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# Transvestia



## FICTION

Fashion Model  
Super Nannie

## ARTICLES

- The Starting of Sigma Phi - FPE
- The Swedish FPE Convention
- Pants vs. Skirts or Who's an FP

## TRUE STORY

What It's Like  
How It Was to Play Charley's Aunt

## HISTORY

Looking Back

## BOOKS TO READ

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## VIRGIN VIEWS

Here and There with Virginia

Volume XII No. 72

# 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

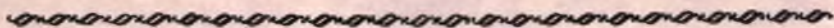
to help its readers achieve —

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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Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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## Purpose of Transvestia

The magazine provides a forum for the expression of the views of its readers on a wide range of subjects. It is a forum for the expression of the views of its readers on a wide range of subjects. It is a forum for the expression of the views of its readers on a wide range of subjects.

Editor: Mary Wilson  
Editorial Assistant: Mary Wilson  
Contributing Editor: Mary Wilson  
Literary Editor: Mary Wilson

UNDERSTANDING — ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND



LEADING LADY  
Angela 9-F-2



## LOOKING BACK

Angela 9-F-2

Hello! My feminine name is Angela, and I have been a Transvestite for as long as I can remember. At the present, I am married to a wonderful woman who is very understanding about my femmeself. I love the feeling of something very feminine next to my skin, and have led a life very similar to others in our category I presume.

I can remember back to the time when I was around 5 or so, I played and acted like any other boy my age. We lived in a very small town, and everybody was usually nosey. For some reason that I can't remember, the feeling of having something soft and feminine next to my body was very deep inside me. My mother wore high-heels during this period (1948-49) and I can recollect adoring them and trying them on my little feet that aren't so little now. Since they didn't fit I would think of the day that I could slip them on and walk gracefully, admiring the not-too-tight but snug feeling on my feet, and enjoy listening to the clicking sound of the heel striking the floor.

I remember getting into one of my mother's dresses, a pair of her hose, and a pair of her shoes, while my family was gone from the house for some reason. I got caught with the clothes on, but cannot remember what happened. Maybe I didn't want to, but I was extremely careful after that. I guess my TVism has been with me a long time, and I can truly say that I'm happy to be me.

All of my school years were as normal as any boy's except when I day dreamed. It wasn't about being a star athlete, etc. because most of my dreaming would be of me fully dressed as a woman with all of her delights in me. Some of my teachers kept me attracted to female clothing and I shall always remember my fifth grade teacher. Her name was

Mrs. Bacon, and to me she was a very beautiful woman, and always wore the nicest clothes, and would look very refreshed and chic all day long.

At the age of 8, I was working 3 part time jobs to make my spending money because I come from a poor family. One of the jobs was sweeping out a department store, so I had a charge account for different items I would buy there. Loving the feel of feminine clothes, I would charge pairs of hose and other articles to my account, saying that they were for my mother's birthday or something to that effect. Not having the experience of wearing a girdle, I would wear the hose under my pants with garters and be simply thrilled knowing they were there. If you like to wear regular hose instead of panty hose, try turning one inside out. Maybe this is nothing new, but when crossing your legs with hose on one inside out, you will get a very smooth sensation instead of a scratchy one.

Not understanding why I had the urge to wear feminine clothes, and realizing that I was different from all other boys, I would never talk about my desires with anyone. My boss at the department store where I worked talked me into giving up my three part time jobs for one at the newspaper. I started working at a weekly newspaper for 25c an hour, and have been in the printing trade ever since. Here, I could wear hose all day on Saturdays and not worry because I was the only person working in the shop on week-ends. Also, I enjoyed printing ads for womens clothes and shoes. I stayed with the newspaper for years and did my best to learn the trade.

I like sports, and I played everything except football during my school years. In my senior year, I worked hard with the rest of the class to make enough money for our senior trip. Upon graduation our class took the trip to New Orleans for 3 days and 4 nights. It was in New Orleans that I first saw or heard of men dressing like women. A few of my classmates and myself went to the My-O-My Club one night, and I can't possibly tell you how surprised I was, or how much I enjoyed the shows. Most of my excitement was seeing a man dressed as a woman for the very first time. Some were very pretty, and it was nearly impossible for me to tell the difference between man and woman. My friends just laughed and kidded each other, but to me it was sheer delight, and I have thought about that moment many times since.

My father died during the same year I graduated, and I swore that I would never wear women's clothes again because I thought that it was



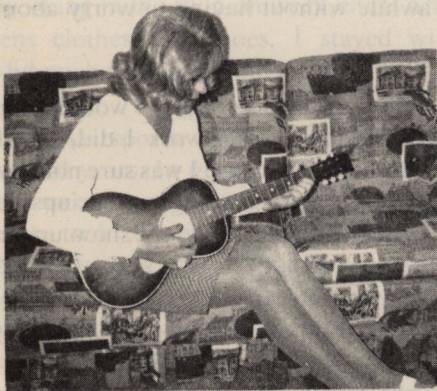
wrong to do so. It must be understood now that the urge to be associated with something feminine was so strong in me that I could not keep my oath. A few days after my father's funeral, I was fulfilling my desire by wearing my younger sister's clothes. Some of their clothes would fit me, and I would put on their hose, slips, bras, etc., and hide if I thought the risk of getting caught by my family was too great.

I think everyone would agree with me in saying that dressing was to look like a woman, trying to feel as she would, but also that it was for sexual desires. Maybe I'm different, I don't know, but in the past and sometimes now the desire to be dressed goes away after I have been satisfied sexually. This period usually lasts for only five minutes or so, and I've noticed that the more I dress the less I think of sexual satisfaction.

Meanwhile, I'll continue with my life. We moved from the town where I was raised to another not far away, and I went to work printing in a box factory. One night while I was dressing in our new home, I decided to put lipstick on. Never before this time had I tried any kind of makeup so you can realize how thrilling it was to put the lipstick on my lips. Having gone this far, I decided to experiment some more by putting on rouge and line my eyes with an eyeliner pencil. My whole outlook on dressing as a woman now changed because this new "me" made me long for the day when I could be completely dressed including a wig, and having a chance to stay dressed for quite awhile without having to worry about being interrupted.

There were many days while I was in the box factory that I would wear panties, girdle, and hose to work. Doing the kind of work I did, I had to be very cautious and careful not to get caught because I was sure nobody in that business would understand. I learned to turn the garters upside down in order to get away from the little hump that would show under my pants.

Eventually, I quit the box factory and went into commercial printing, and ever since I have been a commercial printing pressman (pretty good too). Around this same time I fell in love with a girl named Donna. One day I was going to shut off my dressing desires, but got caught by my mother while I was trying to dispose of some hose. Instead of telling her a lie, I told her about me and the things I had done. Mother did not understand why I wanted to dress, but she didn't object, either. So instead of quitting my dressing because of my coming marriage, I would stay home from work and dress to the fullest extent that I ever had done



Angela 9-F-2



before. Makeup, bra, slip, dress or skirt, etc., was all included except I still lacked a wig. I would comb my hair down in front and use a scarf to cover the rest. All in all, I looked pretty good, and was having some very very thrilling moments.

Donna and I got married, but I could not bring myself to tell her about my desires to dress. We moved to another state not long after we were married, and I tried my best to block the urge to dress out of my mind. Our marriage was not like it should have been because unconsciously I wanted to dress, thereby creating a lack of interest in my wife's sexual desires. I started drinking too much, and we would argue to all hours of the night. Finally, under the influence of alcohol, I told Donna all about my life history, and to my surprise, she said it was all right for me to dress. I went to all extremes in dressing, even shaved my legs. The smooth feeling of my legs gave me happiness so deep inside that it is impossible for me to explain. Wearing those hose to work became nearly an everyday habit, and it seemed to me that Donna and I were getting along much better.

I was now thoroughly enjoying life, and my feminine wardrobe was quite complete. Well, all good things come to an end; Uncle Sam started knocking on my door. Not wanting to go to Vietnam, I joined the Army instead of being drafted. Donna promised to wait for me forever.

After completion of basic training, I ended up with a 13 month tour of duty in Korea. About seven months later, I got a Dear John, and about two months after that I got divorce papers from Donna's lawyer. Not wanting a divorce I didn't sign the papers, and after I was home again, I talked to Donna, and we decided to give it another try. This didn't work and before my leave was up, we separated.

Three months after reaching my new duty station, I received divorce papers again. I knew I wouldn't contest the divorce this time, but I used this excuse to go home again. By doing so, I could straighten out the papers myself, and more important, I wanted to dress because I had not done so in nearly 2 years. Dressing again after a long period of not doing so made me feel like I was in heaven. For ten days, I made up for two lost years.

I hated to go back to the Army, but my time seemed to pass very fast, and soon I was honorably discharged. The first couple of months out of the service I spent working in Dallas and living with my sister. Through the buying of weekly magazines like *Insider*, I found out for the first

time that people like me were considered Transvestites, but I did not learn the full meaning of the word at this time because it was closely linked to homosexuals, and I knew I wasn't one.

Living with my sister wasn't giving me any freedom to dress, so I decided to hit the road and do some traveling. Getting a small feminine wardrobe from my mother, I took off and ended up in Roswell, N.M. I got a garage apartment and dressed every single night: Sleeping in nylon negligees was sheer delight. Being so happy, I thought nothing could drive me from my newly acquired paradise, but a couple from Oklahoma did, and I ended up back in Dallas.

Work in Dallas this time turned out to be satisfactory because I got a job with a long time friend, and had another apartment to carry out my desires. Many times, I tried to quit dressing, but could never succeed. Every time I dressed, the deeper it got into my system. I would often dream of being a woman completely for the rest of my life, but knew I couldn't because of my height and weight. Also, I didn't know if I would enjoy the feeling of dressing if I had to do it all the time. But I knew dressing was basically a part of me.

My job ended in Dallas by my quitting and coming to Florida. Before I left Texas, I got rid of all my feminine things. For nearly a year, I struggled with my mind, trying to find out what was right and what wasn't concerning my desires to dress as a woman. I thought I would never be okay because I just knew dressing was all wrong. Late in the fall of 1970 I came across the book, "The Transvestite and his Wife," sold by John Amslow. I sent for the book out of sheer curiosity and have never regretted it. Through the reading of this book and trying to understand its meanings, I discovered that I wasn't going crazy like I thought. I adopted my feminine name Angela, and wrote to Chevalier seeking more information about TVism. Virginia, being the nice lady she is, gave me the info about TVia, and welcomed me as a *Sister*.

I fell in love with my wife, Karen, about this same time. Using my newly acquired knowledge, I gave her "The Transvestite and His Wife" to read, and told her about my life. Karen accepted me, and we were married and now have a child on the way. She also bought me clothes, shoes, etc., and even took the very first pictures of Angela.



My experience as Angela has mostly been to myself, and I have never been out in public. I have a great number of TVias, and through the reading of these, I have found out how to live with myself better, that others share my same thoughts, and some very good tips concerning the complete conversion from man to woman. Sometime I would like the outside adventure, but I have voice trouble and stand 6'2". Virginia has written very important and reassuring views and editorials, and I want her to know that her work contributes much to our society, that I'm one of probably many that she has helped, and that I'm sincerely happy and proud to be a Femmiphile. I'm a much fuller person this year (1971) than last year, and hope I can continue to develop as fast in the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

## *A NOTE FROM ANGELA'S WIFE*

Virginia and/or Mary;

Don't know if you accept items from TV wives, but I wanted you to know how much I appreciate your magazine. I'd never even heard of transvestism until my husband told me about himself before we were married last year. He gave me a copy of the Transvestite & Wife (invaluable!). I was scared at first (you're always a little afraid of the new and unknown, don't you think?) — I was afraid I wouldn't be able to make a good wife for my marvelous husband. But I love him very much and I think we have a much closer relationship because of "Angela" than many other young marrieds. Your magazine plays an important part in my ever increasing understanding.

We're expecting our first baby any day now and I'm looking forward to many happy years ahead for all of us.

Karen (GG wife of  
Angela 9-F-2)



FICTION

## FASHION MODEL

Erna FD-J-1 FPE

How did it all begin? Somehow it is fantastic. Oh, excuse me — A word of explanation! I am a genetic male in my mid twenties, but since I was 17 years old, I have been a fashion model. I said a fashion model by which I mean a model of girls' clothes! Yes, that is what I am!

It began 6 years ago. My mother and her sister had an exclusive dress-making establishment featuring smart feminine clothes in silk and satin and also various fashion accessories. They drew and cut and made the most fashionable gowns according to the special wishes of the customers. Gradually they had worked up rather a good business. They also exported a good deal and much was sold through mail orders. It soon appeared, however, that the mail customers wanted to see photos of the feminine things that the two sisters offered in their ads. My mother and aunt had to make an illustrated brochure with photos of dresses, skirts, blouses and also the underwear that they created.

At first they made some photos where the feminine things were lying spread out on tables or over the back of chairs etc., but in this manner the merchandise was not presented in a sufficiently attractive way so that they would sell. Something was lacking, a body in the clothes, something to fill in the clothes.

My aunt bought a couple of wax models and dressed them in the feminine things, but they soon abandoned this practice realizing that it ought to be a person of flesh and blood who could best show their collection of feminine merchandise.

At that time I was 17 years old, and I don't mind admitting that ever since early childhood I had taken a special interest in ladies' dresses.



When I was a child, my mother managed the business alone, and naturally I had a good opportunity to get an insight into the world of silk and laces which my mother was creating together with two skillful dress-makers. For me it was very interesting to see how a piece of fabric in the hands of the women was changed into a wonderful dress with ruffles and bows. My daydreams dwelled on these feminine things — and in my thoughts I could dress myself in those smart dresses. These dreams were wonderful. I was full of joy and put into a strange extraordinarily happy mood.

I enjoyed having the power to put myself into this state of ecstasy. However, I understood that it was something you did not talk about to others if you did not want to become ridiculous or what was worse, looked upon as an odd fellow.

Therefore my astonishment was great, when suddenly one day my aunt said to me, that I perhaps might solve a problem for them. My aunt told me, that they had inquired how much it would cost to hire a professional model for photography, but they had found that the price would be too high. My aunt had joined the firm and they had just started by making exclusive dresses and accessories in a new smart style. Therefore, they both had to consider expenses very carefully. It had then struck them that I might act as a fashion model wearing some of their clothes. This remark of my aunt struck me like a bolt from the blue and I quivered from excitement when my mother appeared and confirmed that she too considered it a way to solve the problem. They both asked me to help them. The model should be a young slender person — neither of them could fill the bill. But I could, they declared.

“But how?” I exclaimed, “everyone will see from the pictures that the model is just a big boy dressed up as a girl — and this will only hurt the business.” Saying this I wished they would protest. It would be wonderful to wear dresses. I knew it from my dreams. But in my brain there were two opposing opinions.

“Leave it to us!” my aunt answered, “naturally you will have makeup and a fine wig on your head. I promise you that nobody will be able to recognize you, not even your own mother. You know I was once a ladies’ hairdresser and beautician in a very exclusive beauty parlor. What faces I have altered! People left the parlor quite different from when they came in. You must rely on me. With modern cosmetics and some small tricks I can make your appearance so feminine that everyone who sees your photos will think that you are a lovely girl.”

Yes, she knew all about cosmetics and how they were used. She always had a perfect makeup and I was sure there was no beauty trick that she did not know. When she came to become a partner of my mother's firm my mother was only a grey mouse compared to her sister. But indeed this had altered. At first my mother reluctantly agreed to use a lipstick, next nail lacquer and later on my aunt got her to make up her complexion everyday. She let my aunt experiment with her hair-do and one day when I came home, my mother was changed from a brunette to a blonde woman just like my aunt. Yes, she knew cosmetics and she knew how to use them — on others as well as herself.

"We can be glad for one thing," my mother said, "and that is the fact that you are not very tall. The dresses will fit you as far as the length is concerned."

"Yes, it will be O.K." my aunt agreed and added: "You will also be able to wear the slim gowns. Are you willing to join in?"

I had to accept, if I did not want to lose this unique chance to wear dresses and to be expertly transformed into a girl. They expected me to do it, and secretly I wanted to myself.

The same night we started our fantastic experiment. First I had to put on a tight pantygirdle of short style. Both women agreed that in spite of my slim figure I had to have a narrower waist or better have it accentuated. After some consideration it was decided that I had to wear a corselette which mother laced at the back. A pair of nylons were put on my legs and fastened to the garters so that the corselette would sit tight and smooth. A pair of silk lace panties were handed me and I put them on cautiously in order not to tear the lace.

I now looked at myself in the mirror, and I shivered. This was fantastic. My legs had become girlish only because they now were all covered with long nylon stockings. The corselette was able to mould the figure into a feminine shape with curves even if no padding was used. Everything looked so natural. It was all as it should be. Yet it was me. I was "home" — on my way in to the feminine world. Hitherto I had only been able to dream of the journey to it. Now I *was on* the journey.

