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Transvestia

FICTION

Change For The Better
Cass Meets The Law
Mistaken Identity
A Summer of Discovery
The Beginning

ARTICLES

Commentaries and Suggestions
A Frank Solicitation

HISTORY

Autobiography of an FP Novice

TRUE STORY

Dreams Do Come True

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOOK REVIEWS

VIRGIN VIEWS — Fugitives or Explorers



Volume XII

No. 70

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

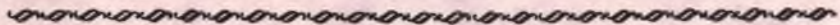
to help its readers achieve —

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

EDITOR
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
LITERARY EDITOR

VIRGINIA PRINCE
MARY NIELSON
SHIELA NILES

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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FICTION

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Jeri 49-K-3 FPE

I answered the advertisement in *SR* partly out of curiosity and partly out of real desire. Let me explain.

I had gotten my MA in English Literature that same year, but was in a quandry as regards definite plans for the future. Logically I should have pushed on for my doctorate, but in the back of my mind was an urge to do some creative writing on my own, and I thought that in all honesty I would be doing the wiser thing to take a sort of sabbatical to collect myself. I was in no real hurry, for I had only myself to answer to. I thought I would get a job as an instructor in a small college somewhere for a year and come to grips with myself. There was no question in my mind that this was a wise choice; I had been supporting myself on the fractional sum that is paid for teaching assistants and it came as a real surprise when I was not able to find anything of any sort.

When I marched back from getting my diploma, I had only about three dollars to my name, one month's salary due me, and the deposit on the cap-and-gown, not a princely sum you'll agree.

This lack of resources kept me from moving anywhere else and after only a few days, I reluctantly sought employment elsewhere. You wouldn't think that having a master's degree would be a handicap — let me tell you it is! To begin with, I'm really not built for too demanding physical work, and somehow, everyone else seemed to question either mental or social adaptability; as one employment manager put it: "Nothing personal, you understand, but with your education, you just wouldn't fit into our picture." End quotes. About the time I began to seriously consider purse-snatching or some such occupation, I was able to get a job as a sales clerk in the shoe department of one of the larger department stores in town.

I worked there about two months — until the end of the summer. The wages were marginal, but I was used to that. The only real problem I had was getting used to waiting on fellow students — and even some of my former pupils when I had taught undergraduate courses. Most of them were highly amused; I wasn't.

One night I was at the city library and I chanced to notice an advertisement in the classified section of the *Saturday Review*: "Established writer — author needs male secretary-amanuensis. Possible permanent position. Send full details . . ." The address was a P.O. box in Washington. Well, says I, Nothing ventured, nothing gained. So I prepared a complete set of "details"; the previous spring I had gone in hock for a number of professionally-done resumes, complete with a photograph of laughing boy, and I added several pages of general balderdash, in order to give a sample of my own writing and thinking ability. I mailed it, thinking that all I was out was 15c in postage and three sheets of bond paper and went on selling shoes.

Several weeks later, I arrived home to find a telegram awaiting me; it was signed by a "C. Scott" who apparently had placed the ad in SR. The idea was that he would be in the area soon and wanted a personal interview. He suggested a date, and I dashed off an acceptance at once. Another week went by. One evening, my landlady came up and told me there was a phone call earlier and gave me a number to call back.

I placed the call and got the first surprise. C. Scott was ensconced in a motel not far away — and C. Scott was unmistakably female. I hurried over there as requested.

I received a second surprise when the door opened to my knock. (Miss?) Scott stood there, looming in the doorway like a monolith. Instantly the unmistakeable parallel to Gertrude Stein struck me, but I gave no visible reaction — I hope.

She invited me in, offered a drink and we talked for an hour or so about generalities, books and current society. She was an animated and accomplished conversationalist, an attribute I have always admired and especially so in a woman. I must say the atmosphere was very congenial, so much so that I nearly forgot my reason for being there. To be perfectly frank, the discovery that C. Scott was in fact a woman had dampened my enthusiasm somewhat. I didn't particularly want to become involved with the type of writer who spews forth the typical

middle-class love story one finds in the pages of our "better" women's magazines — nor did I want particularly to help disprove the myth of the Feminine Mystique.

Eventually she brought the conversation around to just that particular topic — and used it as a springboard for her explanation of the type person she wanted as a secretary. I would probably have passed out from shock when she went into *that* had I not been recovering from another shock which cushioned the second blow. As a summing-up of her self-delivered tirade against the mystique idea was the revelation that she was none other than, a writer who had been receiving more and more publicity lately for some well-written material and a book that *couldn't* have been written by a woman. At least, *I* didn't think so; I was actually shaking my head in dis-belief when she stopped her long discourse to ask me a question.

"Do you know what I'm looking for?" she asked. I was truthfully ignorant; I was still having trouble adjusting to the discovery of her identity. "Let me explain a few things to you," she went on. "You have been shaking your head in amazement at my pen-name for the past several minutes. Not a half-hour ago, you even waxed eloquent about the "brilliant style" and the "deep insight" of this "great author." Yet you, like everyone else, shakes their head in amazement when they find out that a woman wrote it! Do you know I went to several different publishers time and again with those manuscripts and every one gave me the brushoff. I eventually got the idea and I began submitting them by mail under a different name — a masculine name; and I struck pay-dirt! I hadn't changed a single word except the name on the cover! What do you have to say to that?"

I inclined my head in regret; there was actually nothing I could say. Of course, I suppose it was a rhetorical question; surely she realized that I had no voice in the matter whatever.

"I need help right now," she said then. "A very special kind of help. I need not only the aid of a secretary but I need . . ." her voice trailed off as she looked at me very thoughtfully. I suddenly felt very warm — and even a little foolish sitting there.

"Tell me — can you manage to — NO! let me put that another way. Are you willing to apprentice yourself to someone — to delay your own aspirations sufficiently to actually be of some assistance to another writer? You see, I have a reason for not simply hiring a secretary as such, for I don't want the kind of drudge who would be able to type up manuscripts at seventy or a hundred words per minute. Nor do I

want someone to simply stimulate my conversation. What I want is something in between — and something more. I — I'm going to take a chance and go out on a limb here, but I think I've found the right person. We'll do this like old Socrates. I'll ask you some questions and let you do the answering, okay? Now, let's assume a few hypothetical facts. Put the case that there is a girl who wants to write a serious book; but can't find a publisher. Put the case that a girl who has written a serious book is able to publish it, but only under a masculine name. Now put the case that this girl wants to go on writing serious books, but is afraid that if she reveals herself, she will lose whatever she has gained — that publishers and all will think her very clever for having written one good book, but in all likelihood will not repeat the performance, as for example Margaret Mitchell — or else — worse — be regarded as a crackpot. Put the case that this girl has succeeded in making something of a name for herself by appearing to the rest of the world as a man, at least in print. And now, there is a demand for this male writer to appear in public — guest appearances here and there, lectures, and a couple of very fat offers for movie scripts. And now, tell me, what does this girl-writer need the most?"

"That's easy — she needs a male-image — that is, she needs . . ." Somehow, I sensed what she was driving at and I didn't know if I really liked it. I mean it was one thing to help a person — certainly the tradition of the ghost-writer is as long and honorable as that of writers themselves but this was down-right fraud. In fact, as I rolled the whole idea around in my head, I began to see real legal reasons why it would not work out. I mean, suppose that an offer was made for to appear on a television program and I appeared instead. If it should ever become known, it would be a justifiable case of fraud. And that was just the least of the objections. Fame, even when earned honestly might well be a fine thing (as if I knew!), but to receive applause for another's work, that was more than I personally could take. Or so I thought.

She was still waiting for me to finish. I shook my head. "No — I see where it leads, but I don't think much of it. I'm sorry . . ."

She smiled then, vaguely, enigmatically. "Exactly. And I'm glad to see you can see the difficulty. Nevertheless, that doesn't solve the problem of our lady-writer, does it? Now, then, there is always the outside chance that she *might* be accepted if she were to show her true colors. But consider this: in an age that idolizes, nay, commercializes the very essence of the decorative, feminine image, what happens when our girl is disclosed, looking as she does — a cross between a draft ox and Primo Carnera!"

"Oh now, you're being unnecessarily harsh; you're a very handsome person." I meant it sincerely, but she smiled again, wistfully, it seemed. "You've put your finger on it — "handsome" — but not pretty. A masculine adjective, although I do thank you for being so gallant. But, I think you can see it, can't you? I'll tell you what our friend in distress needs — a doppelganger."

"A double? I don't understand."

She explained. I don't know what held me there, in that room as I listened to her crackpot idea. Perhaps just fascination of such a wildly conceived scheme, partly the respect I held her in; but I stayed, right to the end, right to that statement when she offered me a job — as herself.

"You see," she finished, "I can and have — and wish to continue to appear as a male. You may think that strange, but it is not only a question of the career or vocational interests. You see, I like living as a man. There's so much more freedom, so many more opportunities. In fact, I'm beginning to think like a man. It shows in my writing, I'm convinced. And now we come to you — let me tell you a few things about yourself, by your leave. Why haven't *you* done better for yourself? Why is it you are selling shoes for a few dollars a week when you have so much education? Oh, I know — bad luck, not too many openings, and so on. But is that really the reason? Be honest now — what was the usual reaction when you went to see a personnel manager — or a college official — about a job?"

In spite of the unconcealed personal attack, I thought for a minute. There had always been a sense of alienness whenever I went for an interview — but what was it? I concentrated; well, there had been in one case an open, very rude laugh — another showed, well, almost a loathing, still another showed resignation. But there *was* something in common — I groped for it — and then it hit me: the initial, preconceived hostility when they had first seen me come in the office. Even the store manager where I worked now had said something to the effect that perhaps I might work out in the ladies' shoe department; I had thought he was referring to my degrees, but was he?

Miss Scott went on relentlessly. "I arrived here yesterday. I spent several hours then and most of today checking up on you. I had a suspicion when I saw your photograph, but I had to know for sure. Please forgive me — but I wouldn't care to have the things said about me

that were said about you. And none of them concerned your ability — quite the contrary, for several of your former professors went to great pains to give you credit for having a good deal of ability. But in every case, there was one conditional statement. Can you guess what it was?"

