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Transvestia



FEATURE

Reflections in a Damaged Mirror

FICTION

The Visitor

Games People Play

TRUE STORY

Doing My Own Thing

Weekend Women

Holiday in Detroit

HISTORY

Millie Finds Herself

ARTICLE

Movement: Up and Out

TV Actress

Liberation

BOOK REVIEW

Volume XI

No. 63

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.

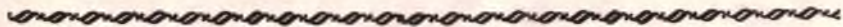


THE COVER SYMBOL

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

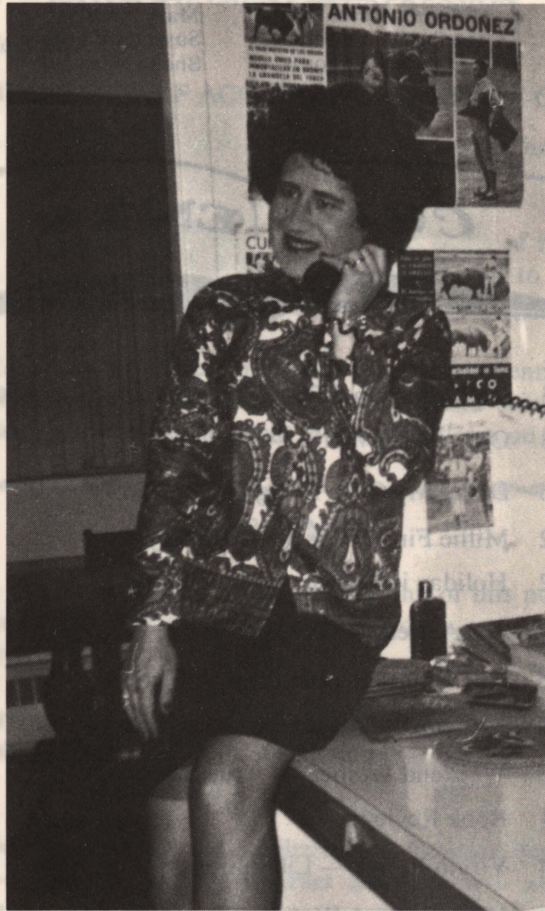
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*Leading Lady
Marie-Therese*

REFLECTIONS IN A DAMAGED MIRROR

Marie-Therese 55-C-2 FPE.

ED NOTE: This is a little different in the way of Leading Lady stories in that it is not so much of a personal history as it is a "think piece". Marie-Therese wrote such a perceptive supplement to her FPE application that I asked her to expand it into an article for TVia. Since she sent some pics along with it I decided that she ought to get first billing this issue so here she is. Read her piece carefully and see how closely it hits home.

* * *

Who is that woman we see when we look in the mirror, and whom with all our determination towards modesty we yet find beautiful? As human beings we all have a consciousness of self, and our lives become a quest for our own identity; it is never easy, and for FPs it is inevitably more difficult and more confusing. I cannot answer my opening question for you, and it will be a long time before I can answer it for myself: but identities are in the first instance like dresses, we try them on for size; and just as our taste in dresses forms and crystallizes, so too we grope towards the identity that we will eventually settle for and each reduction of the possibilities means a focusing of the self, and a step towards the narrow gate on the other side of which we will find, or must believe we will find, that fulfilment of the self which however imperfect we will call happiness. Any attempt I make at a commentary on what it means to me to be an FP is dominated by the perspective of the present moment; every report is an interim report; this is how it looks to me now, but I know how far I have progressed in recent years, and it is unlikely that there will not be more changes.

Humans can never be static; always there is change, and at times we call it progress. Looking back on my own FP life I can now see that it fell into particular stages, easily enough marked. The start in childhood with corsets and knickers; the move into full dressing which is the first

moment at which the esthetic problem presents itself, when attention is diverted from the excitement of the clothes as such, to the question of what one *looks* like (not just what one *feels* like); the realization that in this compulsion to dress there lurked the embryo of another personality which required its gestation before birth; and the birth itself, the femme name, and the recognition of the new self by the old self. I consider that I am at a potentially dramatic moment. I have recently married for the second time; I have only recently become a subscriber to TVia and a member of FPE. Like so many, my years of dressing were spent alone physically and psychologically. So my own awareness of my FP condition provokes my opening question: and what is for me its inevitable follow-up; where do I think I am going and where am I actually going? Like all good sceptics I believe I won't know until I get there. I might do better by asking: where am I? Who is that woman in the mirror? She has now come out into the open; she is accepted by a GG; she feels she is ready for an FP social life; she now feels she is her own as well as her brother's creation and will in the future be in part a GG's creation too. Art is subsequent to recognition, for to see yourself as a woman is to accept the necessity of looking as well as you possibly can. Like all games, you can only play satisfactorily by sticking to the letter of the rules; in FPia the spirit isn't enough, it is the letter that giveth life.

Our capacity for self-deception is acknowledged and limitless: but it is only the reverse side of our imagination; we are forever trapped in a fantasy we seek to make reality, and whatever level of FP development we reach we still operate in a framework of fantasy. Fantasy is itself real in that it exists: I believe, therefore I am; I imagine, therefore I am; I desire, therefore I am. Our fantasy is both pathetic and heroic: it is the human dignity of refusing to surrender to the impossible, of plucking a painful victory out of a context of disaster. We cannot be women, but we can become Femme-Personators; in that is our victory, the only one we can win, and only by winning it can we sign a peace treaty. We adjust and we compromise. To me that means take the two and make them one. If acceptance is our slogan we accept that it means that we have to accept ourselves before we can expect other to accept us. Here the first burden is that on my brother. He has to accept that I am with him for life. However femmicideal he may at times feel, whatever strategies he may employ against me, he has no chance of eliminating me (except at a price which would be virtually suicidal to him). The twin sister initially appears as a liability, even a threat: both must combine to bring strength out of weakness, to turn vulnerability into assurance and confidence. And I do not write as if there is ever a stable point, an equilibrium which once achieved will maintain itself. I don't believe this: there will always be



Marie-Therese At Home

sibling rivalry between Marie-Therese and her brother; I do not expect a solution, a working-out and a happy everafter. I won't find it. The process of adjustment and compromise between the two is for life: the struggle will always be there; it is up to each of us to live with it, and to take the bitterness out of it.

We like to say that the girl within represents a conception of femininity, the display of affection and gentleness, the taste for the decorative and the beautiful which the male is denied: and this is true, but it is not the whole truth; the girl can be a bitch too, and if her brother really loses all discipline over her, I see nothing but trouble. And this is perhaps the hardest moment of all. We go through the hell of being born, the arrested development due to the missing girlhood, and finally arrive exhausted at a kind of recognition and acceptance. Is the struggle over? It is not. The price of safety is eternal vigilance, here as elsewhere. But why have safety? Because very few of us do not have a network of relationships to which we owe an obligation which we can only discharge through the effective functioning of the often disliked and occasionally hated brother. This twin relationship inevitably contains a love-hate element; there are ways in which the two can damage each other. Marie-Therese is now accepted by her brother and loved by him; he could not imagine or desire life without her. She has been an expensive luxury, and now she is an expensive necessity. Not just that through an unlucky choice on the part of her brother she led to a divorce and to the loss of a beloved child and a carefully created home; but in the more general way that her presence has meant a constant diversion of her brother's energies. He has been relatively successful in his professional life, many would say very successful; but in himself he knows that he has not realised the professional potential he possessed and this is because he has not been sufficiently single-minded in its pursuit. Others have caught up with him, are perhaps even now overtaking him; and he is philosophical about this. He does not have the public success he could have attained, but only occasionally does he feel any urge to cry into his beer; he has Marie-Therese, and loves her, and would not have it different. But he recognizes that she is not simply a hobby, and that she cannot, like the stamps or the chessmen or the print catalogues, be put away in the closet till next time. When she is once out of the closet psychologically, there is no putting her back: innocence is non-recoverable.

That the bitch aspect of the girl within is demanding I take to be axiomatic. For those who are married a new problem arises here. Once she has done battle with her brother, she turns her attention to the GG. Outwardly all smiles and reassurances, all sweetness and as much light as she can muster, she will fight every inch of territory over recognition

and self-expression, and can even use tears as a weapon. This is what I mean by saying the brother must always be able to discipline his sister: otherwise I see her making a continual takeover bid, which causes distress to the GG, and sharply reduces her acceptance-level. It is a very practical point: how often is the girl to appear? The answer can scarcely be along the same lines as those pathetically ridiculous investigations which inform you that the average married couple enjoys (well we hope enjoys) relations 2.7 times a week: which makes you regard yourself as a satyr hurtling towards an early grave, or as a premature impotent missing out on life. As we know, and dressing is here the same as lovemaking, frequency is something each couple has to work out to their own mutual satisfaction. But the girl will always push too hard if she is not controlled: I have to say to myself over and over again "Hold it, honey, not tonight, not again, don't be so damn selfish."

We have all, and FPs more than most, a narcissistic strain; we love our synthetic beauty, and wish to parade it, to share what we love with the loved person; but who can enjoy exotic cooking and vintage wines every day? The GG is not as fascinated with FPing as we are; it is essential not to bore her with it, or the tolerance level will take a sharp dip, and this is hard for us to remember, when we feel caught up in some new exciting aspect of our femme personality. Ask yourself what GG will feel the urge to make herself especially beautiful for an evening with her girl friend. FPia is a continuing source of practical problems, all the way up from finding heels in your size to handling a marriage situation, and the last is hard for anyone, but for an FP there is always the over and above difficulty of wifely tolerance. And you want to make her happy too, remember? I myself find I can only solve practical problems by giving them a thorough ventilation in terms of theory. I have to theorize the difficulty into some pattern or structure which I can relate to my behavior in other areas of human activity. It is a girl's privilege to be inconsistent if she desires, and to call it femininity, but if you make the two one you cannot allow that luxury. And this is to remind myself, and you, that FP, properly practised is in no sense self-indulgence: it is one of the strictest disciplines I know (keeping the rules, as I said earlier) and the real rewards come through the discipline. It is not just a matter of checking your stockings for runs, washing out your undies every night, remembering your full beauty treatment even when you are tired and it is easier to skip, or training yourself to sit and bend properly but the external discipline aids in and is a reflection of the necessary inner discipline, that fights the bitch in us and only then allows us to come near, at certain times, to the femininity we claim is our ideal.



**Wine, Woman
And Smoke**



**What's
New?**



**My Suit From
Madrid, Spain**

I am very much concerned by all this because of some recent FP reading. As I say I don't know where I'm going, but that doesn't mean I don't worry about it. I wish to contrast the column by Susanna in TVia 59 with Sheila's comment in the January number of *Femme Forum*. Susanna tells us of her growing weariness with her brother's role, of the abrasive effect of constant identity switching, and of her possible escape route into a total girl life. Sheila takes issue with the theory (even Benjamin-held) that the FP involves himself in progressive feminization: and maintains with examples from her own friends that "as the girl within gets, through FPE, what she has wanted for all those lonely years, the result is that she becomes more cooperative rather than more dominant". Sheila tells us also that another result is that the brother himself becomes more effective, does a better job. Here is to me an absolutely vital issue, one that focuses on the whole question "where am I going?" All readers of TVia know that one solution (a solution, that is, for those who have taken it) is the role of the perennial or permanent girl as Virginia defines it and practises it: she says she knows about a dozen such. Virginia is extremely careful (see her comments after Susanna's column) always to point out that this is a route only for those without many personal ties, and only to be attempted when all the potential of the masculine self has been realised or exhausted. I am sure that both Virginia and Susanna will agree that in all instances example and action tend to be more potent than warning and exhortation. It is a test of the individual FP's own maturity and self-knowledge to be exposed to Virginia's accounts of her trips and experiences and to Susanna's longing, and to participate vicariously in this while realising contentedly that this is not for him. I am not criticising them for feeling and expressing and narrating: I respect them for it, and I want the knowledge they can give me, and in all honesty I do enjoy reading them without feeling overly jealous. But this issue is explosive in another way: I find that in the above contrast I not only *want* to believe Sheila and say to Susanna "good luck, you are taking a path which leaves most of us behind"; I find that I *must* believe Sheila if my brother is not to become discouraged. But the real dynamite is in the mind of the GG. I encourage mine to read TVia, and that column of Susanna's made me sweat the big drop. Because it presented right between the eyes the main trauma of every accepting GG: is her husband one day going to disappear forever and be replaced by his twin sister? To me this seems so vital an issue, one on which every reassurance has to be given to the GG, and that means a full play of and genuine enjoyment in male living, that I fault Susanna (no, Susanna, I'm not so silly as to trade clawmarks with you — I know I'd lose — it's just that your columns are *so* stimulating, dear) for not telling us something about her discussion of this with her own GG. Or has she not got that far yet? Was it daydream-

ing in that part of the self which Susanna recognises is never shown to the GG? I don't think so; certainly it wasn't the impression I had. When Susanna says "Sex . . . phooey. It's femininity I want" I am sure I understand what she means but I have to retort that I want both, that to enjoy fully both roles is my ideal. I know that in the context of her column Susanna used "sex" to mean "sex as experienced by a converted TS", but I want to focus on heterosexual TVs, after all that's how we define ourselves. Now Virginia has written of a point after which sex is no longer a big deal. If Susanna sees it that way she should tell us; but I feel that even with a declining heterosexual urge on both sides a GG still needs the support of the masculine being she married, may even need it more. Perhaps I'm agonising so much over this because of the quietly anxious remark of my own GG, "I suppose that's the way you will go", and because too I see a kind of morality play opposition here: on my right Sheila, sturdy and sensible, pointing to the straight and narrow; on my left Susanna, sinister and witchlike, herself an unwitting lure and temptress. And Marie-Therese? Like all humans, frail and tempted.

Now for us to protest (sometimes methinks the lady doth protest too much) that we want and as FPs can have the best of both gender worlds is clearly a necessary rationalisation. We get the mirror pleasures, the esthetic pleasures, the physical ones promoted by make-up and clothing, and the psychological pleasures of acting out a chosen role but we miss periods, childbirth, the whole gynecological world. If we are lucky and work for it, and this too needs working for I think, we retain the full masculine range of pleasures. Certainly my brother does, tho' it's only fair to say that he has never been one for the rugged life: a city boy, and an indoor boy, but nevertheless, he wants to enjoy his own life as well as contributing to mine. And though we struggle at times I want him to do this, for the love is reciprocal, and I now know with absolute certainty that there is no happiness for me based on unhappiness for him. Best of both worlds or not, there are still plenty of kicks being administered: I am myself very sceptical of public acceptance ever going very far; the best we can hope for is to avoid misinterpretation and injustice; anything else will be the reward of our own skill and luck in passing.

And this brings Marie-Therese to her obsession in the world of FP definition: that the girl within is after all only a metaphor, and that what we must do is make the two into one, achieve this unity of the diverse, ensure that that which is complex becomes harmonious. It is a lifelong struggle for in its very nature we can win a single battle, but never the whole campaign. Just how much do we identify wholly with the girl within? Marie-Therese reads *Elle* and *Arianna* and *Modas* and *Vogue*



What's For Dinner?



Writing This Article



April — Mich.

just like you do; she sews, not well but enthusiastically; she is a good house wife and housemaid; she is an excellent French cook: but, even here in French Canada, she also reads of the bullfights and the soccer in the Europe she can never leave behind her for long, and has all of her brother's experience available to her when she does so. And why shouldn't she? Let's not try to be more exclusively feminine than the GG herself (who can also be interested in bulls and football, as fortunately mine is — or perhaps that's why I picked her); and in saying that I am not condoning, nor slipping into, the WGF syndrome. But in femme dress, and reading the newspaper are your interests and responses so very different? Be honest, now. Of course they're not. Let's work on that self-deception again. The girl within, since I have used several political analogies in these paragraphs, is best defined in political terms: she can attain autonomy, but she can never, even in the permanent girl stage, achieve independence. A qualified self-rule is the best she can hope for.

And Marie-Therese what of her? She is thirty-seven now, and has a good collection of scars to show. Some wounds heal well, some heal badly, and some never heal at all. She still, hopefully, has a long road ahead, but she is more a sceptic than an optimist. She is more concerned with holding on to what she has than with getting more. She wants femme friends, and that is her next step ahead; who can ever see beyond the next step? It is wonderful to see even that. With a loving and accepting wife, and a strict but intermittently indulgent brother (whom only yesterday she conned into buying her a genuine boutique dress for which she had no need at all) she feels this is about as good as it is ever likely to be. She has plenty of advice for herself, and is more than generous in passing it on. Enjoy what you have, and don't waste time pining for what you can never have: we have all wasted too much time on that anyhow. We all have different ways of enjoying ourselves even as FPs. For the femme-self we will agree that only the best is good enough. But make sure it is the best, and be realistic about the price you pay. The brother-twin-sister relationship can have its ups and downs but it is a permanency: other relationships are not necessarily so. Help your brother to help himself, and don't come on too strong about liberty, equality, and sorority. And when she looks in the mirror, or gets her latest batch of pictures from the camera shop, what does Marie-Therese see? A beautiful woman of course, not perfect but at least acceptable. She has to believe that or FP wouldn't be fun any more. If we aim too high in the beauty stakes, we make ourselves miserable. Forget about the hormones, and don't lose too much beauty sleep over electrolysis. You can be decent and tidy without either. Progress, yes, but frenzy leads to despair. That is what Marie-Therese sees. What do you see?



FICTION

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Evelyn 5-P-3 FPE

Hank had been sitting at the bar since early evening. He was sipping his drinks in the hope that he could shake off the depressed feeling that he had.

There was a good reason for him to feel depressed. His girl friend had thrown him over for another man, his job with the construction company had petered out, and his buddy who had promised to meet him that evening had not shown up. The future looked very dim to him, and the alcohol he had drunk during the evening had not helped very much. He was about to give up, and call it one of those days, when a very attractive looking girl sat down on the stool next to him. She didn't seem to be accompanied by anyone, and she gladly accepted Hank's offer to buy her a drink. They struck up a conversation and Hank found her easy to talk to. Presently a very distinguished looking man joined them, whom the girl introduced as Doctor Roget, a scientist, who was her employer. The Doctor excused himself after a few words of greeting and left Hank and the girl by themselves again.

Hank told her he had been married during the war. He had been in the army and had gone overseas soon after he was married. The marriage had not worked out. Fortunately there were no children, and he was now divorced. He learned the girl's name was Lydia and that she had an apartment near by. He did not find out much about her activities, but assumed she aided Doctor Roget in his scientific work. She proved to be good company and a dinner date was arranged.

They had dinner the next evening at one of the popular restaurants in the city. Lydia observed all the people that were there with great interest, especially the men, but she seemed satisfied with Hank and devoted all her attention to him.