"Now we shall see how the dress fits" my aunt said, taking me out of my dreams. Oh, no, I must be still dreaming! I was to try on and wear dresses like any other young girl?



"Put your arms into this," my aunt said, and a slip of silk fabric was pulled down over my shoulders and body. The lace part over the breast was formed precisely around the breast-cups. It was a new wonderful feeling. How wonderful clothes might be, how feminine they can be made! Everything is formed and fitted, everything is adapted and harmonized.

Some of the short dresses from the line were brought out — and a moment later both women were helping me into a sweet satin dress. I was allowed to step into the dress and it was pulled up. The long zip at the back was closed by a quick pull and the dress tightened around my body. I was in the dress. I was part of it, and it was part of me. I was happy in a strange new way. Wonderful. Quite another feeling than I had ever experienced. The dress rustled when I walked!

"Here is a pair of shoes, let's see if they suit you — and if you are able to walk in them," my aunt said letting me sit down while she bent before me lifting one of my nylonclad feet and putting it into the pointed pump shoe with a medium heel. Strange how easily it was done, and how smooth the foot was, when it slid into the shoe. Yes, it fitted me precisely! I got up and took some steps — and staggered a little. I tried to walk naturally in the same way I had seen women do, but my steps were stiff and hesitating.

"Do not despair, my girl," my aunt said laughing, "you will learn it. All girls have to go through the same experiments when they get their first high heels!"

That evening I had my initial experiments in the world of feminine behaviour. The following evenings we all worked hand in hand in order to make me a true model. I had to be accustomed to the corselet in order to be able to pose fully relaxed and unrestrained. Therefore a special corselet was made for me, just to my own measurements. I practiced walking in high heels until I could walk naturally in them. I also could pose much better — with the right balance of my body. I had to pose on a chair or stand in a door frame smiling and happy. And I was happy and hopeful. The positions of the body should expose the dresses in the most attractive ways. I learned how to smooth a dress or gather it — if a long gown — when sitting down.

My aunt said she would get a wig from one of her old connections within the trade of ladies' hairdressers.

When two weeks had gone, I was rather good at posing in the right manner and I was now also able to balance myself on high heels. My aunt declared now it was time to take photos the next night. My mother should be in charge of the photography which should take place in different corners of the house.

The next evening after supper my aunt began the beauty treatment. My legs had to be shaved from every dark masculine hair and my arms were shaved too. "Later we will bleach the hair on the arms in order to make them look authentic, but it is not so necessary tonight," she said. I was sitting at the dressing table in the room of my aunt. Bottles and brushes, pots and tubs were placed there. Mystical sticks in colored plastic cases were shining in the strong sidelight from each side of my aunt's big make-up mirror. It was here she every morning made up her own face, a ritual without which a day could not begin. She had taught my mother the same procedure and now it was me that was going to be treated by cosmetics. The strong light almost hurt my eyes.

"You had better close your eyes," my aunt said wrapping a scarf around my hair.

I closed my eyes. My dream was beginning to become true. My aunt started. All the procedure, that every cosmetic minded woman knows. I had to go through it. It was thrilling —. Cleansing, covering a little dark spot with a special stick, foundation cream, dark powder to suppress, light powder to emphasize. She modulated my shape of face with light and shadow. My eyebrows were moderately plucked, colored and shaped by brown sticks. The eyelids were covered with colored shadows, the lashes were impregnated by mascara and black lines were drawn along the edges of the eyelids. A set of artificial eyelashes were trimmed and glued to the eyelids just along the edges of my own lashes. Afterwards the black lines were made broader — Now rouge on the cheekbones — and at last my lips were drawn up and filled out with a crimson lipstick. At no moment during the treatment had I been allowed to see myself in the mirror — I could only follow the procedure in my thoughts feeling the cosmetics being put on my face. Now my aunt said:

"Please, look in the mirror. Fantastical, don't you think?"

My aunt laughed. But I only heard it as far away. I stared into the mirror. It was completely incredible, a young girl's face looked out at me. A young girl thoroughly made up, but looking nice and natural. A scarf was still wrapped around my hair — and this scarf made my ap-





Sheila 10-R-1 FPE



Jacqueline - England



Marilyn 47-I-1 FPE

pearance still more feminine. Where was *I*? Or perhaps *this* was my real self? I felt dizzy. I had not forgotten the day 2 weeks ago when I saw myself in the mirror wearing a dress, nylons and high heels — but the feeling today of perfection was new. A transformation had really taken place, not only in my appearance, but also in my mind. I *was* a girl now. Strange it was so wonderful to be a girl. Did all girls go around and feel so happy? How could it be? Why did I feel so happy, thrilled and relaxed at one time!

“We have not finished yet,” I heard my aunt say as coming from far away. She was standing with a wig that I had not seen before. She combed my own hair back. Then she placed the wig on my head. I had again closed my eyes. When I opened them a new girl was looking at me from the mirror. Was it me again? Was there a second girl living in me? A second girl within? A new girl that now expressed herself. My eyes — (they were mine) — saw a girl with chestnut hair lying as a crown — no a halo — around my head. Red reflections of light twinkled in the mirror.

“Astonishing how well you are able to create a perfect illusion,” my aunt explained, “with cheeks a little more round you would look like a real doll,” she laughed.

My nails were filed more pointed and lacquered in a color matching my lipstick.

Next I was dressed. First I put on a special pantigirdle and over it my now familiar corselet. Then nylons, panties and a slip. This time special paddings were put into the cups of the corselet. A sweet dress of satin in a light blue color was to be the first model dress I should wear on my first photos of fashion. I posed, and my mother took the pictures with a polaroid camera. 15 seconds later we all saw the result. I trembled all over. How was it possible? Was it me? Was *she* me? The feminine creature there on the photo was *my* creation. There was my dream on a photo, developed and fixed — and it was my mother and aunt who had helped me to let this inner girl come to life.

More photos were taken in different poses and different dresses. All turned out to the entire satisfaction of the two women. I had proved that I was able to act as a model.

Although my aunt was very content, she said that a little more ample curves in the right places would do wonders — and she hoped that I got



some more fullness in my face, especially in the cheeks, a little more "doll-like" she said. "But all that will come in time," she added.

"In time?" Did they take for granted that I was to become a permanent photo model for the firm in the future? Or what?

The first series of photos were made, and my mother's firm sent out its first catalog with genuine modelphotos. The catalog was well received and many orders were given on the dresses I had worn.

In the meantime I passed my examination at the college and it was now my intention to attend lectures and courses at the Academy of fine Arts learning modeldrawings and designing of costumes. Before I began at the Academy we found it was the best for me to take my compulsory military service first. Being rather small and slight I was placed in the Catering Corps. After my first stage of military training I was lucky to be able to have my own private room in the town where I could sleep at night and also several evenings model feminine clothes. In one of my leaves I was home and a new series of photos were made for another catalog. After a year — 19 years old — I could leave the service and begin at the Art School. It was an advantage for me to know how a dress was worn — and how it felt wearing it! Naturally my academy friends did not know anything about my special interests in these things. My two male school friends *did* not have the same practical insight in feminine interests as I and my ten female friends. I also began feeling a certain solidarity with the female friends at the Academy. We had something together that I had not together with the male friends.

At the annual Academy fancy dress Ball it was custom that the students from the classes in fashion drawing always appeared in some very gorgeous clothes made by themselves. One of the girls suggested that we three male students also show up in the dresses we had designed. The idea was accepted with enthusiasm by our female classmates. It was arranged that we three male students should come together in the home of one of our female classmates. Together with some of the other girls she would make the dresses for us and try them on us. We should prove the old words that "clothes make the man" or may we say "the woman"!

It was with a real thrill that I adopted the idea having a special advantage in playing such a role. When my dress was made, I informed the others that I would let one of my friends — a professional makeup artist — do my makeup. The two others boys were to be made up by one of the

girls who was considered to be very clever at such things. But I preferred to let my aunt do the job — I knew she could. And then I also could wear my own wig.

The ball was a success. My dress was a dream in red satin and my fellow students did not even recognize me when I arrived. They could not understand how a stranger had been able to copy the dress we had made! In a pause of the fancy ball two of the girls came to me knowing that it had to be me as there was only one *girl* with that designed dress present! They were very delighted to see how well I had done my transformation — and soon all the other girls gathered around me. The two other male students were also very well made up, but my professional makeup and my natural wig turned the scale. I had a wonderful new feeling. Being together with my female fellow students all dressed in gorgeous clothes too, with makeup, shining stockings and lovely shoes. was to me quite a new experience. I got a wonderful feeling of being one of them. I could fully identify myself with them. When I looked at their stockings and shoes I had to look at my own stockings and shoes experiencing a wonderful relaxing feeling being just like the other girls. I was dressed like the genuine girls, made up like them and with long hair caressing my neck and cheeks just as their hair did on them. In a mystic way I felt their femininity stretched out to me filling me from the skin out. Being one of them was so wonderful.

My aunt still said that I ought to get more curves and chubby cheeks. Therefore I began a fattening diet. Under no condition, however, should my waist become bigger. Also my stomach had to be kept under control. The waist cincher and a long bra now became necessary parts of my clothes even under my masculine attire. Little by little I gained weight and the fat placed itself on the right places.

It was just the beginning of the Beatles Time and my aunt suggested that I let my hair grow long. It might not cause any sensation as I was an art student and we were all known to have strange ideas. As my hair grew longer, my aunt took care of it in every way. She was a master in getting long haired coiffures looking as if you were short haired. Little by little I got accustomed to my long hair.

One of my female friends knew a photographer in the advertising field who made stocking photos for the advertisements of big manufacturers. She told me that he preferred to use male models for the ladies' stockings and that he was very interested in finding models with the right legs. My female friend had only seen me as a girl at the fancy ball, but she found my legs to be so nice that she was sure that the photo-



grapher could use me. That way I could gain some money for my studies, too. The job was well paid, she said. The photographer was needing a model — as his former model — a female impersonator — had gone on tour for a long time. I agreed and three days later I had my first photographing as a model in ladies' stockings. I wore a special strong pantygirdle, a black garterbelt with black garters. The day before I had carefully treated my legs with depilatories. They now were smooth and fine. Before I had to put on the stockings his young female assistant lacquered my toe nails a scarlet colour. I had not tried that before and I noticed the the girl had just the same colour on her toes. When the lacquer was dry, she very cautiously pulled a pair of very thin nylons on my legs. They were smoke coloured. It was a mystery to me that this cobweb would be able to be seen on the photographic plate. But that was up to the photographer, not to me.

I had put on a blouse. First I had to lay down close to a wall and put the legs up on the wall. The assistant arranged my legs so they crossed in a special way. The spotlights were turned on and they moulded my legs in quite a new way. I had to relax all my muscles. I heard the clicks of the camera several times. Next they were taking photos of patterned stockings, a new fashion then that had to be created. My legs were put into black lace stockings — and now I should wear high heeled shoes of different types. Many different poses were tied. I also had to lay with raised legs without any support. This was very exhausting and I enjoyed the rest when there was an intermission.

A week later I saw the result and it was unbelievable that these were my legs in those stockings in the photographs. But the photographer said it was so. He was very content and suggested that we take some full length pictures with me completely dressed and made up as a woman. He knew from my friends that I was able to do female impersonation. He asked me to bring some clothes with me and my wig. His assistant would help me with makeup.

The next time I was to be a stocking model I brought my feminine clothes and dressed. The young assistant made me up with special care. She had to use special cosmetics for color photography. The photographer had found a special dress for me. I should lay down on the floor and the hem of the dress was arranged in a way that it ended above the top of my stockings — all in a rather careless manner. Also the classic pose where I stood fastening the top of the stocking to the garter, was taken.

— A month later stocking advertisements with my legs were published in different magazines!

My mother and aunt were making a new catalog and this time the model was to be a typical sweet girl. The dresses were a new collection of special teenage design, mini dresses and mini skirts which fashion had just begun to make popular. Our firm found it important to be among the first with this new fashion and we also found it important that the dresses be as feminine as possible with bows and ruffles, and as romantic and girlish as possible.

My long hair was by nature rather dark brown and a pony tail of the same color was attached to my hair. I was made up to have big surprised eyes and a real peach tint. I wore long white nylon stockings, but on some of the photos I had to wear white knee socks. The shoes were black patent leather with straps and low heels. The dresses were mostly silk satin and nylon. The poses were varied — sitting, standing, and lying. When I modeled a pinafore dress and a tunic two long plaits were attached to my own hair. “Oh how lovely and sweet!” my aunt said.

After the photo season there was a pause for some months. During this time I underwent a new transformation. On the photos in the next catalog I ought to look different. Both my mother and aunt decided that I now should be a blond — a blond like themselves! The transformation took place in our bathroom where my aunt professionally bleached my hair, just as she once had bleached the hair of my mother. It was a complete transformation. After drying and a home perm a small hairpiece in my new color was pinned to my hair in order to give my hair more style and make the coiffure taller. Naturally that was only for home use. At the art school I appeared only with my own hair that was now blond. My schoolfellows stared a little — but soon they did not care. Several of the girls were bleached, too. And also some of the boys. Such a thing was not uncommon among young students at the academy.

My mother, my aunt and I had all spoken about pierced ears. Now it was fashionable again to wear earrings in pierced ears both among young girls and ladies. Both my mother and aunt had gotten their ears pierced — and it was decided that for the next photos I ought to have mine pierced too. As I was interested in making the photos as authentic as possible I naturally agreed.

It was again my aunt who took care of that and did the small operation. She had a special tong from the time she was a beauty expert. She





Barbara 38-R-5 FPE



Janet - N.J.

carefully measured where the holes should be and in a jiffy she had perforated the left ear lobe and a moment later also the right earlobe. Two small golden earrings were inserted in the holes. Not a drop of blood. There I was with golden rings in my pierced ears. It was lovely.

When my earlobes were healed two weeks later the new photos were made. This time — proud as I was — I posed with my earrings on in all the photos.

One day the stocking photographer asked me if I was interested in a trip to Paris. Naturally I was highly interested. "But not as a tourist," he said, "but as a model!"

I stared at him.

"My colleagues at several of the big French fashion magazines not only use girls, but also men as models when showing women's clothes," he said.

I tried to swallow several times. He only knew me as his stocking model and had never seen any of the photos I had made for my mother and aunt. Maybe, however, he had seen the catalog, and recognized me. He now told me, that the fashion magazine "La Mode Moderne" often used men as models of womens' clothes. They needed such models very much. The small differences in the proportions of the male body from the female body were often an advantage when presenting the dresses etc. and some of the modern dresses and suits were absolutely better presented by men, who naturally were made up completely as girls. He told me that several of the professional female impersonators at the big cabarets and night clubs had extra jobs at French fashion magazines as girl models. He could guarantee that I would get a good job at once and they were well paid.

The photographer procured an invitation to me from the above mentioned magazine in Paris. The magazine would pay the journey and the stay in Paris until the result of the photos tests could be seen and maybe a contract would be signed. It was a great decision for me to make and I had to talk everything over with my mother and aunt. Both of them thought, however, that I should go to Paris. Yes, my aunt was quite excited. It would be a wonderful time for me and it would be a great help for me too later in my work with fashion.



A windy day in the Fall I boarded the train with two big suitcases — and went to Paris. In my hotel a letter was waiting me from the magazine that welcomed me and asked me to come to a conference immediately next morning at 10 a.m.

Trembling, I turned up at the editorial office of the big magazine and was received by the chief editor — a nice lady in her fifties with ashblond hair and fine makeup. Each member of the staff had his or her own office along a corridor in which smart young girls were coming and going. The chief asked me to come into her office and sit down.

"I know your photos from the photographer that has used you as his model," the lady said, "I find the photos good, and must admit that you are very convincing in them."

She continued: "We should like to have you in the house on a contract, so you could be one of our models when we make our photos for the Spring and Fall fashions shown by the big dress houses. The sessions of photography each time takes about 1-2 months so you have to stay in Paris in all from 4-8 month a year with intermissions of 1-2 months. In those intervals you can go home to your place and see to your jobs there. I know that you have studied as a fashion designer at the Art Academy and this will be a big advantage for you and for us, too, I think."

There was not much for me to say. The lady was very friendly and sweet, but she was firm in her opinions. She was a born leader for such a fashion magazine.

She continued: "In order to look as feminine and nice as possible, we have a special doctor who advises our models and helps them. She — yes it is a female doctor — also is the doctor for several of the professional female impersonators of the cabarets. She advises our models in regard to what treatments they may undergo and what small operations that may be made in order to get an appearance as perfectly feminine as possible. I ask you to visit this doctor and consult her. In fact, you are beautiful in your photos, so you must not misunderstand me, dear, but I think that you should be glad to visit her as none of us are completely perfect, you know!" she laughed.