I just sat there. I can't remember ever feeling quite so defeated, quite so — destroyed. The events of the past several months were heaped up afresh — and now she was telling me that even my former reputation was blighted. I felt like crying. And then she said, "When you consider my problem — and consider your own — doesn't that suggest anything?" It was then that my self control broke down completely. I wept.

In spite of the fact that I knew I was making a fool of myself, I couldn't help it. Every joke, every remark, everything that happened to me all through my life came to me then and the flimsy facade I had erected — the careful pose of the intellectual, the philosopher who was above and beyond the common life melted. For I had felt all too keenly my kinship — and my alienation from my fellow man.

Yes, they all came back then — the nicknames from childhood, my own father's strange attitude toward me when he was still alive, my uncle's remarks, the hostility of a high school coach — the time when one of my high-school teachers had called me into his office for a lecture about homosexuality and I, fool, hadn't realized what he was talking about. Then too, there were all the practical jokes (sic) in the locker rooms, the "horseplay" and the fooling around; the time when I had asked a girl to a school dance and she had giggled out loud — and told all her friends who also giggled — out loud. And so it went. But I had a defense — I thought. I had my mind and I hid behind a bitterly witty screen — had been hiding behind it ever since. And it still did no good. I was open to mine enemies. Even my photograph was sufficient to bring a strange woman over a thousand miles — to offer me a job, masquerading as — a woman!

It didn't help then either, that it was she who showed the strength that should have been mine, as she held her arms about me and soothed me. It didn't help either when at last, my vision cleared, I saw her face — burning with a strange glow that highlighted her strong features — and even seemed to sweep over me. In a wild, Rabelasian moment, I thought I saw in her face, as she looked at me, the sort of expression one associates with a man looking with desire — at a woman.

And so, because I had nothing to lose that wasn't lost already, I accepted the offer. For the next several days, that scene haunted me; I felt too sick to go to work again at the store, and as I sat in my miserable room and thought all the endless maddening thoughts that I had been left with, I began to realize that something of me had died there that night. Something had also been born.

After I managed to quit sobbing like a schoolgirl (!), Miss Scott had poured us each a stiff drink and when I had finally regained my composure a bit, she had said, quite simply, "Well, I think we know how things stand. And now that the air has cleared, shall we discuss this a bit more?" I nodded soberly.

"You understand now what it is — the job and all? I'd like it all pretty clear so there's no question in anybody's mind. I guess you know, we could trade credentials right now and no one would notice, our height, coloring — everything but weight is about the same. Of course, you'll be a few years older — as me, while I'll lose a few years, but otherwise, we could just step into each other's shoes. But that's not the only thing — though I must admit it's the major thing. I actually do need some help — of the sort you're trained to give me — research, editing — even some writing — articles, critiques, etc. So, if you're willing, shall we — ah — exchange?"

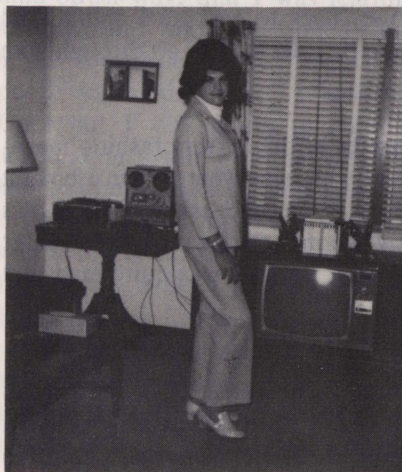
"Why not?"

"Thank you — more than you'll ever know. Now then, a few details. How long before you can be ready?" I shrugged. A few days, at the most.

"Good. The sooner the better. Now, I have to be back on the coast the day after tomorrow. Can you meet me there? I live up the Pacific coast and I'd like to meet you there — there's several other things. I'll give you the money to get out there — call it paid moving expenses, if you will, but I think the biggest problem is going to be getting you established. By that I mean wardrobe and all the other little goodies; even though we're the same size or so, I can't offer you mine — I simply don't have any. The only dress I own is seven years old and my mother bought me that for graduation, which was the first and last time I wore it. So, by your leave, I would like to furnish you with a basic wardrobe — but you're going to have to buy it. Buying women's clothes gives me the willies." Somehow that struck me as funny. She joined me in a healthy laugh.



Roberta — Wash.



Sheila Ann M5-K-10 FPE

"It would be best if you could buy the stuff around here — there's only small towns for a hundred miles out there, and there might be questions and so on. You can, er — change — when you get there of course, so there will be time enough for you to get used to it all. Anyway, here's the money for something like a basic start; we can get more later on — and don't worry about it — I'm making quite a good deal right now, and by doing this you're helping me go on making it." I was surprised at the thickness of the envelope and I couldn't resist opening it: the sight of all those bills was staggering.

"You're awfully trusting," I said. She just looked at me. "I think I know where we stand. Well, if there's nothing else — I'll see you, say — one week from now. All right?" I nodded my head. "Oh — just one more thing — if you don't mind —" She got a pair of scissors from the dresser drawer and came over to me, then snipped a lock of hair from my head. "What???" She laughed and holding the hair up said, "I want to order you a wig —" I don't know why — but that seemed really funny and we were both giggling when we parted.

I didn't sleep very well that night — nor the next. I called in sick the next day — and the day after. In truth, I was. Somehow, the resolution of that night seemed less clear, less profound by the daylight. In the end, I suppose it was the sight of all the money — and perhaps that I realized the truth lying behind the situation that finally made up my mind for me. I could easily have mailed the money back to her, but I didn't. And so, after two days of wrestling with myself, I decided to go through with it.

My first move was to buy several copies of the current fashion magazines; as a novice, I wanted to be sure of what was what. When I bought them at the drugstore, the clerk smirked at me and asked if there was anything else. I blushed then and threw the money down on the counter and ran out, while he stood there laughing. Later, I was quite mad, but there was nothing I could do.

A half-day of reading left me thinking there was a lot of foolishness going on in the world of fashion, but also a fairly clear idea of what was what and an approximate idea of costs. Not that *that* was going to be a great problem; Miss Scott had left me an even two thousand dollars — and promised more. I couldn't see how one could possibly spend *that* much — even over several years. Four days later, I *knew*.

After I had pretty much figured out my sizes, I made up a tentative list. Nevertheless it was with considerable nervousness that I approached the dress department in a store for the first time. In spite of myself, I suppose my nervousness betrayed to everyone around me just what I was about, but I stuck to my guns and eventually emerged from there with several boxes. I had managed a couple of dresses and some skirts, but when the saleslady asked if I wanted some lingerie, it was too much. I decided to take what I had back to my apartment before trying again — this time in a different store!

When I got home, there was a note from my landlady saying the store had called me — twice in fact in the time I had been gone. Well, I thought, might as well get that particular business over with and I marched straight down to the personnel office and told them I was quitting. The personnel manager didn't seem disturbed at all, but I was off guard when he asked me where I was going and I told him "The West Coast." He smirked then, too, and said "It figures." By now I was hip, and mad as well. "Bye-bye, dearie." I said and walked out of the office. A loud, raucous laugh followed me.

"Nuts!" I said to myself. I decided then and there that I was going to play the role to the hilt and instead of leaving, I took the elevator to the third floor and went back to the After-Five Shoppe. I knew one of the salesgirls up there very slightly — she had bought or tried on shoes on several occasions and had seemed fairly friendly, but in a stand-offish way, that I was learning now to interpret. I went over to her then, and when she smiled that weird little smile I said, "I'd like to see something in size twelve." "Of course," she said, "anything special in mind." "No," I answered with a flutter of my fingertips (God! but I was going to enjoy this!) "Just something nice." She looked at me again, with that weird look. She pulled out several garments then and hung them so they could be seen. "This one in the red here is chiffon — draped hip effect with a moderate waistline — and this blue satin here has an Empire waist with a jewel neckline. Over here there is one with a deep plunging back for extra interest, along with the sheath skirt . . ." She was watching me rather closely all the while, so — without looking around to see if anyone else was looking, I picked up the blue one and walked over the mirror on the wall and held it up to myself. In spite of everything, including my mood, I was honestly pleased with it. I was even a little sorry that I couldn't have tried it on right then. "I'll take it," I said and turned back to my erstwhile friend. I must admit I was surprised, for she didn't bat an eyelash. Just that ghost of a smile that flickered about her lips. I selected two

more the same way, paid for them and was about to go, having made my point I felt, when she too asked if I would like to see something in lingerie. "Why, no thank you — as a matter of fact — I do!" She smiled again and led me into another section where twenty-four hours before I would have died of mortification. To the amusement and consternation of several customers and a few clerks, we spent a mad half-hour there. I must have been out of my mind completely by that time, for I was talking in a very loud stage whisper and acting the complete dolt, snatching up everything and holding it up to myself. I was surprised by the size load it made, and I decided to have it all delivered.

After a quick visit to the shoe department where I scandalized my former co-workers by trying on all manner of high heels, I left. I swear when I walked out the front door, the whole building was laughing, but somehow I didn't care any more.

Late that afternoon everything was delivered. It made quite an impressive sight — all those boxes. Since I had managed to spend several hundred dollars that afternoon, I thought I had better see if anything fit right or not — one of the cocktail dresses I had bought was ninety-five dollars alone!

As I inventoried the mound of shining things I had bought, I was a little dismayed by the lack of coherence in my purchases. Despite a reasonably thorough grounding in "total" fashion, I had apparently made an error of indulgence. Were I to spend most of my waking hours in the future at cocktail parties and small intimate gatherings a deux, I was well supplied. And if I were to spend my sleeping hours in a seraglio, then I was most fit. Unfortunately, if I were going to just sit down — or even worse, actually to labor — I would have to readjust my purchasing program rather drastically. I considered this at length, admiring the silliness of floral printed slips, the airy fragility of certain high-heeled sandals, the breathless smoothness of silken skirts. "Come off it," I said to myself. "You aren't sorry you bought this stuff — why are you now afraid?"