She asked him a great deal about his life. She wanted to know the date he was born, and whether he had any physical defects, and if he had ever had any severe illness. Hank was quite amused by all her interest in his health and told her that as far as he knew he was a perfectly normal healthy man. She seemed satisfied with his answers and succeeded in having Hank talk a great deal about himself and his life but volunteered very little information of her own.

They had a pleasant evening, and Lydia asked if he would like to have dinner with her and or Roget in her apartment the next evening. "I am a pretty good cook" she said. "I like to fix a dinner for two or three people. And I know the doctor would be interested in talking with you."

"Sounds like a great idea" said Hank. "I'd be delighted."

They went to a movie when they had finished dinner, after which Hank escorted Lydia to her apartment. She didn't ask him to come in, but said good night at the door of the apartment building and told him to be sure and come to dinner tomorrow.

Hank arrived at the apartment punctually the next evening. He was met at the door by Doctor Roget and cordially invited to come in.

"Lydia is in the kitchen finishing getting the dinner ready," the doctor said, "Will you have a cocktail." Hank said he would, and he and the doctor fell to discussing the latest news of the world.

Lydia soon appeared and asked them to come in to dinner. She was wearing a very becoming dress and didn't look at all as if she had just prepared a dinner.

During the course of the dinner Hank was aware that the doctor and Lydia were learning a great deal more about him than he was about them. He didn't seem to be able to do much about it, but enjoyed the excellent dinner Lydia had prepared. Some kind of wine that was unfamiliar to Hank was served during and after the dinner. He knew he had had enough, but neither Lydia nor the doctor would pay any attention to his protests of not having any more and insisted he continue drinking with them. The wine did not seem to affect them very much, but Hank felt himself getting more and more groggy as the evening progressed. Finally he passed out altogether.

When he regained consciousness again he thought it must be early morning as daylight was just breaking. He found himself alone in a strange bed in a strange room, and he had a very strange feeling that everything was not quite right. His body felt light, different and not quite like usual. His head was clear, and he didn't have any evidence of a hang over from the wine he had consumed the last evening. But how did he get in this strange room and bed, and what was he doing wearing a woman's night gown? He put his hands to his head, and was surprised to feel a mass of soft fine hair instead of his short cropped crew cut. He looked at his hands and was amazed at their slim-tapered decidedly feminine appearance. He glanced downward at his chest, and discovered he didn't have a masculine chest, but that he had a "bosom," and what a bosom! It was nicely rounded and very feminine! Hank didn't dare look any further. What appeared to have happened to him was impossible, and he thought he must be dreaming. Perhaps if he went to sleep he would wake up, and find everything normal again.

But sleep would not come to him, and the early morning noises coming through the open window convinced him he was awake and not dreaming.

He became aware that he was in Lydia's apartment, but to all appearances he was alone. He couldn't hear any signs of another occupant, and he thought if he got up, and found his own clothes he would regain his normal appearance again. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and as he did so he noticed some high heeled slippers on the floor there. They looked small to him, but he put one foot in one and found it was a perfect fit. He gazed at the other foot before putting on the other slipper, and was amazed and surprised at the decidedly feminine shape and looks of his legs and ankles and the little pink lacquered toes. He put on a very pretty robe that was on the foot of the bed, and stepped into the nearby bathroom. The full length mirror there convinced him that somehow, some way his own male body had been changed to a female one and a very good looking one at that! His now feminine face seemed vaguely familiar and suddenly he realized it was Lydia's!

"My God"—exclaimed Hank to himself. "What kind of wine was that I drank last night, and where in hell is that doctor and Lydia."

A search of the apartment convinced him that he was alone, and his own clothes were nowhere to be found. The closets were well stocked with feminine clothing including several hats and coats, and an im-

pressive array of both high and low heeled shoes. The bureau was full of feminine lingerie and nylon stockings. All of it of good quality and nicely made. The small dressing table was well stocked with various shades of lipstick, powder, eye make up and various kinds of creams, lotions and other cosmetics that a fastidious woman uses to appear at her best. There was also a large collection of earrings, bracelets, necklaces and other costume jewelry. There were many other accessories including bags and scarfs. In fact everything was there that a woman needed to complete most any costume she desired.

The only pants or trousers Hank could find were some stretch pants, and some slacks. Both pants and slacks were decidedly feminine.

Well! thought Hank, he would have to get dressed in something if he were to learn what had happened, and now since it was evident he was a female he had no choice but to dress like one.

Ever since he was eight or nine years old he had had a secret desire to dress as a girl, but he was not by any means a "sissy." He had always played as a boy, and taken an active part in all boy's games. As he had grown older the strange desire to wear feminine clothing had stayed with him. Although he had a shy, and bashful nature he was not effeminate in anyway, nor did he have any homosexual tendencies. He was certainly a normal male in everyway except this desire to "dress up."

As a soldier he had been in combat service during the war, and had made many friends while in the army. After leaving the service he had been a construction worker, and had often lived under somewhat primitive and rough conditions. But he had found relief, and relaxation in dressing as a woman and pretending to be one in the privacy of his own room or apartment when he was lucky enough to have one. Lately he had had a supervisory position with a small construction firm, but the contract had been cancelled, and he was unemployed when he had met the doctor and Lydia.

So although he had never appeared in public dressed as a woman, feminine clothing was not strange to him. He begun to dress and was surprised and pleased at how well the clothes fitted him, and how feminine he looked. He didn't need any padding at his bosom nor at his hips. He noticed he had the proper curves in the right places, and didn't need any artifical means to fill out his physical appearance as a member of the female sex. If Lydia had swapped her body in someway for his he thought he had got the best of the bargain.

He selected a blue silk dress to wear and found some black patent leather high-heeled pumps to wear with it. He had a beautiful time in selecting the proper jewelry to go with his costume. He tried many different combinations, and finally decided a simple three strand pearl necklace with earrings to match would do. His hair bothered him a little for although it was not messy it was not as neat looking as he thought it should be. He had no idea how to fix it, and decided to let it alone for the time being. He discovered he didn't need much make-up as his new complexion was very feminine looking. He applied some lipstick to shape his lips and powdered his face. The rest of his appearance was very satisfactory, but he wondered how long he would keep this female form, and what would happen if suddenly his own masculine form came back to him.

He began to feel hungry, and looked around for something to eat. Finding the kitchen well supplied with groceries, and the small refrigerator full of fresh fruit and dairy products, he soon fixed himself a good breakfast of coffee, eggs, and toast.

After he had finished breakfast, and washed the dishes, he began to admire himself in one of the full length mirrors. He could not help being pleased at the reflection of the good looking young lady the mirror revealed.

While he was doing this the telephone rang. When he answered he was so surprised at the soft feminine sound of his voice that he almost dropped the phone. Dr. Roget was calling, and asked if he and his companion might come up.

"By all means," said Hank. "I want to see you, and find out what kind of shenanigans you are playing with me."

"I will explain as soon as I see you," said the doctor.

"You'd better," said Hank as he hung up.

In a few minutes there was a knock at the door, and Hank opened it to let in the doctor and his companion. When Hank saw the young man that was the doctor's companion he knew he had been right in thinking Lydia had changed bodies with him. She was wearing Hank's clothes, and resembled his former self as much as he now resembled her's.

"Ah," said the doctor. "I see the transposition has been very satisfactory in every way. Sometimes there are complications."

"What's the idea in doing this to me," demanded Hank. "I am no woman."

"You are now," said Lydia with a smile.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor. "You see my assistant and I are from another planet. We have been sent, along with some others, to make a peaceful study and observance of the life and customs on your earth. On our planet we have learned how under the right conditions to transpose ourselves to another body if we so desire. But it is very necessary that certain characteristics are right before it can be accomplished. You must understand that we cannot change with just anybody, but only with those that have similar genes. Now in our own world, I am one of the leading women scientists, and Lydia, pointing to his companion, is my assistant.

"Oh," exclaimed Hank, "so that is what all the questions on my health were about."

"Yes," continued the doctor. "Lydia was very anxious to have your body, but we had to know if you qualified."

"And you certainly did," exclaimed the assistant.

"Yes it appears to be working out very well," the doctor said, and continued to explain. "For the accomplishment of our mission on this earth it was thought best that we; that is myself and my assistant assume a masculine role. Fortunately I was able to find a man in Russia with the proper genes, and had no difficulty in transposing my body with his."

"The poor man," said Hank.

"Why do you say that," asked the doctor, somewhat annoyed. "It appears I gave him a better body than he gave me. He has a bad case of hay fever. Lydia was not so fortunate and could not find anyone suitable until she met you. Time is getting short for us, and there was not much time for any preliminary explanations, and you two people have transposed very successfully."



Carol 35-L-3 FPE

"That's all very well. In fact that is just lovely," said Hank sarcastically. "Just what do you think is going to happen to me now?"

"Yes, yes," continued the doctor. "We have provided for that. We have leased this apartment for a year in your new name, which by the way is Lydia E. Prentice. You will find an extensive wardrobe at your disposal, and here—reaching into his coat pocket, and withdrawing a large fat envelope—is one thousand dollars in cash to help you along. Now we must be going. We have already wasted too much time."

He and his assistant arose and turned towards the door.

"Wait a minute," said Hank. "You said you had leased this apartment for a year. Am I going to remain like this for a year! Can't I have my own form back right now?"

"No. I should say not," said the assistant. "I like your body too well to give it up after such a short time."

"It will take at least a year to accomplish our mission," said the doctor. "Meanwhile we wish you all the luck in this world, and I am sure you will make out all right."

They stood up and disappeared through the door leaving Hank in a somewhat dazed condition. "Well," thought Hank after his callers had left. "This is a hell of a note. It looks like I'm stuck with this female form for at least a year, so I might as well face it, and make the best of it."

The more he thought about his change of sex the better he liked the idea. The first thing would be to learn how to conduct himself in a ladylike manner. He would have to learn overnight, almost what a real girl begins to learn the day she is born.

Hank thought the best way to learn was to be in a position where he would be in contact with other women, and could observe, and study their manner and actions. He didn't have to worry about any clumsiness or awkwardness in giving himself away, because his physical appearance was now decidedly feminine, even his voice was soft and feminine. Any unladylike gestures or manner would be excused as inexperience, and lack of proper training. He didn't know just what his attitude towards men would be, but at present he knew he didn't feel towards them as a girl should. He expected that would eventually

work out some way. But just at the moment, he had too many other things of more importance to think about.

A course at a charm school where feminine poise and posture were taught seemed like a good idea. Also he would have to do something towards earning a living as a female. The thousand dollars wouldn't last long, and the more contact he had with other females, the more he would learn about how to behave and conduct himself in a feminine manner.

He began to think of what kinds of jobs or positions he would prefer. He thought it would be nice to be a model, and show off beautiful clothes. He knew he had the right figure, but did not have the experience and training which would take time that he felt he did not have. He didn't think he would care to be a nurse, that to would require too much time and training. Teaching didn't appeal to him either: he needed to be taught himself. He knew he didn't want to be a waitress unless he could not find anything else. He was a fair typist, and from the various jobs he had held he had acquired some knowledge of book-keeping and office work. Why couldn't he take a short course at some business school, and become a private secretary? The idea of being one of those smartly dressed, efficient looking career girls that looked as if they had stepped out of a bandbox every morning pleased him. He decided he would look up a business school, and also a place that taught feminine poise and etiquette.

As he was still dissatisfied with the looks of his hair, he decided to visit a beauty parlor and see what could be done. He phoned several shops before he found one that could take care of him that afternoon.

As the banks were still open, Hank or Lydia, as he now had become, got ready to take her money to one of them, and find out if it was counterfeit. She had acquired it under strange circumstances and she was a little fearful of its not being genuine.

Lydia changed her dress for a tailored suit, and found a purse and some gloves that she thought went well with it. The hat bothered her as at present she didn't know much about wearing one. After trying several she finally chose one she thought looked nice. She took a final glance at herself in the mirror to be sure she looked right, made sure she had her money and started out.

Although she liked the feel of her feminine clothes, she was not ac-

customed to wearing them, and at first she felt very nervous and embarrassed on the street. She hailed a cab and when the cabbie seemed to accept her without any question she felt better.

She gained more confidence at the bank as everyone there accepted her, and she was treated with the respect and courtesy that every woman accepts naturally. She was assured by the bank manager that her money was genuine, and she deposited it in both a checking and savings account.

When she was through at the bank it was about time for her appointment at the beauty parlor, and since it was on the same street as the bank, and quite nearby she decided to walk there. She could not help feeling an immense satisfaction in her appearance, and very pleased at the favorable attention she attracted as she walked along. She noticed that she attracted more attention in walking half-a-block than Hank ever had in walking a thousand.

The beauty parlor proved to be quite a fashionable and popular one. It was full of women coming and going, and some waiting. Lydia almost balked when she first entered, and was faced by all the, to her, unaccustomed femininity. She was a little early for her appointment, and so was asked to wait. She found a seat among the other waiting women, and while she was observing their actions and noticing their gestures and mannerisms, she suddenly realized that she was really one of them. She was not a man dressed as a woman, and impersonating one, but due to some biological process that she did not pretend to understand she had actually been changed from the male to the female sex. She was now a member of it in every way except in her mind, and even there she was accepting a feminine point of view much more rapidly than she had imagined possible.

While she was waiting a very nice looking, well dressed, woman came in, and as she too had to wait she sat in the empty chair next to Lydia, and immediately started a conversation with her.

"Have you ever been here before," she asked.

"No," I haven't, said Lydia thinking how true that was; she had never even been in any such a place before!

"I have been to several places in town," said her new companion, "but I can't find anyone that is satisfactory. My hair is a mess and my complexion is in terrible condition.

Lydia thought the woman looked very well, and couldn't see anything wrong with either her hair or her complexion. The woman continued to talk of hair preparations and cosmetics, and clothes: things that any woman would know all about, but poor Lydia didn't have any knowledge about half of what the woman was talking about. Fortunately she was soon called for her appointment, and escaped without committing herself or revealing that she was such a novice in feminine matters.

To be called "Miss Prentice" seemed very strange and much to her surprise very pleasing, and she felt this transposing of the sexes the doctor talked about must work somehow on the mind as well as the body. She had decided she would tell whoever was to take care of her that she had just arrived in town, and was starting to work in a new position in the morning, and wanted to look her best. She thought that might explain why she had never been there before, and she hoped it would help to cover up any ignorance she might show about the operations of a beauty parlor.

She was shown to a Mr. Johns, the head hair dresser, who had just finished an elaborate hair arrangement for a lady with a very tired looking face, and was chattering of a social life that was strange to Lydia. Finally Mr. Johns condescended to bestow his talents on Lydia. He exclaimed and marvelled at her lovely young looking hair, and half scolded her for not coming to see him sooner, as in his opinion he was the only one that would be able to properly take care of it for her.

"Mercy," she thought to herself. "Do women always go through this rigamaroll whenever they have their hair done!"

Several hours later Lydia walked out onto the street with an assurance she hadn't had before. She was somewhat poorer, but she had had her hair fixed, her nails manicured, and a new make up, and had enjoyed having it done. If she had had any doubts as to whether she was going to like being a woman before, she certainly didn't have any now.

The next morning she rose early, dressed carefully, and made use of some of the hints on make-up she had learned the previous afternoon at the beauty parlor. After breakfast she was ready to keep her appointments at the two schools she had picked out to aid her in adjusting to a feminine world.

She felt none of the nervousness and embarrassed feeling she had had the day before, but boldly walked out on the street, and waited at a bus stop for a bus to take her downtown. She knew she looked as well as most of the women she encountered, and considerably better than many. She experienced no difficulty in getting on the bus. The bus driver seemed surprised that she had her fare ready and didn't hold up the other passengers while fishing around in her bag for the right amount as most women do.

Lydia realized she would have to guard against unconsciously using some of Hank's mannerisms. The last thing she wanted to be was a woman with masculine traits and gestures. Somehow she had acquired a beautiful feminine body and looks and she wanted to show all she met that it was appreciated.

She loved the feel of her new clothes. She couldn't understand, why some women Hank had known, complained about how uncomfortable their clothes were to wear. She thought her clothes were much more comfortable than Hank's masculine clothing and were certainly more attractive.

As she sat in the bus among the other passengers she was delighted with the amazing feeling of well being she had. Already she had enough of a women's instinct to know she was well dressed, and made a good appearance, and it gave her an immense feeling of pride and satisfaction, a feeling that Hank had never had. He had been a careless dresser and had never felt any pride in his clothes or paid much attention to his appearance. But Lydia would be different, there would be no run down heels or stockings with crooked seams and runs, or any other indications of a sloppy looking female about her. She walked the few blocks from the bus to the business school with an assurance she had not had the day before.

The woman in charge of the school was a severe looking middle aged lady, dressed in a tweed suit, and low heeled "sensible" shoes with a school-marm expression written all over her. She informed Lydia, that the school, in her opinion, which left no room for doubt, was



Daphne FK-R-1 FPE
In Kenya



Tina in
Viet Nam

second to none of its kind in the city, and if Lydia was admitted she would be expected to perform the work assigned to her without any nonsense about time off to go shopping, or out with a boy friend or any other diversion. Lydia smiled at the mention of a boy friend, as she didn't think she was ready for that yet.

She was given a form to fill out which presented some difficulties. She couldn't say she had been born the day before, or that she had been a soldier, and had lately been employed as a construction worker! She compromised by using the dates of Hank's life where she could. She used his hometown as her birth place, and his birthday as her date of birth. For her previous employment she wrote that she had done some secretarial work for a small manufacturing firm in Hank's hometown. The firm had gone out of business sometime ago and she thought no one would be apt to check up on her statement that she had been employed there.

The severe looking lady at the desk accepted her application with a superior air that implied that if Lydia was accepted as a student it would be a great surprise to the school. She wrote down Lydia's phone number and address, and told her she would be informed in a day or two if she was to be accepted. Lydia felt like borrowing from Hank's vocabulary and tell the superior lady where she could go and take the school with her, but she restrained herself and accepted the haughty manner of the manager.

The young lady in charge of the charm school, where Lydia went next, was a very different type than the business schoolmarm. She was about the same age as Lydia, neatly dressed, and her actions and manner were a good advertisement for the accomplishments of the school. She was a very friendly person and assured Lydia that in no time at all Lydia would equal Liz Taylor, Kim Novak, or any other female movie star in charm and manners. Lydia didn't believe her, but as she was looking more for experience with other women than attempting to become a movie star she enrolled in the school, and arrangements were made for her to attend classes three nights a week.

It was about time for lunch when Lydia finished at the school, and she thought she would go to one of the popular restaurants in the town. She wanted to mingle with other women, and find out how well she could manage the handling of her purse, her gloves, and all the little feminine mannerisms that come naturally to a girl, but were new experiences for her. Much to her surprise she found she was much more

feminine than she thought, and there was no question but that she would be accepted as a lady wherever she went.

