79 was the last issue put together by the typographer who had done it for several years. He went out of business. I had to find another one. I did, and they have done Nos. 80 and 81 and this one. But now they tell me that they have so much business that they won't be able to handle TVia in the future. So I have to search again. Prices of everything having advanced it is quite probable that I won't be able to find an outfit who could and would do the job at the prices I have been paying. If this is true TVia may be faced with a price increase too. This would have come about sooner or later anyway, as paper continues to go up every couple of months. I had the foresight to buy a year's supply (six issues) a long time ago, but when that is gone in a couple more issues we will have to replace it with paper that has advanced considerably so it is likely that TVia will have to go to \$5.50 or even \$6. This provides an inducement for you to put in an annual subscription for \$30 now because if I have to increase the price, orders already in the house and paid for will be taken care of at the price in effect when the order was received.

7. NEW STORIES: I haven't forgotten those of you who paid in advance for new stories, but I can't print them till I'm over the present financial hump. I always need good long stories for separate printing, so you authors please send them in. Also histories, true experiences, and articles for TVia are always in short supply. Bye now.



Editorial

They are not noted for generosity so they may well increase the price more than \$1 per bar. They haven't notified us yet, but I would expect after our present order of 50 of each size is gone, the price will go to at least \$2.50 per bar and insert set.

4. DISCONTINUANCE: To complicate matters further, the publisher of Co., which has made our Pretties magazine informed us that they have discontinued all styles having a top. This is a pity as we had a very good supplier for these. It seemed to be the only style that was available in the U.S. and we had a large stock of them on hand.

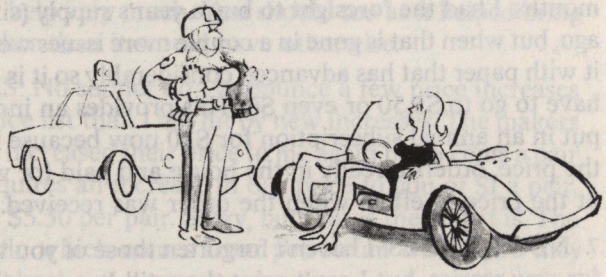
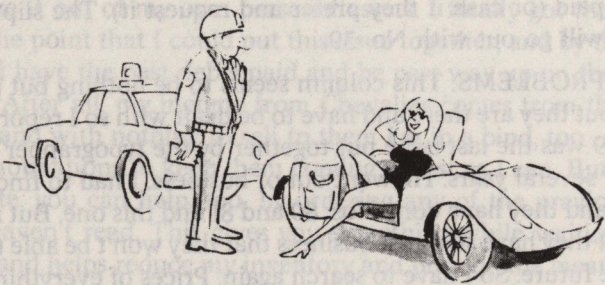
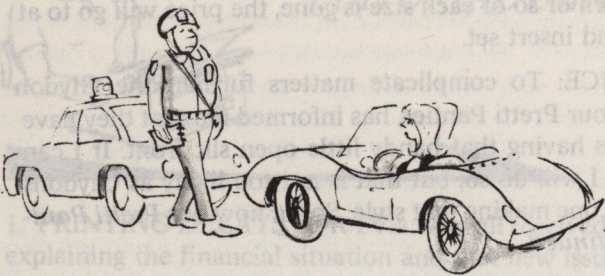
5. DELIVERY: The publisher has advised us that they will not be able to deliver the Pretties until the next month or two. This is a pity as we had a very good supplier for these. It seemed to be the only style that was available in the U.S. and we had a large stock of them on hand.

6. MORE PROBLEMS: The publisher has advised us that they will not be able to deliver the Pretties until the next month or two. This is a pity as we had a very good supplier for these. It seemed to be the only style that was available in the U.S. and we had a large stock of them on hand.

Advanced it is quite probable that I won't be able to find an outfit who could produce the Pretties in the quantities I have been asking for. This is a pity as we had a very good supplier for these. It seemed to be the only style that was available in the U.S. and we had a large stock of them on hand.

It will be noted that the Pretties are always in short supply. This is a pity as we had a very good supplier for these. It seemed to be the only style that was available in the U.S. and we had a large stock of them on hand.

I always need good low priced for separate printing, as you can see from the Pretties. Also, please note the excellent quality of the Pretties and the fact that they are always in short supply. Bye now.





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

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

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

## MERCHANDISE

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

BRA and INSERTS \$6.50

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

JELLY KIT \$5

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

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

EACH \$5



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

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

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. PER PAIR \$5.50

Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie *and* girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. PAD, EACH \$4.25

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

**CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS**  
**BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036**

## Publication Policy

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

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

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

### PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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