I went up to the doctor the next day bringing along some of my photos, also photos from the catalog of my mother and aunt. She studied the photos with the eyes of a connoisseur. Then she asked me to undress and strip, so she could see my figure. She was content. "You

have in fact the figure of a young girl! A young girl of today," she said, "except the bust. I will suggest, that you get a minor breast operation that will give you adequate breasts and at the same time you ought to begin hormone treatments that can give you the necessary roundness both in thighs, hips and face."

I was not quite prepared for such a suggestion, but on the other hand I was interested and curious.

She continued: "You have a good base for such a treatment, and I will be able to feminize you to the fullest degree. You know that I also am doctor for several of the artistes of the night clubs with female impersonators and you know how many of them have succeeded because of their completely feminine body. I also suggest that you have a nose operation, that will make it smaller, narrower and give the nose a little upturn. This is an operation we do on most of the female impersonators under my care. All the treatments that you undergo are paid for by the fashion magazine, so you won't have to worry about that.

It was a big temptation and I was persuaded to undergo these new feminizing treatments of more permanent character than everything I hitherto had undergone.

It was settled that three days later I should undergo the breast operation which would keep me only a few days in the special clinic. All wounds would be healed within 3 weeks. The nose operation would take place a week after the breast operation and within a month everything should be O.K. The hormone treatment should begin at once and was expected to last indefinitely all under control of the doctor.

The day after the visit at the doctor I signed the contract with the magazine. The chief editor introduced me to one of the male models of the magazine, known as a model of feminine teenage clothes. His or I shall say *her* name was "Femia," and I had the opportunity of being present at a photo session with her as the model. It was fantastic. It was completely impossible to believe that the girl was a young man who created such a perfect illusion of a young girl. She wore a mini dress, white stockings and smart sporty shoes. Her long blond hair was gathered and combed forward over one of her shoulders. Pictures were taken first with her alone and then together with two other teenage girls, who were really girls. But it was still impossible to see any difference, except that Femia in a way showed the clothes better. The three girls took different poses: one would sit in an air chair, one on the floor among a lot



of gramophone records and one stood with a record in her hands. They all took turns at these roles. Now there was a pause in the taking of photographs. Femia had to alter her makeup. She was now dressed in a very short cocktail dress that was very décolleté. Fine shining silver stockings and high heels.

"Yes, here you see one of our results," the lady said to me, "Femia is now 25 years old, but she is able to give the perfect illusion of a teenage girl. Our doctor has helped her with her figure. She is now always dressed as a girl and living full time as a woman. As you know from your contract we prefer that our models — our male models — change over and live full time as women. It is the best for us and our girls too. This way there will be no sensation about it all and the model herself learns to be accustomed to her role as a girl. She avoids sensation and troubles and she identifies herself completely with the role of being a girl. "The magazine helps you in every way so you are able to live as a girl without difficulties from the surroundings. We find apartments for you, provide for permission to take employment and for identification papers. You know that the fashion is very important. Our models are working in the service of Fashion, and therefore we also are given the greatest protection by the authorities."

Now Femia was again ready for photography. Her blonde hair was gathered in a pony tail with a big red bow.

"Yes it is her own hair," declared the lady. "It has not been cut for four years. You also have nice hair and I think that our hairdressers will be able to give you a fine hair-do too."

Femia wore silver shoes with high heels and she looked fantastically good standing there with a little coquettish turning and a glass of wine in her hand.

"You see, these are photos for the New Year," the lady said. "I guarantee that you will be just as charming as Femia. Now we shall get on with the small operations and then we shall begin with you about 6 weeks or so."

The operations were successful. My bust ought to be a size 36 with B cups and so it was. My new nose caused such a change in my face that I found it difficult to recognize myself in the mirror. But how feminine it looked! When the photo session was to begin all my wounds were healed. Days following with hard work. But how thrillingly it was! First

they had to find a style for me and a name. My model name became "Corina" and for the time being I would model the new evening dresses, both long and short. I mostly used my own hair, which was cut and set in a modern coiffure. The hairdresser agreed that I should continue being a blond, so my hair was constantly bleached and for several of the photos it was made all platinum blond.

The hormone treatment progressed and gave me just the curves I needed. My hips became more round and my thighs became really feminine. The magazine wanted me to go through the model school because I was chosen to model in fashion shows. Therefore I had to learn the right technique of showing clothes, learn to show a dress in movement, learn to pose. It was training and more training along with other young female models.

I got my own small flat, equipped with modern furniture and very feminine. In the studios I had met with other of the male models who modeled girls' and womens' clothes just as I did. I became friends with them and they helped me in every way so that the change-over to living all day and night as a girl did not become too difficult for me. They all lived full time as girls and enjoyed it. One of them was married and I was surprised to hear and see how lucky this model lived together with his wife, even if he now lived as a girl too. They were just two feminine friends to the world. Here I learned to understand that sex and gender, sex and clothes, makeup and appearance are different things. I was happy to see my own opinion affirmed this way. The wife of the male model was a beauty expert and to her it was an aesthetic enjoyment seeing how modern beauty technique was able to change a masculine person into a feminine illusion. For me it was the same way. All my life was one great aesthetic enjoyment. I had not thought of sex. Life was wonderful for me, not only to be dressed in fine light clothes but also to feel that I was living in a world of beauty and art — a world where I was accepted as one of the feminine creatures who were part of this world. I found myself being an artist and I had the same personal contentment as an artist who had succeeded in creating something new.

Both my mother and aunt visited me and they were astonished to see how I had progressed and how feminine I looked now. They fully accepted that I now lived full time as a woman and they expected that I would continue to do so in the future.

When I had finished the model school, I was offered a chance to go on a fashion trip to the big cities of France. It would last three weeks. We stayed in the finest hotels as though we were film stars. My colleagues, the female models, treated me just as one of their own sex.



When I am home with my mother and aunt I am in charge of leading the drafting room creating new clothes. As a creator of womens' clothes I also have to understand the psyche of women, and this has been a natural consequence of my living as a girl.

My work in Paris is wonderful and I have now a long time contract with the magazine. My model name is well known in the trade, but only very few know that I was born a boy, a boy who likes to *create* womens' clothes and who loved to *wear* them. After my contract I have a right within certain limits to model also for other magazines.

When you are looking through big fashion magazines with lovely evening gows, sports dresses and fine lace underwear shown by lovely models — well maybe it is the dress worn by me you are admiring. Probably you have often seen my face without knowing anything of my story. But now that you do you will probably enjoy my modeling pictures even more. As for me I am very happy and comfortable in my life and fully expect to continue it. Perhaps one day many years from now you will see an ad showing a little old lady in a lace cap in her rocking chair. Behind that toothless smile will be little old Corina.

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Genevieve 43-W-1 FPE



Dorina 25-D-2 FPE

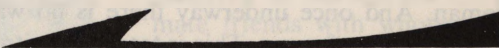


Lorna - Minn.



## WHAT IT'S LIKE

Maureen 6-J-1 FPE



What is it like to make a long trip alone en femme by airliner and live as a woman for several days with no masculine clothes to fall back on? It's wonderful! But not as easy as I had thought.

I had been working toward this for several years and when the invitation came to attend the banquet at Portland I felt the time had arrived.

Once in the role of Maureen there was surprisingly little nervous tension. Instead, life seemed to be relaxed and natural, pleasant and satisfying. The feel and awareness of the clothes faded rather rapidly. After a few hours I was aware mostly of just being considered a woman, of being called "Mrs. Warfield", of "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am". In my conscious and subconscious self I had become a woman. Surprisingly, I cannot recall even once thinking, "I am a man dressed as a woman."

The endless hours of practicing the walking, talking and makeup paid off. I felt neither fear nor excitement even when talking face to face with airline clerks, stewardesses, taxi drivers and motel personnel. But neither did I feel any particular elation in such contacts; it was as if I was doing what any other woman would be doing.

The one overwhelming problem was the urgent necessity to get to the motel within 6 to 8 hours after shaving. Beyond that time my beard shadow would show and the risks would soar. A complete two hour shave and makeup job was required twice daily and the resultant four hours represent a huge amount of valuable time out of each day. The feeling quickly became one of being chained to the razor and makeup kit.

Every possible preparation was made for the expected as well as the unexpected. The voice practice over a telephone gave me confidence when I had to call the motel. The dimes were handy when it cost ten cents for a stall in the woman's rest room. The big pink kerchief stored in the bottom of the purse was just right to prevent losing my wig in the unexpectedly strong wind at the airport.

On a trip like this everything you have ever learned in your femme life is compressed into a steadily moving kaleidoscope of life as a real woman. And once underway there is no way to stop the music in this game of life en femme. This is total commitment.

There are risks involved, big risks. And there are no second place winners; you must soberly face this fact and have the quiet confidence that you will succeed — otherwise you are not ready.

And yet even now I am only a beginner. After the thrilling modeling lecture and demonstration at the Portland banquet I realize there is so much yet to learn in this exciting world of FPE.

Yes, traveling en femme is fun. But the most satisfying part of my weekend was to meet the FPE girls of the Northwest and their GGs. My cherished memories are of these wonderful people, my friends in FPE.

## *A FRANKLY COMMERCIAL PLUG*

I hope you will excuse it if I do make a plug for my new book **HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE**. I sincerely want every reader of TVia to have it since it embodies all of the things that all of you are concerned with. It is literally complete covering clothing, cosmetics, hair, jewelry, body "modification", feminine attitudes, behavior patterns, public conduct, legal matters, and chapters on change of gender and of gender and sex through surgery. It embodies everything I've had to learn and everything readers have told me. You need it and frankly I need the sale. I poured \$2800 into publishing this myself and it leaves me strapped for capital to publish new separate novels and short stories. So, if you haven't gotten it yet do us both a favor, Order it — \$6.50 plus 50c postage, \$7 altogether. Nothing else remotely like it has ever been published and frankly I don't think you can, as an FP, afford to be without it. — Thanks, V.



## *EULOGY TO CONNIE (33-B-FPE)*



Connie is gone. Her brother dead — ashes scattered at sea by intimate friends with whom he frequently went sailing — a love by him second only to his femme-personation. Succumbing at 49 years of age — death due to complications following major lung surgery — a relatively short, but very full, life.

I had only known Connie for a short six months but great was my love and admiration for her. She was my first intimate contact with the FP world, and she helped me tremendously to see myself in a better light.

Connie was attractive, yet not beautiful — but her spirit and attitude were ravishing — touching all immediately when they met her. The leopard-skin dress, the ankle-strap shoes, the hints of masculine hairiness still showing, and occasionally even a sideburn peeking out — that was Connie — but so nice, feminine, charming, and complimentary. A comment of hers at our last meeting that I remember well, “It’s not so much how you look but the frame of mind you have.”

Glad I am that I knew her. She was a truly wonderful guy and gal. Connie is gone but her spirit lives.

Linda 33-T-1 FPE

## *THE STARTING OF SIGMA PHI*

Stella 9-L-4 FPE

With me, there were now 6 FPE members here in Florida. All of us lived within a 200 mile radius of each other. Yet none of the girls knew everyone, except through correspondence.

I thought it would be wonderful if we formed an FPE chapter, and had get togethers every once in awhile, with our 'GGs'. All the members here are married, most have children and "A" wives. So we all have something in common besides FPE.

A few months ago, just before Father's Day, I arranged a meeting to discuss forming the chapter and obtaining a petition for charter. All were in favor, and the date was set. However, due to various valid reasons, three of the members had to cancel out.

We did want a unanimous vote, so this meeting was called off, with plans to make it in the near future.

On Monday, June 28, the petition for charter arrived. I didn't know how to get everyone together now, as Pauline 9-L-3, was going to leave on her vacation for three months on July 1st. There just wasn't enough time to notify and get everyone together by then.

I remembered the old saying, "If you can't get Mohammed to the mountain, you have to take the mountain to Mohammed." So this is what I decided to do.

Monday afternoon brother took a ride to Miami to visit Pauline and her GG, discussed various aspects of the charter, got her vote on officers, and her signature on the petition.



The next day, Tuesday, June 29, I made arrangements to drive the 135 miles to Lehigh Acres to Joan's, (9-B-4), house. After work, brother drove me there.

Joan's brother and GG, were waiting for me when I arrived, at about 9:00 p.m. They had a room all prepared for me, so that I could spend the night.

Joan and I dressed, while her GG prepared coffee, cocktails and late snacks for us. We sat around their lovely house and talked for hours. I had some old copies of "TVia" and we discussed the change in format and fashions through the years.

Joan signed the petition, gave her vote for officers, and came up with the wonderful name for our chapter, "Sigma Phi." This was agreed on later by all of us. "Sigma Phi" are the Greek letters S & F, so naturally, down here they stand for Sunny Florida.

From Joan's house, I called Candiece, 9-F-1, and Donna, 9-W-2, to arrange meetings for Wednesday, June 30. Donna said that she would notify Heather 7-D-3, who lives in her area, and make motel reservations for me in Cocoa Beach. This is near the towns they live in.

The rest of Tuesday evening was spent taking pictures of Joan and her GG and myself. We even shot a short movie of Joan, playing Princess Charming and her wife, as Cinderella. Joan and I got into a fun pillow fight, and her GG took it all in, on movie film.

But, it was getting late, and as I had a lot of driving to do the next day, we reluctantly retired for the night. We had a very enjoyable evening, but all good things must come to an end.

Early in the morning, Wednesday, June 30, I awoke and changed into Brother, while Joan's brother fixed me a delicious breakfast. Joan's GG made me a gift of two beautiful cocktail rings, and gave me birth-stone rings for my GG and daughter. They are both marvelous people.

Brother packed up, left, and drove the 120 miles to Pinella Park, just north of St. Petersburg. The meeting with Candiece was to take place at the Holiday Inn North, in the dining room, as Candiece's brother was on his lunch break.

We had lunch together, and got sorority formalities out of the way. Then had a wonderful discussion about our GGs, children, etc. We exchanged some photos and planned a get together with our families in the near future. The hour went by too fast, and we both had to leave.

The drive back across the state to the East Coast was an easy one. I arrived in Cocoa about 4:00 p.m. The motel I was to go to was very beautiful. It had two restaurants and a lounge.

I phoned Heather and Donna, to tell them that I was in town. At about 5:30 they came over as their brothers. We got signatures and votes. Now all the ballots were in and counted. The girls voted me as President. I was thrilled. Being that our chapter is so small, all the girls have a position of responsibility. Six girls, six officers, with vice president (Candiece), second vice president (Pauline), treasurer (Joan), secretary (Donna) and sergeant at arms (Heather).

Heather also brought some back copies of "TVia" and we had a ball going through them. We had long discussions of experiences and good conversation about our families and GGs.

At 7:00 p.m. they left but Donna's brother said he would return about 10:00 p.m. Brother went to one of the motel restaurants and had dinner. The prices in Cocoa were unbelievable, for someone from a resort area as I am. I had a complete seven course dinner for only \$1.35 The service was excellent.

I then went to my room, put on my makeup, a floral cowl necked voile blouse, blue mini skirt with white and blue pumps, and read while waiting for Donna to return.

Right on time, Donna arrived and dressed she looked very beautiful. For the rest of the evening, we chatted, watched television, read "TVia" and took pictures, pictures, and more pictures including movies until the wee hours of the morning.

Donna left at 2:30 a.m. and I changed back into brother as I had a 200 mile drive ahead of me, and had to report to work at 9:00 a.m. Thursday morning. This was only 6½ hours away.

I left the motel about 3:30 a.m. and arrived home, in Hollywood, at 8:30. It is not a five hour ride, but brother got very sleepy and pulled off the road for a short nap on the way.



Upon arriving home, brother shaved and showered and was a half hour late to work. It was a very long day, and he had to work until 10:00 p.m. Upon arriving home from work that evening, brother was so tired he didn't even remember going to bed.

However, the dream of all that was accomplished, and the lifelong friends of all the wonderful sisters that were met, along with the thought of future meetings with these find girls, and their GGs made for a very peaceful and rewarding sleep.

Yes, chapter "Sigma Phi" was finally started, and I know will grow and grow.



#### A VISIT WITH SIGMA PHI CHAPTER OF FPE

Joan	Virginia	Jo	Pauline	Stephanie
9-B-4	5-P-1	9-C-3	9-L-3	9-L-4



FICTION

## *SUPER NANNIE*

Eileen - Penn.

I had been out of the Marines for about six weeks, and still no job. It wasn't that there weren't jobs available, it was just that nothing sounded very interesting to me. After two years in the service, and a combat tour, I just couldn't see a nine to five job, or just returning to the inactivity of college. So like so many other veterans, I just wandered the streets, and spent the evenings in bars, talking to the locals, and searching for something that I was not sure of.

I had settled in the small upstate New York town, by chance. I had just gotten off the bus, one morning, and not feeling like travelling any more, had used part of my savings, gotten a small apartment, and moved in. I still wasn't acquainted with the area too well, but the beauty of the area, and the surrounding countryside started me exploring.