After lunch she decided to further experience her new found femininity and visit the women's wear department of one of the large department stores. Hank had always been intrigued by all the feminine apparel on display in such places, and had often walked through the various departments to look at them. He often wished he could buy and wear some that he liked but he always felt out of place and very seldom stopped or made any purchases. Now Lydia could take her time and look as much as she liked without any feeling of not belonging there. She didn't need any new clothes, but she wanted the satisfaction of buying some intimate feminine garment for herself without the embarrassment of making up a story that it was for some lady friend or some female member of the family as Hank was accustomed to do whenever he had bought any feminine apparel for himself.

She couldn't think of anything more intimately feminine than a girdle so she went to that department. The saleslady asked to see what kind she was wearing which at first embarrassed Lydia, but she soon recovered her poise and went to one of the fitting booths, and boldly lifted up her skirts to show the saleswoman. Thank goodness, thought Lydia, the former Lydia had nice underwear. She had a beautiful time in selecting a girdle she preferred instead of taking the first item shown her as Hank did when he was building up his transvestite wardrobe. Then she bought some panties and a slip. She knew she didn't need them, but it was so much fun to be feminine and be surrounded by so much beautiful feminine apparel. She preferred pajamas to gowns for sleeping, and she purchased four pairs made of nylon and in a tailored style. Blue was her favorite color, and she knew blue would be the predominate color in her wardrobe.

She hurried to her apartment after she left the store, and spent the rest of the afternoon and evening trying on the wardrobe that had been left her. She decided right away that the former Lydia had no intention of being a working girl. The clothes were certainly beautiful and well made, but entirely too expensive looking for a poor secretarial student.

Lydia could not help smiling at the thought of the wardrobe Hank had left. She wondered how the present Hank was making out with the one suit and two pair of slacks and a few shirts that had been left him. No doubt he was doing some shopping also. She also wondered what he had done about the securely locked box of feminine clothing that the former Hank had hidden under his bed!

Since there were no pressing appointments the next morning she had a leisurely breakfast and took her time in dressing and applying her make up. It was a great relief not to be bothered with shaving. She wondered how the new Hank liked the heavy, rather tough beard that greeted him every morning when he looked in the mirror. Lydia thought he would prefer his original school girl complexion! He would play hell in getting it back, she said to herself, as she had no idea of giving it up, not yet, at any rate.

The manager of the business school called and told her she had been accepted as a student, and for her to be at the school at nine o'clock sharp the next morning if she wanted to take the course. By the tone of the manager's voice, and her dictatorial manner. Lydia thought it would be in her best interest to be there promptly.

Then like a true woman she began to wonder what she would wear. She decided the blue tailored suit with a white blouse, and black patent leather pumps would do for the first day. She spent the rest of the day in selecting what she would wear during the week, trying on each selection and getting used to the feel of it. Every time she looked at herself in the mirror she had an immense feeling of pride at her appearance.

What was amazing to her was the exalted feeling of really being a woman. Hank had always been satisfied with his sex, and although he liked to dress as a woman in the privacy of his own room or apartment, he had never had any thoughts of being operated on and changing his sex.

Now that he had become a woman, without any desire or encouragement on his part he was very much bewildered at how much he enjoyed being one. He wondered if Lydia would develop into the kind, thoughtful, gracious lady that had been his ideal for a wife. His marriage experience had shown him the kind of woman he did not want Lydia to be.

The next morning Lydia dressed carefully in her blue tailored suit. The suit fitted perfectly and she looked as though she had been poured into it. She hoped the other girls at the school would not envy her expensive looking clothes too much. She was very prompt in reporting to the school, and the severe looking "school marm" gave her a pleasant welcome, and hoped she would enjoy her work there. Her first as-

signment was not difficult, and she had time to observe the other girls. Most of them were about her own age, and all were neatly dressed and appeared very earnest in their studies.

Lydia was sure now, after observing what the others were wearing, that she was right in deciding that she would need some more suitable clothes than the expensive looking ones that had been left her. She decided she would visit one of the ready-to-wear women's clothing shops that afternoon when her classes were over and do some more shopping. She became acquainted with most of the girls and knew by their reactions that there would be no difficulties in being accepted as one of them.

In a few days she knew that the business course would not cause her much trouble, and she was sure she would soon master with the help of the charm school instructoress, the feminine mannerisms and gestures that every woman begins to learn from the day she is born. She found she had a natural good taste in selecting the right clothes and accessories. She needed practice in wearing them, and it seemed she was going to have plenty of that.

It was a great joy to her to dress and remain feminine all the time. As a transvestite Hank hated to get out of his feminine costume whenever he got "dressed up." It was a great pleasure to him during those occasions to walk around in his high heels, and observe himself in the mirror. He had regretted that he did not make a more feminine looking woman. Now feminine clothing belonged to Lydia, and she did not have to think of wearing anything else. The good looking, young lady with the very feminine figure that appeared to Lydia in the mirror was a great improvement on the awkward gawkey looking woman that Hank's transvestite image had presented.

After two or three weeks of living in a woman's world, Lydia had settled into her feminine role. She learned how to fix her hair, and take care of her complexion as a matter of course. Gradually all the little tricks and niceties of being a woman became second nature to her, and she became accustomed to being treated and respected as a young lady.

She was also learning, but slowly, how to treat and accept men as a young woman does.

The natural aversion Hank had for any sexual or passionate rela-

tions with his own sex was difficult to erase. Women Lydia's age had a background of feminine activity behind them and their feminine character and deportment were well established. Lydia had experienced no such background, and the masculine thoughts and training that had been Hank's for almost thirty years could not be changed over night.

Now that he had become Lydia, she found his mind becoming more and more unfamiliar. She retained his mechanical ability, and his technical knowledge, but she was developing a feminine point of view that surprised and often amazed her.

She became friends with the charm school instructoress and learned much from her. Although she didn't have Hank's strength she discovered many of her muscles were much more flexible than his had been. She could sit as a woman with her legs curled under her without any unusual strain, and she was surprised and delighted to learn and accomplish with ease the graceful movements being taught at the school. The numerous dances and social events given by the school were a great opportunity to put in practice what she had learned.

Lydia inherited Hank's sense of rhythm and was an excellent dancer. It was no trouble for her to follow the lead of her partner, and she enjoyed every minute she was on the dance floor.

The original Lydia had left some beautiful clothes, both formal and semiformal. It was a great satisfaction to dress in one of the several becoming outfits and spend an evening dancing. She was always ready to dance with whoever asked her. She soon learned how to deal with those that wanted something more from her than just a dance. Hank's life had taught her what to expect from men, and she often knew better than her escort what was going on in his mind.

She knew the original Lydia had been a virgin, and she expected to remain one until her feminine role was more firmly established.

Hank had, during his life, met and been associated with many different types of men, and thought he knew how each type regarded a woman. Now, as Lydia, he was learning how many women regarded men, and some of the things he learned would have really shaken poor trusting Hank!

Lydia believed as Hank had, that to be really happy depended on what one could do for others. She was convinced that as a woman she

could do much more in helping others than Hank ever could as a man. She knew that a well dressed, kind, gracious lady just by her presence among a group of people created an influence of gentleness and respect among them, and that was what she hoped to be able to do.

She made friends easily with both men and women. She had several dates, and while men showed an interest in her, she was not yet familiar enough with her female role to show more than a casual interest in them.

Lydia enjoyed shopping. She took a great delight in looking at all the lovely feminine things on display in all the department stores and women's specialty shops.

She bought many things she didn't need just for the satisfaction it gave her to buy something feminine for herself. She learned what other women learn early in their lives, that although the stores had a great variety of ready to wear costumes, often it was not possible to find exactly what you wanted. With one of her new found friends from the business school, she enrolled in a class that taught sewing and design, and was learning how to make many of her own clothes. It gave her a satisfaction she never imagined possible to design and make a dress for herself. She was also learning more on how to cook, and occasionally enjoyed preparing a dinner for a few of her friends.

As she became more and more accustomed to living as a woman, she began to realize that if she were to remain a woman she would have to do more than just wear the clothes. She felt that one of the greatest achievements of a woman's life was to have a family and make a home. If she were to really be a woman she would have to be thinking about being a wife and a mother. She rather liked the idea of being a wife. She thought it would be nice to have someone care for you and to care and help someone in return. But she wasn't sure about being a mother. She wondered how well qualified she was to be one. Being born a male and living and working as a man for the first thirty years of her life didn't seem to her to be very good preparation to be a mother.

Girls were born with a longing to have children and raise a family. A man might want a family and be the head of the house, but he did not have the dream of the wonder, the delight, and the danger of bearing a child that was common to all women. Lydia was not at all sure she would ever be able to grasp such a dream. Anyhow she would have to wait for the man that she felt was the right one for her.

By the time she had completed the business course Hank had almost ceased to exist, but his logical, methodical mind often helped her in the many important decisions she was required to make in her new life.

Towards the end of the year she had a very good position with a scientific firm that was engaged in a great deal of research. She was thankful to have retained Hank's clear and well trained mind which was a great help, and she was much in demand as a secretary and assistant to many of the scientists that worked for the firm.

One, Kenneth Pritchard, was about her own age and seemed very much interested in her. He arranged as often as he could manage to have her help him in making up his notes, and in writing the results of whatever scientific study he was doing.

He had a brilliant scientific mind and was one of the important men in the firm. He and Lydia became great friends, and had many dates with each other. It was a new experience for Lydia to be the girl friend instead of having one! At such times Hank was forgotten, and she attempted to become as much of a female companion as she knew how.

Kenneth was a kind, thoughtful and considerate young man. Lydia admired his brilliant mind and enjoyed being in his company. Both of them were interested in antiques and the historical landmarks in the area. Kenneth had a car and they often drove around the country side seeking out such sites.

Kenneth was a good scientist but very awkward and absent minded about practical matters. He was a very poor driver, Lydia often wondered how he had been able to get his driver's license. He needed about a half-acre to turn his car around and space large enough for a truck to park it. He knew almost nothing about repairing or taking care of it. Lydia inherited Hank's skill as a driver and a mechanic, and became the "chauffeur." She could turn around on a dime and squeeze into any tight parking place available. She could do the same thing with a ten-ton truck, but she didn't let Kenneth know that, nor did she tell him of the source of her mechanical training. She well knew how much men resented having a woman show how much more she knew of anything regarded as belonging to the masculine field than they did.

She was ashamed of the deceit she had to invent in talking to Kenneth about her past life, but she was not ready yet to tell him that up to almost a year ago she had been a normal healthy man. She was not

sure she would ever tell him. If she had still been Hank she knew she would have liked to have Kenneth for a friend. As Lydia she felt he needed her, and she wanted to help and take care of him.

Their friendship developed into something more than a friendship, and Kenneth asked Lydia to marry him. She told him she was very fond of him but asked him to wait a little longer before asking her final decision. Doctor Roget and the original Hank were due to return soon, and when they did the assistant might not want to remain as Hank. Lydia hoped he would, but she felt she did not have the right to make any promises for the future until she knew more of what her future would be.

One evening a short time after the year the doctor had promised was up. She heard from him. But he was a very different Doctor Roget than the one who had left so hurriedly a year ago. The doctor that greeted Lydia was a very feminine, well dressed lady of forty or fifty years. Nothing about her suggested the distinguished looking man that had left Lydia so confused a year ago. The lady doctor had a hard time convincing Lydia that the gentleman that gave her the thousand dollars, and this attractive looking woman were the same person.

"I returned my Russian friend his own form and now I have my own again," said the doctor.

"Where's Hank?" asked Lydia.

"Poor Hank," sighed the doctor, "He will not be returning. He fell in love, and married a beautiful Italian woman, and is now living in Italy."

"Oh, no! Not Hank," exclaimed Lydia. "He couldn't."

"But he did," the doctor assured her.

The idea of poor, shy, bashful Hank, as she had known him, getting married to anyone was a surprise to Lydia. How he must have changed. She wondered how much she, herself, had changed from the former Lydia. That Hank would not be returning was a great relief to Lydia. Now there would not be any transposition business, and she could remain as Lydia. The doctor stayed with Lydia in her apartment while she was waiting to return to her own world. She and Lydia became friends, and doctor Susan, as she called herself, urged Lydia to return

with her, and really take the former Lydia's place as her assistant. Lydia declined; saying she wanted to work out her life on this earth before making a journey to another one.

Kenneth was a frequent visitor, and since he and doctor Susan were scientists they had a great deal in common, and were often engaged in long, complicated scientific discussions. He came to dinner one evening, and after he had left, doctor Susan asked Lydia, "Why don't you marry that young man? Don't you know he is head over heels in love with you?"

"Yes I know," answered Lydia. "I think I would like to marry him, but I wasn't born a girl you know. I am not sure I am really qualified to be a wife and mother."

"Nonsense," said Susan. "Hank was born with some feminine characteristics that Lydia now has. He didn't know it and would not have dared show them if he had, but Lydia was able to show and develop his feminine side without any fear of ridicule or loss of respect. You may have some left over masculine traits, but you are as well qualified to be a wife as any woman alive and probably more so. Because of your former life you have a better understanding than most women of what a man desires in a wife."

When Lydia had gone to bed that night. She thought over what doctor Susan had said. She felt her mind was much more at peace. She realized that Susan was right—all men have some degree of femininity and all women some masculinity. In fact it is only the presence of these traits of the other sex that make it possible for men and women to get along at all. If they had nothing in common they just wouldn't be able to communicate. Having realized that she knew that what remained of Hank in her mind would actually be a help to her in dealing with a husband rather than a hindrance.

Thus relieved she knew she would say "yes," to Kenneth the next time he mentioned it. And she somehow knew that she would be a better than average wife and mother for having had life experience in both worlds. She was warm and happy at the prospect and looked forward to her coming marriage knowing that she would be a radiant bride. She hoped that Dr. Susan would stay long enough to be her matron of honor. With that pleasant thought and a smile on her lips she dropped off to sleep with all doubts gone and full acceptance of her complete femaleness and femininity solidly established.



Dianna, Teri, Joanne, Jeannie, Lynn, Bobbie 32-T-3 FPE
 Md. Md. N. Y. 20-R-4 FPE 46-F-1 FPE April — Md.



Jeannie 20-R-4FPE



DOING MY OWN THING

Norma 35-B-3 FPE

If TVs would only write more about themselves and the things they do, you would have a wealth of material to put into TRANSVESTIA. If you think the following account will stimulate interest, please feel free to use it without making any payment to me for its use. I can assure you that every word of the following experience is true.

Since Halloween is the one day that a TV can appear in public without fear of the consequences, I decided that I would make the most of the opportunity this year. For years I have been dressing and going out, but only in the evenings. This year things were going to be different.

I had a day off from work coming to me, so I scheduled it for October 31st. After my wife left for her place of work as a secretary, I went to the barbershop for a much needed haircut. When I returned I shaved my arms, legs and chest, areas which I have been keeping free from hair for about three years now. I dressed completely, putting on a navy and white polka dot jersey dress. After applying my makeup I went to work on my nails which I had been letting grow for several months and which were quite long. Soon I had a set of well manicured and polished nails that were my very own and not false ones. I was now ready to begin my full day as a woman.

The heels on my black high heeled pumps needed fixing, so I transferred some of my things to a purse, put in my own feminine wallet, put on white gloves and a short length white coat, and drove to a nearby shopping center. Gathering my courage I walked into a shoe repair shop and asked if my shoes could be fixed and how long it would take. I was very courteously told that they could be fixed immediately, so I said that I would do some shopping and return. From there I drove to

a car wash and had the original color of my car restored. There were other women getting their cars washed, but they only gave me a casual glance as we waited for our cars to be processed. I then went back to the shopping center and picked up my shoes. By this time I was feeling so good and having such a great time being out and in circulation that I decided to be bold and really stick my neck out.

I had decided to wear a certain dress when I went out for the evening, but I had found that it was spotted and needed cleaning, so on my way to work on the 30th I took it to the cleaners and asked if they could please have it ready by the next day. The slip for the dress was in my purse so I went as I was to get it. The women at this shop all knew me as this shop is at the head of our street and we always patronized this shop, and I myself had taken the dress in to be cleaned just the day before. When I handed the woman at the counter the slip for the dress she looked at the name on the slip, then at me, back at the slip and again at me, gave me a great big smile of recognition and went to get my dress. When she brought the dress I handed her the money and casually told her that I was Mr.— and that this was the dress I was going to wear to a party that night. She then called the other women to “come see Mr.—.” I calmly told them that I not only was going to a party as a woman, but that I had also decided to be a woman for the entire day as well. There was another woman customer in the shop at the time and her mouth really popped open when she heard that I was a man and not a woman. She just gaped while the women who knew me complimented me and told me that I looked very feminine. They acted as if it were perfectly all right for me to be dressed as I was, and it was then only about 11 o'clock in the morning. As I left they thanked me for coming in and letting them see me.

After I returned home I did a few womanly chores, such as dusting, running the vacuum, etc., and then made myself some lunch. I noticed that my front lawn was covered with fallen leaves, so that afternoon I went out, raked them into a pile and carried them to my garden area. My evergreens also got a much needed trimming. I don't know if any of the neighbors saw me or not, but I didn't care if they did.

Late that afternoon I undressed, took a shower and then dressed for the evening. This time I put on a very tight waist cinch, panties, a regular girdle, new hose, a long line bra and a pretty pink nylon half-slip. Next came a complete makeup job, the best I could possibly do. I combed out my wig, set it in place and brushed and sprayed until I had it the way I wanted it. My dress was the last thing I put on,



Norma 35-B-3-FPE
 In The Outfit Worn In Her Story



Darlene — Wash.

Kathy — N.-Y.

it was an ultramarine, ribbed knit, A-line style. Just then my G.G. called and asked me to meet her at the supermarket when she came home. This fitted perfectly with an idea I had been toying with.

I put on bone colored pumps with 2½ inch heels, white nylon gloves, the white shorty coat, transferred my things to a matching bone colored purse, and WALKED up to the cleaning shop to show the women how I now looked. They were delighted to see me again, and admired my dress, my shape, my clean-shaven legs, and my extra long polished nails. I then walked back to the house, got in the car and drove out to the shopping center, deliberately parking in front of the wrong store. This was the store where we do most of our shopping but not the one at which I was to meet Betty. I noticed that the cashiers were all wearing costumes in honor of the day, so I went in and walked up to the one we always go to, calling her by name. She almost spilled the bag of groceries she was packing when she recognized my voice, and had to call her supervisor to see me. After they recovered and said how nice I looked, I left and walked up to the other store to meet my G.G. and together we walked back to the car.