It seemed up to that moment I hadn't really committed myself; I must confess that I both heard and felt the bounding of my heart as I slipped out of my slacks, shirt, tie, etc., and picked up the first piece of lingerie. In spite of a rare keening of all my physical senses, a part of my mind seemed remotely detached as I carefully considered the use and fit of each garment. In point of fact, I was so detached, that when there came a knock on the door, I called out "Yes?" Somehow, I didn't

associate the fact that the door was opening in response to my ambiguous reply. It was fully a minute before I realized the spectacle that I offered to the person standing there staring at me with wide-eyed wonder. My reaction then began running a gauntlet between shame and terror, with finally defiance, born of desperation coming to my aid. "Come in! Come in! I find myself desperately in need of expert counsel, my dress-selling friend—" She answered my unspoken question: "Beth . . ." I had been wrestling with unsatisfactory results with an attempt to match the fastening of a rather slippery black girdle to the fragile upper edge of a nylon stocking. A long series of runs informed me that my efforts were less than expert.

Poor Beth! She was utterly speechless. Certainly the spectacle was enough to make a normal person roll with laughter, and I suppose when the clown laughs back at you the effect is unsettling, at best. "I'm — sorry. Excuse me — please, I didn't mean to barge in . . ." She turned for the door. "Wait! I really could use some help — if you wouldn't mind." She turned back to me with a queer expression on her face, confusion mingled with consternation.

"Well —"

"Please — I'm making a mess of this."

She waved an arm vaguely at the bed, loaded with all the finery she had helped me select earlier that afternoon. "But — you mean that — You — you've never done this before?"

Her question struck me as strange at the time, but I ignored it. "No — believe it or not, but this is the first time . . ."

She laughed then, a short little snort of delight. (But at what?) "And why, may I ask, are you starting now?"

"Why not?" I replied.

"Oh. I see. No — I don't. But that's beside the point. I'm sorry, but I was curious — there at the store, I mean, and so I just copied your address from the delivery slip and decided to come over — forgive me for intruding." She still stood there, making no move to stay or go.

I straightened up then, letting the unfortunate stocking I had been macerating slide down to my ankle. Strangely, I felt no particular embarrassment standing in front of this young woman clad only in my

underwear — feminine underwear at that. Within a space of five seconds or less, I decided that I would do best to do as I had been doing; to tell the bald truth with unconcern. People often refused to believe that which they would be only too glad to refute on the basis of a faint hint.

“Dear Beth. In three days time I am going away from here. I am going to commence living as a woman for an indefinite period of time. I have, as you can see, much to learn. I would therefore appreciate any hints and helps you might be gracious enough to give me.”

At that, she moved directly into the room, closing the door behind her. A furrow appeared between her eyes. “You know, I actually think you mean that. I wonder if you know what you’re getting yourself into?” I pointed at the great pile of clothing. “If you mean this — no and I’m likely to garrote myself with any part of it by accident.”

I didn’t intend it as a joke, but she took it as such and laughed again. A low, throaty laugh that was with her an almost breathless way of speaking. I was fascinated by it! — and I even began to wonder — but of course, this was ridiculous; I had managed to live pretty much without girls until this time. What an incongruous time to become interested in one — when one is seeking lessons in how to become one himself (sic)!

“Well then — strictly as a public service and to keep you from strangling yourself, I’ll show you how to put them on properly; you may find, if you’re really serious, that learning to *wear* them is something else again.”

“I assure you that I’m completely dedicated to the entire proposition.” I told her.

“I think you are.” she replied with amazement.

One-half hour later, she zipped up the back of one of the dresses and led me, teetering slightly over to the mirror on the bureau. She had made several trenchant remarks and suggestions that made an obvious difference; the padding she had suggested — and improvised of several pairs of stockings was probably the most outstanding feature but the touch of an expert had been obvious.

“You know — I think I just might be able to do it after all!” I exclaimed with an edge of excitement creeping into my voice.

Again that curious smile! "Well, yes — but are you really serious? Are you sure this isn't just some joke?"

"A very expensive form of humor . . ."

"It's beyond me, at the moment, but I guess I'll have to accept it for now. I must say, you'll do quite well with a little practice — and maybe a little help. Look, I don't mean to pry, but since you won't really tell me anything, I'll have to do some guessing. This business with the clothes is the simplest part — have you thought about makeup — and what about your hair? And your clothes are simply not adequate, that is, if you are going to, ah, *work* and so on."

I sensed the question — and the rather gross implication behind it. I hastened to append a sort of explanation. "I have several more things to get — and yes, I *will* be working, that much is certain."

"Ah — the plot thickens; condition of employment? How intriguing!" (This gal was pretty sharp!) "And you're really going to take the plunge. Well, well."

"No comment." I answered.

"Aha — so that *is* it! How exciting! But to get back to my question: What about the mass of things you haven't gotten to yet? And how do you propose to go about it all? I assume you have some place in mind to make the transition, but have you become — as I suspect you're not — a makeup artist, hair stylist, as well as wardrobe mistress? Or does this come later?"

"Truthfully, I don't know anything about them. I shall have to practice, I suppose, and learn as best I can."

"Have you considered the fallacy involved in that?" she asked.

"I don't understand."

"There might not be room for even a first error . . ."

That certainly was a sobering thought! Everyone was certainly eager to impute all this sort of thing to me as a matter of course. Nevertheless, by the same law of nature (perversity), they would be quite unwilling to actually *see* the plan in operation.

"Uh — anyway, I have tomorrow off and of course the next day is Sunday — would you think me terribly forward if I were to offer some help and suggestions in that time," she said.

"I should be extremely grateful," I answered truthfully.

"All right." She was speaking rather slowly, deliberately as she carefully placed each word. "I assume then, within reason, money is not a big problem . . ."

I nodded. "Within reason."

"Good. That's the biggest thing — really! — now then, let's see . . ." She thought for a minute. "What do you think of — well, why wait — why not start right now?"

"Right now?!!!" I asked in surprise.

Again she spoke in that deliberating manner. "Yes — if you want to get used to wearing those clothes, the best thing is to start wearing them full-time. The best way to learn to walk in high heels is just to go. And the best way to learn to put on makeup is to grab some and start smearing. You're about to endure the girlhood of — what name have you picked out for yourself?"

"Huh?"

"Name — name!! You don't expect to go around dressed like that and be called "Harry" do you?"

"I — I hadn't thought of that. *You* pick one . . ."

"Coward! All right — just remember — no complaints. Let's see — you would be the — h'mm — Eliza —"

"And you're 'enry 'iggins, I suppose."

"Right-o. Although old Shaw probably didn't have this in mind."

(Hey-hey — she knew her literature — 99.4% of all girls would have mentioned *MFL*).

"Oh-no? How about Major Barbara?"

"I concede the point. However, we have work to do. What time is it? Oh — is there a telephone around here?"

"Down in the hall —" I answered.

"Be back in a jiffy." she said as she went out the door.

While she was gone, I looked at my image. Very strange — from the neck down I looked very much the part, and if I half-closed my eyes, I could see possibilities for the rest.

While I daydreamed, Beth came back. "Hey! Come on — we've just got time."

"For what?"

"Just in time to make the beauty parlor."

"The *what*?" I asked non-plussed.

"B-e-a-u-t-y p-a-r-l-o-r." she said, "and hurry. Take off that dress and put on a blouse and skirt, anything a little less dressy. Come on. Cynthia will only wait a little while."

I obeyed even as I protested. "But I can't go out like this —" my voice was smothered as I pulled the dress over my head. "I mean, I just can't walk out like this— " as I zipped up the skirt.

"Sit down." she ordered. Even as she spoke, Beth pulled open her large purse and took out a handful of rollers and a scarf. She quickly pinned the rollers across the top of my own hair and tied the scarf over them. "There. You look like 95% of the girls now. And with a little lip-stick — like so — Voila! Let's go!"

I stumbled down the stairs behind her, protesting. Just before we actually went onto the street she stopped short. "Oops! You haven't a purse, have you? No matter — here, carry my billfold. Now just relax and walk. Nobody will notice anything." I would have probably felt immeasurably better if I had not seen my landlady in the split-second before we closed the door.

Once outside, the terror of it all kept me from dwelling on that. Somehow we walked the five blocks to the beauty shop. By the end of

the first block, I was still managing to keep the shoes on my feet, and soon, felt quite competent. Just as I started to relax, my companion said, "Take it easy! You're overdoing a good thing."

The beauty shop was closed when we got there, but in response to Beth's knocking, the door was opened by an exceptionally tall woman whose hair was piled even higher on her head. She certainly didn't look like a beauty operator, but this was Cynthia all right. Beth made a hurried introduction and we followed the tall woman into the back and she motioned me to sit down, removed the scarf and the curlers with a smirk and gave them back to Beth. Then she just looked at me for a minute or so, still silent, rose to her full height again and went to a large locked case and came back with a wig! She placed it on my head, placed a few pins in it, then still working in silence, worked it over with a comb and brush and innumerable adroit twists of her fingers. When she stopped, she looked at me again, then went to a counter, selected several tubes and came back and sat down on a stool beside me. She bent forward then and began to swiftly apply makeup to my face. As she worked, she bent forward and I nervously averted my eyes from the long, low neckline in the ruffled blouse she wore. She *still* didn't look like a beautician!

In a very few minutes she had finished, and swivelled me around to face the huge mirror. Somehow it all didn't make sense — I mean the image, for I couldn't find me — not unless — oh, surely now — oh, my!

"I think she's got it!" chimed in Beth. They let me sit there for another half minute, absorbed with my reflection, then Beth said. "Come, Cynthia has to leave now." The tall woman nodded in silence. "We'll stop back in the morning and get the rest of the stuff — and pay you then, okay, Cynthia?" Again the tall one nodded, without hesitation.

It was all very strange, but in another two minutes we were back on the street. Cynthia followed us, locked the door, and with a lithe stride, went over to a waiting car, a convertible driven by an older man. They drove off ahead of us and as we watched them go, Cynthia slid into the middle of the seat, her towering hairdo in rare contrast to the short man sitting beside her.

"That was all very fine," I said. "But also very curious. She didn't seem to be worried about us paying her, but she also seemed mad. Why she didn't even speak once!" Beth looked at me in astonishment. "Why — why for goodness sakes — you mean you didn't know?"

"Know?"

"Why yes — Cynthia is a *man*! He owns the shop — we were lucky, we caught him just as he was going out — on a date, as a matter of fact. But he didn't mind, not at all. Besides we're old friends . . ."