One evening, I was sitting in one of the more plush downtown lounges, talking to my neighbor on the next bar stool, and as all strangers are prone to do, telling him the story of my life, and my lack of purpose. He seemed to be really interested, and started asking detailed questions about my military service, and scrutinized me carefully.

"You know, Bill, from your background, I'd say that you would make a fine bodyguard and companion for someone."

"Really, why?"

"Well, you have the military experience with weapons and unarmed combat, and at the same time with a liberal arts degree, and an ability



to speak French, and your knowledge of the world and travel, you could make quite an erudite companion."

"That really sounds like an interesting job, and something that I would enjoy doing, but who would ever offer me a job like that?"

"I heard of something in that area, with one of my clients, how about letting me make some inquiries, and check back with you tomorrow night?"

"Sounds good, when will you know?"

"I'll tell you what, why don't you meet me here tomorrow night, and maybe I'll have something for you."

"O.K. Here, same time tomorrow."

I went on home, rather pleased with the opportunity, and the challenge what it offered, but wondering whether I could fit the job. Well, we'd see what the next day would bring.

The next evening, I was back there on my bar stool, at the appointed time, but there was no evidence of Mr. Collins, my companion of the previous evening. I was starting to wonder, if the whole thing had just been idle conversation, then he appeared.

"Did you find anything out?"

"Yes and no."

"What does that mean, are they in the market for my services?"

"Yes, but I don't think that you would want the job on the conditions that they are offering."

"Why? I am in the market for any kind of job right now. Could I talk to them, and find out for myself?"

"I could arrange that, but I will tell you that it will involve taking care of children, and require you to change your entire life pattern."

"That's all right with me. My life pattern now isn't all that great, and I do like kids."

"We'll give it a shot then, Bill. Why don't you let me give a call out to their house and see if they can talk to you this evening. Really, if you were willing to do the job, you'd be perfect for it."

He made the call and confirmed that we would be expected within the next hour, so we finished up our drinks and headed out to his car. On the way he explained that his client lived rather far out in the country, on a rather large estate. He wasn't over-stating at all. When we pulled in to the long tree lined drive, and up to the white columned house, I started to realize the wealth of my prospective employer. A job here would definitely mean luxury and comfort. Regardless of the price, I was going to have this job!

We were ushered into the drawing room by a uniformed maid, and Mr. Collins poured us a sherry while we waited for the owners appearance. Shortly he came in, a tall, rather good-looking gentleman, accompanied by his lovely wife, a blonde, looking quite lovely in silk lounging pajamas.

"Bill, I'd like you to meet Mr. and Mrs. Emanon, Mr. Emanon, Bill here is the young man that I was telling you about."

"How do you do, " he greeted me. Has Mr. Collins explained anything about this job?"

"No sir, just a few generalities." I replied.

"Well, perhaps I had better explain in detail, to keep you from wasting your time, if you're not interested."

He then went on to explain the most amazing job offer I ever heard.

It seemed that his wife had something very special in mind, when considering a bodyguard and companion for their child. Mr. Emanon was in a high financial position that required him to travel extensively, and some of his financial transactions caused him to have put his baby in the position of being considered for kidnapping, by unscrupulous persons who profit on that sort of thing. To prevent his wife worrying, they had decided that the child needed a constant companion, who



could both educate her and provide the protection that was needed in case of any emergency. There was a small staff at the mansion, but it was so difficult to trust anyone, that Mrs. Emanon was extremely worried.

I assured them at this point that I felt that I was entirely capable of caring for their child, and that I was willing to take on the job, at the moment.

"Wait, there are a few more provisions to this that you had better hear, before you accept the job. We decided that we don't want to have someone come in and then leave after a year or so. We are offering an eighteen year contract, that will provide a good life for you for the rest of your life but there are some conditions that you will have to meet that might stop you from taking the job."

"I don't think that there is anything that you can add that would detract from an offer as attractive as this." I replied.

"Well, try this, my wife suggested, and I agree with her that the best thing would be to have you change your life style, to insure your dedication, and continued employment. What we are asking you to do, in effect, is to be sort of nanny and governess!"

"Don't you need a woman for that sort of thing?"

"Yes, and if you are to accept the job, you are going to have to be that woman!"

"Please explain, you have me completely confused. How can I be the woman you want?" I said, slightly bewildered.

"Very simply, you will be expected to come here to live, and you will live here as a woman. My wife will oversee your transformation, and we'll provide the proper wardrobe and accessories that you need. In other words, you are going to have to drop out of the world as you know it and join the feminine world for life."

In that instant my heart skipped a beat. Memories of happy afternoons playing in my mother's room among her clothes, and the secret experiments with her silky underthings came rushing back. Could it be that someone had really given me this opportunity, or was I just dreaming? I looked over their disappointed faces, prepared to accept my response that they were all crazy or something, and slowly smiled.

"Mr. Emanon, if you are really prepared to offer me this proposition, all I can say is when do I start!"

"Well, Bill, perhaps you had better give this a little more thought before you commit yourself entirely. You mightn't realize just how big a step this is going to be. It's not just wearing a dress and a wig during working hours. You are going to have to become a woman for the rest of your life, entirely."

"Sir, I understand. There is nothing in the world that I would enjoy more than to be able to spend the rest of my life as a woman. Long ago, I realized that I would have been much happier to have been born a girl, and although I have been successful as a man, my thoughts and desires have always been otherwise. I am sure that if you are willing to give me the job, I will not disappoint you."

"Hire him, James." said Mrs. Emanon. "I think that he is quite serious, and I doubt whether we will ever get anyone as well qualified."

"All right. You have the job if you want it. When can you start?"

"Tomorrow morning, all I have to do is gather up the stuff at my apartment, and report for duty."

"Good, then Mr. Collins will pick you up at your apartment tomorrow and bring you out. I hope that you will be prepared for the change."

"I'm sure, James, that Bill will make a lovely girl, and I'll start his transformation first thing tomorrow. He seems to be about the same size as me, so we shouldn't have too much trouble." Mrs Emanon observed.

Bidding them goodnight, we returned to the city, for me to spend my last night as a man. Begging off another drink, I accepted a ride home, packed, and made all my preparations for the next day. I forced myself to sleep, so that the new dawn could come all the faster.

Mr. Collins picked me up as promised, at ten o'clock, and drove us out to the house. Mrs. Emanon met us at the door, and escorted me in.

"Do you have all your suitcases?"

"Yes, ma'am, everything that I own."





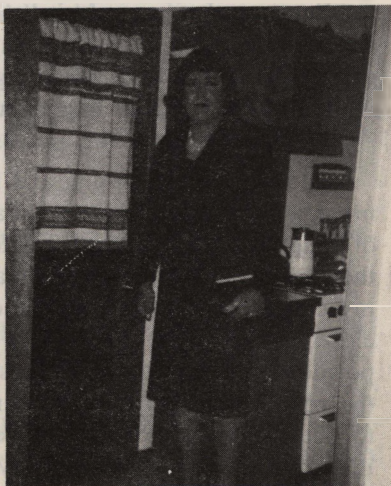
Ellen, Lisa, Nancy - Mass.



Susan 30-S-1



Fredricka - Kans.



Joanne 32-Y-2 FPE

"Let's take care of that first then. Please give me all your clothes and take off the ones that you are wearing, You can slip this robe on when you are finished undressing."

I went into the bathroom of the lovely room that I was shown to and quickly stripped off all my clothes, slipping into the pink housecoat that I had been given, and putting on the matching mules, I returned to the sitting room. She beckoned me to follow her, and carrying all my clothes we proceeded down the hall to the laundry room. There on the wall was the incinerator door.

"Well, are you ready to give up all the trappings of your masculinity?"

"Yes." I replied

"Then toss your clothes into the fire, and start."

I picked up the bundle and without a moment of hesitation, off they went into the fire. All that was left was the robe I was wearing.

"Well, there isn't much doubt what you have to wear now, is there?" she said.

"No. I guess I have just made the biggest commitment of my life!"

"I'm sure that you won't be sorry about it, I can't see how anyone would want to be a man, anyway. There is a lovely future for you here and I'm sure that we'll become great friends. Now come, we have much work to do on you, just to get you started."

The rest of the morning and most of the afternoon was used to start my new life. Mrs. Emanon had already stocked my closets with all sorts of underthings, skirts, dresses, blouses and sweaters. After she had shown them to me, I was instructed to take a bath with bubble bath and to shave my entire body. I took my time, and made sure that I was shaved as closely as possible, all over. I stepped out of the tub and smoothed powder over my new soft legs, arms and chest. Then, slipping into the robe, I returned to the bedroom. The first thing I was instructed to put on, was a rather tight flesh-colored girdle. After struggling into it, I noticed how it completely covered me, looking realistically like real skin and covering and hiding any masculine bulges. Matching light blue panties and bra followed, with soft realistic falsies. Soft

nylons were a joy to pull over my now smooth legs, fastened to a tiny blue garter belt. She then gave me a slip, that almost drove me to ecstasy as I pulled its almost liquid coolness over my legs and thighs. I then sat down in front of the mirror while she began on my hair. It was fairly long, with the proper pinning and snipping, she gave me a soft fluffy pixie hairdo. I made a vow to myself then that it would not be cut again until it had reached below my shoulders, and then just a trim! I went through the rather painful procedure of having my eyebrows plucked, next, but the results and the change that it brought to my appearance more than made up for the moments of extreme discomfort. A light make-up followed, and once again, as the lipstick glossed over me, the sweetness of the taste thrilled me more than any one thing had ever done. A light blue shift with a white bow at the neckline and a soft blue cardigan followed. Soft patent leather pumps with a low heel completed my outfit. Next came lessons in walking, sitting, and posture. Mrs. Emanon seemed to be enjoying this as much as I was. Then we went down to the kitchen where I helped her make a light lunch. As I walked about, I was thrilled over again by the swish of my skirts against my legs.

"I think that you are going to work out much better than we could ever have hoped for, and I think that we'll be good friends besides. There are many more things for you to do yet. We have made arrangements for the removal of your beard and other bodily hair, next week, a shopping trip is in order, and changing of your papers and social security card. The doctor is also going to start you on hormones, and I think that if you would like it, he will be able to eliminate the need for you to wear a padded bra.

"Yes, everything! Mrs. Emanon, you have no idea how happy I am. I just can't wait till my hair gets longer and this new person becomes completely me."

"First thing, this new person needs a new name. I've been thinking, would you mind if I called you Alicia?"

"No, it's as feminine as can be, and I hope I can be enough of a girl to live up to it!"

"Very well, then Alicia. We'll have about a month, before our daughter comes back from her grandmother's so you'll be able to be completely ready for her. I want you to practice what I've shown you at all times, and to enjoy the softness of being a woman. Mr. Emanon has several



things for you to do also. There is one thing that you will have to get into the habit of, however. You must learn to knit, and you must have your knitting bag with you at all times when you are with Chrissy."

That evening, I found out the reason for the bag I had dinner with the family as was to be the custom, from then on. Mr. Emanon complimented me on my appearance, and remarked that if he hadn't been re-introduced to me, he would never have thought that I was the ex-Marine that he had hired the night before! After supper, Mrs. Emanon, or Julia as she preferred me to call her, left and I went into the library with Mr. Emanon. I was on my best behavior and sat carefully in the offered chair.

After pouring me a scotch and water and a drink for himself we got down to the closeup business of the evening. "Alicia, I'm happy at the way you have taken to your new roll, but we have other things to consider also. It is very important for you to become completely natural as a woman, but I expect you to keep the same fighting edge that you had in the marines. Your main job will be to take care of my wife and my daughter, and if trouble comes, I hope that I will have one calm person there, not three panicky women!"

"No sir, I don't think that I'll ever lose the training that I have had, and I will continue to keep myself in shape. Just the slimming exercises that I have to do will keep me in rather good shape. You don't have to be bulging with muscles to be a good infighter."

"I know, but as added protection, there are a few things that I would like you to carry in your knitting bag. I see that you have it here, and it's good practice to have it or a purse with you at all times. Here, do you know what this is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a nine mm. Browning automatic. I've fired and taken care of this weapon in Nam. It's an old friend!"

"It will also be your constant companion while you are with my daughter. You'll notice that there is a pocket sewn into the lining of your bag that will make it easy to reach at a moment's notice. Next to it you will carry this tear gas grenade. Is there anything else that you would like?"

"Yes sir, one thing." I said, fluttering my eyes and acting coy. "This!"

At that moment, my hand streaked inside my bag and a honed down handled bayonet appeared, polished and flashing evilly. My constant companion in the Asian jungles was with me once more!

Taken aback, Mr. Emanon recovered his breath. "I certainly wasted my time giving you a lecture on being prepared! You certainly are good with dangerous weapons!"

"Sir, there's no such thing as a dangerous weapon, just a dangerous man . . . or woman!" I told him calmly.

The next few months went by quickly for me. Alicia had taken over my being and personality, completely. As a matter of fact, I don't think that I would have answered to any other name after the indoctrination that I had received.

In the weeks before Chrissy had returned, Julia had taken me into New York city several times. After a number of bouts with an electrolysis needle, my skin was becoming smooth and soft like a woman's. I was rewarded by a trip to Elizabeth Arden's where I was given a complete facial, make-up job, and a new hair style. It was to encourage it to grow to one length as I had requested. To hold me over in the mean time, I was allowed to purchase several falls and a full wig for good wear. One thing that was discovered during the trip was that I was a much better looking girl as a blonde, so a blonde I became. Stripped of my color, and then softly tinted to a lovely shade, I felt more feminine than I had ever imagined that I could. Shopping followed our trip, and my wardrobe became complete with the latest styles, soft blouses covered with lace, and my favorites, the incredible softness of angora and cashmere sweaters and scarves. I learned quite a bit from Julia about color, fabric and style selection during this time, and since my weight and figure had reached proper proportions from the slimming and conditioning exercises, I was able to achieve the look that I had desired.

Back at home, I helped with the cooking and some of the sewing. I found that I could be creative with my hands and was usually in charge of arranging the centerpieces for the evening table. Also, to fill out my knitting bag and cover my little survival kit, I became the owner of several balls of wool and the appropriate knitting needles. To my surprise I found that this too made me feel relaxed and comfortable. I spent many pleasant evenings, watching TV in a lovely peasant skirt, while my fingers busied themselves making me my first soft sweater.

Chrissy, when she arrived, turned out to be a little lady. She was a tiny duplicate of her mother, soft pink, and blonde, with waist length hair and an innate daintiness about her that indicated the type of young woman that she was to become. We had many pleasant hours together, and I had almost stopped worrying about any possible problems, when suddenly one popped up from another quarter.

I had only myself to blame for this one. Although I got on well with her, I still had a lot to learn about little girls. I had no idea that they were as mischievous as little boys, in their own way. As all girls Chrissy liked to play grown-up and would enjoy wearing my skirts, dragging on the floor or one of her mother's floppy hats, evidently she was as much enraptured with the procedure of make up as I was, and by imitation she was trying to learn.

One rainy afternoon, I had left her in her playroom while she was playing with her dolls. I was sitting down to a cup of tea with Julia when suddenly she ran into the room.

"Look, Alicia. look Mommie, don't I look pretty!"

We both looked over, and then gasped. Chrissy had somehow decided that she wanted to have different color hair too, and solved the problem in her own little six year old mind. She stood before us with her lovely waist length hair painted bright green. Somehow she had gotten into the outdoor oil base paint that had been put up on the third floor, to paint the shutters. She hesitated a little, when we didn't compliment her quickly and then burst into tears.

"Don't you like it Mommie? I did it just like you do yours!"

In one motion Julia and I both grabbed her and rushed her to the sink, trying to wash it off before her hair was completely ruined. Alas, there was no such luck, and the once lovely hair was all green, matted, and ruined for good.

"Alicia, what are we going to do?"

"Well, we can either leave it like that or cut it off. I'm afraid that if we tried to wash it off with paint thinner or turpentine, we would injure her scalp for good."



"Yes, I guess you're right, it'll have to go. Would you please do it Alicia? I don't think that I could bear to cut it off."

All right, but what are we going to tell Mr. Emanon?"

"We'll have to tell him the truth, of course, it wasn't anyone's fault, not even Chrissy's."

So I took Chrissy by the hand and led her up to her bedroom. Seating her away from the mirror, I got out my scissors. She started to cry as soon as I came near her.

"No . . . NO . . . NO . . . Don't cut off my hair, I don't want to be bald. NNNOOOO! Please, please!"

"Chrissy, we have to darling, so that good new hair can grow in for you. Besides short hair is in the style. Here, look!"

I showed her a current copy of Hair-Do that had been laying on my dresser. Carefully avoiding all of the longer styles, I showed her the shortest ones and told her how lovely they would look.

"Why do you have such long hair then if you like these so much?"

I was stumped. What can you say to the honesty of a child's question? The only thing was to lie gracefully.

"Oh, I was sort of planning on having my hair cut real short soon, too!"