Betty prepared dinner for herself as I did not want any, having other plans. When the little goblins came I opened the door and passed out the treats. The mothers accompanying them must have wondered who that strange woman was at the — house. When there was a lull in the activity, I put on my gloves and coat, picked up my purse and stood for a final inspection by Betty. Getting her OK I left for the evening.

We had a department store bill that had to be paid, so I drove to the store, walked in, went to the credit department and paid it. I then browsed all over the store, spending a lot of time in the lingerie department. I was enjoying myself immensely. I even left there, drove to a large shopping center and browsed in all the large stores. This was real fun, but then I began to get hungry.

Leaving the stores I went to a small restaurant we had been to many times before. I walked in and sat at a table served by a waitress I knew. She came and took my order for a drink as I carefully placed my purse on the table, took off my gloves and slipped out of my coat. Bringing my drink, she placed it in front of me with no sign of recognition. She, as did all the waitresses, wore a Halloween costume. I ordered a second drink and then asked for a menu. When she brought it to me she hesitatingly asked me if I had been there before and if she ought to know me. I laughed at her and said yes. She then recognized me but said that if it were not for my voice that she would not have known me. (Have to

do something about that voice.) From then on I got the best of attention.

While I was enjoying my dinner one of the hostesses stopped at my table to talk to me. She laughingly asked which of the two little rooms I would use if the need arose, and I replied that if the need ever came that I would go home. She then said I could use the little girl's room if I wanted to and even pointed out its location as she left. As my table was near the door, people stopped at my table as they were leaving and openly admired my costume. It took me a little while to realize it, but Vicky, my waitress, was telling everybody in the place that I was a man and not the woman I appeared to be. Three women in particular stopped to talk to me, so, playing along with them, I pushed back my chair, turned towards them a little and crossed my legs, exposing my nylons and heels. They admired every detail of my costume and thanked me for daring to wear it in a public place and giving them a chance to see me. If they only knew! As I left I stopped to talk to the hostesses, showing them my very own nails, let them peek at my petticoat, told them what else I was wearing, and also told them that I had been dressed as a woman for the entire day and the places I had been to. What was their reaction? None whatsoever. To them I did the only perfectly normal thing to do.

The evening was not yet over so I went to a neighborhood bar and ordered a drink. This place had a Halloween party last year but they had nothing this year, so after finishing my drink I went elsewhere. There were a few masqueraders at this bar so I stayed and had several drinks. One young man was dressed as a bride and looked very good. It was quite evident that he and his party were having a great time. Several people spoke to me and offered to buy me drinks, but being a sensible woman I refused all offers. You won't find this gal getting involved with anyone. I enjoy being seen but that is all.

To sum up my day, I had a glorious carefree day. Even when I revealed myself at the cleaning shop during the morning the women welcomed me and made me feel at ease. At the supermarket the cashier enjoyed seeing me and said so the next time we shopped there. I was not challenged in any of the stores I browsed in. The people at the restaurant were wonderful to me. But what would their reactions be if I did the same things tomorrow? That I don't know. I wish that I had the nerve to find out. Maybe someday

* * *



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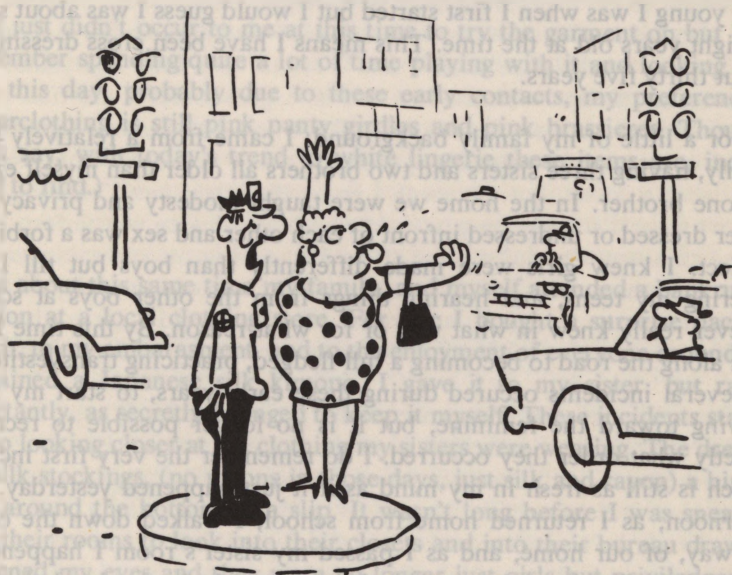
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**“Come off it, Sarge! The Drag Squad was
disbanded two weeks ago.”**

MILLIE FINDS HERSELF

Millie

Most of the TVs we read about seem to have started their cross dressing by having been dressed as a girl for disciplinary purposes, or dressed as a girl by a doting Mother who wanted a girl and was disappointed by the birth of a boy, or maybe dressed up by a sister as a substitute for feminine company. My own transvestism, however, was not a result of any of these things but, rather, developed on my own part, and without help from anyone, by a love for beautiful clothing and feminine finery.

My transvestism goes back so many years that I can't really recall how young I was when I first started but I would guess I was about seven or eight years old at the time. This means I have been cross dressing for about thirty five years.

For a little of my family background; I came from a relatively large family, having three sisters and two brothers all older than myself except for one brother. In the home we were taught modesty and privacy. We never dressed or undressed in front of each other and sex was a forbidden subject. I knew girls were made differently than boys but till I was entering my teens, and hearing things from the other boys at school, I never really knew in what way or for what reason. By this time I was well along the road to becoming a full fledged, practicing transvestite.

Several incidents occurred during these early years, to start my mind moving toward the feminine, but it is no longer possible to recall in exactly what order they occurred. I do remember the very first incident which is still as fresh in my mind as if it just happened yesterday. One afternoon, as I returned home from school, I walked down the center hallway, of our home, and as I passed my sister's room I happened to glance in and see a pink brassiere draped over the back of a chair. I just stopped short in my tracks and starred. I had never seen anything like this before and I was completely fascinated by it. I went into the room,

took the garment up in my hands and examined it more closely. What could this thing be and what could it possibly be used for? Not by any stretch of the imagination could I determine what part of the body, or what earthly purpose, this beautiful little piece of pink satin could have been designed for. All that evening, whenever the opportunity presented itself, I went back into my sister's room to look and feel and marvel at it's silkiness, and wonder where and how it was to be worn. That night I went to sleep with visions of this pink brassiere still dancing around in my head. By the next afternoon it was no longer on the chair so my interest wanned but was never really forgotten.

We lived in a huge old house with a stairway leading to an unfinished third floor. On rainy days this was our playroom. The room was also criss crossed with clothes lines and, on cold winter days this is where the wash was hung to dry. One day, while going to this third floor, for some forgotten reason, I found a pink panty girdle, belonging to one of my sisters, hanging on the line to dry. Once again, as with the brassiere, I was drawn like a magnet to the spot and once again I examined this garment, as closely as I had done before. It was obvious how this item was meant to be worn but my fascination was no less great.

It just didn't occur to me at this time to try the garment on but I can remember spending quite a lot of time playing with it and looking at it. (To this day, probably due to these early contacts, my preference in underclothing is still pink panty girdles and pink brassieres. Though I must say, with today's trend to white lingerie these items are, indeed, hard to find.)

At about this same time my family, and myself attended a bankruptcy auction at a local clothing store. For 15c I bought a surprise package which, to my embarasment, and to the enjoyment of everyone around me, contained a Japanese silk kimono. I gave it to my sister, but rather reluctantly, as secretly I longed to keep it myself. These incidents started me to looking closer at the clothing my sisters were wearing. The dresses, the silk stockings, (no nylons in those days, just silk and rayon) a hint of lace around the bottom of a slip. It wasn't long before I was sneaking into their rooms to look into their closets and into their bureau drawers. I opened my eyes and they were no longer just girls but priviledged individuals who were allowed to wear clothing that was so much nicer than anything I had to wear.

The next step, after thoroughly searching through their clothing, was inevitable. It was now time to start trying it on. Being a member of such a large family made it difficult to find the time to indulge in this pastime without being caught. However, we usually arrived home from school at different times, my father was a business man who had to work long hard hours and many days my mother would be down at the store helping him out, so most days I had about a half hour to myself to try on my sisters' feminine finery. Words can't describe my feelings the first time I slipped into a pair of panties. With a little ingenuity and manipulation I found there was only one part of my body the brassiere would fit so I finally decided this was where it was meant to be worn. Next followed a girdle, stockings, slip and, finally, a dress. Being a bit on the plump side (fat if you prefer) the garments weren't a bad fit at all, even though my sister was several years older than I, but, alas, she was also much taller so the dress and slip just about reached the floor. In those days I could stay dressed for only a very few minutes. I would no sooner finish dressing than I would have to undress and get back into my own clothes before my sisters and brothers arrived home from their school classes.

Mostly I dressed in my sisters' clothing. One day I would pick one sister another day another sister, and on some occasions I would mix certain items from each that I particularly liked. Then I always had to be careful to get everything back in the right place and in the same position I found it. On a few occasions I tried on my mother's clothing but she was so much larger than I that I found very little enjoyment in it. My mother always wore corsets and as I grew older I did find one of these, which must have been too small for her, and was just right for me, and I can remember cherishing this for many years. At times, today, I still wear a corset, but, although I enjoy the "tight laced" feeling I find I can't wear it for any length of time with any degree of comfort. I went along this way for quite some time. Just trying on and taking off my sister's clothing. It was a pleasant pastime, something to inject a little pleasure into an otherwise uneventful life. Never did I dream that I was setting a pattern I would be following for the rest of my natural life.

The next step was to start accumulating a wardrobe of my own. I ransacked the rag bag, I searched the trash cans, I purloined items stuck away in the bottoms of the bureau drawers. Items that I thought would never be missed, and apparently weren't. With three sisters and a mother there was always an abundance of items to be garnered for my own use but most were ill-fitting and in disrepair. There was a storage shed out behind the house and by prying up a loose floor board I created a hid-away for my feminine garments. As soon as school was out I would run

and change clothes in the shed. Although these garments weren't as nice as the ones I had been trying on in the house I enjoyed them more because these belonged to me.

Soon I got into the habit of putting on my shirt and trousers over my feminine clothes. This way I could remain dressed for a longer period of time and, before going to bed at night, slip out to the shed on one pretense or another, to remove my finery and store it away for another day. I continued on this way for a few years, I suppose till I was about twelve years old. At this time my older brother married, we moved into a larger house, I had a room of my own and cross dressing became less of a problem. This room had a large "Walk-in" closet where I stored my feminine garments, in boxes, down behind all my other clothes. By having my own room I could now sleep in sheer nighties and silk pajamas, which I had added to my vast collection of lingerie but never had the opportunity to wear before. Because of our training in modesty and privacy we never walked into each other's rooms so there was not too much danger of being caught. Although I can remember laying in bed with the covers up around my neck to hide the nightie I was wearing while my mother placed the clothing she had just finished ironing in my dresser drawers.

I now decided I should have a more complete and better fitting wardrobe to replace the cast-offs and hand-me-downs I had cherished for so many years and this meant buying the items I so badly needed and wanted. I was old enough to work so I set about doing odd jobs in my after school hours with just one idea in mind. To make enough money to buy feminine clothing with. I did everything from gathering scrap iron to digging clams. When the other kids were playing baseball on the sand lots I was mowing lawns. And when they were sunning themselves on the beach I was selling newspapers. It left me little time for social life but penny by penny and nickle by nickle my goal was realized. I now had enough money stashed away with which to buy the garments I so sorely desired.

The next problem was how to make the actual purchases. The mail order catalogs were out of the question. I couldn't risk a package coming to the house and being opened by another member of the family. I finally solved this by making bus trips to the neighboring towns, where I couldn't possibly be known, and making the purchases on the pretense they were for a sister. This worked fairly well till one day a sales lady refused to sell me a dress I wanted with the statement "Give your sister the money and let her buy it herself." This started me to thinking, "Why should I make excuses for the things I buy when it's my money and it's no body's business, anyhow, why I choose to buy feminine clothing with it." From

then on I purchased the things I wanted without making any excuses for doing so.

At the present time I can go into any store, purchase anything I want, from foundation garments to mini skirts, and never once try to hide my purchase behind some kind of flimsey excuse. I think if a sales girl said to me, "are you buying this for yourself?" I would answer truthfully and say, "yes I am buying it for myself." It might even be interesting to note the reaction. I have also found that, by not making excuses, I get much fewer incredulous looks from the sales girls than I used to get when I did make excuses. The average person's life is really an uneventful sort of thing, anyhow, so if the sales girls can get some pleasure, after I leave a store, by talking about the man who just bought the panty girdle and padded bra, or the skirt and the lace trimmed blouse, then I'm glad I can bring this small amount of pleasure into their lives. Most sales girls, now, assume the items are for a wife but in one store where I shop quite frequently I feel sure the girl has taken it for granted, for some reason or another, that I am shopping for myself. She has made remarks to help me out like, "a certain dress might be too long in the waist, or a certain skirt is too mini for heavy legs," and I can't believe she is remarking with my wife in mind because, to the best of my knowledge, my wife has never been in this particular store. My wife's build is entirely different than mine anyhow.

But, to get back to my teen-age years — now that I had a more complete wardrobe I started wearing my lingerie under my regular clothing nearly all the time. Even when I went to school. This led to one of the closest mishaps I've ever had in my entire life and I'm sure it must have shortened my life by several years. I had to watch my school curriculum closely to see I wasn't wearing lingerie on the days we had gym classes. Lo and behold if I didn't get careless and find myself, one day, on the way to the gymnasium with nothing on under my trousers except a pair of panties. Anyone who thinks it's easy to change into gym trunks, in a lockerroom full of boys, while wearing a pair of lace trimmed pink panties need only try it once. By scrounging down in the corner, behind my shirt tails, I managed to pull the trunks on over the panties. Through the whole class I had to keep watching the legs of my trunks to make sure nothing was showing. I'm sure I couldn't have been discovered, for I'm sure the other boys would have shown me no mercy had I been detected by even one of them.

It seems almost incredible that I have been able to dress this way for so many years without having been caught but I have had many many

close calls. Like the time my parents were out of town for a few days, leaving the rest of us home alone, and I inadvertently left a bra lying on the floor under my bed. When it was found, my older brother, who shared the room with me at that time, was accused of having had a girl in the room when nobody was home. He never denied it as vehemently as one might have expected so I've always speculated that maybe he did have a girl in there after all. Some day I'll have to ask him if he remembers the incident and was there a girl or not.

Another time, a few years after this, I reached school only to remember about halfway through my morning classes that I had left a silk nightie lying across the foot of my bed after having taken it off.

I was completely at a loss as to what to do. My mother would find it when she made up the bed and there could be no logical, sensible, acceptable reason I could possibly offer for it being there. I toyed with the idea of walking out of school and try to get home before it was found and I was scared to death to do that too. At lunch time, instead of going to the cafeteria, I ran all the way home, arriving there out of breath and prepared to meet my fate. If I didn't drop dead when I faced my mother I would have to kill myself anyhow. I ran into my room with the excuse I forgot a book to find, to my great relief, that due to some other housework, my mother hadn't gotten around to making up the beds yet. Once again I was granted a reprieve. These incidents only served to put me on closer guard and everything was checked and double checked before I left the house in the morning. I have read stories of other TVs who have discussed their problems with mothers and sisters and received, in return, sympathy and understanding. Even help with their dressing and makeup. I don't believe I could have ever talked to any member of my family and received anything in return except ridicule and ostracism. I can only envy these other TVs who were so much more fortunate than I.

I was now approaching my late teens, the second world war was in progress and soon I would have to face being drafted into the armed forces. Before this came about I enlisted in the Merchant Marine, and after a short period of training, I found myself plying the Atlantic Ocean between the United States and various points in Europe and the Middle East. This greatly curtailed my cross dressing but I soon hit upon the plan of purchasing a few feminine garments, while in port, wearing them for a few days, in the privacy of a hotel room, and then dropping them in a good-will collection box before returning to my ship for another trip. Shortly after the war ended I met a girl I was infatuated with, quit sailing and in short order settled down to get married. I didn't tell my

new bride, at first, of my cross dressing, as it still had never occurred to me that what I was doing was anything except a pleasurable pastime that I would have no more desire for after I had settled down to a normal married life.

We were married only a very short time when I began to realize this was something I would not be able to quit. I spoke to a doctor, who wasn't really too interested in what I had to say, but from him I first heard the term, "Transvestite" and he recommended a book or two that I could purchase for reference on the subject. I finally had to tell my wife of my cross dressing. We talked it over at great length, read everything we could find related to it, and finally decided I should return to dressing rather than try to fight it and end up with a shattered life. She was even mildly pleased when I returned to wearing lingerie. As she stated on a few occasions, "she found washing panties was much easier than washing men's shorts and my girdles gave me a much slimmer and attractive appearance." However, the four years we were married were mostly stormy and indecisive. One time she would purchase items for me to wear, with no prompting from me, and another time she would threaten to leave if I continued with my dressing. Finally, after a year of separation we were divorced. My wife was not a "one man woman," having started very early in our married life to slip out with other men. So I honestly believe that, had I not been a transvestite our marriage would still have ended up on the rocks. Now that seventeen years have passed since the divorce, and we would no longer jump at each other's throats, I would like to meet with my ex-wife and find out just how much my cross dressing figured in her decision to get a divorce if, indeed, it figured at all.

For about two years, after this, I traveled around the country, alone, in the employ of a consulting engineering firm. During this time I was able to cross dress as I pleased. I had hotel accommodations in several cities, at the same time, and on several occasions I drove from one city to another in full dress. But only at night. This was the closest I ever came to cross dressing, completely, in public, and I still go out at night on very rare occasions, but I couldn't possibly risk it during the day. Now that I am getting older I'm afraid my features have become much too masculine to ever fool anyone I might come in contact with.

The next event of importance in my life was the Korean War. I was still under 26 years of age, at the time, and being single, with no active service time, I soon found myself drafted into the Army and, within a short while, was on my way to Japan where I spent a period of eighteen months. By now I was self sufficient enough that I could have spent two

years in the Army while standing on my head but two years without being able to cross dress was the greatest tribulation of my entire life. As soon as I was discharged I didn't waste any time getting back into my feminine finery. The pleasure of dressing again, for the first time, was almost worth the two years of waiting. I now set about building myself a small home, where I could live alone while searching for another wife that would be willing to share my life for what it was. During the next two years I dated about sixteen to twenty different women. Some never got off the ground but when an affair started to become serious I would have a good talk with the girl to explain my transvestism. For by now I knew I couldn't marry without the girl knowing full well in advance what my life was like. Most of my dates were sympathetic with, but unwilling to share in, my life of cross dressing. I had become a successful business man with a reasonably secure future to offer the girl that might be willing to accept me for what I was.