This particular bit of information was almost too much; but it helped explain a few things about my friend Beth. Why for example she was so willing — or eager? to help me. But of course, that raised several more interesting points.

My reverie was broken off by Beth. "Now what do you want to do?"

"Do?" I asked.

"Yes — it's early, and well, if I were you — why break it off now? You look simply gorgeous and you might as well spend some time getting used to it."

"Despite my protests, rooted in the fact that my career in skirts was only a few hours old, she prevailed. For the next several hours, we walked and sat and looked — and were looked at. I was probably so used to people staring at me anyway that I didn't notice until Beth stopped me and said, "One thing — you march around with a set expression on your face and don't notice anything. People are looking at you — and with good reason. I suggest you notice them and respond."

It was easier said than done; the looks *I* was receiving were very pointed. In response to one very intent look from a young man who first stared then half-smiled, I could only avert my own gaze. A feeling of heat in my face told me I was blushing. Beth laid a hand on my arm. "Perfect — simply perfect. You blush most becomingly and you have a perfect dimple . . ." And *that* certainly didn't help.

Eventually my feet had given out and we walked slowly back to my apartment. I told Beth goodnight and went in. At the head of the stairs — my landlady was waiting for me, a look of disgust and distaste graven on her granite like features.

"I never thought I would see the day — and you seemed such a nice person! Well, let me tell you — I won't have this kind of goings on in *my* house. You move out — tomorrow. Do you hear me? If you're not gone by noon — I call the police!" She gathered her chenille bathrobe around her dumpy little figure and swept past me to the stairs. Lifting her head regally, she bestowed on me her final blessing: "Pervert!"

Although her attitude didn't particularly dismay me, I was a little concerned about what to do for the next two days; after that, I would shake the dust of this town from my feet forever. A certain spell of magic still hung over me, however, wrought by the sudden knowledge that I had enjoyed myself immensely that evening. In fact, I couldn't remember when I'd ever felt such a feeling of — more than relaxation — more than excitement — apotheosis of a sort.

I could see in the mirror the creature brought to life by the skilled hands of the beautician and nurtured by the solicitous hands of Beth. Beth — what was her interest? It puzzled me, but not greatly; I was still in the grip of this rare excitement and I had a more immediate problem. I decided then to pack everything so I wouldn't waste any time in the morning.

It was quite late when I finished. Surprisingly, there hadn't been a great deal. The straitened circumstance of the past several months had forced me to sell many of my possessions: books, typewriter, etc. Eventually, I went to sleep, the silken strangeness of a nightgown lulling me to a strange sleep.

Continued in TVia No. 71

* * * * *



Frances 20-B-2 FPE



Joy Susanne 36-H-1 FPE



Beverly 5-C-12 FPE

Trailer Enthusiast

Swiss Miss
and Missing Swiss

*CASS MEETS THE LAW*

Cynthia 30-H-2 FPE

At twelve-thirty Cass wandered among the other guests goodnighting, so-longing, splitting and see-you-sooning. She smiled as someone told her to be good. Good grief, she thought, you'll never know just how good I could be—given the chance!

Cass' hostess struggled, twisted and finally emerged from a group of guests like a football popping from an NFL pile-up and stumbled into the foyer.

"Cass!" she screamed, clamping a crane-operator's hand on her guest's small white shoulder, "you're not leaving now? Not when all the fun is about to start!"

"Yes Capricorn—" Cass winced under the muscular grip—"I'm afraid so. I have to be at the studio very early tomorrow—big day ahead. We're shooting a floor-wax commercial and they need my legs—it's a new thing I'm into."

Capricorn Bottle was genuine disappointed. She had so wanted Cass to stay for the pinata smashing and, after all, what was a party without . . . Cass. The petite, blue-eyed darling was the leading attraction at any do. By merely hinting at Cass' possible attendance a hostess was guaranteed a virtual flood of affirmative R.S.V.P.s And Capricorn had also wanted Cass to meet Earl Box who was, according to the grapevine, an active dresser—even if he wasn't indulging at that very moment.

But Cass was firm; she had to leave right then. Anyway, she thought, I've had quite enough of Earl Box for one evening! She shrugged into her shaggy llama fun-fur, took off her evening shoes and pulled on

knee-high rainboots, thanked Capricorn for the . . . like . . . groovy party and left without telling her hostess that she had in fact already met—or was it encountered—the ubiquitous Mister Box. She had quickly discovered that he was quite the royal thing—coming-on a bit too heavy and wanting to “cut a rug” as he put it! Cass mentally dubbed him Earl the Virile. Gosh, she thought as the elevator sank to the lobby twenty floors below, he was really something else . . . took an awful lot for granted pulling my hair like that—yanked out at least a dozen or so actual strands of my real blonde tresses. She concluded that Capricorn must have been given wrong information about that cat! And that Capricorn, she thought, telling me not to do anything she wouldn’t do — doesn’t leave much to choose from.

As Cass stepped from the elevator, the doorman lowered his copy of The New York Daily News, studied Cass, dropped his cool, dropped the paper altogether, fumbled for an umbrella beneath his cane chair and scrambled to the plate-glass door.

“Raining,” he smiled, nodding toward the drenched street.

“Golly! Is that what all that wet is?” said Cass in mock surprise.

“Can I call you a cab?”

“Good grief! Do I look like a cab?” Cass quipped, flashing her small white teeth in a devastating smile.

“It’s pouring,” said the befuddled doorman, attempting to return her smile.

Cass pointed across the street to her dark green Continental Mark III which at that moment looked more like a small aircraft carrier as it floated rim-deep in a huge puddle. The doorman held the umbrella aloft as they dashed between parked cars and crossed the street. She hastily unlocked the door, slid inside and opened the window.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome Miss.” The doorman stood gazing at her through the rain.

“It was very sweet of you.”

"Yes Miss—" he still gazed.

"Why don't you get out of that puddle and go empty your shoes—it's over your ankles!"

The saturated doorman looked downward then turned, squish-squish-squished back across the street and went into the lobby. He took off his shoes and poured the rainwater into a redwood tub which held a giant palm tree.

Cass started the car, maneuvered it from the curb and headed for the Hudson River Parkway. Gosh, she thought, how very sensible it was of me to bring my knee-high boots—if I had had to wear those little black evening shoes to the car my feet would have been utterly soaked like that poor doorman's. She felt sorry for the young fellow . . . sort of. She had scrambled into the car so quickly that her coat and the skirt of her mini-dress had zoomed up somewhat further than she would have allowed (or contrived) normally—given a young and rather attractive doorman for an audience; that poor bedraggled-looking fellow . . . with the sopping wet argyles . . . to no avail . . . ! He might have thrown an actual conniption right then and there, she thought, and yeeeps, he might even come down with pneumonia . . . getting so wet he might never make it!

She drove very carefully, keeping to the right as the rain slanted across the hood on blustery east-bound gusts from the Hudson River. She was glad it was raining. It precluded the nuisance of side-pacers—those positively awful super-libidoed men who drew parallel and drove alongside trying to attract her attention. But Cass never shifted her eyes from the lane ahead. She knew what would happen if she ever did glance sideways. First the leer, then the eyes forming the question, she would look away—bored—then the car would spurt ahead. To Cass, nothing was more ludicrous—more hokey—than a sixty-five year-old kid burning-out a 1970 Cadillac! But there were no highway Romeos. The rain and the spray tossed up in torrents from the wheels of passing cars, mixed with the multi-faceted glare of oncoming headlights and overhead arcs, making it impossible to see into her car. Cass revelled in a sort of uterine safety. She turned off the parkway at the George Washington Bridge, passed under Upper Manhattan and drove onto the Cross Bronx Expressway. The traffic was light—the tail-end of the theatre crowd laughing their way back to Westchester after a nightcap at some city bistro.

Cass drove steadily on toward her country home deep in thoughts of her last visit to a Broadway show. She had gone to see "Hair" with Cornelius Friday—who, so it had turned out, was one heck of a lot like Earl Box! So intent were Cass' thoughts of that nerve-wracking, wrist-grabbing, wrestling-match of an evening in the second row of the orchestra (thank heaven it wasn't the first row—even the "Hair" players would have gotten uptight) that she did not notice the flashing red beacon which followed her until the trooper hit the siren just as she neared her exit. Darn, she thought noticing that there were no other cars in sight, he must want *me* to stop . . . I might be about to spend a night in the pokey . . . what a night to get busted—and so near home—and, gosh, I'm innocent officer—never even had a traffic ticket! She pulled off the expressway onto the shoulder, stopped and pressed a button. The window hummed down revealing the head and shoulders of the wet policeman. She smiled mechanically.

"Hi . . . I was only doing fifty-five."

"I know," the policeman replied. His non-committal expression grew into a wide-eyed, leerish sort of smile as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness inside Cass' car and her exquisite beauty became clearer to him. He looked past Cass and into the back of the car: "You all alone . . . out here?"

Cass grew nervous. She nodded. It was one-fifteen and she really was alone except for the one or two cars that whipped by in the fast lanes. She tried to ask what the problem was but her mouth had suddenly become very dry. She drew a deep breath and felt her face flush under the steady gaze of the officer. The trooper stood up and looked first toward the front of the car and then the back. He leaned down on the window ledge, his face not six inches from Cass' ear.

"You was just goin' to pull off here, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you live in the village?"

"No, I live out on Fillmore Drive," Cass was having difficulty pitching her voice high.

The policeman snapped his fingers: "Gotcha! I thought I recognized the car. Bellingham's . . . right?"

"Yes," Cass managed. "Officer, did I break a law or something?" The suspense was becoming too much to bear and she wanted to get it over with. The officer was beaming at her, obviously taken by her beauty. His gaze wandered downward to her knees where a veiling of nylon reflected the dash-light in thin glimmering lines running up each thigh to the hem of her fur coat.

"Nothin' very important—nothing to worry about."

"May I go on home then?" She hoped that this would be the end of her torment.

"Nope—gotta see your driver's license and registration first Miss—how come you're out drivin' in the Bellingham's car?"

Cass' stomach took one giant leap up into her throat. She felt tears welling up in her eyes as she groped in her pocket-book for her wallet. She did not offer an answer.