"Do it now . . . Do it now, or you can't cut mine."

What could I do? How can you tell a child what it all means, the months that I waited and watched and almost tugged on my long soft hair so that it would rest where it did on my shoulders. But right at that moment I knew that the fate of my hair was sealed too.

"Julia . . . Julia, will you please come here a minute."

"Yes, Alicia," she said entering the room.

"I just had a talk with Chrissy about getting her hair cut, and, and, well, she, she won't do it, unless I get mine styled short too," I stammered

"Oh no, how did she talk you into that!" she laughed.

I explained my attempted reasoning to her.

"Well, if you have to pay the piper too, sit down and we'll amputate your tresses." she said, steering me to the vanity chair. "Watch how much fun it is now Chrissy!"

The horrible grinding sound of the scissors biting into the first of my curls almost drove me to tears, but somehow I sat there as my hair softly fell to the floor around me. I'm sure that she was trying to make Chrissy happy, as my hair was cut almost to the stubble of a pixie again.

"Now, Chrissy, it's your turn."

We sat her up there on the chair and soon her waist length green tresses joined mine on the floor. Hers unfortunately had to be cut even shorter than mine, but the sight of me in the mirror, with Julia gaily running her hands through my now so short tresses kept her smiling while the operation was performed.

"O.K. Chrissy, all done. Happy now?"

"Oh Mommy, my head feels light. Now it's your turn, Mommy!"

"Yesss, Mommy, it sure is!" I added gaily, cheering her on.

"Oh, no, I couldn't! No . . . no!"

"But why not, Alicia and I had a hair cut, and you said how pretty it was. Don't you want to be pretty too?"

Shaking her head, and shrugging her shoulders in defeat, she let Chrissy lead her to the place of honor, in front of the vanity mirror.

"Goodbye curls, I guess . . . please don't cut it too short, Alicia!"

"Oh, I think that Chrissy should have a turn at cutting too!" I said, mischievously.

"No!!!" She started to get up when I pushed her firmly but gently down onto the chair. Her hair was piled high, in curls on her head, held by a light blue ribbon. Without unpinning her hair, I began to remove her



Michelle - Okla.



Janice - Texas



curls, one by one, dropping them in a soundless, liquid plop in her lap. Then, removing the pins and ribbon, I finished her off, quite as short as mine, her burnished golden hair joined the growing pile on the floor . . .

It was quite a sight that greeted Mr. Emanon at dinner that night. We had spent the rest of the afternoon putting our hair up in tiny pin curls, and tying little bits of ribbon in the curls. We both made up our eyes heavily and wore chandalier earrings, and the laciest dresses we owned.

"Just what the hell happened here this afternoon?" he burst out in amazement.

"Quietly Julia got up and walked over to him, then she handed him a big silver wrapped box. He opened it to reveal the product of our afternoon's harvest, golden tresses, mixed with green!

"We just thought that it would be cooler for the summer." Smiling, she turned and walked away. Women don't have to explain their reasons!

Fall came, and with it the new fashions. My hair hadn't grown out completely but I discovered that the new shorter fashions were indeed fun, and both Julia and I sported softly all-girl curl hair-do's. Happily the autumn air came crisply and on schedule, and I greeted the first day of fall with an angora sweater dress of light green. Chrissy loved to bury her head in my lap, as we sat out on the lawn. She had been playing and was all tired out. I had been working on a gay scarf to wear for the oncoming winter.

Suddenly, I was grateful for her and the makeshift haircut. If my hair had been over my eyes, I would have never seen the dark shape moving by the trees near us. Suddenly a man, wearing a sloppy suit and a fedora pulled low over his eyes, stepped out into the clearing.

"Hold it right there, sister."

I looked up pretending surprise, and saw that he was menacing us with a snub nosed revolver. Not a really dangerous predictament, but with Chrissy there I didn't want bullets flying around the place.

"What do you want, sir?" I managed to ask, keeping my poise, but adding the proper touch of hysteria to my voice.

"Just the kid, lady. You shut up and you'll be all right!" he said gruffly.

NO! I started to scream, and he did exactly what I hoped he would. He moved closer to try to shut me up with his fist. As he swung, I brought up the ugly barrel of the Browning, I had already jacked a shell into the chamber. Quickly the gun bucked three times in my hand, and the horrible little man fell, his face and neck blown away by the awesome power of a buzzing shell.

"Nice shooting, Annie Oakley. Now I don't have to split the loot. But drop it slow, or you won't live to be loved by me!"

I dropped the gun as instructed and turned around. Ugly man no. 2 was standing behind me, holding Chrissy with her head against his thigh. "Come on, sweetheart, quick or I'll kill you and the kid now!"

I reached for my things, but he leaned over and grabbed them, yanking me along he took us through the woods to an old black car that was hidden in the trees along the back access road.

Shoving us into the car he bound and gagged Chrissy and tied my hands tightly behind my back. A real professional job. There was no way out of this one.

We travelled into the darkening evening for what seemed like hours, across state lines, until we finally got off the pavement and onto an old dirt road leading off into the woods. Finally we stopped off at a small cabin. We were shoved into the dirty place and stood as he lit the gas lantern. Only then did I have the opportunity to look around.

"O.K., baby, this is our home of sorts for the next few days and maybe your gravesite if you aren't real nice to little ol. me."

"What are you planning on doing?"

"We are going to like in the movies, lay low, and wait. If you want to keep the kid alive you better keep her nice and quiet and keep yourself nice for me."

Suddenly he grabbed me, and pinning his arms around mine, pushed his mouth into my face and burning me with his beard, kissed me hard on the mouth. Even as I struggled, I knew that he would have to be appeased if we were going to have a chance to escape. He finally ended his kiss and pushed me toward the sink.

"O.K. babe, that's just a taste of what I've got in store for you, for the next few days. You, sweet thing, are going to be the blanket that keeps me warm at night. Now, fix me some food, while I do some more planning."

I opened the refrigerator and found some frozen TV dinners, turning on the oven, I looked for the opportunity to do something, but he was busy tying Chrissy to a chair, and gagging her, and watching me closely at the same time.

"No tricks, or the kid gets it. You're too dangerous. By the way, where did you learn to shoot like that?"

"In the Marines . . ." I replied sarcastically, though truthfully.

"Don't get wise with me, sister" he came back bluntly.

"I'm sorry."

"Well, maybe I'd better not take any chances." he said thoughtfully. "You might have another gun under that soft little dress. Take it off."

"NO . . .!"

"Don't be shy, baby, we're all grownups!" With a leap he was over to me and with a grab, he had hold of the bodice and was stretching and pulling till the lovely angora dress was reduced to tatters.

"Now see what you did. If you had taken it off nice like I wanted you to, you'd have something to wear, and now you'll have to be half naked! Are you going to be nice or is the rest of it going to be ripped off you too? I don't mind a little rape, myself and you seem like you could be a little hellcat, especially in bed."

Once more he advanced toward me, I was standing there in my bra, and slip waiting for the next move and stalling for precious time. I had my plan outlined, but I needed the proper moment to do the needed thing.

"Wait, I'll take off the rest." I said slowly.

"That's a good girl. I'll just stand here and cheer you on."



Slowly and sensuously as I could, I reached behind me and started to play with the clasps on my bra. I wiggled a little bit and hummed a few bars of "The Stripper."

"Quit fooling around or I'll finish it off for you." he said.

Not paying any attention, I reached down and dropped my slip to the floor. I was now facing him in bra and panties!

"The bra, the bra, take off the goddam bra, let's see something!"

I went back to playing with the strap, opening the clasp and playing with it in front of me. Impatience finally got the best of him, and I won the waiting game. He moved swiftly in front of me and grasped the front of the garment. Yanking it out of my hands, he tossed it on the floor. Thus he became the first man to have a look at the wonderful soft breasts that the good doctor had given me, in New York. As I stood there chest heaving, he hesitated for a moment, as he began to look over his newly conquered domain. We were reaching the end of the game, because if the panties were to come off, he would discover something else that the doctor had not had the opportunity to touch.

In that moment of hesitation, I did the obvious thing, freed of slip and skirt, my legs, nylon encased were free to swing, and my right one came up just as my instructor had taught me. Almost with precision, I placed my light blue kid pump in his groin. The stylishly pointed toe, digging in as recommended. I pushed back away from him and fell backwards in a convincing but soft judo fall. He was bent over in pain, giving me the opportunity to kick off the high heels, and reach inside my garter belt, to the little compartment that I had hollowed out in my hip padding. My figure was decreased a little as I brought out the lethal contents of the hidden pouch. The light of the gas lantern glinted for an instant on the highly polished blade, as my friend of many close ones came to my hip in the classic pose of a street fighter.

The gangster had partially recovered by then and was trying to circle back toward Chrissy and his gun. I moved in to cut him off, and we circled away. The tables had turned and he was sweating profusely as he faced the 5 inches of death. How difficult it must have been for him to watch the lovely girl before him, the soft nakedness of her breasts, rising with each breath, the tousled curly hair-do and the light blue eyeshadow adding to the glitter of the steel grey cold eyes of a professional killer. It was only a matter of time, we both knew, and I decided that I should

get it done quickly. Suddenly, the little hood, his mouth oozing spittle in fear, turned and bolted for the door. My arm came up and flashed down, and silvery death flipped through the air before burying itself to the hilt in the back of his neck. And like the coward he was, who preferred to prey on women and little children, he died, almost instantly, with a horrible shriek.

After checking my work, to insure that the dead wasn't about to rise, I went over and ungagged the now hysterical Chrissy. For several minutes, the both of us just sat and cried out our emotions. Her warm tears coursing with mine over my heaving breast. Then I found my bra and slip, and in a moment of female ingenuity, took the red checkered tablecloth and fashioned myself an off-the-shoulder dress of sorts. Then I hustled Chrissy out to the car and raced to the nearest phone.

"Operator, give me 687-5678 collect, and hurry . . . hello, Mr. Emanon . . . Alicia . . . we're safe . . . yes . . . I'll tell you later . . . got to get the police . . . no, she isn't hurt . . . me, I'm okay . . . but you owe me a new dress . . . the ----- ruined my best one . . . no, I'm not a silly girl . . . well, I guess I am . . . who else but a woman would think of clothes at a time like this . . .

The police were called, and I attempted to retell them the story of the terrifying events of the past few hours. We went back to the scene of the crime, and I explained the action that had taken place, careful to stress my abuse and not mentioning the fact that I had buried the knife into his back from clear across the room. I didn't want the police to think that I had the abilities that I did. Before I had left, I had inserted a kitchen knife in the wound left by my bayonet. I had no desire to try to explain why I was in possession of such a weapon. My explanation and a few tears, very real from the emotions that I had been through, satisfied the police, and they made us comfortable at the local hotel in town for the night. Also they were kind enough to provide us both with nighties and a skirt and sweater to take the place of my tablecloth sarong.

Everyone was extremely kind to us and the night's sleep plus a before bed nightcap with the police lieutenant helped to calm us all. I found my purse and knitting bag in the hoodlums car, so that I had my makeup for the following day. The police were rather overzealous in their selection of clothes and I found that the sweater was quite revealing of the curves of my figure. But I was rather secretly pleased

that I had received so many admiring glances as we climbed into Mr. Emanon's car to leave.

On the way back, I was caught up on the events in my absence. The body of the first hoodlum was found on the long driveway lawn, with the Browning and the expended shell casings, at about the same time the ransom letter was delivered to the mansion. Thinking that I had been overcome and killed the Emanons had just about given up hope of our safe return when I called.

Once at home, I put Chrissy to bed for a much needed rest, and took a long luxurious bubble bath, and slipped into a pair of paisley lounging pajamas. Suddenly there was a knock on the door and I went over to be greeted by the maid.

"The master would like your presence in the library as soon as possible, Miss Alicia."

"Tell him that I will be right down."

Quickly I changed into a demure blue velvet dress, with lace cuffs, and blue suede heels, light makeup, blue eyeshadow, and a light pink lipstick to match my nail polish. Then gaily I went downstairs and into the library.

"Well, there she is, pretty as a picture."

I lowered my eyes slightly and blushed. I had not realized in a long time how naturally the female preparations came to me, and how wonderful I felt when I felt myself to be really pretty. The hormone treatments and the conditioning that I had been giving myself and the presence of Julia and Chrissy's care had completely changed me.

With a smile James Emanon handed me a brandy snifter.

"Alicia, I think that the time has come for us to drink a toast to you and to try to thank you for all that you have done, we certainly had a lucky night when you agreed to take this job."

"Mr. Emanon, I don't think that anyone could be more grateful than I am. You and Julia have given me a real opportunity to discover



more about myself. And to tell the truth I am perfectly happy with the new me. I don't think that I would trade the softness of the life that I have found for anything in the world," I told him.

"I thought that, and I'm afraid that I took the liberty of talking to someone about you, before consulting you, he's out in the vestibule now. I've told him the whole story, and he is extremely interested in meeting you. We'd hate to lose you but I think that you should listen to his offer!"

He went to the door of the library and led a tall interesting looking man into the room.

"Alicia, this is Mister Brooks, he works for the, ah, government, and he has a proposition for you."

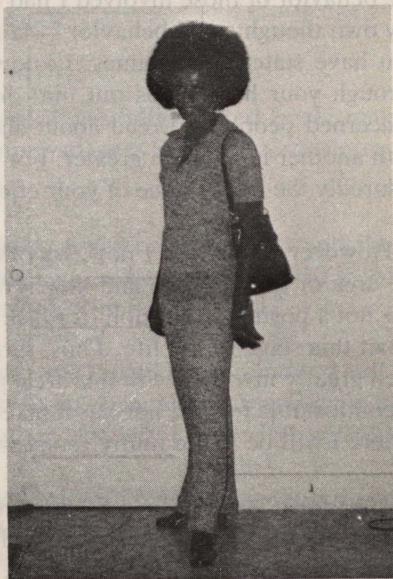
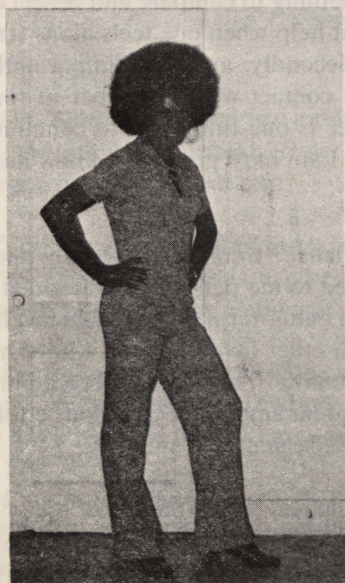
Several hours later, I emerged from a private conference with Jim Brooks. The offer, was to say the least, fascinating. A little dangerous perhaps, but it would mean a fabulous life, and most of all it was for ALICIA! I would regret leaving the Emanons, but we promised to keep in close touch and that they were to call me if they should ever need my services again. That same evening, packed and dressed in a beige traveling suit, with matching accessories, I boarded the private Lear Jet with Mr. Brooks and flew off to D.C. . . .

But I'll tell you more about that in the next chapter, when Alicia-Super Nannie might just pop up in Rome as Alicia — Mistress of Intrigue!

: \* \* \* \*

## *HOW ABOUT AN ALL-FICTION ISSUE?*

Well, almost all that is. Preference polls have always shown fiction as the most popular and as I get considerably more fiction submitted than other types of material and as we have had in the past a couple of predominantly picture issues it seems that a primarily fiction issue would be in order, so look for that in No. 72. I can also get it together quicker. So if you are not an advance buyer, now is the time to become one. Get your order in, get on the waiting list, and it will be sent to you as soon as it's published.



Laura 5-B-30 FPE



*"Dear  
Editor"*



**LETTERS**

Dear Virginia,

There is little doubt that this letter should have been written sooner, for you deserve both my appreciation and my explanation; thus, for my silence I apologize. For someone who has helped me grow, especially in a difficult time when guidance was needed, I give my sincere thanks. Your guidance — through your magazine — was two-fold to me, and certainly of great importance. First, it gave me a general look into the area of transvestism to which I could compare myself. Through looking into the thoughts and the behavior of those involved I had something to compare and reflect on my own thoughts and behavior — a great help when one feels alone (this you have stated many times, I know). Secondly, and most importantly, through your help I was put into direct contact with a number of fine, concerned people. To read about another is one thing, but to commune with another is so much greater. For this I am most grateful. I know most assuredly the importance of your efforts.

However; where am I now, why the silence? In reflecting deeply upon the area of transvestism and how it related to me personally, I decided it was not a positive condition (for lack of a better term for the moment) for me at this stage of my life. Thus, through other involvements, I have not been greatly involved with this area, personally. This has not been all that uncomfortable for me, nor has it taken a great amount of conscious effort. Where I will be in the future remains to be seen at this moment.

The above is the basic reason for my silence, but certainly not the only reason. At the moment, my financial interests are being concentrated on a few "must" areas, so economics too, are a factor. Hopefully, this will give this will give you the understanding you need and the thanks you deserve.