Finally I met the woman I am married to now and she seemed to be willing to tolerate me in return for what I had to offer her. After we were married it didn't quite work out that way though. Several times we were on the point of breaking up and, except for the birth of a lovely daughter, I doubt we would still be married today. In order to maintain a home for our daughter, with both a mother and father, my wife agreed I could continue with my cross dressing as long as it didn't interfere with her. Fortunately our home is big enough, now, that I have my own dressing room. I never dress or undress in front of my wife. I never wear nighties to bed, or anything else my wife might come in contact with. I do the washing of all my own feminine garments and I continue to do as I have done most of my life. I wear lingerie, girdles and brassiers under my trousers and shirts at all times. Tucked away in the recesses of some dresser drawer I have a few pairs of men's shorts but I can't recall having worn them more than three or four times during the past fifteen years. Only on rare occasions, anymore, do I have the chance to dress completely feminine. Two or three times a year my business takes me out of town, overnight, and for this one night, in some remote motel, I can enjoy complete feminine relaxation. My wife is from another state and about three weeks out of every year she spends with her family. During this time I can dress, completely, in the privacy of my own home. Under this arrangement my wife can pretend she doesn't know what I am doing and this keeps our marriage on an even keel.

This arrangement falls far short of being the ideal life a transvestite might desire to lead, but at least I can survive. If transvestism has done nothing else for me it has created within me the ability to handle any

situation that might arise and still come out on top. I can always look back to when things were worse. I still feel, that in time, my wife will come to realize that dressing is something I must do and is not just some passing fancy from which I get pleasure.

I wouldn't make the flat statement that a transvestite should not marry but the wife of a transvestite must, of necessity, be a very exceptional person. Any transvestite fortunate enough to marry an exceptional person, like this, should give her every possible consideration in return. Should I find myself single again, at some time in the future, I would not remarry. But the rules I base my conviction on may not necessarily apply to all transvestites. The most important thing, that I can't emphasize enough, is "don't spring your transvestism on your wife as a surprise." Make sure before you marry that she knows all the details of your cross dressing in advance and is willing to accept them.

Another question that always enters the life of a married TV is, "should we tell the children?" There, again, there can be no set rule to govern all transvestite marriages. In my particular case we have agreed not to tell our daughter. If she should find out accidentally, then I will attempt to explain things to her and hope she will understand. In the case of a transvestite who dresses completely in front of the family, then, of course, it is necessary to explain it to the children.

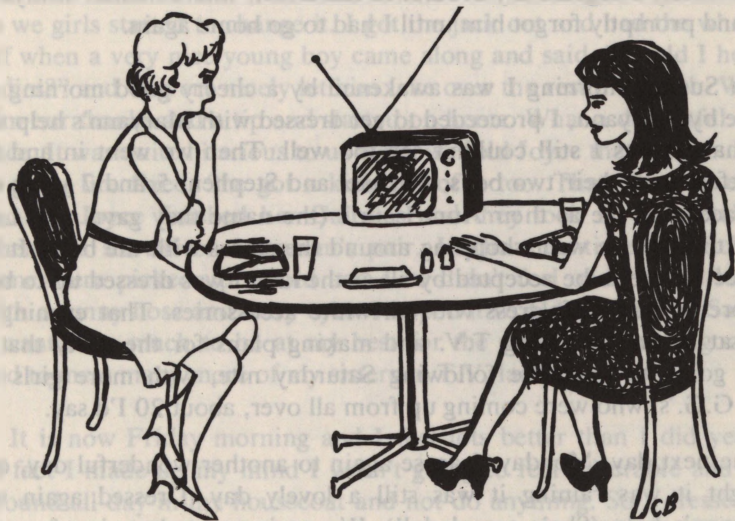
Considering my lingerie is the laciest and frilliest that can be found and considering that I wear this every day the question always comes up, "Suppose you have an accident and are taken to a hospital?" There was a time that this would have worried me considerably. Not so anymore. If I have learned one thing through the years it is to live with what I am. During the years I have built up a resistance to embarrassment that should be capable of handling any circumstance I might find myself in. The medical personnel of a hospital must have some knowledge of what a transvestite is and a simple explanation, on my part, should be all that is needed. On the other hand, I believe I have mastered the English language sufficiently to put down anyone that might attempt to hold me up to ridicule or make me the butt of their jokes.

We always like to speculate, "suppose we could live our lives over again?" I don't believe I would marry. At least, not unless I could find, and be sure of, the very exceptional woman I wrote of above. Of one thing I am certain; I would be a transvestite again. I could no more change this than I could change the positions of the sun and the moon. According to all I have been able to read on the subject, Psychiatric treatment, even very early in my life, would have probably met with very little success.

Some people may read this and have a good laugh over this poor fool of a man who goes around all day wearing panty girdles and bras. But am I really the fool? Little do these people know of the pressures and mental anguish that have led to be this way for the past thirty five years. Bigger and better men than I, have, I am sure, folded up under far less strain.



“Hi George! We are having a ‘kidnap you just as you are-party.’
Two of the fellows should be entering your apartment right now — !”



“Gee Dad, I don’t know when
I’ve enjoyed a better TV dinner!”

HOLIDAY IN DETROIT

LAURETTE 55-K-1 FPE

My holiday in Detroit with Joyce 22-C-3 and her wife Maryann had its beginning some months previously when I had a cataract taken off my eye. They had invited me down to recuperate after the operation, but my good Doctor vetoed the idea, so I had to put the trip off till June and it was well worth the wait believe me.

My brother drove me over on the Saturday night after work, I had a little thing at the border over having no Birth certificate but this was soon straightened up and I continued on to Joyce's home, where I immediately relegated my brother to the closet, where he had always put me, and promptly forgot him until I had to go home again.

On Sunday morning I was awakened by a cheery good morning and coffee by Maryann, I proceeded to get dressed with Maryann's help with my makeup, as I still couldn't see too well. Then we went in and had breakfast with their two boys, Michael and Stephen, 5 and 7 years old, who accepted me as their Aunt Laurie (the name they gave me). Later on in the day we went shopping around the stores with the boys. It was so nice for me to be accepted by all as the lady I was dressed up to be in my pretty blue shift dress with all white accessories. That evening we just sat around watching T.V. and making plans for the party that we were going to have the following Saturday nite, with more girls and their G.G.'s, who were coming up from all over, about 20 I'd say.

The next day, Monday, I arose again to another wonderful day, even thought it was raining it was still a lovely day. Dressed again with Maryann's help (She's a real doll). We again went shopping for some material for slacks that Joyce is going to make for me. She's a great seamstress, didn't find anything to suit but did buy some more cosmetics

and films for the party, this time I wore a very pretty turquoise dress that Maryann had given to me after she shortened it to suit my size. Being so short I have to have all my clothes altered. I felt so completely at home and very feminine, as if I'd worn these clothes all my life. Maryann helped me so much by treating me always as a girlfriend and companion. Later on that day Joyce and Maryann went to get the material for their two sets of Culotte Loungers that Joyce will make up for the party. They will be fabulous, I'm sure.

Tuesday morning and afternoon we went shopping again and I really went all out, buying myself a lovely blue and white print dress with white collar and bow also a gorgeous pale green ruffled blouse to go with my black cocktail skirt I'll wear at the party, also a multi-colored sash to go around the waist. We then went to another store where I purchased the most darling thing of all a pink dotted Cullote lounging set that Maryann said would look wonderful on me and she wasn't wrong. It's just lovely. Then we came home and Maryann fixed up the clothes to fit me as usually has to be done. The dress fitted me and looked so lovely that I'll just have to wear it tomorrow.

The next day after breakfast Maryann and I went to shop for groceries and goodies for the party, almost buying out the whole store. We started home and suddenly, of all things, we got a flat tire. What a riot, and now what to do? We were still too far from home to run on it, so we girls started to change it. I got the jack out and had the wheel half off when a very nice young boy came along and said, "Could I help you ladies?" and we very nicely let him take over the rest of the job. We gave him our thanks and a tip and started on home. What a delightful experience. It was quite hilarious to us when we told Joyce that she would have to get a tire fixed. She got a kick out of it too. That nite was exciting because Joyce finished her Culottes and they look so femmetabulous. Then she started on Maryann's pair. In the meantime I somehow or somewhere picked up a cold and sure didn't feel or look too lady-like with a runny nose and teary eyes. I hoped it would clear up by Saturday. I wanted so much to be at my best for the party, to have a good time and to meet many more of my sisters in T.V. land.

It is now Friday morning and I feel lots better than I did yesterday in fact I made up my mind I wasn't going to feel miserable and not sit around all day in my housecoat and not do anything. So I dressed up in my blouse and skirt, and we three started to get things ready for the party. I helped Maryann in making some pretty net corsages with names for all the girls to wear, also helped in preparing the salads, etc. Things

were working out so well. We were sitting around doing not much when Susan 35-M-6 came in, it was nice to see her again, then later on Debbi and wife Caroline arrived. I had never met them but soon they seemed like old friends. Caroline is another A Plus GG and so lovable too. We all sat talking till the wee hours, finally falling apart at the seams we went to bed.

On Saturday morning we all got up early raring to go to work preparing for the party. Everyone had certain chores to do, so we all hustled our bustles around all day till things were in good shape for later. As we sat talking Jeanette 14-Y-1, came in from Indiana. She drove up with Gail, all dressed and she looked and acted so feminine that it's a delight to know her. She wore a lovely blue dress with lace front. Then Maryann 35-J-2, from Ohio, also President of Delta Chapter, arrived. She was dressed in a gold dress with a brown lace see thru coat attached and looked very chic. Getting to know her I found her to be a very warm, sensitive, wonderful person and a joy to know. A little while later Anne W. 22-W-3 came in from Detroit. She wore a beautiful white flowered dress and is also a delightful one to know. Then Betty G. and wife Anne arrived, Betty had on a nice skirt and blouse with a lovely smile to go with it and Anne her A-Plus wife wore a very chic blue sheath dress with a large pointed collar to complete the ensemble. She is so warm and kind too.

Now Maryann pinned the lovely net corsages on everyone and we then played a few parlor games, I know we all had fun because the roof started to bulge with all the laughter. It was a real hen party and I revelled in every moment of it. After some time, about 2 a.m. I guess, we had the eats, and what a hungry bunch of women. Laughter and an enjoyable time can sure make people hungry. After a lovely repast we then had a discussion and with all taking part and speaking their mind it was very informative and we all learned something. The three G.G.'s added a tremendous impact with their wealth of wisdom and understanding of us and our problems, they love us for ourselves and we love them so much more for their virtues, they sure are beautiful people in my eyes and heart and someday I pray that I might find one like them, to help me enjoy this femme-life that I have found through F.P.E. Well on and on we went not thinking of the time at all till suddenly it was about 4 a.m. Betty and Anne just had to leave so that started the others and the party broke up around 5 a.m. We went to bed just as the sun was saying GOOD MORNING. Oh what a wonderful time.

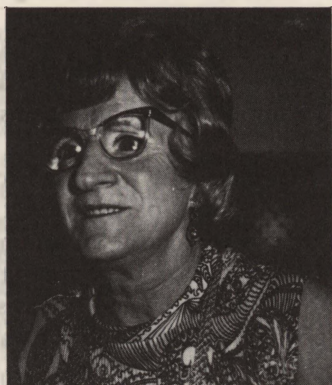
On Sunday, who comes back just for coffee before leaving for Indiana but Jeanette and Gail. They stayed on then for another five hours before they finally had to go. Susan stayed till about 10 p.m. We had to almost throw her out as she had a long trip home and she didn't want to leave. It's funny, but it's always so hard to say good bye to such wonderful people. A while later Ann W. came back for a short visit and Joyce showed a movie film taken a long time ago. It was a riot. What a difference now in makeup and posture, I'm going to do the same. I believe that all T.V.'s should have a movie taken of themselves to see just what they really look like to others. I know that is what I'm going to do very soon, I'll not be perfect but I can sure learn.

On Monday Joyce, Maryann and I decided to just lie around and recharge our batteries, glad these parties aren't every week, once a month is plenty but it was so wonderful all around. Tuesday, Maryann and I thought it would be nice to take the boys to the show and for more shopping, so we went to see the show and it was so nice to be accepted as Aunt Laurie by the boys. They asked me if I was rich and I told them I am richer than anybody in the world as I have so many good wonderful friends that money can't buy, and the happiness and contentment I've found in F.P.E. and Femme land has been simply fantastic and it's only the beginning of better things to come.

Finally came "D" Day (departure) and I felt very sad at the thought of leaving this heavenly place and these wonderful people that I have come to love so much. My brother came out of his closet to take me back to Canada about 10 p.m. But right after breakfast Maryann and I decided to let Tom take us into town for a drive and a little more shopping, so dressing up in my light green shift and Maryann doing her makeup artistry on me again we set out, parked the car then went into the Tina Louise Shop where I bought a lovely pink padded girdle that I had always wanted in order to achieve more of a feminine shape that I lacked. Then we went to a Department Store where Maryann bought herself a stunning outfit of white bell-bottom slacks and a sweet red blouse to go with it. She was really thrilled with them. Leaving there we started home stopping on the way to have a Sundae at a Dairy Cream bar. But finally I had to start my packing, darn it.

So by 10 p.m. brother was there and off we went with a little sadness in my heart that my holiday was over. I arrived home so filled with many memories and much gratitude to so many wonderful people who made my sojourn so happy, with their tolerance, understanding and kindness to me, I'll never forget them ever.

This is the end of my experiences and holiday in Detroit, but it's only the beginning of more wondrous things to happen to me in my travels down the road of life as Laurette, with such people as I have found in T.V. land and more so since becoming a member of F.P.E. My cup runneth over.



LAURETTE 55-K-1 FPE



Five Alpha FPE Dolls

- | | | | | |
|--------|-------|--------|-------|-------|
| Sylvia | Debbi | Joan | Carol | Layne |
| 5-M-16 | 5-K-8 | 5-M-13 | 5-F-9 | 5-G-9 |



TV ACTRESS

Joan FNZ-C-1

This is about Joan Kempthorne in her stage and cabaret work under the name of Gabrielle.

Like the majority of TVs, I started dressing at the age of 8, conveniently using my sister's clothes and from then on, through Preparatory and secondary school to University, I never lost an opportunity of changing and becoming my feminine counterpart, sometimes with the sympathetic support and assistance of other girls — rather like your story "Fated for Femininity." This meant that I grew up through the various ages in a feminine role until I could drop into it quite naturally, closing off completely my masculine personality. Apart from 4½ years on active service with the Army, I have continued this dual life with interruption and through the kindness and friendship of others, particularly one in London I was able to develop a philosophy which brought me peace of mind and enabled me to live with myself at peace.

Whilst at Preparatory School (pre 13) the matron would dress me as a little girl for Saturday night dances during the winter term, in a white organza party frock with frills and ribbons and a wide blue sash with a big bow at the back, completed with white cotton stockings, black dancing shoes and a bow in my hair. Strangely enough, I was never "razed" about this by the other boys.

Later, I became interested in drama and joined an Amateur Theatrical Society and the local Repertory Society, with which I acted for about 12 years, playing many leads. During this period, I first visited Madame Arthur's in Paris, a place I have since visited many, many times. The first visit was made at the suggestion of a kindly doctor in London, who knew of my TV personality. It was Madame Arthur's

which first gave me the idea of using my TVism on stage — after all, I was already well versed in dress, make up and acting, so, Hey Presto, I became an actress.

My speciality is solo cabaret floor show acts, generally with a French flavor, although I have now acted as a female in straight parts in plays, sketches and even pantomime. One of my early appearances was the only TV with a troupe dancing the “Can-Can,” which had the finale specially modified for my sake — I couldn’t do the “Splits.” All the same, it was strenuous and a test of my fitness. The girls were intrigued and thought it rather good to have a TV with them. I was worked extra hard at rehearsals though! I wore a bright emerald green costume with full skirt trimmed with white lace, black mittens and stockings, black velvet throat ribbon, moderately high heels and brightly colored plumes in the hair. Looking back now, I realize it was a rather poor sort of wig but at the time, I thought it was rather good.

For some time, I did odd acts and plays, then came the time described in TRANSVESTIA No. 56 when I was asked to do an item at the Annual Fancy Dress Ball of the Repertory Society. I really put all I had into it and did the whole thing in French. This really started me off and during the rest of that year I had 18 engagements which led to 47 engagements during the “season” last year.

To perform a fast moving act on one’s own as a woman, and to carry it off with a feeling of success, is exhilarating and satisfying. To me, it has become a good healthy safety valve. It thrills me to be able to change, to command the limelight and to give pleasure. I have now performed in various parts of New Zealand, sometimes traveling with a company presenting a full program and this has necessitated up to three complete changes for me in the one evening.

I notice that the men are entertained and enjoy my acts but the women are curious and intrigued and they are the ones who come backstage or to the dressing rooms. They are kind enough to compliment me on the shape of my long legs and they peer very hard at my bust — the cleavage — and even prod my breasts to see if they are really “me”! They are, as the result of wearing high waist corsets and well fitting bras. I have the bras properly fitted and altered to give the best support and line. My bust is developed to impress as an elegant though small one.

There are various aspects of this cabaret work which may be of interest to you, they are:

1. Costume
2. Accessories
3. Makeup
4. Script or music
5. Actions

1. *Costume*: I design my own costumes and have them made by either a very dear friend (who is my constant inspiration and encouragement) or occasionally by a theatrical dressmaker to obtain special effects. My designs are based on what I propose to perform and my observations in Europe, Australia and the East. I have some basic leotards, cut low to expose the cleavage and cut high on the hips, French style to further lengthen the legs. Trim and accessories are added as required — lace, sequins, bustles and feathers. My basic leotards are emerald green satin, black velvet and scarlet lamé. My other costumes generally have a high neck, with ruffles, long sleeves and very, very brief skirts. Another show like Madame Arthur's, which I visit frequently is 'Les Girls' in Sydney, a highly sophisticated and polished all-male F.I. show.

One important point about costume is to thoroughly clean and press it after each performance so that it is immaculate and "chic."

2. *Accessories*: I decide on what is required to give best effect without becoming distracting, and often talk them over with this very dear friend of mine — a wonderful woman. Usually, with my very brief leotards, I wear white gloves almost shoulder length, natural or neutral sheer tights, long pendant rhinestone earrings, and 3½" high heels with black patent leather court shoes. I buy the tights from Fredericks of Hollywood or Weiss of London. I never wear anything that jingles or bracelets. I always wear rings which seldom show — one gold wedding ring given me by a French Artiste friend who is a lesbian, one gold wedding ring of my grandmother's, given me by my mother and one white wedding ring from my dear friend. When alive, my mother always encouraged me and was interested in all the details. With some costumes, I wear a large emerald stone on the outside of my gloves, but only in sophisticated street-style dress when I carry a long handled umbrella and handbag. The high heels emphasize the shape of my legs. Sometimes I wear a large black cartwheel hat and in my black and white striped costume, a brilliant red rose over the left breast. I quite often wear a wide black patent leather belt with dress and in leotards, a black throat ribbon with streamers at the back and a "brilliant" at the throat.