"Uh . . .?" the officer persisted.

She took the registration certificate from her wallet and handed it to the policeman who then tried juggling a flashlight with his armful of traffic tickets and clipboard but gave up:

"Would you mind if I came around and sat in there outa the rain?"

Cass shrugged.

The policeman's plastic rain-slicker squeaked against the leather upholstery as he sat down in the passenger's seat.

"Hah! I was right: Casper W. Bellingham, II. What does the 'W' stand for?" He started writing on one of the green labels and filled in several boxes with check marks. "I'll need your driver's license too." He held out his hand.

Cass dropped her driver's license into his beefsteak hand. "It stands for Winthrop." She mentally held out her hands—ready to be cuffed.

"This ain't your license!"

"Yes it is."

He looked her squarely in the face and grinned from ear to ear: "No it ain't — your name ain't Casper!"

"You don't believe me?"

"Is your name Bellingham?"

"Yes."

"But it ain't Casper!"

"Yes it is."

"Now come on, don't lie to me—I'm tired and I want to get home. This is your husband's license, ain't it? You're Mrs. Bellingham . . ."

"No."

"It's your brother's . . ."

"No."

". . . and you picked it up by mistake?"

"No, it's mine."

"Heh! You wanna be took for a man?" The policeman smiled incredulously—almost laughing.

"Not particularly," said Cass.

"I oughta give you another ticket for driving without a license but it's late and I don't wanna have to take you in and book you now—I'm goin' off duty. And I oughta give you a ticket for lyin' to an officer but . . ." he worked his way out of the car and walked around to Cass' side . . . "I'm only gonna give you this one this time—no tail-lights! Mr. Bellingham will have to pay it."

"Right."

"Which one of the Bellinghams are you?"

"Casper—I'm sorry you don't like my name."

"For real?"

"Yes."

"I still think you're kiddin' me, but holy cow, if you ain't, your folks gotta be nuts to give you a name like that." He started to hand the license and registration back to Cass but stopped partway, flipped them over and shone his flashlight on the back of the license. "Hey. There's an 'M' in the 'Sex' box!"

Cass shrugged: "They always do that—every year. It's a drag!"

"Them dummies in the license bureau. You better get that changed—if your name really is Casper. You ain't foolin' me you know!"

"I'm not trying to . . ."

"Them dummies figure anybody with a name like Casper gotta be a man . . . huh?"

"I guess so . . ."

"Your folks played a dirty trick on you."

"That's the royal truth!"

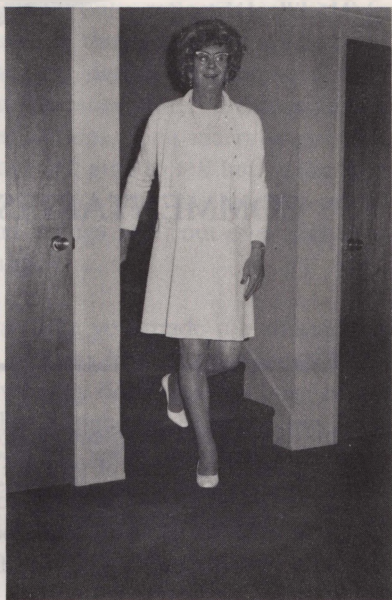
"Dummies! You oughta get your name changed to something like Anabelle . . . Maud . . . Mabel—something nice."

"I was going to change it to Harry!"

"Ha-ha-ha!" The policeman rocked back and forth grinning from ear to ear again. He handed the license and registration back to Cass and motioned for her to move on: "Get outa here," he laughed, "I'm beginning to think you're some kind of nut—you shouldn't be out alone—at night!"

Phew, thought Cass later on as she lay in the safety of her bed, I'm really living dangerously—driving around . . . late . . . at night . . . in the rain . . . without tail-lights and all . . . !

* * *



Marylynn 50-M-1 FPE



Patti 21-Y-1 FPE



Hazel 3-W-1 FPE

COMMENTARIES AND SUGGESTIONS

Karen — Penn.

This is just a little piece written to myself as much as to the people who will read it. Most of you are probably more experienced than I am, and perhaps it might be a bit foolish, but most of all its addressed to the new ones of us, who have perhaps just discovered that they aren't the only ones in the world who feel the way they do, when they pass a nicely decorated dress store.

So you've chosen a life style that's different . . . or its been chosen for you. In the late hours of the night or on those secret rainy days, when you first sneaked into your sister's room or your mother's closet, touched the mysteries of her silken garments, and then in a moment of extreme bravery and foolishness, slipped into panties and a skirt, and suddenly discovered a whole new world. At that moment when you first asked the question, "Who am I?" and no little voice answered, you chose. You went on to more involved things, and one day you stood in front of a mirror, dressed in illfitting but extremely soft clothes, completely, and asked yourself even farther, "Why wasn't I born a girl?" and then prayed at night that an angel would come and change you and you'd be the little feminine thing inside of you.

Yes, you've quit on occasion, you threw all of those things away and swore that you would never . . . never . . . try that again, that you were done for good and all. Then you caught yourself looking at things in the dress store, noticing girls, not for the way they were all of the time, but for the day they dressed, found yourself touching the skirt your girlfriend was wearing and found yourself wishing . . .

It's a long search and often an unhappy one. When a person chooses to do anything that is away from the norm, he is exposing himself to

the ridicule of the world, even when it is only reflected in his own thoughts. But where the mistake is made, is that you don't try as hard for this, to achieve the femininity that you desire, to become a fully rounded person, all of you. You tend to put more material things ahead, and to destroy your own hopes and aspirations. You marry a girl that won't understand, because you don't have the guts to tell her in the first place that skirts are just as important a part of your life, as they are to her; and then you suffer, and your mind wrings itself out over and over again. If you only chose, if you only realized . . .

When you put on a skirt for the first time you made the choice and this was to be one of the biggest parts of your life. Think for a minute just how much it has meant and just how many decisions you have based on the fact that emotionally you need this balance for happy living. You must be quite intelligent for this aspect of your personality to have emerged in the first place, and the steps that you would take to make yourself a more complete person, happy, stable, and secure are the things that must be considered.

First of all you need a companion in life. People are meant to walk two by two, and a good woman is exactly what you need, to round you out. Many of the people who have stated that it is best not to have married, are those who have had bad experienced. I did too. But I have found that it is just a matter of looking to find the right girl. And this means asking, telling and explaining and rejecting some candidates, that might fit every other part of your personal qualifications. Remember, this isn't just a little part of your life, one that can be forgotten, it is even harder to give up if you are married, because the girl that you marry, will constantly surround herself with all the things that you have dreamed about. It can mean, that during your search you will be laughed at, or pitied, or suggested to get help, but you must use quite a bit of that male courage, and not commit yourself unless you are sure. You aren't wishy-washy enough to buy a car that you don't like, why do it in selecting a wife. The rewards of the search are too great. A lifetime of co-operation and personal freedom of expression are at stake. You can win the emotional relief you have wanted, plus a happy companion for life, or a lifetime of misery, hiding in motel rooms and sneaking, ill fitting mail order clothes on the side. Its worth it.

One thing to remember, though. Even if you get the most understanding GG in the world, don't expect to play Cinderella every chance you get. Your woman wants a man, a real man. You have to be masculine and strong, secure and protective, adequate, and someone that she can

be proud of wherever she goes. You can't change yourself so much that she can't go out in public with you, and maybe you have to let the hair on your body grow in the summer so that she can go to the beach with her husband, not her sister. Be a man when you are a man, and a girl when you are a girl. Don't make her uncomfortable by looking like a guy in a dress, when you are dressing, either. It's much easier for her to accept you as a girl, if you act like a lady. This doesn't mean swishing or trying to talk in a squeaky voice. You're somewhat of a woman already or you wouldn't have started in the first place. Let yourself develop naturally, and let your personality be your own. You're the same person no matter how you're dressed, just express yourself without trying to act another role, or pretend you're trying to pick up a man. Just take the emotions that you feel when you are in your prettiest dress and let her feel them, express your love for her and let her know you really care. Don't become so self centered that you go out and buy all sorts of things for yourself and neglect her. Sure you want an expensive sweater but does she have one, get her one too, or don't get yourself anything at all. It would be a wonderful thing if you and your wife wore the same size, but most of us are about three sizes larger, so consider her, always first, and she'll put you first, too.

Next thing, and one that I have found by bitter experience, when you buy something for yourself, take care. Even if you have a wife, don't go on any buying spree, and get a lot of cheap ill fitting things, besides being uneconomical, it's downright unladylike. Your wife won't do it, and neither should you.

You might not get as much, but you will have them for a long time, so they should be good. Remember, you won't be buying things that you will be throwing away during your next purge, because you will be secure. And even if you aren't, you should know good and well, that if you did dispose of them you would later wish that you hadn't gotten rid of them. I only dress when I have the need to, and I don't try to regulate it, but I know that my wardrobe is small, but good, is safely in its own special closet and drawers when I want it. It's separated, but not hidden and I take as good care of it as any other thing that I care about. Skirt hangers aren't expensive, nor is drycleaning. Anyway, back to buying. If you can shop with your wife, fine, she knows a lot more about this than you do, listen to her, and her advice, check your sizes and know them before you try. There is an excellent chart in a back issue of TVia to help, and if you aren't quite sure, you can always exchange. Don't settle for clothes that aren't comfortable, or too tight, or loose, watch your weight and note changes against dress sizes. Dress, and

select clothes that would flatter you for everyday wear. You don't have to become a fetishist and walk around like a light pink cloud. Observe women, store windows, read *17* and *Glamour*, and *Cosmopolitan*, and the paper. Watch for sales, and featured items. Recently my fiancée and I got some lovely cashmere sweaters, because I noticed in the paper that they were on sale. When I told her, she asked to meet me for lunch and we went to the department store. Don't be afraid to go into a ladies department especially with a woman. You don't have to be ashamed, lots of men help their wives select clothes, and there are a lot of us around besides. Help her look, search around, you might find just what you have been looking for.

Suggestion. Sears catalogues are great places to look, and get ideas, but its a good idea to go to one of their stores first and see if the item is like the picture, to avoid disappointment in the mail, check fabric, color, etc. Unless you are quite experienced, you can get fooled by a lot of the ad copy.