Sincerely, Donald



My dear Virginia;

Your European trip I know will benefit many and I hope this modest check will lighten your expense and bring happiness to many during your journey. I know your talks must do a lot of good and sometime I do hope, if you are lecturing in my section of Southern California, that I may be advised as I would like to attend.

I wish to complement you on your book, "How to be a Woman . . ." I think it is one of the best prepared and researched books I have ever read or studied. The Explanations are tremendous. I believe it is a book that every TV should have in his library and if read and studied by them would ease many of their problems. I also do believe your modest price is exceptional. The book with its detailed knowledge is worth double or triple and should be a must in one's library. Transvestia, too, is a well edited magazine. Sometimes with stories a little far fetched, but worthy of a chuckle.

My best,

Evelyn

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia;

One Saturday night a few months ago, I was fully dressed, heels, make-up and all. I decided to go get the newspaper. So I drove downtown, parked my car, and got out.

You should have heard the horns honk. I walked to the newstand about a half block away, then a gentleman, I guess he was in his 30's, said, "Excuse me miss, but could you direct me? I'm new in town."

I was scared to death, but he smiled, and talked very friendly. I felt so warm, and girlish I didn't know what to do. I smiled back and gave him his directions. He thanked me very politely and left. I felt so free and alive.

I hope someday all our girls in the world can have this feeling. I know Virginia is trying her best and I think we all owe her a great deal. I guess I'll close for now. Looking forward to my next issue.

Bye for now  
Michelle

Dear Virginia,

I read your excellent article in TVia 67. I found it most informative and can remember way back to a question "Am I?". Reading of articles such as yours has set me straight. Sad will be the day when there are no more articles to read on the many subjects.

Beverly 5-C-12 FPE

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Dr. Prince:

My TV husband and I have been married for seventeen years — we've been good friends and have worked together to raise five boys and to build two businesses. It's been a great marriage except for the fact that my husband is a TV and I have not been able to accept it and there has been that vague but ever present question in our minds about how long we could live with this sometimes untenable situation.

I have been grateful to you over the years for providing my husband with the moral support that I could not give. A few years ago I read your book, *The TV and his Wife*, but I read the letters from wives who had made the adjustment with despair for I felt that I would never be able to write you such a letter. It appeared that there was no real solution for us — I just tried to deemphasize (or ignore) the reality that I could not bear to face.

Recently, I began to do quite a bit of reading on the subject of hypnosis — I was intrigued with the possibilities and asked my physician to refer me to a psychiatrist-hypnotist. Although I came precariously close to breaking the appointment, I went to see the psychiatrist he had recommended and told him what I wanted to achieve. In the weeks that followed, through the use of posthypnotic suggestions, some "therapeutic" tears, and much reasoning, I was able to overcome my resistance to changing my attitude toward my husband and his harmless pastime and to give him my full co-operation. I was a "good subject" and a "classic case" and therapy was very straight-forward — it took a half dozen sessions at \$35.00 per session, although his original estimate had been ten to twelve sessions. Although this represents a bit of an investment, a hypnotist is lots cheaper than a lawyer and can save an untold amount of misery — my only regret is that I did not find this solution much, much sooner!

Apparently the approach of treating the wife of a transvestite is relatively new — not so long ago it would have been considered encouraging perversion — and, of course, the use of hypnosis speeds up the process considerably. I found the experience quite educational and rewarding — learning to use the tool of self-hypnosis, in itself, has proven invaluable.

I have taken extensive notes on what occurred during those six sessions. I have been kind of toying around with the thought of writing a magazine article about my experiences — if you felt that you could use such an article to benefit other transvestites and their wives, I'd do it for sure. Please let me have your comments and suggestions.

Sincerely,

P. S. My husband just received a letter from "Stephanie" of Hollywood, Florida — her description of you is "delightful" and "dynamic"!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia,

In the last paragraph of your book "TV & wife," you request that those who have benefitted from it should let you know.

Although I am a bachelor transvestite in the middle years of life I have, all the same, gained very great benefit from it.

As a true FP my sole concern has been to give expression to the very strong feminism that is within me. I have never practiced it as incidental to anything else, and therefore have no sense of guilt and do not see why others should have either.

However, because of an overwhelming sense of the absurdity of the thing, I have always practiced it in secret.

I believe that many FP's confuse themselves by failing to distinguish between that which is wrong and that which may be only absurd. They fix their "guilt" on the wrong cause. If they could correct this mistaken view, they could then go on to see that it is not even absurd, but entirely rational, then acceptance of their true selves would follow easily.



Lately, my own home circumstances have changed because of bereavement, and I have sought consolation by giving freer and more frequent expression to my femmepersona and it has mitigated against my loss.

The sense of the absurd, however, still prevailed. That is until recently, when I bought, here in England, a copy of your book, "TV & Wife."

This has rationalised the whole thing for me. It has explained myself to me. The sense of the absurd has vanished completely. I now accept my other self entirely, and when "She" emerges I feel that this is the real "me."

For this revelation I shall be forever in your debt. Having, through you, made the adjustment to complete self acceptance I have taken a great leap forward and, as a traveller surveying a new and pleasant prospect, so for me, other hopes and other questions arise.

In your country, it seems that you have this thing more out in the open, and you are so organised that you can get together and enjoy your experiences as a society, and as a way of life.

So far as I know, no such position prevails here in England. We practice in private and in solitude. (*Ed. Note - She is not yet aware of the Beaumont Society.*)

We dress and make-up, and then spend the day mooning about our own place, feeling frustated and dispirited; rather like a political prisoner under house arrest. Yet knowing all the time that there must be many doing the same thing and feeling the same way.

All of us wishing that we had the means to be together. OR, is it that myself and those like me are missing out on something that does actually exist?

Well, Virginia, you did ask to hear from those who have benefited from your book, and in taking you at your word I do hope that I am not making myself too burdensome.

In my case, in the desolation of bereavement, femmephilia has been a stabilizing force without which I am certain I would have been shattered and disorientated. If my friends knew of my being FP, would they have preferred me non-FP, but shattered and disorientated, or FP and with

some strength and stability? The proposition does not even seem to make a moot point, it surely answers itself and makes a strong case for the acceptance and recognition of the femmepersona.

I am absolutely convinced that in those cases where FPia has been accepted by wives and others, their acceptance has resulted in a greater sum of human happiness than would have been the case had they rejected or forbidden it, and that those cases in which it has been rejected would have ended far more happily for all concerned, if more effort at adjustment and acceptance had been made.

I suspect that if you were to take at random a number of FPs and an equal number of non-FPs and awarded each with points for such attributes as kindness, tolerance, consideration for others, good manners, reluctance to take mean advantages of others, etc., etc., then it would be the FPs who would record the highest scores.

If so, are non-FPs qualified or entitled to pass judgement on FPs?

And again, there are those who whilst themselves blessed with every advantage that life has to offer in great abundance, would condemn an FP whose FPia is perhaps the one and only thing in his life that makes it tolerable at all.

With very grateful thanks for the immense benefit derived from your book, and with some hope that I may hear from you.

In case you should reply, I have made a copy of this so that I shall know to what various aspects you might make reference. I shall not be depending on my memory of this.

Sincerely, Eileen

Dear Virginia,

I have just read, together with my wife, your wonderful book, "The Transvestite and His Wife". You have done us a wonderful service and I would venture to say many other couples probably feel as we do.

We are most interested in obtaining information about FPE and Transvestia — could you please help us. We realize your time is valuable, but wanted to express our thanks and progress forward into a whole new glorious world that you have opened our eyes to being available to us.

Sincerely, Joan & wife





### HOLLOWEEN WITH LAMBDA - FPE

Agnes, Rayetta, Jennifer, Betty, Florence, Wendy,  
Nickie, Sheryl, Marilyn, Brendalyn



### CHRISTMAS WITH ALPHA — FPE

Back: Wanda, Hilda, Fran, Wanda, Cathy Ann, Joyce  
Middle: Patricia, Betty, Louise, Mary, Sylvia, Irene  
Front: Joan, Virginia, Carol, Rayna, Peggy



## BOOKS TO READ

While I am not going to write a book review, not being good at that sort of thing there are three books I'd like to call to your attention all of which are worth reading but which are about as far apart as you can get between themselves. The first and second I haven't even finished reading as of this writing but I recommend them to you even on the parts I have read.

- 1) **SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY** by Arno Karlen. Publ. by Norton N.Y. 1971 and costs \$15.00. It is about 3 inches thick and is a very scholarly investigation into the phenomenon of human sexuality through the ages. I was interviewed by Mr. Karlen about 3 years ago and the interview appears just as it was given. In addition he devotes several pages to the subject of transvestism. Anyone really interested in the field of sexuality should read it despite its length and cost.
- 2) **I WILL FEAR NO EVIL** by Robert Heinlein. A Berkeley paperback Science Fiction book \$1.25. Heinlein is one of the real pros of science fiction and author of the well known *Stranger in a Strange Land*. This book is up our alley as it involves a future time brain transplant from an 80 year old millionaire into the body of his gorgeous and sexy 25 year old blonde secretary who was accidentally murdered. As you can imagine learning to live, act, dress, feel and talk like a beautiful 25 year old female is quite a trick. Its interest is increased by the fact that Eunice — the secretary's personality somehow comes along with her body so that there is a lot of intra-cranial conversation between the two of them about the outside world. You'll enjoy it.
- 3) **THE FEMALE EUNUCH** by Germaine Greer. I got this in paperback in England and don't know whether it is available other than hard cover here or not. Those of us who were born males and raised as boys have only a boy's-eye view of girls and women. It seems fitting that we ought to have some idea, even if it is only vicariously obtained, of what it is like to be born female and raised as a girl. There is assuredly a lot more to it than most FPs have any idea. I heartily recommend that you read this book and find out what it is really like to be a girl and woman. It can't help but broaden your understanding and I mean no pun by that. This is really a remarkable book analysing as it does just about all the imaginable factors and stages of a girl-woman's life, her apprehension of it and its effect on her.

## FPE CONFERENCE IN SWEDEN

(no author)

*(Ed Note: This is a translation of a newspaper report in one of Sweden's principle papers about a meeting of the Skandinavian branch of FPE.)*

In a small hotel in Skane (Sweden) 40 transvestites are holding a weekend conference. They are all men. Most of them are married and on ordinary days they dress and act as men, go to work and go to bed with women. But at the conference they are all dressed as women, although several of them bring their wives along. They are coquettish, painted, wear artificial breasts and artificial hips. Many of them are quite pretty. But they only dare behave this way on occasions like this one. For the most of them an exposure would be a personal catastrophe. Because we — all “normal” people, are not tolerant and not well enough informed to let them be as they are.

In waves and rustles and drifts of flouncing silk, brocades, laces and fox fur, the light shining on golden shoes, chains, pearls, diadems and rosettes the “ladies” rise and go to the table. 50 women’s heads with well dressed hair bend to each other in confidential conversation and small giggles. During the coffee and the cocoa there is community singing. Even if you are prepared it comes as a surprise. Suddenly the room is full of rumbling basses and the cut-glass chandeliers are vibrating since most of the women in the room are men. In one corner the restaurateur is sitting at a round table looking at the guests without wincing. He owns the hotel. It is the third time this year that the friendly restaurateur with the deadpan face has opened his hotel for the weekend conference of FPE — the organization for heterosexual transvestites.

A transvestite is usually a man who now and then is seized with an urge to dress as a woman. The very slight research done on this subject has revealed very few reverse cases, i.e. women who want to impersonate men.

Most of the transvestites don't like to remember how they were discovered in girl's clothes at an age of 5-6 years old and laughed at. Such experiences make people shy as animals. Therefore many stay at home in locked rooms dressing alone rather than contact like-minded persons. FPE (in translation from American means almost the same as "realization of your full personality") has for most of the members meant a fantastic change. Instead of isolation at home, they can meet with others and be helped with practical problems, and can participate in a conference and banquet several consecutive days as girls and can act openly and with a girl's name.

"Y" is a commercial traveller. This means lonely evenings at many hotels but many possibilities to "dress." "But who can take the time after a hard day to make himself a complete girl every evening — it takes several hours to do so, requiring a very careful shaving and makeup," says "Y."

"Don't you try to create the same sort of woman you have in your wife?" I asked.

"No, she is a more humble woman — and I do not think that she would be able to live happily if she knew about me. I am quite sure of that so I have lived a complete double life for 30 years now. At home I am the husband with a wife and grown up children and with grandchildren. There they only see the grey lounge suit which my "brother" (as we say) has worn year in and year out. My wife does not know that my ears are pierced with double holes, for small studs at smaller meetings and for heavy pieces of jewelry together with the smaller one at gala dinners. In beauty parlors, however, they are very understanding about such things. Many transvestites go there to have their beard removed by diathermy. One of the participants here has spent more than 10.000 crowns (\$2000) in order to get rid of his beard. I spend a good deal of money on clothes."

"Y" looks like a well-groomed wife of a managing director, and is very tastefully dressed.

Sometimes when it is too lonely sitting in the room at the hotel waiting for the next day, Y appears half-way — and with his coat over the lady's apparel and his wig in a bag, Y's "brother" slips out of the hotel into his car and finishes the make up and dressing there. Then "she" goes alone to a restaurant.

"I feel calm and perfectly safe as Y," he says. "I am also happy and effective as Y's brother. They complete each other very well. I would not want to lose either of them."



Y is in her sixties. The average age is high in this organization. Obviously it takes time to learn to accept oneself if you are a transvestite. But to accept oneself is the advice that the very few psychologists who know anything about transvestism give to their clients. It has to be we — the outsiders — who have to alter our opinions. The more the circumstances are known, the fewer the prejudices. This is a favorite subject for discussion among the transvestites. All of them have at one time or another been called hermaphrodites, or homosexuals — people cannot get it into their heads that an ordinary boy might like to play a girl or woman now and then.

But how can the man in the street understand sexual deviations, when the medical reporters do not. Only a week ago there was a big article on the front page of one of the biggest Swedish newspapers telling about refined methods for curing patients with schizophrenia, nervous fear, sex criminals and homosexuals. The homosexuals in this country have always preached that they feel happy with their state of mind. They do not want to be cured, and neither do the heterosexual transvestites.

We have to understand that we must not be indignant at the ordinary transvestites. In most cases their transvestism is without any erotic color, it is nothing to laugh at, and nothing to be afraid of. Women are able to wear close-cropped hair and trousers without any twittering behind their back. I am sitting here dressed in trousers and a sleeveless jacket, with unmanicured nails, which a transvestite would never accept, listening to Christina. She is the newest member. In her late fifties, for the first time in her life she is among like-minded people.

"I am happy here. You are so nice — you listen to me." she says.

There are many Danish transvestites here too. Copenhagen is a vital FPE center and the social groups are more variable in Denmark. The Swedish members are mostly well-educated, middle class people. The Danes are everything from general laborers to highly-educated university graduates.

The secretary-general for the Nordic FPE is called Annette. On ordinary days she is a busy businessman with a big family and a "normal" home life. The mother organization of FPE is American and its founder and "patron saint" is Virginia Prince, loved and admired by all transvestites. Several years ago she was here in Sweden and there was a press conference at Grand Hotel in Stockholm.

The relation between a transvestite and his wife is a very delicate and very frequently discussed question in the organization. Annette tells rather movingly about the reactions of her wife, when she (Annette) was forced to tell her.

"But why on earth have you never told all this to me before," she said, and embraced me for a long time. Now she helps me with my work for the organization.

At the Swedish conference many of the transvestites had their wives with them.

A transvestite can never be sure whether people look at him because he is pretty or because it is possible for them to see the "brother" show through. It is only a small elite who dare go out in public and then not often two together as that would be too conspicuous.

Annette has a great understanding for the transvestites who are sitting around the country and who dare not contact the organization. She wants to tell them that only two members of the committee, she and another one in Southern Sweden, know the real names and addresses, and that the press or photographers are not allowed in to the meetings (this story is an exception). Every member uses a feminine cover name during the meetings and that she is first passed into the organization through a so-called "big sister" before she is confronted with more transvestites. Annette says that getting into the woman's role gives her much relaxation, and all the other transvestites at the table agree.

I wonder why that is so since society and the men make just as burdensome demands on the women today as on men. Annette explains that since a transvestite is a man who normally finds an outlet for his need of activity by means of his work, the role of the woman is not so demanding, but he probably can only be comfortable in that role for a few days. Should he be able to live a long while as a woman, Annette says the role would become less appealing. Even if you blush with pride if someone whistles at you or holds a door open for you.

At the Swedish hotel behind the hedge of fir by the small lake there is breakfast on the last day. Many have overslept because they were up talking until morning. Others emerge as they are without makeup and in grey lounge suits. I am overwhelmed by affection for these small grey men with all their dreams in them. You would understand them better

if you saw how big the difference can be between the women at the banquet and the same persons now as men preparing to drive home.