I have two wigs, good ones, carefully hand made and exactly matching the color of my own hair. I keep them on wig heads in wig cases and have them professionally styled, set and cleaned. In the first instance



1966



1969



1969



1970

Joan as Gabrielle in various scenes

they were cut, to the shape of my face, on my head. After putting on a wig, I will comb it up, add a dash of lustre spray and maybe, pin on a "fall" for an extra note of sophistication. This has to be very securely pinned to avoid movement during my fast action.

Most of the accessories and even the materials have to be bought overseas owing to our isolation and form of selective import control. (I live in New Zealand).

Whilst I am careful to avoid "smut" in any form, I do aim with accessories and costume, to achieve a good "sex appeal" which has been impressed on me by very competent producers. This appeals to the men and intrigues the women. You see, I am not introduced or billed as an impersonator so that the audience does not know until afterwards, unless they have seen me perform elsewhere. The master of ceremonies or band leader will announce "Gabrielle" and there I am under the spotlights and go right into my routine. By the way, I am partly French and speak French passably!

3. *Make Up*: To me, this is the most exacting part of the whole business and takes me about 1½ hours to apply, apart from carefully shaving all hair which might show. Basically, it is a stage make up, but applied so carefully that it will bear close inspection as a disguise and one then varies the accent on lips and eyes to suit the hall or night club size. Make up requires expert instruction for successful stage work and I was very fortunate with my theatre connections.

I study women's faces in the street, anywhere, and the effects of different forms of make up. The Mod trend of "no-make-up" make up leaves me cold and is quite unsuitable for my work, as brilliant spotlights, which are harsh and cruel as well, demand brilliant colors, carefully and accurately applied, lips, eyes and highlights — white on cheek bones, down the nose and on the point of the chin. Sometimes a large black beauty spot on cheekbone, side of chin or on a breast and Mary Quant sparklers on the lips. I use "Covermark" make up to cover blemishes on the legs and powder face, neck, bosom, etc., with a light French powder which is pushed into the base with the patting. My make up will last 8 — 10 hours. Sometimes I add strings of pearls or brightly colored plumes in the hair.

4. *Script and Music*: Script is provided when one is invited to act in a play, sketch or musical so that is the producer's worry. I am always on the hunt for suitable songs and ideas for the cabaret work and would welcome and indeed, deeply appreciate any from your readers. An item

should last 4 — 5 minutes. Ruth Wallis songs are the tops and I have been trying to borrow or buy a recording of 'Pop Up Song.' If any of your readers can lend me one, I will guarantee to return it. I have the assistance of an electronics expert who records on tape and works my microphone and amplifier, generally a 10 watt output with column speakers, as these give the truest sound. Where possible, one has an instrumentalist accompaniment.

5. *Actions:* Any item has to follow the same procedure. I learn the music and the way it is played, then the words, and if it is in French, the English translation as well, so that I know exactly what my actions should be. When I am word perfect and I know the music bar by bar, I work out my routine and rehearse this in front of a full length mirror. Fast action is needed to bring a song alive and it is my continued, fast and relaxed actions which stirs an audience into enthusiastic response, which in turn, spurs one on to even better efforts. Sometimes I kick high, but I use my legs a lot for effect and constantly move my hands and arms. All movement must be confident and mature which puts an audience at ease. When things go wrong, as they do occasionally, one must have sufficient confidence and control of the audience to laugh it off, gesticulate or even tell a story! Walking onto the stage in one performance, I caught my bustle on a nail and ripped it badly — however, I turned it into a comedy moment for the audience — another occasion doing a high kick in a night club, the floor was too highly polished and I fell rather badly but bounced up and carried on — the audience thought this a very amusing highlight — so cleverly done! If only they had known how badly shaken up I was!

I rehearse a number over and over again until I am sure of myself. I am never satisfied for a true artist should never be so. For rehearsing, I wear a black leotard and flesh tights of heavier weight and tie up my hair with a bright silk scarf. Audiences for whom I have performed vary from 70 in a night club, to 650 in a hall, but are generally around 350.

In one musical, I was asked to do a "strip." This was rather exacting but here again, I worked out a routine and rehearsed hard with the orchestra until we had it right. I stripped in a deliberate and provocative way right down to sequined pasties on the breasts and a well fitted sequined G-string. For this, I had to tape myself carefully inside and to the rear — nothing showed. In doing the strip, I relieved it with some humor, both of which items were borrowed from Madame Arthur's. When down to my black lace scanties, I had a 'NO PARKING' sign

hanging over my fanny, which I then untied and turning my back to the audience, waggled it over my bottom, then putting it on the head of one of the stage 'audience' like a bonnet, tied the ribbons under the man's chin! I also had a puff ball in each cup of my black bra and squeezed out a dense cloud of talcum powder, including a special one for my friends in the orchestra! On another occasion, at an old fashioned "Music Hall" evening, the audience sat at tables and I acted as a Bar Maid with curls down one side of my neck, a very low cut black dress with white lace collar and a very, very short skirt. Needless to say, I had a lot of fun.

Then there was the time I travelled with a company by chartered bus to another city to present our program — I dressed as an air hostess and distributed sweets, magazines and general good fun.

Whilst away on another tour, at one very friendly hotel, we gave some impromptu items in the Dining Room to guests and staff after dinner before leaving for the hall.

I have been so wonderfully fortunate and I sincerely hope that something of what I have written will be of interest and encouragement to other TVs to find a way of using their special advantages for the good of others or even in private for their own satisfaction.

If any of your readers have any particular inquiries or questions on the subject, I would be so thrilled, through you, to help in any way — in fact it would be a privilege. I feel an urge to pass on all I can to help others, and to help you, Virginia, in your wonderful work. I hope the enclosed photos may be of some use in illustrating this effort to describe my cabaret work to others.

Gabrielle in a
Folies Bergere number.



DOUBLE-FRUSTRATION

by Lil — Calif.

I'm feeling funny, strangely weird.
I guess I must be oddly geared
— though just a girl who likes her clothes,
Adores herself in every pose,
In every drape of what I wear . . .
I've got a *feeling* it ain't fair . . .
How *can* I say it!?

Well, I played
With a boy today,
displayed
My prettiest things — a fashion show
(Just for his benefit, you know).

Things got fun, and funner. He
Did look quite a bit like me
When he tried on my things. Neat!
He *really* did look awfully sweet.
And such a change!

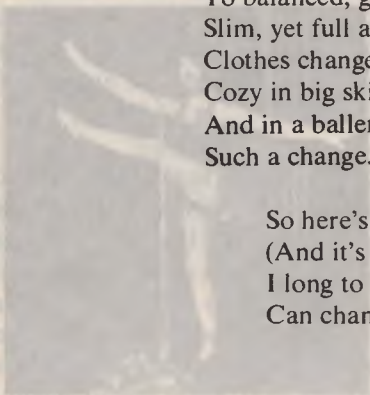
His flat, slim form
Changed *so!*

I helped him to conform
To balanced, graceful curves like mine,
Slim, yet full and fine of line.
Clothes changed him so, and for the better.
Cozy in big skirt and sweater
And in a ballerina . . . gee! . . .
Such a change. All she. *No* he!

So here's what makes me feel so weird
(And it's what few girls *ever* feared!)
I long to be a boy, so I
Can change miraculously,

like *him*.

(Oh sigh!)





THE GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY

Karen — Pa.

I first noticed the look in my wife's eye when I got home Friday afternoon. Liz was full of mischief and original ideas always, but this was something special. We get along well, always, constantly have fun doing the same things, even kinky ones like the time we shaved all the hair off each other's bodies. That was one of the best ones, and we have kept it that way since as a weekly occasion to give each other a bath and a complete shave. We definitely belonged to each other, alone.

Lately, we had begun adapting the modern styles of dress and hair length, and mine reached nearly to my shoulders. Being both college seniors, we were allowed the academic and personal freedom that one needs for a truly free life. My wife had taken lately to playing silly games at all hours, such as sneaking up behind me and sticking bows or bobbie pins in my hair, once she braided it while I was watching TV and took some playful swipes at it with a razor. My reactions and swift movements convinced her that I had no desire to be Samson to her Delilah! I have really gotten to like the silky feeling of the hair brushing my ears and neck and it certainly is nice and warm in the cold months.

Well, anyway, this afternoon, with the whole weekend ahead of us, looked like my Waterloo. She acted coy and secretive all through dinner until I was just bursting with curiosity. Then it came out.

"I feel like playing games tonight," she said. "Let's play something, like cowboys and Indians!"

We chased each other around the house for about half an hour, wrestling, stripping each other's clothes off, and having a good old time. Toward the end she was only wearing panties, a bra, and a feather in

her hair. She trapped me in the hall, threw a lasso over me securely, and hauled me into the bathroom as her captive. Moving a chair over in front of the mirror, she tied me to it firmly. Muttering something about burning me at the stake, she tied my legs to the chair rungs. I was definitely a trapped paleface!!

She left me there to stew for a while, and came back in a few minutes. She had slipped on a shift and removed her feather, and in her hands were a bag, comb, and scissors!

"Please don't scalp me, Indian Maiden!" I said half seriously and half in mock terror.

"Oh I'm tired of that ol' game, I've decided to play something else while I have you so conveniently here, like Beauty Shop."

I saw the glint again, realized that this is what had been on her mind all night, and that I have been deftly trapped! I could see a wholesale shearing of my locks, and I started to protest in earnest. She quickly stopped my complaint and threats with a hard kiss on the mouth.

"Now don't worry darling, I'm not intending to give you a crew cut, I love your long hair just as much as you do, but its so wild, and straggly, I just think it would look better in curls."

She washed my hair, and started pinning and snipping. The deft movements of her fingers and the angelic smile on her face made it a pleasurable experience. Then came rollers and setting gel. Quickly, patterns of pink rollers were placed in my hair! Then came a hair net and a lacy drying bonnet.

It was a good half hour before my hair dried. She left the bathroom and went off into the bedroom, leaving me to stare at my new bonnet bedecked image in the mirror and to wonder at her quiet industry. Finally she came back, removed the hair drier and tested for dryness.

"I don't think you'll really appreciate the style if you don't see the overall effect." Liz said perfectly straight-faced, except for laughing eyes. "So I've gotten a few things for you to put on to accentuate the beauty of your new hair-do. I'll have to untie you so you can put them on, so you'll have to give me your word that you won't touch the hair rollers until I am done."

I had gone this far, and it was quite intriguing, and a little exciting, so I agreed.

A FEW things?!?! What was waiting for me in the bedroom would have made any female worth her frills jealous. My wife had gotten me everything from underthings, to a frilly blouse, wool A-line skirt in plaid, and the softest lime green cardigan I had ever seen.

Only those of us who have worn them, would appreciate the waves of sensuality that enveloped me as I was completely feminized for the first time. Liz adjusted the nylons, and bra, and I pulled on the cool fluidity of the lacy nylon slip. She buttoned the blouse down the back, my front bedecked in lace and tiny bows, and adjusted the skirt and helped me into the soft warm grasp of the angora sweater.

She would not let me near the mirror yet, and I sat on the edge of the bed while she removed the curlers. I could feel fat, curled locks plop again my neck and ears. A session of spraying and teasing followed. The final touch was a satin ribbon of lime green, that she wove through my hair, letting the ends trail against my neck.

Make-up, full and complete with shadow, mascara, and a little tweezing, the thrill of sweet lipstick, a dab of Chanel behind my ears, neck, wrist, and hair, followed. Then dangly earrings were placed with loving care. She had open toe pumps for me, and after I slipped them on my nylon clad feet, she led me to the full length mirror in the hall.

The lovely, long haired brunette, dressed in soft variations of green and white, perfectly made-up, with pink lips, green pastel shaded eyes, and a soft pageboy flip, had no resemblance to the me that I knew.

I was stunned until I turned to my wife, who reached up, gave me a soft kiss on my pink lips and stood back scrutinizing me with a devilish grin.

"Well, I'm certainly proud of my artwork, I knew that you had it in you to be cooperative and beautiful. You know Dave, we're together so much, I don't get to have girl friends to do things with, like shopping, sewing, or just girl talk, so I decided to make one! We're going to get you a whole wardrobe, slacks, sweaters, dresses, jumpers, blouses, and frills for all occasions. There are so many things that we can do together! That hair do is easy to set, and combs out easily so that no one will know your secret identity. I love you dearly as my husband with your super sex urges, but I love you also as my girlfriend. It's fair after all, I'm your buddy when we work on the car, or play golf, when I want to sew from now on you can be my sister!"

I had to agree with her reasoning, besides I was secretly in love with the idea of learning to sew, share her feminine desires and secrets and have a chance to wear the soft slips and pretty sweaters. But I reminded her of one more thing. She smiled, then giggled, and finally said:

"You silly, frilly, female, you're right, we can't call you Dave when you're in skirts, from now on," reaching over and kissing me in the way of baptism, "I'll call you Susan!! So come on, 'Susie,' they're having a sale on sweater sets at the Villager. Let's run down and see if we can find a bargain for US!!"

I kicked up my skirts and followed her. Two swishy, kicky, beautiful people living as one, and so much in love, went shopping together.

* * *

"Why shouldn't he cry? . . .
Telling him he can stop
wearing dresses now that
he is getting well!"



"No, son, your father thinks you should wear a dress for bad behavior, not good behavior!"

MOVEMENT: UP & OUT

Lil— Calif.

The bosom, the most definitively feminine thing about *any* person, is, fashion-wise, in . . . and coming around for the Boring Bosomless Twenties I add thanks almost daily as the bosom becomes more honestly defined in its configurations, movement and actually a part of a girl's costume. It has become not only acceptable but "in" for one not only to allow the true basic contours to come through but also the nipple to be in evidence. Movement and this fine delineation of detail is all to the good.

Actually what I want to discuss is techniques and possibilities with the gelatine-filled inserts offered by this publication. This is not a sales promotion but actually, rather, a hint or so of my experience with these delightful self-improvers. Truth is I was fit to kill with frustration and anger when I tried to follow directions in preparing them. Truth is, too, I was shaking with the excitement of the possibilities . . . all of which were fulfilled, and more. As you shall see.

The point at which I was ready to claw the ceiling came when I tried to insert the fluid which was to jell and become "me." There is a simple law that if something goes into a restricted area something has to come out. Namely air. The fluid would not go in. The air would not come out. I found a solution, in two parts:

1. A plastic condiment bottle. I filled that with the fluid, slit a hole in it to allow air to escape so the fluid would get the heck out.
2. I slit a tiny hole in the polythlene insert (this hurt like do-it-yourself surgery!) Then I could squeeze the fluid in to exactly the right amount.

Editor's note: (1) A plastic bottle with a pointed spout fits directly into the opening of the insert, no slitting necessary. (2) Such "surgery" or the inserts is neither necessary or desireable. When starting the inserts are flat and quite able to receive the jelly ingredients. If too much air gets in one simply pushes a bobby pin in bend first till it opens the valve flaps and then squeezes the air out.

This surgery was quickly healed with a so-called "Vinyl Plastik Repair Kit," purchable at your friendly corner hardware store. There's no great point in explaining what it's for in too much detail when you buy it.

And voila! Insert into your bra cups, and there you are, all of you!

Actually, once you've opened the seams in the insertion pocket and either sewn or pinned the seam back up you will, likely, feel a much more complete woman than you've ever felt before.

I pin them in so I can transfer them from this bra to that bra. Ginny —perfect!

* * *

Now here are some things I've tried out and found rewarding since I burst out with my new figure . . .

You've no doubt got those foam rubber inserts you can buy in any dime store or any clothing store. I insert them along with the other inserts. They lend an immediate softness, mold in undetectably, and there is some nipple definition . . . although this is lost, almost completely, under the pressure of your bra. But there is a neat solution to this last, final definiton!

Purchase or steal, from a dime store, stationery store or from your office, two rubber finger tips . . . the kind used when handling sheets of paper. Wrap Scotch Tape around the holes, fill with *dried* little balls of rubber cement, then pour in fresh rubber cement to fill in. Let dry.

When dry, cut out the nipple on your foam rubber insert and insert these filled "finger tips." You can sew them in. Or perhaps some sort of rubber glue would do even better. In any case, your new figure is now complete down to the final authenticity.

Not only is this improvement desperately authentic to the touch but to the eye, too. You know how blouses are cut on the bias so that they drape down and back from the points of your bosom . . . and how a bulky sweater drapes. Well . . . !

One bra I wear with sweaters and some blouses I have nipped the center out for more effect. It's a bit too much in a (say) satin, closely-tailored top but under most sweaters and blouses it's very comforting to see the flickering, changing lines of drape as your bosom moves with the rest of your body. And it *does!*

Frankly, and it's most rewarding, I now wear my bra's unsnapped in back . . . and I must try nipping off the back straps entirely. You get, really, what I like to call "total flow." That lovely feeling which those men's magazine writers call "pendulous" is very much yours . . . and about time. Every movement . . . a yawn, a cigarette to your lips (and oh *The Twist!*) is reflected there like everywhere else. A girl-friend, who came by such aesthetic attributes in the more usual order of things, watched me do a bend from the waist when I was showing her how I'm exercising to get back to the size twelve I *used* to wear. She regarded the penduluming with a blank, amazed stare, then said, "Welcome to the club, Lil!!!"

You can increase your control of movement, if the back is unhooked, by tying a ribbon between the straps, behind your neck. (Makes you feel more secure, too . . . shoulder straps have a slight tendency to slip off your shoulders.)

What I've also tried to try . . . and you should . . . is exchanging your shoulder straps for elastic straps.

The most!

* * *

FREUDIAN SLIP?

A not-so-young housewife was bragging to her husband about her slim figure. "I can still get into the same skirts that I had before we were married," she said.

Without glancing up from his newspaper, and without thinking, her spouse replied morosely, "I wish the hell *I* could."



Vicki
47-G-2 FPE

Norma
54-H-2 FPE



Bonnie
49-M-1 FPE



L.-R. Stephanie 32-M-11, Mary Ann 32-K-11,
Josephine 32-L-2, Wilma 32-S-11, Conny 32-V-2
Some of the N.Y. FPE Girls

WEEKEND WOMEN

Maureen 6-J-1 FPE

ED NOTE: This is the same get-together mentioned in my "Traveling Saleslady" article in No. 62. Maureen's article arrived too late for that issue but it is nicely done and detailed so I'm sure you won't mind the repetition.