When single, and buying alone, I discovered that it is really quite easy to buy clothes, even in Women's shops. First and most important, know your size, you can't hold up the item to you or try it on, also don't shop anywhere where you are known or your aunt is the clerk. In any fairly large city there are many shops and stores. You wouldn't show any embarrassment if you were going to buy a sweater for your best girl, why for yourself. A rule to remember: The saleslady couldn't care less whether you ask for a 42 or a 36. She doesn't know you or your girl, and she just wants to make a sale. Also, you'll find that with a little charm, she will be right in there helping you and making suggestions. Women enjoy having a man select some of their clothes, and salesgirls seem to enjoy your interest. So when you go in and buy a blue cardigan, ask her if she has any suggestion for the rest of the outfit that you can tell your girl about. Nine times out of ten, she will not only suggest, but show it to you, and ask what size she wears, if you are on the ball, and know your sizes, she'll show you the whole ensemble, and, especially if she's on commission, really try to sell it to you. So then all you have to do is pay, and you walk out with an entire outfit, expertly selected and color coordinated, just for you. Simple!

Undies, lingerie, and such are another story. I haven't tried to buy a bra and girdle from the nice matron at the specialty shop, and I don't intend to try. This is a good mission to send your wife or girl on, or you can go the way I do. Once again know your size. Go to a self service

store, and walk right to the area where the bras and girdles, and for that matter panties are. Select what you want, continue shopping, and when you are ready to leave plunk them right down next to the cash register. Remember, that although your state might have laws against your dressing there is nothing that says you can't buy anything you want. Women's underwear isn't illegal . . . just step up and put it with the rest of your purchases. Be cool, and don't offer any explanations. The gum chewing teenybopper on the register couldn't care less what you buy, and even when or if she asks, she won't refuse to sell them to you. Just tell her, masquerade party, joke for bachelor party, Tom Thumb wedding, your mother, anything. As long as you don't stand there and wilt, or start stuttering or turn to melted butter, she'll take your explanation and believe you. Joke with her, enjoy yourself, but be as strong, charming and as masculine as you can. If you're single and she is cute, ask her out, she might even be the girl you've been looking for! Nighties, robes, and such as the same as dresses. Buy them as presents, as lacy and as lovely as you want. Don't be afraid to ask for a large, there just might be a large woman that you are buying for. There have to be or they wouldn't make the sizes. Remember, the most feminine nighties are bought by men anyway, girls don't usually go to that much trouble just to sleep unless they have someone to sleep with. (Good place to get your wife a present too!)

So now you're all outfitted, but for shoes. This one is a little harder. Back to the self service store again. You should know your shoe size, so you have a good place to start looking. If you wear a very big size you had best stick to the catalogues, unless you want to try a shoe store and say they are for your poor widowed mother, and then you'll probably end up with the first thing that he pulls out — size 12 uglies. But for people who wear a ten or less, the self service is the best. Go on a quiet day, browse, just like any shopper, until you find what you want, then pick them up and look at them, and drop them. Wear loafers yourself and slip off your shoe, then without looking too obvious, try on your selection. I never wore socks when I was shopping for shoes, and I found that I was usually satisfied. You can't try on the whole selection this way, so you'll have to be rather selective before you drop your choice, you might be able to get away with one or two, but don't be obvious, although they'd probably just think that you were harmless, but avoid embarrassment anyway.

Makeup, and hose — try the grocery store. They usually have a good selection, just put them in with your purchases and be cool, or have that girlfriend or wife along. If you want something special, go to the

cosmetic dept. of the drug store and ask for it. People buy makeup for folks in the hospital or their wives all the time. No problem, but its not a really great place to browse. If you do, don't buy that time, or buy it at another store after you've found what you are looking for. If you have no self confidence, just write up your selections on a grocery list, hand it to the lady and ask her to fill it. All you'll hear is the cost, a little story and some idle conversation will make it more fun and be easier for you.

The key to all of this is, BE A MAN, don't be embarrassed, or upset, the items are there to be sold or they wouldn't be there at all, be natural so that you can be all of the woman that you want to be. When you are dressed, you can let your emotions out, but be natural again, don't pretend. Just remember one thing — "To keep your poise in the crucial moments of a crisis, is the true test of character." This little phrase kept me alive in Viet Nam, and it'll help you survive and enjoy your life, as a well rounded person, carrying you past the jungles of the ladies department, through the booby traps of a mistaken and unhappy marriage, to that freedom bird that will carry you to the happiness that you so desperately need. You only live once, enjoy it.

* * * * *

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*MISTAKEN IDENTITY*

Helen I-W-I FPE

When Russ Jenkins asked for the key to his hotel room he couldn't help but notice the careful scrutiny he received from an ugly giant of a man standing at the clerks desk beside him. As he entered the elevator another glance revealed that the brute of a man was still staring at him intently. As the lift took him upward to his eleventh floor room he searched his memory to discern if he had seen him before, but without success. "Oh well"... he exclaimed softly, "I guess he mistook me for someone else". Had his ears been able to hear a conversation at the same moment from the pay booth in the hotel lobby, he would have been frightened.

"I tell ya boss it was Muggsy dat I saw. Whoever done the hit on him muffed the job. He checked in room 'leven eighteen. It can't be a mistake, boss. I worked wid him on too many jobs." The big man listened for a while, nodding his balding, pointed shaped head as he listened. "Okay boss" he chimed in finally, "I'll get a room as close to his as I can and wait for Shorty and Joe. They gonna come right down?" An affirmative answer had him nodding in agreement and soon he was obtaining a room. The room across the hall, number 1119 was vacant. Moments later the burly character was kneeling in front of his keyhole watching the door of 1118.

At that moment a tired Russ Jenkins had finished a warm shower and was slipping on a pair of printed jockey shorts. After a drink of ice water brought up by the bell hop he stretched out on the comfortable bed and in no time at all was sound asleep. He had hardly stirred in the four hours he was permitted to sleep. The shady gents had waited for things to calm down for the night, before checking out their man. At nearly two A.M. two of them stood on either side of Russ's door and

the runt of the four knocked casually. "Mr Jenkins, sir. I have an urgent telegram for you. The message was repeated again before a sleep dazed Russ padded barefooted to the door and opened it. "Couldn't it have waited till morning? he asked. In stead of an answer he was shoved ruthlessly into his room and into a large chair that was near the door.

"Shut up punk!" the giant said threateningly. "We'll do the talking. You've got a lot of nerve coming back into Chicago again. What you up to huh?"

"What's the matter with you guys?" Russ asked. "I don't know what you're talking about. I've never seen any of you before."

Shorty who was standing at the left arm of Russ, pointed at the tattoo of a heart on Russ's forearm that had an "R" on one side of the arrow and an "A" on the other. "I suppose that "R.A." don't stand for Ruth Ann, the boss's girl friend?"

"Why no!" the young man answered. "It stands for Russ and artilleryman. I had it done in Viet Nam.

The big ox whose name was Pete grasped Russ's undershirt and pulled it up to expose a scar under the left nipple. "I thought so," he snarled. "There's that operation scar that Doc Devaney made when you got plugged in that shoot out with the Sout' Side bunch."

"You're crazy," Russ almost shouted. "That's a war wound I got in Viet Nam last year." I'm Russ Jenkins... who do you think I am?"

"You're Muggsy Baxter dats who", Joe snapped. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen the scar and the tattoo. I'da swore that punk Jake carried out that contract on you. He collected for it and said you was dead in the big Lake. And with a cement overcoat."

It was all that Russ could do to keep from screaming. "But I'm not that man. . . I swear I'm Russ Jenkins. I can prove it."

"We've had proof enough Muggsy," Pete muttered. "The boss wants us to make sure the job is done and done right dis time. Im' gonna make sure myself. You're gonna get creamed right dis time buddy."

Shorty and Joe lifted the thoroughly frightened salesman to his feet and his knees were wildly beating against one another. "Wanta dress him

up and take him out in de country Pete?" He looked at the larger man and waited for his orders.

"Naw! he answered. "He don't need no clothes at all on where he's going." Turning to Russ he pointed with his right fist which all but hid a large pistol: "Strip punk. Then you'll think before you try to run away from us." He walked over to the closet where Russ had hung up his suits and topcoat. Taking the topcoat in his left hand he tossed it to Russ. "Put dis on".

Even as the terrified young man slipped into the coat which did cover his nakedness, he protested again the case of mistaken identity but to no avail. "Shut up or I'll cream you here" Pete promised. "Get your shoes and socks on."

Russ obediently sat on the bed and slipped into his footwear. When he had tied the final shoe, he was jerked to his feet and pushed roughly toward the door. "Shorty'll have hold of that coat on your left, Joe will be holding at your right. Me'n Ed here will be just behind you. We head for the elevator and out the side door to our bus. Try to get away and we plug you anyhow. That way you may cause some innercent folks to get shot too. So behave okay?"

"You guys are making a mistake," Russ pleaded. "I'm not who you think I am. Honest."

"Ya gonna do what I said punk, or do you want it here?"

"Yes Sir!" Russ agreed. He stood a better chance he thought, if he could get them out of the secluded room.

The five men left the room as agreed to previously, and then a frightened Russ saw a door at his side marked "Exit". As the rattling elevator was stopping he suddenly slipped out of the armsleeves of the overcoat and plunged through the Exit door. Taking the steps four at a time in desperation he turned the corner on his hunters as an explosion almost deafened him, and a burning sensation ripped at his right arm.

Rather than slowing him, this pain threw him into faster steps.

He was down the third flight before he opened the door that led into the hotel corridor of the 8th floor. His left arm was holding his wounded arm as he hurried down the hall. Seeing a door beginning to open, and

not thinking of his naked condition, he burst into the door and in doing so thrust a pretty young lady roughly onto the floor. Without speaking, he slammed the door to and locked it.

By this time she was over her initial shock enough to open her mouth to scream. "Don't" he said quite loudly. "Some men are trying to kill me."

This served to silence her momentarily. As he leaned over to help her to her feet he noticed for the first time that he was only wearing his shoes and socks. Quickly he went over to the rumpled bed and jerked off the spread to cover his nakedness.