And in the car on the road in the afternoon most of them are already thinking about and planning for the next meeting.

Footnote: The address for FPE, the organization for heterosexual transvestites, is Box 4041, Norrköping 4, Sweden.

\* \* \* \* \*

Signs  
of the  
Times



PANTS vs. SKIRTS

or WHO'S AN FP

It occurred to me last night when I was assembling the pics to be used in this issue and others, what a change has come over the FP scene in the last four years. Now nearly every FP has one or more pantsuits in her wardrobe and a great many of you have boots. I have 4 of the former but only rain-snow boots. I'm not complaining or accusing, I just think it is amusing to recall the number of letters and stories I've read in my time wherein the FP declaimed about the discomfort, tightness, weight of pants and the softness, freedom, lightness, coolness, etc. of slips and dresses. And of course there were the usual rhapsodies about stilt heels, gracefulness, the light weight of women's shoes and all that. And now look at you. In pants again and wearing boots which, while made of light weight materials, are still heavier and hotter by far than the delicate hi-heeled slippers you used to wear.

Is there a communication gap, a credibility gap here somewhere? Can we no longer believe those poetical and rhapsodical effusions about skirts, heels, cool slips, lacy blouses, etc? etc? What is the world coming to anyway, are we backsliders, FPs in reverse or what?



Personally I don't find the phenomenon either upsetting or surprising. I have been saying for years that the urge to wear feminine clothing was NOT for the clothing itself but for what it represented, i.e. femininity which in turn comprises all those traits, behaviors, expectations, opportunities, and outlets that are prohibited to masculine persons. When you fly to N.Y. on a plane, it's not the plane that's important, it's the destination. The plane is only the means to get there. So it is with feminine clothes. If women are wearing pants and boots and still retain the mystical quality of femininity (i.e. non-masculinity) then the FP will have to follow suit to arrive at the same goal. While I doubt the gals will ever adopt the jock strap it looks like they are going to take on everything else but and the FPs will follow on behind until, having gone full circle, they suddenly stop short in front of the mirror and — what do you know! There's brother again. We'll have to change the term from "dual" personality to "reunited" personality and no longer have to put up with the arbitrary subdivision of ourselves into masculine and feminine. At last in the long line of development of our species we can start to really be fully and totally human not each of us a walking half of a never united whole.

I clearly remember when a friendly woman who ran a dress shop and knew me as an FP first suggested that I buy a pair of stretch stirrup pants, remember them? I was practically insulted at the suggestion of Virginia wearing pants — Charles could do that all day and had to. But I also remember my surprise when after putting them on and checking myself in the mirror and out on the street that I felt myself to be just as "feminine" (whatever that word really means) in them as in my dress. This, of course, fortified my understanding that the clothing was not an end in itself as so many FPs seem to think but was the means to an end — the end of regaining my rights to those parts of myself which society, in raising me in a masculine fashion, had taken from me. That's really what FPia is all about and my life the last four years has proved it to me beyond any doubt. I have been exploring not the world but the inside of my own head. Being full time I can do it more thoroughly than you but essentially you are on the same trip, meeting, getting acquainted with and exploring your own long lost other self. Looked at this way there is no need or room for guilt, fear, and shame, just pride, pleasure and a sense of completeness. Let us therefore rejoice in having discovered the key to the rest of our SELVES.

Peace and Love,  
Virginia

## HOW IT WAS TO PLAY CHARLEY'S AUNT



Joyce (41-B-1) FPE

I guess all of us are actresses at heart. We perform the feminine role as FPs. We make up, costume ourselves, study our lines (both kinds), and work on mannerisms and voice. Well, girls, this actress was cast in a dream part, the leading "lady" in *Charley's Aunt*.

"I'm no ordinary woman!"

Joyce (41-B-1) as Charley's Aunt

The play, of course, is famous. A young man is persuaded to impersonate Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez (Charley's aunt) to act as chaperone for his friends. Perhaps you would be interested in some details about the play. It was written by Brandon Thomas and was first produced in England in 1892. Since then it has been performed in every major language of the world. It is said that not a day passes that the play isn't being performed somewhere.

The best line in the play is the one which Donna Lucia keeps repeating: "I am no ordinary woman." How true that is for both the character and for all of us. When it was announced that *Charley's Aunt* was to be done, I knew that here was a terrific chance for me. The months before tryouts seemed to drag. When they finally did arrive, I was afraid that the director might cast someone else in the part that I so very much wanted. I can't describe the agony of waiting for the cast list to be posted. Then I was cast and I literally jumped for joy.

Rehearsals were really fun. I had to develop a "feminine" voice to use extensively. That was difficult for it couldn't be a truly feminine

voice, but one that a young Englishman might use to impersonate an older lady. It is hard enough to do a feminine voice, but a semi-feminine voice with an English accent yet?

The play was to be done in turn-of-the-century costumes, so rehearsal skirts were used to let the actresses get used to the full length skirts. You can imagine my secret pleasure at being asked to wear a skirt like the rest of the girls! It turned out that my costume didn't do a thing for me. There was a long black skirt, a padded bodice trimmed in white, a white cotton shawl, and an absolutely *hideous* wig. Ah, well, we can't have everything, I guess.

Performance time came much too soon. I would have loved to have kept up the rehearsals because they were such fun. We played to about four hundred people a night. Opening night Joyce made her debut as an actress. My brother had been through several opening nights, but this one was my very first!

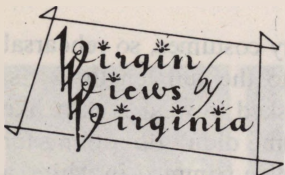
I must admit that it was hard work. I had to take several pratfalls in the interest of comedy, and I bruised myself in a number of places. The quick changes were hectic and it was hot under those lights, especially in a long black dress with woolen men's slacks on underneath.

People's comments were interesting. Several references were made about what a "lovely girl" I was (not true, as the picture will attest). One person said that I should have a chance for both the best actor and the best actress awards of the season. A GG who knows all about me said, "The others may think it was your brother up there, but I could tell it was Joyce."

It was great fun, of course, to appear before hundreds of people "dressed" with their approval and applause. I would have preferred playing a younger lady, but Donna Lucia was better than nothing.

I wonder how many of the people who have played this role were FPs who enjoyed it as much as I did. At any rate, it was an experience that will live in this actress' mind forever.





## HERE AND THERE WITH VIRGINIA

(Continued from TVia No. 70)

When I finally arrived in Copenhagen I was met by Winnie, one of our Danish FPs and driven to Amer. Express for mail from home (and a list of the problems poor Mary was trying to deal with in my absence), then to the hotel to check in and change and finally to Ernas home for a marvelous dinner and reunion with her, her parents and many of the girls I'd met in 1969. It was all marvelous except for me and my by that time terrible cough and laryngitis. Angelica, one of our girls, is also an MD and she got me a prescription which helped a bit but not much.

**TUESDAY:** Last night in the hotel was really frightening. I'd wake up with a violent cough, exhaust all the air in my lungs and then have a spasm of the larynx which prevented my breathing any air back in for what seemed like an age. I thought I was a goner several times. I finally discovered that a swallow of water going down would open up the channel so that some air could follow but it was and continued to be for several weeks a very frightening and disturbing phenomenon. I got to leaving glasses of water in whatever rooms I'd be in and carrying a plastic bottle of water in my purse so it wasn't any fun. This afternoon we had a press conference which resulted in write ups in several of the large Danish papers. They took pictures too and one of them showed me with Winnie and Evy. Afterward Evy got to worrying about the effects on her wife if they printed that picture. Well, of course they did and the next night I asked her about the reaction and she said "my marriage is hanging by a thread." Next night she reported a little improvement and by the end of the week things were O.K. Turned out that the wife's father, of all people, and then her mother, took Evy's side and told the wife, "you know what kind of person he is and we

know too, if he wants to express this part of himself sometimes then why should we care." So it goes to show that the Danes are tolerant people and that even wives' parents can be objective and helpful.

This evening they had arranged for me to speak to a homosexual club. I did and it went over well and brought forth a lot of questions. HS people have as much trouble as straights in understanding that there is some reason for dressing other than seeking a sexual partner.

**WEDNESDAY:** Today's event was a lecture at the Rigs Hospital to the psychologists and psychiatrists. They showed even more than ordinary interest. When I tried to throw the floor open for questions, the Department Chief said, "No, it is not important what we think. We would rather hear more of your views." This was a great contrast to some American groups who, as physicians, think that they are the only ones who can know anything about areas such as FPia and that one "inside of the pattern" can't be objective about it. Anita and Erna dressed and Jan as a man went with me so that collectively we presented a new experience to them. That night we had another big get together at Erna's house with her marvelous mother cooking everything in sight and her Dad urging 2nds and 3rds on everyone — wonderful people. We met and interviewed (Erna and I) a new sister from Holland and her wife. So with Dutch, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, and an American FP present it was an international evening.

**THURSDAY:** I was taken this evening to the famous Tivoli Gardens for dinner and then to a performance with that famous Dane, Victor Borge. In his own home base to a bilingual audience he was at his best and his wit flowed thick and fast such as the gag about a friend of his "who was run over by a steam roller and who can now be visited in rooms 28, 29 and 30 at the hospital."

**FRIDAY:** Spent the day shopping with Jon and visiting some of the porno shops hoping to get the magazine in but without success. Had dinner with a little girl reporter who had been at the press conference and at the Homo club the night I talked. She was gay but she was interested in my talk and invited me to dinner. She was small, young and rather cute. During the dinner I got one of my coughing spells and she tried to be helpful. Afterward as we were walking toward the taxis we were both amused to mention to each other that she had had an impulse to "mother" me during my coughing fit, and I admitted that I had impulses to be protective toward her. As she was a member not only of the lesbian community but also of Women's Lib and I had renounced





Erna from Denmark  
Anita from Sweden



STREET SCENE IN  
COPENHAGEN



the masculine role in favor of the feminine, we both got a laugh out of the intensity of the "programming" that we, like everyone else, had been exposed to such that we unconsciously felt urges to roles that we both intellectually had abandoned.

**SATURDAY:** Took the Hydrofoil boat from Copenhagen to Malmö in Sweden to see a book distributor whose name I'd been given in Stockholm. These boats go about 45 miles an hour, and on water that is considerable. Quite fun. Back again in the afternoon and after a short rest got dressed for the Banquet the Danish branch of FPE-NE was putting on for me. There were about 60 people there with a good representation of wives, several psychologists, sociologists and psychiatrists. Again quite international with 7 nationalities represented. A lovely, free evening which I wish more American FPs could enjoy. It was held in a catering restaurant right in the middle of town and most people came already dressed.

**SUNDAY:** Drove up to Elsinore at the tip of the island of Zealand, which Copenhagen is on. The fancy hotel up there about 2 miles from Hamlets Castle was the scene of the Symposium on "Gender Identity." This took up Sunday afternoon, all day on Monday, and Tuesday morning. Doctors were there from a number of countries all talking about transsexuality and giving reports and observations about "transsexuals." I had been left out of the formal program — on the excuse that there were too many papers and that a committee had selected them. Personally, I am persuaded that it was because what I would have had to say would have been from a different point of view than the Erickson Foundation which sponsored the meeting. As it was it finally got just too much for me and I promoted about 8 minutes at the platform in which I told them a) Its pretty unscientific to read a lot of papers about a phenomenon that nobody has satisfactorily characterized. In short, if no one can satisfactorily define what a TS is, how can you write papers about the subject — you can't be sure that your clinical material should be included in the title or not, b) that it was not a symposium on Gender Identity nor are the so-called clinics properly so titled because no one really deals with gender but rather with sex alteration on the assumption that this automatically brings gender with it and it doesn't. c) I tried to briefly outline to them the differences between sex and gender and how the non-understanding of these differences was what led many people to think of themselves as TSs and for many doctors to go along with that diagnosis, and d) that the Symposium was not an open forum as represented since several of those who wanted to read

papers were unable to do so and that differing viewpoints were therefore not represented. Although I had to rasp this all over my laryngitis and had only a few minutes to do it in, the point got over. One famous Danish expert told me afterward, "I agreed with all you said, your only fault was that you were too polite." Other psychiatrists later commented rather unfavorably about the whole scheme of things at the conference as being something of a farce and not scientific.

I did get a chance to meet some important people however, particularly Jan Walinder of Sweden whom I spoke to and ventured that I thought the paper in which he reported abnormal temporal lobe brain waves in transvestites was not very clear in deciding what a "transvestite" was. He conceded that it was true and that at the time he wrote it he didn't realize the differences that existed between TVs, TSs, and HSs.

Tuesday nite we went back to Copenhagen. Jan, having found that a group of conference members were going to take in a live sex show that night and thinking that I ought to see one, had arranged for me to go too. It cost \$15 which was purported to be a special price. I guess it was worth it to say that I'd seen one, but frankly I found it awfully boring and wouldn't pay 15c to see one again. Not that it wasn't genuine — there were a pair of girls who made lesbian love quite effectively with each other with a lot of cunnilingus, etc, the selection of some poor dope from the audience who was taken up on the platform and his pants taken off and masturbated by the girls; and finally a guy and a girl who "made it" both orally with each other and vaginally in about 10 different positions. But while sex is fun as a participant, so is eating a filet mignon, yet there isn't much to be gained by watching someone else have a nice dinner. It really seemed absurd for a whole bunch of well-dressed tourists (the Danes don't bother with these shows) sitting around in breathless anticipation of watching 2 other human beings carry out a perfectly natural act. I'm sure a lot of you will miss the point if I say that a good bowel movement can be pretty satisfying too and yet it would be pretty absurd to pay \$15 to sit around waiting to watch someone come in and sit on a toilet and have one. It's not that I am a prude or that I thought the show immoral. On the contrary I'm so open in my feelings that that is what made it all seem so ridiculous — a bunch of naughty children ditching school to see a peep show or to look at dirty postcards. It just wasn't mature and adult in my view and you can make what you want out of that.

WEDNESDAY: SEPT 15: Off to London to be met at Heathrow by Sylvia and Margaret, 2 top officers of the Beaumont Society. Sylvia, of course, I'd met over here when she was working in Philadelphia and was a member of the Delta FPE group in Ohio. We met at one of their meetings in Columbus about 5 years ago. Sylvia had taken her vacation to coincide with my visit and had come up from Southampton and taken a flat in London which provided me a home during my 2 weeks in London. It was certainly appreciated, helped me out considerably financially and gave us a base of operations in our forays around town as well as an opportunity to get to know each other better.

I won't take the space to itemize each day of the two weeks I spent there, but will relate the highlights. Sylvia provided the space so I tried to carry some of the load by providing a good part of the food. Learning that there was a Safeway a few miles from our place, I took my little shopping satchel like any good English housewife and caught the bus up to it. Once inside I began to react as I do when shopping at home, namely "buying out the store." Everything is in microcosm there, the store size, the shopping cart's about 1/2 size, the packaged items smaller such as 1 pint packages of milk, etc. So I went to town with a full cart and ended up with insufficient English money at the checkstand which required an exchange of a \$20 bill. The rest of my enthusiastic troubles came when I tried to pack the whole business into my shopping bag and carry the rest and ride a bus, too. Next time I was smarter.

Sylvia had arranged a press conference which we duly had and write ups appeared in the Sunday Times, the London Observer and the Yorkshire Post, a provincial paper. It was publicity like this that helped find so many new girls last time so I hope it is as successful this time. I also gave a couple of magazine interviews which should help too. I spent several days at the Science;Museum which is marvelous, the Geological Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. Even so one only scratches the surface. Also took in the Imperial War Museum rather hurriedly one day. That has a marvelous collection of war relics not only from the 2 WWs but from the Crimean War too. Very interesting. I took a trip out to see the Book Distributor that I'd opened when I was there in '69 and who had sort of fallen away. Got him started again and took a walk through Soho — the "Main Street" section of London where all the "Adult" bookshops are and was glad to see TVia in about 5 of them so we are getting exposure that way too.

Sylvia and I were taken to dinner at the London Playboy club by Pauline Keith and her husband Ivan. They run COVER GIRL — a store originally dealing in high heeled shoes for men and then branching into



lingerie, corsetry and a lot of other things. Now they are handling TVia and the Wives and How To books also. As they have customers all over the world this will get the word to a lot of new sisters too. Some of you might like to write for her catalogue of things and if so her address is: COVER GIRL, 50 Westbourne Grove nr. Queensway, Bayswater, London W-2, England. She is a grand person and will do all she can to help you get what you want or need. Anyway the Playboy is quite swank and has a small Las Vegas on the top floor with all the usual gambling games.

I did a lot of wandering around London to various out of the way and interesting places including the National Archives where one can see the original Magna Carta and the famous Domesday Book among other things. London's subway system is so superior to New York's that it is really pathetic. It's great fun to play "gopher" and go down one place and pop up some where else, explore that territory and pop down and up still elsewhere. It's all interesting.