The motel knew all about us. Annette had everything arranged. When you sign your sister's name to the register the impact of what's happening begins to reach you. The kindly lady behind the desk told us that all of the FPE group would be in one part of the motel, the most beautiful part. It seemed fitting.

Other FPs were arriving, some alone, some complete with wife, children and dog. Some carried in their armloads of dresses and wig boxes with feigned indifference: "my wife's things", if anybody asks. Others slipped along in the shadows as if they had just knocked over the local bank.

One FP drove over from Oregon en femme complete with pink suitcases. Another came as a woman by private plane from Colorado having left her masculine clothes 900 miles back. The unusual experiences of these two girls enroute were to enliven our discussions for many hours.

Hours later there was not a man to be seen in that entire section of the motel. All had miraculously changed into well groomed, neatly attired women. I watched with great interest as they began to appear. At a distance the casual observer would never guess, especially if an FP was with a GG. Close up of course not all were passable but this didn't seem to matter; all were excited and happy with the romantic expectation of life as a woman.

Some FPs couldn't seem to believe what was happening. I saw one girl emerge from her room, blink in the sunlight, then hurriedly retreat in disbelief. Another had to be pushed out by her wife, the first time ever out in daylight. In contrast, two old timers at this who had been here last year coolly walked out to their car, cackling with confident small talk. The driver made a Powers model entry into the car, smoothed her beautiful white pleated skirt and calmly drove off to Annette's house.

Marylynn from Wyoming stopped by to pick me up. The breeze rippled my summer dress as I moved toward her car. I could feel the weight of the purse on my arm, the click of my heels on the concrete. I whispered to myself, "This is for real." This fantasy, this dream of many months had come true . . . Now for three days and three nights my name is Maureen, I'm a woman.

Four of us girls drove in silence, each busy furtively glancing around to see if anyone had discovered us. Nobody even looked. A police car pulled up alongside at a stoplight, radio squawking. Four pairs of eyes straight ahead, nobody breathing. He was busy, oblivious of four women minding their own business on a sunny afternoon in May.

Later Annette told us the police wouldn't have cared anyway. Many years ago Annette had carefully explained to the local police officials what transvestism is all about. They accepted, Annette herself being the model of discreet behavior for them. They simply expect an FP to use good judgement in her behavior, conduct herself as a lady should, and draw no public attention to herself. If an FP can pass in public under all conditions the police really have no concern at all; she is just another woman on the street. At the other extreme, if it's obvious that you are a man in a dress then it is expected you will limit your public appearance to the motel area, driving in your car, and the occasional banquet at a restaurant or such that has been carefully prearranged by Annette. Within these guide lines the FPs can come and go as they desire and so far every girl has displayed good ladylike restraint.

The real opportunity of this FPE weekend is to live for several days en femme with other FPs, wives and children at Annette's home on the outskirts of town. Here an FP can enjoy all the thrills and satisfactions of being a woman, of companionship with other real live people, of roaming around outdoors, of experiencing all the sensations you dream of, all in complete relaxation and security. The ride back and forth "in public" to the motel each morning and night is really minor in comparison.

Idaho is at its best this time of year, all green and fragrant. We climbed a winding road through the trees and suddenly there we were at a hilltop house overlooking the beautiful river. Annette met us at the door and took us into a house full of women. Women, children, dogs, cats and more women, but no men. Quickly we were introduced and a minute later I couldn't remember a name. This was the first time I had ever been with a large group of FPs. It was dazzling and rather breathtaking.

I sat down next to one of the wives. Annette's lovely GG was moving among the new ones, smiling and relaxed, the perfect hostess. The GG next to me began chatting and soon we were comparing dress sizes, colors and sewing techniques. Suddenly I realized she simply accepted me as another woman! To you who have never been around such a group this acceptance comes as a shock, a delightful, giddy shock.

More women were coming now. More exciting introductions to real live FPs and their GGs. Annette's GG chased out a family of cats that had slipped in with the latest guests, then began passing around candies, tidbits and refreshments. Children came and went seemingly indifferent to this display of femininity. The incongruity of it all made it seem a bit dreamlike.

At Annette's suggestion several of us went outside to walk around in the fields. The hill behind the house tempted us. We started to climb the dirt road, in heels no less. A woman came racing down the hill on a bicycle, her hair flying, dress flapping. Close behind in the dust was a boy pedaling furiously. They swept by us, the boy pounding away on some sort of a horn. It was Virginia with Annette's son in hot pursuit.

We continued to the top and rested on the grass. I was warm from the climb, even in a sleeveless dress. The cool air on bare arms felt good, almost sensuous. The sun was slipping down now behind the mountain leaving shreds of pink and gray. A boat whistle blew across the river. The FP beside me flicked her hair back as it moved with the breeze, her hand moving to smooth her skirt in the grass. She was doing it automatically, without thinking. She was a woman now.

We sat in silence for many minutes, each girl living out an impossible dream. I would frame this scene in my mind and save it for a winter night. Ridiculous? No. Very real. You should have been there.

It was getting late. We started down.

Ah dinner! Platterfulls of food everywhere. Annette and her GG had prepared a feast! It went on long into Friday night. Finally everyone was immobilized, girdles stretched to the limit, diets abandoned. Stories were told, adventures recounted, friendships made that would last a lifetime. And so it went.

Breakfast would be late Saturday morning. When I awoke it was still much too early. I held on to the last fragments of sleep enjoying the luxury of a nightgown, pink and with lace of course. My slip was over the back of the chair, and on the hanger the yellow dress I had planned for today. I made believe it would go on forever.

I was dressed and ready before the others. Hungry by now I walked over to the motel office to inquire where I might buy a cup of coffee nearby. The same kindly lady offered me a cup and then brought me a hot roll from a cute little oven by the counter. She seemed friendly and natural and we chatted for a few minutes as I ate. Having met only my brother I sensed she was unsure who I really was. As I was leaving I casually referred to Annette's group of guests. She smiled and said, "We're so glad to have so many of you girls with us this year." Oh, you sweet wonderful lady.

Saturday was full of more experiences. An FP appeared in a bathing suit looking very genuine and proceeded to sun bathe on the back lawn. Very casual about it. I wouldn't have believed it.

I saw compassion. Tall beautiful well-built Annette bent over an FP that had fallen ill. Tenderly she cooled her face with a wet cloth, then carried her like a child in her arms and laid her gently on a bed.

Then there were these two wonderful FPs approaching the sunset years of their lives. Each had spent a lifetime of total solitude in the TV realm. This was their first time in semi-public. Like thirsty young girls they drank in the wonders about them. FPE had opened the door.

We met one FP as her brother at the airport. I noticed his beard looked as difficult as my own. Several hours later a tall willowy blonde appeared at Annette's with a peaches and cream complexion. The transformation was incredible. To learn her techniques would have been worth the trip alone. She gladly shared her secrets with me.

There were girls with weight problems, girls with height problems, some with wide shoulders, but many had learned to compensate for

these things. Their techniques were yours if you were humble enough to ask. I learned much from these FPs, their GGs and even from their children. A word of advice about your hair, your make-up, clothes, your walk or talk should be valued like pure gold. To ignore it is folly if you ever plan to go out in public. The world outside is a harsh judge.

There were other surprises. By Saturday afternoon a couple of FPs were reaching the limit of their desire and changed back into their brother's clothes for a few hours. This was as Virginia had predicted, the natural fulfillment of the feminine side of their nature as a result of the self-acceptance of FPE.

Sobering things too. I came here thinking passing in public was the pinnacle. I learned that self-acceptance and happiness for yourself and your loved ones are what really count.

I learned there is work to being a woman. FPs were helping in the kitchen now. Some had to take their turn watching the kids. There were errands to run. A spot on a dress had to be sponged off before the banquet. One girl had disappeared for awhile to patch up raw skin where her girdle had chafed for two days. Some girls were seen to slyly remove their shoes while eating. Twice-a-day shaving plus complete make-up was not as easy the second day. Some were beginning to hint that there is more to being a woman than clothes.

The Saturday night banquet was the high point. Annette had reserved a special room with side entrance at a popular restaurant. Dresses were semi-formal and afternoon type and of course every girl was at her best. Some were obviously nervous as they arrived, their first time in a public restaurant. Others seemed to have settled nicely by now into the feeling of a woman and were emotionally ready and anxious for this experience. The first half hour everyone just visited while the rest were arriving.

The waitresses moved among us taking orders for refreshments. They had been told about us of course and were most friendly and helpful. Occasionally they would mistake an FP for a GG much to their own chagrin and to the everlasting delight of the FP. I sipped my ginger ale with one of the wives and learned what it is like on the other side and how she skillfully handles the problems.

A young FP and her wife, both hardly out of their teens, arrived with their tiny baby. Several FPs held the precious bundle for a few minutes,

the radiant mother watching and smiling. Perhaps she guessed their emotions.

Soon the eating began but the visiting went on unabated. I learned something from everyone I talked to. Each FP represents a lifetime of struggle to find herself, endless experiments in techniques, a storehouse of information, some of which could easily meet your own needs.

The saga of Elaura and charlene was retold for everyone's interest and amusement. Each had traveled from a faraway city as a woman and without any masculine clothes to fall back on. Each had unbelievable experiences as the unpredictable occurred, each kept their cool, and each finally made it all the way. Each retelling would gain embellishment until in future years it would take its place with the romantic tales of adventure about Virginia and Annette that are retold at each gathering of FPs.

As we were finishing dessert our speaker arrived, a plain-clothes man from the local police department, believe it or not. He was a friend of Annette's, was completely knowledgeable about transvestism and FPE, and showed a marvelous understanding and acceptance of us. After listening to him I felt he was my friend. Life would be so much simpler for all of us if our police back home were like this gentleman.

After several group photographs we let them close the restaurant and continued at Annette's house where we gathered on the chairs and the floor to listen to Virginia. She recounted some of the recent events in FPE, described some of her own involvements in present projects, and gave us a taste of some of the things planned for the future.

I looked around at the girls as Virginia spoke. Here sat an assortment of men dressed as women from all over the western part of the U.S., each involved with living a very complex life because of their feminine interests. A phone call to their employer, a careless comment to an associate or a blackmail attempt could ruin any one of them. Yet they sat here at ease, at peace with themselves and with those around them. This was only possible because of the security and screening that is basic to FPE. Each was only a femme name as they sat here in their beautiful dresses, as remote and free as a woman from another planet. Yet within the framework of this security they could voluntarily make friends with another FP, write to her, and get to know her. But never would an unknown person, a third party, or a stranger have access to them. They were safe.

There were many questions to ask Virginia, much to talk about, and the get-together lasted until the wee hours.

We had a late breakfast at Annette's on Sunday morning. One or two went to church. There were more photo sessions, more visiting. I noticed that several more had changed back into their brother's clothes, the masculine side asserting itself now after 48 hours or so. For others it would have taken many more days, perhaps even weeks, before the fire would subside if left unchecked. And for two or three of the FPs, well, I suppose they could have gone on forever.

Annette's GG played teasingly with the big family dog, making it talk and sing in response to her voice. This woman intrigued us all with her ability. I had watched her move among the guests, remembering each name, putting a nervous wife at ease, skillfully drawing out a timid FP, keeping everything in perspective with her rippling laughter. Now she even talked with the animals much to our amusement.

The day sped on. Endless bits of news on clothes, make-up hints, new cosmetic products. A trip to a scenic overlook was planned. Several had to leave for home. Frantic last minute snapshots.

"Goodbye Marilyn, you looked stunning in that yellow dress last night" . . . "Goodbye Donna. Oh your hair is just fabulous."

Each year Annette and her GG invite the FPs in the northwest to their hilltop mecca. For some it has become the big event in their femme lives. It was hard to leave.

"Goodbye Charlene . . . goodbye Brendalyn . . . bye." They hung on, dawdling by the car, trying to make it last a little longer.

A few would stay on till Monday morning but most would go today. "Goodbye Janice . . . yes, blue is so becoming on you."

I was at home with these wonderful people, an island unto ourselves, discovering together what it is like to live out this part of our lives. How much I need their companionship. I thanked God for Virginia, for Annette, for each of these girls, for all of this.

"Goodbye Virginia . . . yes, I'll write."

Something is making my eyes water, some dust no doubt. I fumble in my purse for that pink hankie I had been keeping so carefully. I tried to think of next year, the gleeful joy as we meet our friends again, the compliments on a new dress, the shyness of the new ones.

“Goodbye Annette, goodbye ———, how can I ever thank you?”

For each of us this is a heartbeat in time, so clean and pure, so uncomplicated, so cherished. We would always look back on this in wordless amazement.

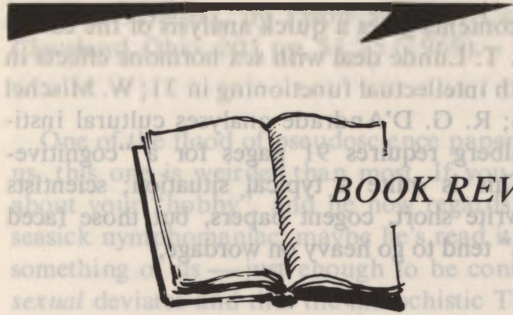
Goodbye . . . see you next year . . . in the springtime, in the month of May . . . My name is Maureen, I'm a woman.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Readers are always inquiring about places where large size dresses, shoes and other things can be bought and tried on or where wigs can be styled to the head by understanding people. Many of you have found places like this in the larger cities. Why don't you put in a request to them to run a small ¼ page ad in TVia at \$15.00 per issue to let other readers know about them. Take a copy of TVia down and show them the ads for Electrologists to get an idea of how much information you can squeeze into that space. If they are willing take the necessary information and their check and forward them to me and we'll get it in the next available issue. Certainly there are places in Chicago, New York, Houston, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Baltimore, Boston, etc. who could take care of more of our people.

* * *

While talking about advertisements for outsiders may I take a few lines to call attention to the fact that the merchandise now available through Chevalier, and which used to be on a separate Merchandise Sheet, is now listed on the last two pages of each issue. These items were all developed by your lil' 'ol editoress herself for her own use originally and because they served my purposes I made them available to others so take a quick look and give a little consideration to some of the items. Particularly recommended are the Realistic Falsies and jelly kit if you really want to put up a good front, and the Make Up remover if you have trouble getting it off. Both of these items are pretty nearly a must for any FP.



BOOK REVIEWS

Sheila 30-B-2 FPE



THE DEVELOPMENT OF SEX DIFFERENCES, edited by Eleanor Maccoby, Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif., 351 pp, 1966, \$8.50.

Abraham Lincoln once copped-out in a way I'm tempted to plagiarize: "If this is the sort of book you enjoy, then you will enjoy this one very much." It is highly technical, and like so many books consisting of a job-lot of articles on a common theme, quite disjointed. It does give some unusual help in an "afterword" by S.M. Dornbusch, who tries in twelve pages to sum up the ideas of the editor and other five authors. (This is usually left to the reader, as the authors always scrupulously avoid discussing each others' papers). While his main conclusion is the "much remains to be done" platitude, he does manage to put each author into some perspective with respect to the others and to workers not otherwise represented.

Virginia, whose copy I borrowed to write the review, did not think very much of this book. One obvious reason is that the word "gender" is totally absent, and all authors use "sex" indiscriminately to cover behavioral and physical differences. It would have helped their clarity a lot to have utilized the dual terminology, though it is usually possible to decipher which they mean. (Fortunately, sex in the sense of intercourse is hardly mentioned, so few "trilemmas" develop!)

A glance at the table of contents gives a quick analysis of the coverage. D. A. Hamburg and D. T. Lunde deal with sex hormone effects in 24 pages; Mrs. Maccoby with intellectual functioning in 31; W. Mischel covers socio-learning in 26; R. G. D'Andrade analyses cultural institutions in 31, but L. Kohlberg requires 91 pages for a "cognitive-developmental analysis." This is quite a typical situation; scientists with plenty of hard data write short, cogent papers, but those faced with a hard-sell of "soft data" tend to go heavy on wordage.

At the end there is a magnificent hundred page annotated bibliography and a 30 page classified summary research which serves to index the bibliography (but not the rest of the book). TV is not mentioned explicitly, but you can easily draw your own conclusions from the data presented.

THE UGLIEST GIRL IN TOWN, by Burt Hirschfeld, Popular Library, New York, No. 60-2340, 127 pp, 60c, (1968).

This was a big flop on television, if you remember, in 1968. The book did not turn up then but that is the copyright date. Story of an American boy masquerading as a model girl in London. His dressing is strictly a means to an end, to avoid separation from his actress friend. They get involved in a train robbery, in which she gets kidnapped; he decides he can out-detect Scotland Yard and so into a series of thud-and-blunder episodes. Pretty much kid stuff, but not as bad as it was on the air.

BORN FEMALE, by Caroline Bird, Pocket Books, New York, No. 77070, 240 pp, 95c, (1969)

Reviewed mainly to warn you off — this one tells you little about girlhood except how women are exploited, underpaid and generally stepped on by businessmen. Of course, if you're planning on dressing full time, it will give you some things to think over — and over. One happy thought — successful women in the men's world are taller than average. The best story; a foreign visitor noticed that electronic circuits were all assembled by women and was told "because of their finger dexterity". Later on, she observed that all brain surgeons were men and was told "because they need steady hands!"

MEN IN DRAG, by Jason Webber, Century Books, K.D.S. Corp. Cleveland, Ohio, 201 pp, \$1.25 (1969).

One of the flood of pseudoscience paperbacks pretending to explain us, this one is weirder than most. If you have told a non-TV friend about your "hobby", and he now regards you as one would regard a seasick nymphomaniac, maybe he's read it. And yet, the author knows something of us — just enough to be confusing. He feels all TVs are *sexual deviates* and that the masochistic TV is "far more honest" than those of us who look down on him. He refers to a dressmaker "Alice" in the present tense, but the description precisely fits Helen Lancaster who passed away two years ago. Then he relates TV to marital sex and to wife-swapping clubs.

The most fascinating part is Chapter 9, where he claims to have data on 1976 TVs from the American Association for Sexual Behavior Studies, *interviewed* in the U.S., Canada and England! Some 37 questions, in addition to age, occupation and religion are listed and the average answers reported. According to both Virginia and myself, both of whom know most of what is going on in TV-land, this survey is a phony as a \$7 bill, *but the answers make sense*. They are not just a rehash of Virginia's survey; the questions are different and so are the percentages, when comparison is possible, but not wildly so. Incidentally, they rated TVia as "the most helpful" publication.

At the end is a string of masochistic case histories, but it ends with a perfectly respectable account of a TV party on Long Island Sound which the author feels, as do I, is at least partly fanciful. A strange book, and sort of fascinating. I'd like to talk to the author — a good safe distance away from the nearest bedroom!