"I'm sorry to have broken into your room like this, Miss. But I am trying to get away from some mobsters who think I'm one of them, and I'm not. They shot at me and one of the bullets hit my arm.

She could see he was telling the truth about being hit, for a trace of crimson showed through the spread he held against him. "How do I know you're not a crook or criminal trying to escape a policeman?"

A moment of thought and Russ answered: "Go to your telephone there and call the desk. Ask if they will tell you who Russ Jenkins of Room 1118 represents. I am a lingerie salesman for the Miss Vanity Company of Burlington."

She almost told him that she believed him without it, and then walked to the phone. When the clerk was asked for the information, it was as Russ said.

She sat on the bed then and said: "I felt you were telling the truth, but I really wanted to know. What are you going to do?"

He thought for a while. "I guess I'll wait to see if they give up or not. Were you going to check out now? If you are I could stay here and wait them out."

"No, I was just going to the desk for something for a headache. I've been up most of the night with it. After so long, I had to do something. Funny though, it's eased off now."

"I really don't know what to do" Russ said. "They are rough customers. They really intended to kill me for someone else." Then he told her the whole story. After it had been repeated, with her asking for details and descriptions, she decided that it would be best for him to stay in the room. "You can sleep on the bed" she offered, "since you are hurt, I'll doze in the chair."

He wouldn't have it, so he slept fitfully until daylight in the chair, after she had cleansed the shallow wound and bandaged it with a strip from one of her white blouses. She was awake first and had dressed again before approaching where he slept. "Russ", she called softly. "Wake up. Maybe we can get your clothes from your room now. At least, maybe I can." Getting up, Russ used the wounded arm and gasped when he discovered that it was very sore.

"It probably needs a doctor's care" Russ was told. "When we get your things, I'll drive you to my Aunt's Doctor if you wish."

"We had better see if we can get my things first" he suggested. Those guys were so determined that they could still be around the hotel."

She agreed: "I think I'll go to the lobby first and see if I see them. Describe each of them again." When he had done so, the lovely Janice, who was so very nice in addition to being pretty, eased out the door and made her way to the lobby. Minutes later she was back with a newspaper and excited. "They are still here! At least two of them are. One, the big one, is seated where he can watch the elevators. The other is the real small built one . . . He's at the first table in the cafe, where he can watch all doors.

"How are we going to get you out even if we get your clothes?" She was sincerely worried. He could tell that.

"Gee Janice, I don't know. That Muggsy must be wanted awful badly for them to stay around after shooting at me. Wasn't there anything in the paper about it?"

"Not a word. I guess it happened too late for printing, if it was even reported. These hotels are close to soundproof. We have to get you out somehow. Even if we managed to get your clothes, they would recognize you. We could get a bellboy to get your things, but I would imagine that one or two of them are in the room waiting for you to come back."

"You're probably right Janice", Russ agreed. "If they stayed after one attempt to kill me, they will have every angle covered."

Janice was thinking deeply, when she suddenly lifted up her eyes and smiled: "But if you were disguised so that they could not recognize you? If we could get you out of here for a day or so, then the hotel would take your things out of the room and I could get them back with a note from you."

"How in the world could I be disguised, when the only clothing I have in Chicago, and even my car keys, is locked up with some killers?"

"They won't be looking so close for a woman, as they will for a man will they?" she asked triumphantly. As she asked this she stood up and walked over to the closet. "You can leave here as a lady and then we can go about getting your things and your car."

"That's preposterous!" he exclaimed. "Why I couldn't do that. Someone would see right through such a disguise."

"Not if we worked at it real hard" she promised. "I've got everything you'll need to make a very attractive girl. We'll walk out of here arm in arm and no one will know the difference."

"I've never worn women's clothing in all of my life" he exclaimed. "They'd just catch me and I'd be exposed as a man in women's attire."

"Can you think of anything any better Russ?" she asked. "I have racked my brain and can't think of anything. If you'll let me, I believe I can fix you so you'll pass as a woman. I know we can make it that way."

He had to admit that he couldn't think of any other way, and finally he consented. "All right Janice . . . We'll try it your way, if you think we can pull it off. I don't want to die, and I'm sure I would be killed if I stepped into that room or went to the lobby as a man. What do you want me to do?"

"Go into the bathroom and shave very closely. Shave your arms, legs and chest too. You'll really have to look feminine to hide any masculine mannerisms that might slip. I'll get one of my outfits out and help you dress just right."

"You mean I must shave my arms and legs?"

"Women do, and to look like one you must do the same. Oh yes . . . shave your sideburns much higher up or my wig won't hide them. Just above your eyebrow will be all right. Okay?"

He looked rather helpless as he nodded. "I guess so. But I sure hate to do that."

As he stepped into the tiled bathroom and began to close the door, she said: "I rather like the idea. I think it might be fun". She even hummed as she selected his garments. "I think this long sleeved black blouse will hide any muscles in his arms that might give him away" she softly told herself. "Let's see now, where is that black pleated skirt? Oh yes it's on the hanger in the closet. . . ." She placed this garment beside the pretty back buttoning blouse, and went to where she had placed her lingerie. "Might as well make him a complete black outfit, since I have everything in that color," she mused, and so she selected a lovely black lace trimmed slip; a bra of the same color; and a panty girdle which was also black with red bows and ribbons here and there. The sound of running water made her stop momentarily as her mind considered what he might be doing.

She selected the accessories next. Since the weather was so nice and Spring was in full bloom, she decided upon white shoes and handbag and gloves. When these were beside the other apparel, she chose the appropriate jewelry for his ears, neck and fingers. A spare watch she placed beside these to complete his wearing apparel.

From her cosmetic case she laid out the myriads of makeup needed to mask his features: foundation of the liquid variety; blusher; lipstick; eye makeup of all kinds and a fingernail polish to match the lipstick.

She knew that he must soon be through, and so she hurriedly removed her lovely brownette wig from it's case. It was styled in a flip up fashion almost at the shoulder, and needed but a slight touch up, once it was placed on his head.

Even as she smiled in anticipation of what he would look like as a young woman, she heard the door knob to the bathroom turning. Timidly he stuck his head out and said: "I've finished shaving my arms, legs and chest. It sure-feels funny."

She picked up the lacy nylon-satin panties and panty girdle, and walked over to him. "Slip these on and come on out. I've seen more of you than I'll see in these, so don't be embarrassed. It's a good thing that we are the same size."

He took the filmy undergarments and closed the door. Although he had become accustomed to handling lingerie, and even to discussing the merits of his line, he felt embarrassed to be putting them on. They felt so different!

Since he had no choice, he slipped the panties on, and then struggled to get into the tight fitting panty girdle. It was quite an experience. His masculinity was threatening to expose itself. Very hesitantly he opened the door and walked out.

"Lovely. . . Russ honey. Just lovely. Did you notice that those pretty panties were made by Miss Vanity?"

"No I didn't" he admitted. "It took all I could do to put them on. I feel so ridiculous."

"You certainly don't look that way. Come on to me, and I'll get you all fixed up. You'll need to practice walking in heels for a while, before we leave."

He moved over to her side very slowly, as if debating whether to go through with it or not.

"Russ honey . . . don't worry. It'll work out like I told you. You will make a convincing girl once you are made up and everything. Just let Janice do the work and you do what I tell you. Right?"

"Okay . . . But I won't tell you I'll relax. I wonder if I'll ever relax again!"

"Sure you will," she promised, as she wrapped a padded bra around his hairless chest, after slipping it over his outstretched arms. When she had it fastened tightly, she held out the slip. "Over your head, so bend over and extend your arms." As he complied, she helped him on with it, and smoothed the hem of it in place.

"Now your nylons", she commented, and led him back to the bed. "Sit there and slip them on. This was another emotional experience, to feel the hose slipping up his smoothly shaven legs. She helped with the garter tabs and then with the high heeled pumps.

The blouse and skirt were soon in place also, and the transformation was beginning to look good to her. "Perfect fit" she announced happily as she reached under the skirt and tugged the blouse down as it should be. "Sit on the bench at the mirror now honey, and I will fix your nails. They can dry while I make up your face." Very shortly, his slender fingers were spread out on the vanity with a very pretty crimson polish staining the manicured nails. His toe nails were done in the same fashion. Now his features were given a most complete transformation. She plucked many of his eyebrows, ignoring his protests, and finally turned to application of liquid foundation makeup, eyebrow pencil, eyelash darkener, eye liner and shadow. Then followed expert application of blusher, a pat of powder, and two coats of lipstick which she blotted with a kleenex after each coat.

The jewelry was next. First lovely earrings; then a string of white pearls were fastened about his neck; a charm bracelet was fastened on his right wrist; the watch on his left; a birthstone ring was slipped on a brightly enameled finger.

Quickly now she went to the wig form and removed the lovely creation, which she placed firmly on his head. She drew the elastic tightly and pinned it, then stuffed it under the edge of the wig. Next a few deft strokes with a hair brush and everything was in place.

"Back to the mirror now honey. I want you to watch yourself as you pull on your gloves."

He obeyed her and the image of himself that was reflected to his eyes was that of a lovely brownette girl. If anything he looked younger!

The nylon gloves fitted very smoothly and were of the short length which did not cover his bracelet or watch. As he stood admiring his feminine appearance, she brought the purse and draped it over his right arm.

"I know this might cause you to hurt a little, but you won't have to swing your arm if you carry the purse there. You can swing the left. . . like this" she said in demonstration.

For an hour she had him move about the room, get up, sit down, stand, and practice feminine motions. It was more difficult than he had thought it to be, but after her instruction had extended into a bit more

than an hour and a half, he had become satisfactory. He had even begun to enjoy the challenge, "and frankly," he admitted to himself, "the clothes did look and feel good." The dread of what faced him was beginning to melt away, and he actually began to anticipate the thrill of venturing forth in masquerade. He began to get confidence that he could carry the trickery through.

While she packed all of her things, he paced about the room in the lovely shoes. They had become comfortable. "Want to use the bathroom before we leave?" she asked.

"No. . . Janice" he answered. "I don't have to. I guess I'm ready to try to escape now. At least I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

"Don't worry Hon. You look as much like a girl as any one I have ever seen. We'll make it. Just remember what I told you, and to move as I have instructed."