On Friday the 24th Beaumont had its big annual banquet at which I was the guest of honor. Whereas in 1969 they managed to get together about 15 girls in a hotel room and in 1970 about 50, this year they had 125 reservations, got bold and reserved one of the big banquet halls in downtown London with the full knowledge of the caterers, waitresses, and proprietor, and really put on a bang up affair. The waitresses, when asked, agreed that they hadn't known quite what to expect but were most agreeably surprised by the dress, deportment and general quality of the group. We had several psychiatrists, sociologists and about 25 wives among the crowd. Marie Andre the founder of AMAHO in Paris, her attorney and Helene and another TV friend came all the way from France to attend. We were honored by the presence of one of the members who was 85 years old, and had been married 54 years and his wife has known the whole time. She was there too and they were a fine couple. One of the members who didn't dress had had too many double somethings at the bar beforehand and got kind of boisterous during the banquet and the speeches. About the time I got up to talk he reached the zenith and Jackie and a couple of other girls tried to get him to leave quietly which he refused to do, so the 3 girls just picked him up and carried him out. It was kind of a novelty to see 3 women carrying a drunken man from a banquet. But it was a very marvelous and successful party and Beaumont, Alga, Sylvia, Margaret, Jackie and Jacqueline in particular deserve great praise for what they have done with Beaumont.

One evening we went over to the "South London Club" which is a flat that about 25 of the girls rent collectively in a residential working class district of south London. All the other residents of the building



**IF YOU DRINK — DON'T DRIVE**  
Look what they did to the original Cutty Sark



**VIRGINIA STRADDLES AN ISSUE**  
One foot in the eastern, one in the western hemisphere



and most of the near neighbors know what kind of group meets there and respect them for their rights, their decorum and their courtesy. They show consideration for the other tenants and are helpful on occasion so they get the same respect back. It shows what a group can do that really wants to get together. There were 30-35 people there that night and we had a lot of refreshments, visiting and conversation. Its really refreshing to meet with a group that is just like any women's club group and is open and above board about the whole operation. We American FPs could learn a lot from our Swedish, Danish and English sisters. FPE may have started here, but certainly they have "possession of the ball" over there and are running a really great game.

On a Sunday Jim drove Sylvia and I out to Greenwich where we spend a most interesting day going through the National Maritime Museum and through the old Observatory. As you can see from one of the accompanying photos Virginia had to straddle an issue — the Prime Meridian. As an astronomy buff it was interesting to visit this place which played such a role in the establishment of the science of astronomy and the practical science of navigation and time keeping. Copernicus' statue in Warsaw, Keplers house in Prague and Flamsteeds observatory in Greenwich — I did up the astronomical side pretty well.

Two last interesting incidents both of which were significant. Sylvia and I were going to take in a movie in downtown London on a Sunday night. There weren't many restaurants open in the area so we went into a little Indian restaurant for curry. Soon a man and a woman came in and sat at the other end of our small table. Things worked out so that we had a little conversation with them. He asked if we were in the publication business as he'd overheard some of our conversation. The article in the Observer had just come out and we happened to have a copy with us. I gave it to him to read. After doing so they both asked some questions. After a bit when Sylvia and I had to leave to catch the movie, the man courteously stood up and told us how pleased he was to have met us, how much he admired us for "doing our own thing" and for being well dressed and well behaved "ladies." With that he reached over and kissed us both on the cheek. I was much taken aback by this gesture of acceptance and understanding from a perfect stranger — but also a perfect gentleman. It turned out that he was advertising manager for one of the largest London newspapers so he was a man of some importance. It illustrated to me once more how much of the acceptance by strangers is based on one's own acceptance of oneself. Sylvia and I were at ease, comfortable, happy, self assured and confident and he almost couldn't help reacting with the same degree of self acceptance and his kiss was just his way of putting his stamp of approval on the whole idea. There is a lesson in this for all FPs.



The second incident took place in the TWA terminal in west London while waiting for the bus to the airport. I asked the man who checked my ticket if they had some stationery and then for the phone book saying that I wanted to write a note to the Observer before leaving town. He looked at me kind of questioning and said, "Did you write a book or something?" I said I'd written two. He replied that he wondered if he hadn't seen me on television. I said he might have in '69 and mentioned the two shows. He broke into a smile and said yes, that was it and went on to add that he had found the show very enlightening, that he hadn't known before that there were people like I represented, that it had given him a new slant on people that he heard or read about, etc. We talked till it was time for the bus. Here again I had the demonstration after 2 years that the small ripples that I'm able to make with radio and TV appearances do reach people here and there and make some slight dent in public attitudes.

WEDNESDAY SEPT 29: Well, all good things come to an end so my 1971 European tour finished today too. Caught a TWA 747 to New York and had an uneventful flight. A 4-hour layover in NY and then Eastern to Miami where I was met by Stephanie 9-L-4 FPE and taken to her home. She, her nice and understanding wife and daughter provided me with a much needed 2 days of do-nothing rest to catch up from the trip, the time change and my continuing laryngitis for which I truly thank them.

SATURDAY: Drove up to Orlando and on Sunday had a meeting with the newly formed chapter of FPE. Everybody couldn't make it but we were 5 FPs and 3 wives and we had a good time between us. This group will grow rapidly, I'm sure.

MONDAY OCT 3: Plane to Wash. D.C. Met by two of the Wash. group — more couldn't make it on a week day and on the short notice I had to give. I couldn't plan the return trip to L.A. till I got to Florida and could call and verify some of the proposed TV shows that couldn't be sewed up tight before I left for Europe. We toured a few bookstores, had dinner and a visit anyway.

TUESDAY: Off to Philadelphia. Had a hairdo in preparation for a show on KYW the next morning and opened several new bookstores which ought to find more girls in the Philly area.

WEDNESDAY: 9 a.m. did the KYW show. Was surprised to find that in addition to myself they had imported an operated TS from N.Y. and who would it be but the most outspoken person who had been at the Coney Island meeting back in July. Also there was a young man there who had gone the route up to the final steps toward the operation before he found himself, took some therapy and reversed his whole position. He is now very much incensed at the Drs. who gave him hormones which rendered him probably permanently sterile as well as gave him 38B breasts. The latter can be surgically removed though the telltale scars will always be present. But now he wants to get married and father children and as yet there has been no sign of testicular recovery. So as it turned out he and I from two different points of view really ganged up on this aggressive TS type. Although she hoped to do some good for the TS cause in the eyes and ears of the viewers I'm quite sure she was a dismal failure because both the man and myself made a better physical appearance and the strength of our arguments coming as they did from opposite sides certainly combined to wipe out her efforts on the pre-TS side. It was surprisingly an interesting interchange.

THURSDAY: Did the Marie Torre show on KDKA-TV this morning, third time I've been on that one and as usual it was a good show and brought in quite a bit of mail to L.A. Visited Carnegie Museum and saw advertising on a bus about a woman candidate for city council. I had met her in San Francisco 2 years ago and told her all about the TV scene, so I phoned her and then went out to her home. She is very active in the Women's Lib scene and belongs to NOW as I do so I ended up stamping envelopes for her campaign for a couple of hours while visiting with her and her women campaign workers. Hope she gets elected

FRIDAY: Flew to Tulsa this morning to be met by Joy and Louise's brothers and taken to Joy Susanne's home where I met her A + wife, Mila, great. She tried to treat me like a Queen but feeling that that was out of place I settled for Princess. But they both were very good to me and again gave me a chance to take it easy for a couple of days.

SATURDAY: We had a party of the Oklahoma chapter which has just come into function in the last 6 months and it's a nice little group. It was further fortified by the appearance of Edith and her wife and Carol, all from Kansas City. We had a nice evening and dinner at the home of Ruth and her very understanding and helpful wife.



### WITH THE TULSA GIRLS

Edith, Joy Suzanne, Virginia, Carol Ann



### THE DENVER GROUP OF FPE

Maureen, Betty, Wilma, Janice

6-J-1      6-B-2      6-H-2      47-A-1

Elaura Ann,      Joy

6-H-3      6-C-3



SUNDAY: Joy and Mila had a kind of continuation of the party in their home in the afternoon and the highlight of which was when we were all out around the pool horsing around and taking pictures. Carol, who was going to drive back to Kansas City as Charles and was dressed as such, succeeded in backing into the pool trying to get the right distance for a photo. As a result with only one set of masculine clothing it meant digging the suitcase and wig box out of the back of the car and Carol came out again to drive home. I told her that I'd heard of many excuses for dressing, but I thought that setting up a dunking as an excuse to resume Carol for the trip was getting pretty tricky.

A couple of quick phone calls when I got into town eventuated in an opportunity to tape a TV show called Tulsa Forum. Its format required a panel of 5, so besides the moderator and myself they had a man from the news staff, the Tulsa city prosecuting attorney and a lady psychologist. As you can imagine this was a lively session but it went off well and I'm sure provided a good show. It wouldn't air till later so I've gotten no reaction from it yet.

WEDNESDAY: Flew to Kansas City to spend the night with Carol. She had managed after getting home on Monday to promote a radio commentator into taping an interview, so, after going around town and opening 4 different bookstores, we went down town for a dinner, met Edith and we all met the commentator in a nearby bar for a drink and then up to the studios to do the taping. It was a one hour show and I think the guy had his eyes opened though he was a very braodminded and intelligent type to begin with. This too was due to be released after I left the city. But both there and in Tulsa it showed that radio and TV exposures could be arranged on short notice and by people not having previous experience in doing so.

THURSDAY: The last day! Flew to Denver and was met by Maureen's brother. Stopped at a couple of bookstores, went to her motel and got out of my pink pantsuit flying outfit to a skirt suit, had lunch at the hospital and gave a 2 hour talk to the interns, residents and staff at the University of Colorado Medical School. As usual, much interest and many questions.

Then back to the airport. Had a chance to visit again with Jan's brother whom I had met in Tacoma last year and who has now moved to Colorado. It was a nice reunion. Another one of us, Dick, managed to get out to the Airport in time for a short visit too. And finally home again 90 days later.

Before the trip started, although due to delays you didn't get the issue until I had left, I had told about the projected program and asked those that felt that my efforts were worth it that any contributions that they might like to make to the cost thereof would be very welcome. About 25 of you did so and while I don't think it would be seemly to list people by name and code, you are known to me and appreciated. Thank you again very much. I particularly want to thank the girls of the Florida and Oklahoma chapters who, by their group efforts, paid my air fares to and from those places.

As I have done in the past I append here a summary of the expenses entailed so that you may see where the money went. Please note that the expenses listed below covered only that part of the trip within the U.S. and do not include any food costs.

Expenses		Income	
Air Fares . . . . .	\$865		
Hotels . . . . .	329	TV Station payments(3)....	300
Taxi, trains, buses . . . . .	225	Florida chap. donation . . . . .	138
Tips . . . . .	12	Tulsa chap. donation . . . . .	160
Phone incl. long distance		Donations . . . . .	265
calls from L.A. . . . .	128		\$1163
Misc. . . . .	20		
Total . . . . .	\$1579	Net expense to me . . . . .	\$416

Although it would have been considerably more without the \$265 worth of donations, just traveling about the U.S. plus the cost in phone calls to get it all up and to check back with Mary weekly still cost me over \$400. There will be those that will say, "Don't let her kid you, she had a good time for her \$400." Of course, it can't be denied that I enjoy going places and seeing a lot of good friends everywhere, but much as any of you like the subject of TV, try talking about it day and night almost exclusively for 10 weeks with friends, to groups, over the air, to doctors and so on and see if you can fairly call it a pleasure trip. It's a lot more tiring than most of you imagine.

In addition I want to give public acknowledgement to those who helped by picking me up at airports, driving me around, putting me up in their homes, etc. This list includes Tora in Berkeley, Donna in Vallejo, Jan in San Francisco, Dick, John, Nealanne and wife, Giselle and wife in Chicago, Connie in Cleveland, Carolyn and Paula in Detroit, Laurette and Jean in Toronto, Dorothy in Boston, Hartford, Barbara and Debbie in New York, Sheila and Avis in New Jersey, Annette, Jan and Yvonne in Sweden, Erna, Anita, Winnie and Evy in Denmark, Stephanie and wife in Miami, Lynn and Irene in Washington D.C., Joy Susanne and wife, Louise, Ruth and wife in Tulsa, Carol and Edith in Kansas City and Maureen in Denver. All these good people went out of their way to help me and I appreciate it. Others too did their bit but the above deserve special mention. If I have forgotten any, I hope they will know it was unintentional.

**SPECIAL NOTE:** I trust it will be understood particularly by new readers that I did not solicit contributions for what was, in essence, my own vacation — the European part. But stopping in 17 American cities from San Francisco to New York and from Toronto on the north to Miami on the south to make appearances, give lectures, etc., gets to be pretty expensive not only in air fares but in hotels, taxis, phones, meals and the rest. It would have been vastly cheaper just to fly Los Angeles to Stockholm going and London to Los Angeles on the return. But there are still too many of our sisters out there waiting to be found and I'm about the only one doing much about finding them as YOU were found. Thus I don't feel it inappropriate to ask help in the costs of the search. Perhaps some of you are under the impression that one's way is paid by the radio and TV stations. Unhappily it isn't so. Only 3 of the stations pay anything, though 6 nights in hotels were provided.

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## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. TWELVE YEARS: This issue, the 72nd, is the last in our 12th year of publication. Every time I come to the end of a year it amazes me more that that many issues and that much time have flown by since my first halting beginnings with TVia No. 1. How the world has changed, the outlook of people has changed, the increasing freedom to "do your own thing", how I have changed with it, it's all pretty sobering. I trust you the reader have changed too.

II. CHRISTMAS CARDS: I want to thank the dozens of you that remembered Mary and me with Xmas cards. I had to give up sending them several years ago as it was just too much. So if you sent one to me and didn't get one in return, it isn't that I don't love you, it's just that I treated everybody alike — a good wish for the season and 1972 but no cards. Thanks again.

III. CLIPSHEET No. 36: This will be ready probably before you get this issue so if you want it just assume that it is available and send in for it.

IV. REPURCHASING OLD ISSUES: I know I mentioned this last time but as a result of asking people to send in cards for wanted volumes we have gotten several, so now the problem is to supply them. So those of you who don't have the room, who fear discovery, who need money or whatever and who want to get rid of their back issues please send them back to us — only those issues that are marked in the price list as being all gone, please. They are good for \$2 each in cash if you want it or in credit toward other issues. Don't just throw them out nor let them mildew in the garage, send them back so that others may enjoy them too.

V. REMINDER TO FPE MEMBERS: There are several other TV organizations now in existence. Some of you who belong to FPE also have joined one of the others. That is your business, but please remem-

ber that whatever the rules and open-ended security that may be involved in other organizations, if you belong to FPE you are honor bound by the pledge you signed when joining to treat your sisters in FPE according to OUR rules., FPE rules. This means not giving their names, addresses, phones, occupation and other personal data to third parties. By FPE standards that information is to be provided to others ONLY by the individual herself. Some of you have less need for security than others, but because you do please don't figure that others are in the same boat. They should be allowed to set their own security limits and others are honor bound to follow them. You will have to treat your FPE sisters with the consideration they were assured when they joined FPE. What you do with non-FPEs and yourself is of course yours and their business. I have to put this reminder in because there have been a couple of cases of real inconsideration for others shown by a thoughtless few.

**VI. SEPARATE PUBLICATIONS:** At this writing we are out of Fated, Actress, and Dbl. Switch. These will be reprinted shortly, **BUT FOR THE LAST TIME.** I prefer to put what capital I have available into new items. Therefore we will print up **TWO HUNDRED — 200 —** and that's all. When they are gone, that's it sister! So if you want to catch either of these **PLEASE SEND YOUR ORDER IN NOW.** It will reserve a copy for you and will help me with the money necessary for printing them. As soon as they are ready they will be sent and obviously I can't afford to do all three at the same time. These are all excellent stories, and the fact that they have each been reprinted 4 or 5 times in the last 10 years is proof enough of their appeal. So please act now and don't be disappointed.

**VII. NEW NOVELS, SHORT STORIES AND REPRINTS:** I have several good \$5 size novels to run off as and when, so if you want to speed the day you can, as many of you have done in the past, order either the next \$5 novel or the \$3 novelettes, I'll be doing both, and the accumulating capital will help make them possible and sooner. Advance ordering is helpful to you as well as to me as it will assure you of getting your copy. As I have said in the past, I'm only going to do short runs of about 400 on new items in the future so that I don't tie up a lot of capital in inventory for several years. So come early, help me and help yourself to be sure of your copy or copies.

**VIII: MIXING MONEY:** Please don't send money for FPE dues and for Chevalier items in the same check or money order. They don't go to the same people, the same bank accounts or anything the same.

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

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

### *PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES*

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

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