THE MALE LESBIAN, as told to Roger Blake, PhD, Century Books 101J, K.D.S. Publ., Superior Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.75.

(Virginia had heard about this one and suggested I look it up. I couldn't find it, so I quote Jeri Kaye's review in *Femme Forum* No. 24): "Definitely foul, including some perversions I hadn't heard of before. Save your money and ignore it." Thanks, Jeri, I'll do just that.



LIBERATION



Liberation is one of the key words of our time. Borrowed in more recent years from WW II efforts to drive out invaders and thus return a country to its rightful ownership and the management of its own affairs, it has today become a catch word for all manner of groups who feel that their situation in the world is not what it should be. The black race wants to be liberated from its segregated and discriminatory position. The Indians, Puerto Ricans and Mexican American groups caught fire from the success of the blacks and now fight for the return to them of a fair and equal place in the sun. Now women have taken up the term in their fight for equal rights and privileges and even the homosexual world has gotten into the act with "Gay Liberation."

I have mentioned Womens Liberation several times in past issues and the fact that I had joined the National Association of Women (N.O.W.) and have suggested that other FPs do likewise. Having read a good deal about the subject, attended meetings, listened to lectures and talked with a number of women involved in this movement I am coming to understand it from the woman's point of view. One morning recently I came to and lay in a half dozing state for quite a time. Gradually I became aware of the fact that I had a sort of vague guilty feeling as though I had done someone wrong and owed them an apology for it. I felt sort of dirty for having done this deed and felt a need for making restitution some way. Gradually it dawned on me that I was feeling guilty for having been Charles — a man. Now Charles did not knowingly

exploit women or put them down — on the contrary he, like most FPs, had a special regard for and feeling toward women. So it was not a specific personal sort of guilt but a generalized class guilt. I had been a member of the class MAN which was collectively guilty of exploiting the class WOMAN and as such I felt a need to expunge or expiate this guilt. It was a strange and almost sub-conscious sort of a feeling but it was real. I gradually woke the rest of the way and got up and dressed but I didn't forget this feeling. I realized on more mature thought that this feeling represented a psychic manifestation of my switching of roles from masculine to feminine. I had been exposing myself to a lot of indoctrination on the subject through my reading and other activities and this was the result. I could now begin to discern the areas and ways in which men have relegated women to a second class position and more than that I could begin to feel about it the way they did. It was now my problem as it is the problem of all women even when they don't realize it. My interest in the movement has since become more personal and less intellectual.

I might add at this point for those who might say, "Well, Virginia can join NOW but I can't because I'm a man." Men *can* join this organization and do. There are several in our local chapter.

But why should this movement be worth an editorial in TVia for the rest of you regardless of how interested I become in it. For two reasons: 1) because to whatever extent your femmeself becomes functional in society to that same extent you *are* involved in it. You may like masculine courtesies when you are out as it confirms your feminine status (I must confess that I do too) but you must also realize that such courtesies are not given to women as equals but as compensations on the level of chivalry for denying them most of the rest of the prerequisites of human equality; but 2) and more important, is the fact that the Women's Lib movement has as its opponent essentially the same thing which causes our social ostracism and condemnation, namely male superiority. I realize that it may be difficult to immediately see the connection but let me elaborate.

On a very primitive anthropological level the male became aware that the female could do two things that he could not do, a) have a baby, and b) to nurse it. In short to create and nurture life. By way of compensation he began to make much of his male attributes and his masculine abilities. Being larger, stronger and faster and not being tied down with pregnancy, lactation and child care, hunting and the violence that went with it became his specialty and he glorified both

in all manner of ways that anthropology documents. Inherent in all of them was the continually fostered concept of male superiority, i.e., the great hunter, the great king, the great prophet, the great law giver, the great warrior, the great conquerer, the great — you name it. Though all men couldn't be "the great — ?" it was equally true that the one that was could not have been so except for his having been a male. Females could not aspire to these areas of greatness. Thus the superiority of the male. When he discovered that it was his sperm that created new life and that the female was just the incubator for same, his importance in his own mind took another leap forward.

But it is the concomitant insecurity and group discipline — esprit de corps if you will — that is most important to us. All members of a superior elite have to be on guard against backsliders — against those who have a tendency to fall back to lesser positions. Thus the nobility of older times could not marry with commoners, the officer corps in the military does not eat with the enlisted men, corporation executives have their own dining rooms and clubs and don't mingle with common employees, etc. (And it is no accident of social development that there exist today and always have a great number of "male only" clubs, organizations, groups, and societies with their own rituals, meetings, activities and buildings, to which no females are invited or allowed. Note in this context the famous injunction in Deuteronomy — "a woman shall not put on that which pertaineth to a man, etc. etc.," It is not an injunction against cross dressing for its own sake but an injunction against females masquerading as males and entering into, witnessing and taking part in the male deliberations which ran ancient Jewish society. In this connection also some of you will be interested in the book "Men in Groups" by Lionel Tiger (Random House 1969).

How obvious it is then that not only must females be kept in their second class position as breeding stock and companions but not as real people, but that any male, endowed by birth with the superiority of maleness, who dared to lower himself to the level of femaleness (homosexuality) or womanliness (femmiphilia-TVism) must be punished, banished, or shunned. Thus we have the explanation for the social disapproval of homosexuals and of ourselves very clearly set forth. Thus also I hope it is clear that the fight of women to gain their own humanity as self defined people not just as handy bed mates, housekeepers, baby raisers, and social companions to men is a fight against the concept of male superiority. When the male of the species is not brought up with this basic conception and it is not fortified by all manner of social conventions, traditions, expectations and privileges,

then and only then will women have achieved a position of social equality. At that time they will be able to train and use their own personal talents and abilities in whatever way is most satisfying to them. Equality does not mean identity. Males (men) and females (women) will, by the nature of things, never be identical but they can be extended the same opportunities in which to express their own abilities and talents.

When such a condition of similar opportunities, expectations and rewards becomes the birthright of every female as it is of every male, the division of experience, expression and expectations between males and females which we today know as gender will cease. As I have often said, when masculinity and femininity (the two genders) come together in the middle we will no longer designate either one but rather will all of us be able to express a new common dimension — our *humanity*. In that day, cross dressing as a means of gender expression, that is, of being able to experience and express that part of our total human selves which is now prohibited to men and permitted to women, will cease to be necessary. When all human beings can dress, act, perform, and contribute, as their own abilities and interests dictate what will there be for a male (like you) to envy and to seek to emulate? When women wore hoop skirts and bustles it is quite possible that some of them at least envied the simpler article of men's attire — pants. Today what woman envies or secretly wishes to emulate men by wearing pants? Obviously none of them because now they all *do* wear pants and no one thinks anything of it. Won't the same thing be true when men take to skirts? Does any *young* man of today (except those in the military or a specially restrictive business) envy girls their long hair? Certainly not because if he wants long hair all he has to do is grow it — or buy a wig which many of them do. In short when you can have something openly you do not seek it covertly. (If *you* are over 25 or are involved in a business where long hair is verboten, you will still be envious, of course.)

Today we FPs do seek to express our other human side — our femininity — covertly because we can't do so openly. But "the times they are a-changing" as the song says. Women aren't fighting for our rights to the other half of our humanity, they are fighting for the other half of their own. But the opposition, that which makes the fight necessary for each group, is the same — male superiority and the need to maintain that position. Men need to be "liberated" from the shackles of the need to maintain this figment of historical imagination, their superiority. When men are liberated, women will be liberated — in the same

moment, and so will we FPs. So since we both have a certain need to express our other side, so we should recognize and support the women in their fight to regain theirs.

I hope it is clear that the fight of women for their rights is not simply the opposite of our fight. It isn't. Remember that if you cut an orange in half from stem to navel you have two equal halves each of which might be said to seek the other in order to reconstitute a complete orange. But take another identical orange and cut it equatorially, that is horizontally, half way between the stem and the navel. Do you not again have two equal halves of an orange? Wouldn't they too have to be put together again to constitute a whole orange? But you could not say that the halves resulting from the two cuts were identical could you? Thus it is with the battle for Women's Liberation and that for the FPs liberation. Each group seeks in its own way to regain its rights in that territory from which it has been excluded by the concept of male superiority.

YOU can do something about it! As a man get off of your high horse of superiority and as a girl (in spirit at least) help the other girls — the GGs — in their fight. Oh I know, you do not feel superior as a person and you are not oppressing women *as a person*. Neither was nor did Charles. Yet if you carefully and critically examine a great many of the patterns of your behavior, of the attitudes of mind and concepts of social rightness and wrongness which you continually, automatically and unthinkingly express and react with, you will find, if you are honest about it, that they are tainted with male chauvinism — male superiority. It isn't your fault really, they have been bred into you by 25,000 or more years of recent human development. But their ancient lineage does not make them right, it only makes it more of a shame that they haven't been examined and modified before. Do it! Do it NOW! And do it honestly! Even an FP can help make it a better world and do it openly, but changing the world always starts with changing you.

(Note: It should be pointed out that Women's Liberation is both the name of a movement and also of a particular group within that movement. The "Women's Lib" group is a quite radical and activist bunch of girls and unhappily they get most of the radio, TV and newspaper publicity which is not all the best. So when I have used the term above I am referring to the movement not to this group. I again urge any who get the message, to join N.O.W. — under either name — and at least thereby give numerical and financial support to the organization. It is a much more middle-of-the-road group and has older people in it than some of the young activist groups you've heard of.)

— BOOK ANNOUNCEMENT —

“HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE”

I don't recall mentioning in previous issues of TVia that I have been in the process of writing such a book. It will literally be a “how to” type book. Its section headings will be: General Commentary, Visible Appearance, Clothing, Accessories, Wigs and Hair, Jewelry, Cosmetics, Public Conduct, Attitudes, Behavior, Legal Aspects, Change of Status a) Full time without surgery; b) Sex change; etc. The exact titling of them is yet to come, but this will show you the areas I have covered. This endeavor is about complete and awaits only final typing for publication. I may have to publish it myself which I could do but it would get much wider circulation if I can find some paper back publisher to take it on.

I thought you would all like to know that this is in the works. It is something that has been badly needed for years. The Female Impersonator's Handbook (by someone whose name I somehow fail to remember) is O.K. as far as it goes, but it is literally aimed at the people the name implies and is written by one of the same. It is not suitable for the FP's purposes in many respects because a) the author had no feeling for, experience in and little understanding of the FPs peculiar needs, and b), it doesn't cover many of the fields that need to be covered. I have tried to make it as complete as I could, but I should like to solicit readers' help in two ways. First I'd like any ideas of special areas you want to see covered in case these suggest things I've overlooked. Secondly, in addition to what I've written in each section, I'm planning to run a section at the end to be called “Hints and Helps”. *IF* I can gather enough of the same to make it worthwhile. So if you have developed any little tricks in the areas of clothing, makeup, hair, purchasing etc. that could prove both interesting and useful to your sisters, please send them in. Don't make them long or complicated, just the simplest, and shortest way that you can get the idea across. As this book may (I hope) get wider distribution than TVia, and if it does a lot of people will read it that have no connection with TVia, there will be no point in giving names as credits for ideas, so it won't be a method of getting your name in print. But just as you will be able to use hints sent in by others, so they can use yours and this should be

of sufficient value by itself to induce you to contribute. If the item is of sufficient importance to be incorporated into the text I shall use it there, if not then it will go into this appendix section. In any case, in the interest of making this book as complete as our combined ingenuity can make it please do this. And do it before you forget it, like NOW. Reason being that I shall be getting to work on the final touches of the book shortly after my return from the Orient and I'd like to have all suggestions for it and contributions to it that you may make to be in a nice little pile waiting for me. Thanks.

* * *

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

I. WHERE AM I, YOUR EDITOR? I am composing this early in July in the hope that I can get it to the printer before I leave on my trip and if I do it should be reaching you late in August. At that time I should be in Hong Kong or Japan checking out the World Fair. I promised myself in 1967 in Montreal that I would go to Tokyo to the next fair in 1970 and plans are all made to keep that promise. I'll be gone 6 weeks — all of August and half of September. So as soon as I return I have to start throwing No. 64 together. As all readers are aware I never have been able to catch up from the delays that occurred during my European trip last year. This issue should have been a couple of months earlier. However, I am going to try desperately to get out my required 6 issues (through No. 66) before the end of this year. To do this I will have to put some issues together without the variety of material that I usually try to have. I might even have to make one issue all Fiction. Some of you would think that was great, no sacrifice, but there would be others who would complain because of lack of more instructive articles, experiences, histories, etc. I know I can't win, but I'm going to do my best to get back in stride before the end of this calendar year.

II. MATERIAL: With the ambition of three more issues after this one in 1970 it should be obvious that I will eat through a rather terrific pile of material. I have to keep quite a back log on hand ready for assembling into finished issues. This many this close together will about wipe out that back log, so I put in a plug now to those of you who enjoy writing in any of the categories we try to supply material in to send it in to me. I'll even try to have another picture issue at the

end of the year if you will all get out your cameras and put on your newest dresses and send me the results. Only this time, PLEASE! FPing is fun so how about some smiles like you were enjoying the whole thing? So many of the pics in the last photo issue were so serious.

III. TV TALES Nos. 8 and 9: By the time you read this the next double TV Tales will be out — Nos. 8 and 9 together. It is entitled “TV FOR VICTORY” or “ALEXANDRA AND HER BASKETBELLES”. It is a story of the plans of a group of high school boys to raise money for their class by making up a girls’ basketball team to play the GGs. Not just a gym suit and rag mop type of get up, but real, authentic girl type girls that required considerable practice beforehand (natch). It is a good story. Nos. 6 and 7 and now 8 and 9 are each more than twice as long as the usual 14-16 page TV Tales. For this reason they sell for twice as much or \$3. They were printed double because I had an obligation to a number of you who had ordered and paid for TV Tales quite some time ago and I feel very awkward when I owe something to you and can’t provide it. This way I can fill these orders and also give you more for your money.

IV. “MARTIN TO MARIAN”: The long two part novel mentioned previously did not get typed up completely soon enough to get set up for the printer before I left on my trip, but it will be all typed when I return and will go to the printer as soon thereafter as possible. You may continue to send in your advance reservations if you wish and we will hold the money and record until they are ready. It will be in two volumes, I and II, and will be priced at \$3 each. I am now printing these extra Tales and Novels in only 400 copies in order not to get stuck with more tied up capital, so it will be first come first served. Better to send in the \$6 and wait a month or so than to wait until it is announced as finished in No. 64 or 65 and then find it gone. Remember, there are commercial outlets to serve too. A word to the wise . . . !

V. INTEREST SURVEY: Many years ago — back in about No. 4 I think — I made a survey of the relative interest readers had in the various types of material appearing in TVia. I have adhered to the results of that survey ever since, but time moves on and people and circumstances change, etc. So I would like to find out if I am serving the interests of the majority of TVia readers. To do so I would like to ask that with your next communication to Chevalier that you write (on a separate piece of paper so they can be saved up to be counted) the order of your interest in these departments — fiction, true stories, histories, pictures, instructional articles, editorials (think pieces),

cartoons. Just list them in order of descending interest and we will grade them 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, or 1 point respectively and total them up to see what category gets the highest number of points for greatest popularity. Do this soon, and if you are paid in advance so that you wouldn't ordinarily be writing, send in a special note. I'll try to make a report by No. 64 and do my best to abide by the decision of the majority in subsequent issues.

* * *



Person to Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANSVESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT."

Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

1-W-1 FPE If you would like to help form an FPE chapter in or near Nashville or Memphis; if you'll be discreet and maintain confidence in exchange for same, write immediately to me through CONTACT. HELEN

32-B-16 FPE Like to contact all TVs in Rochester-Buffalo area by mail and/or in person. Wish to form FPE group in upper N.Y. area. VIRGINIA SUE

33-H-1 FPE TV, 34, married, understanding wife, 2 small children. Desires write or meet other FPEs near or in North Carolina. Corres. with anybody, anywhere. JAMIE

3-W-21 TV, 44, Engineer, married, "B" wife, 5 children. Wants corres. and poss. meet with TVs, espec. in Calif. and So. Hemisphere. All letters answered and photo sent.

The Lady Known as "LU"

PRICE LIST

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

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"THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES" . . . A collection of five short stories involving transvestism. Illus. \$5

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. Illus. \$5

"DOUBLE SWITCH" . . . The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the other's story but they found out and found happiness. Illus. \$3

"REVERSE SEX" . . . Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England 93 Illus \$4

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

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES

TRANSVESTIA: Back issues except 1-13, 17, 23-32, 36, 42, 45, 46 are available. Every issue is new and interesting until you have read it. Many wonderful stories, articles and pictures have appeared in earlier issues. Don't overlook them waiting for newer issues. Due to the change of price from \$4 to \$5 starting with No. 61, the back issue special price applies *ONLY TO ISSUES NO. 60 AND BEFORE*. Reduced rate, 6 issues for \$20

CLIPSHEET Back Issues 6 for \$3

FEMMEMIRROR — A 16 page monthly newsletter now discontinued but about 30 issues are still available 6 for \$3
(CLIPSHEET and MIRROR back issues can be mixed)

MERCHANDISE

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

BRA and INSERTS \$6

Item 2. **JELLY KIT FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals—one liquid the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided including suggestions for producing “cleavage”. “Jelly Kit — \$5

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

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

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

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

EACH \$5

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

PER PAIR \$5

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

PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. **FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE:** A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without

binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off.

PAD, EACH \$4

Item 9: MAKEUP REMOVER: A soap and water scrub to remove makeup is doing it the hard way, especially on dry skins. This is a special preparation containing no mineral oil or solvents yet it gently removes powder and creme makeup of all kinds as well as eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner and mascara. Just apply, rub over face and wipe clean with tissue. It will remove part of all lipsticks depending on their composition and all of some lipsticks. A little soap and water on a washcloth will remove any remaining. In addition to being a remover, the oil is a beauty treatment for the skin, softening and lubricating it.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$3

Item 10: "LECTRO-CAINE": A skin anesthetic for use during electrolysis. Apply to skin and gently rub in for 10 minutes before an electrolysis treatment. Does not anesthetize the face nor prevent all pain, but makes the needle much more tolerable.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$2

Item 11. WIGS AT NEW REDUCED RATES:

Recent developments in wig manufacture have resulted in lowered prices. We do not stock wigs but can obtain top quality wigs at less than going prices. All human hair.

Machine made (Weft Type) Reg length \$45

Machine made (Weft Type) Extra Long \$65

Full hand-tied wig \$100

These prices are for unstyled wigs alone. For a styled wig on a plastic head in plastic case and including shipping charges add to the above \$15. Send color sample and picture or drawing of style.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

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