With this she pointed at the bag he was to carry to the desk while she checked out. She had the overnight case. The bellboy was summoned, and he carried out the large suitcase and things which were on hangers.

He followed the two young ladies down the hall and into the elevator, being so very considerate of their beauty. The thugs who had so violently handled him the night before only eyed him now in admiration of his feminine figure. He felt slightly uncomfortable under their stares, as both Pete and Shorty were giving him and Janice the eye.

Her car was brought to the entrance and soon both of them were breathing easier. When neither of the gangsters moved outside, and it was clear that they had escaped, both gave audible sighs. Jan looked at him then and smiled: "Rita darling . . . I know you are famished. Let's have breakfast somewhere, okay?"

When he looked at her rather dumbfoundedly, she said: "Well I can't call you Russ, when you're dressed so stunningly can I?"

At this he relaxed and smiled. "I guess not. Rita sounds all right. Hope I can remember it until I get my men's clothes back on."

"You had better," she cautioned. "So far so good. Don't spoil it now."

She drove along carefully in the heavy traffic and they talked about various things such as home towns, and ambitions. Finally they pulled up at a fancy restaurant where she gave him a few instructions before they left the car. These included how to fix the napkin, feminine eating peculiarities, and restroom usage.

It was almost an hour later that the two girls finished their breakfast and then she leisurely drove them about the city, while they became better acquainted. Russ found himself fitting more and more into a feminine image. The existence of Rita began at that early hour.

When mid afternoon rolled around, they had lunch together again, and then Janice decided they should check in at a motel. "We want to make the mob think you escaped town and give you up, before you go back to being Russ again. After a couple of days you can drive me to the hotel and I'll get your things, bring you back here, and then you can go back to being Russ." This they did.

"I'm afraid it won't be that easy Janice," Russ-Rita confided. Although I've never worn feminine apparel before, I'm afraid I like it too well to quit it. I expect "you think I'm crazy or something?"

"Why no I don't Russ. My brother Fred is a compulsive wearer of women's things. He calls it transvestism. I got the idea for dressing you as a girl from thinking of Fred. He used to sneak my things until he began buying his own. I rather like the idea of it. I'd be happy if I could find someone to love who would be my girl friend at times."

"Do you mean that Janice?" Russ-Rita asked. "I mean the part where you said you'd be willing to marry a boy who would wear women's things part of the time?"

"Sure I did silly. I think it would break the monotony of married life, for the husband to dress up as his wife's girl friend or sister once in a while. He could help with the housework and they could shop and do lots of other things together."

Russ-Rita was very serious of countenance as he spoke again: "Jan would you believe what I say now, as you did in the hotel room when I burst in on you naked? I mean I am sure I love you already, and with all my heart. I've never been serious about any girl before. In fact I have never really been interested in any girls. Honey, I know I love you."

At his profession of love she fell into his arms and permitted him a long kiss before she answered: "I believe you Russ. I believe you because I love you too. It began with me the moment I saw your arm stained with your blood. I wanted to hold you in my arms from that very moment and tell you that I loved you. That's why I just had to get you away from those men."

"Well . . . would you marry me then? I don't want to leave Chicago without you now . . . Then he sat up quickly and said: "Oh my gosh. I have completely forgotten my job. What am I going to do?"

"She pushed him back down to a prone position on the bed. "Let me answer your questions in the rank of their importance. "Yes, I will marry you today, tomorrow, or as soon as we can get married. You won't leave Chicago without me. And as for your job, you can call them from the phone here and tell them you want a week's vacation to get married. If they won't give it to you then tell them you quit right now. We'll get you another job."

Jubilantly he embraced her and kissed her fervently. "Wow, what kind of a wife have I found? Okay darling. Let me at the phone. Moments later his supervisor had granted him ten days in which to get married and honeymoon. In addition, he suggested that he move his residence to St. Louis. "You are going to work the region there from now on. It's a territory that will permit you to support a pretty wife and any children that you may have. If you continue to produce, then you'll get an additional percentage increase on your sales volume. How does that sound?"

"Wonderful, Mr. Blanchard", Russ almost shouted into the phone. "I'll call you the moment we find an apartment in St.Louis. Will that be all right?"

"That will be fine Russ", he was told. After the usual good byes were said and the phone was replaced on the hook, the two lovebirds were almost beside themselves with happiness.

The happy ending to the story came, when Rita really came into her own after she met several other boy-girls. This was accomplished through meeting Janice's brother Fred. Fred was a member of FPE as Freida, a sorority of those heterosexual men who expressed a feminine side of themselves through dressing as women part time. How happy Fred-Freida was, to know he had a brother in law who at times would be his: sister in law? Oh Well . . . Rita and Freida are living in Seventh Heaven and Janice is happy with what she has too. A fine husband, a fine brother, and two pretty girl friends.

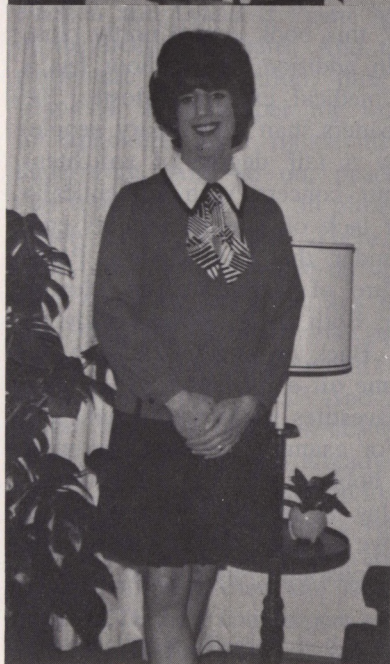
After the ten days vacation had passed it came time to go back to work. Rita figured that she could be a better sales representative for lingerie now that she was an experienced wearer of it. As the companies representative in the territory she was her own boss and as long as she turned in a good volume of sales nobody from the home office and any reason to contact her other than by phone or mail. So she decided that she would call on all the stores in St. Louis and its suburbs as Rita and let Russ handle the balance at the territory. This gave plenty of time for Rita to be a part of the world and she found that with her new awareness and interest in lingerie she was a better sales person than Russ was.

* * * * *



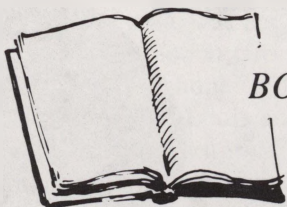
Three Lambda Lovelies

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April 22-W-4 FPE

Miss X — Colo.



BOOK REVIEWS

by Shelia Niles, 30-B-2 FPE

Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex, by David Ruben, MD, Y5570 Bantam Book, New York. \$1.95 (paperback) 420 pp plus 12 inded (1969)

Subtitled "But were Afraid to Ask," this book comes pretty close to living up to its provocative title. In addition, the authoor has a sense of humor (a rare trait among medical experts). Mostly, the book is of no more interest to TVia readers than to ordinary people, but there are a few pages that show a fair degree of enlightenment about us. Pages 173-5 cover our concern with authentically feminine garments, as opposed to our lack of interest in kilts etc., and the dangers of femme-dressing under the male clothes. Pages 185-7 present a rather negative picture of transsexualism, though that word is not used for some reason. Both these appear, oddly, in the chapter on "Male Homosexuality." Back on pages 225-7, in the chapter on "Sexual Perversion," we come off a bit better; Dr. Ruben does make it clear that not all transvestites are homosexual, and gives our type rather a good rating. For example, he says that most wives of transvestites "approve of this hobby," which is a bit stronger than I would have put it. According to my observations, about 25% tolerate the "girl" because they love the man literally "for better or worse," but about 95% would be quite pleased if she got lost.

So it's not an FP book, but it's not a bad bargain either even at this fancy price. Why, I remember when paperbacks only cost — but there I go, dating myself again!

The Day of the Women, by Pamela Kettle, New English Library, London, NEL 2800, \$1.00 (equivalent), (paperback), 175 pp (1970).

This has not appeared in the US yet, as far as I know, but it's overdue and HAS appeared in the UK, Australia, N.Z. and Spain. Fiction, but with a message. I do not like the message, but must listen with respect to Mrs. Kettle as she makes a terribly plausible case.

The story starts off mildly enough with a little party held by a moderate in the British Women's Lib movement for one of their leaders, Diana. The party goes somewhat downhill as Diana gets on her high horse and offends both husbands, but all part as friends. In Chapter 2, the moderate (Eve) is back in England after several years away — and the death of her husband. Diana has no trouble recruiting her and another moderate to serve as public relations officers for the Movement, which has picked up astonishing strength. After a whirlwind campagne, they carry the general election and Diana is Prime Minister — to the incredulous surprise of the male politicians. And then starts a series of quiet moves to perpetuate the situation; nice gentle things like day-care centers, hospitals, a newspaper for women, a Workers Protective Tribunal for upholding labor rights; all very bland but with plenty of teeth underneath. And so on, peacefully, until the second election. By that time, the men are all either violently opposed to Diana, or completely under her spell. There is a frantic effort to unseat her, but with only half the men trying to outvote all the women and the men who have accepted this new "welfare" state, it is a landslide. And then the clamps come on; Diana is moved to reply to Eve's weary sigh that she couldn't go through another election "Perhaps we won't have to." And she is right; elections become a thing of the past and Diana is absolute ruler. At this point Eve's partner in PR rebels. She was already under a cloud for "lack of loyalty," and now suffers a fatal auto "accident." Eve, suspicious at last, launches an enquiry which reveals that her office is bugged, her mail read and finally her secret diary confiscated. It is no great surprise to her when she is dispatched on a fool's errand with a letter to Diana's counterpart in South America — which she opens, to find it her own death warrant. And so, we leave Diana with all the power of Adolph Hitler, and not a cloud on her horizon. Can't happen? Read and then say that!

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN FP NOVICE

Unknown

If you are wondering about the title of this story, I will try to explain. I am a novice in the sense that I have not yet been completely socialized into the role of a fully developed eonist, self-confident and without a sense of guilt. On the other hand, my stage of development is not rudimentary and I have been engaged in the process of transistion for something more than a short period of time.

Without attempting to provide any well-organized structure for this essay, I will simply try to relate, as they come to my mind, some of the most important events and influences on my development as an eonist.

My family consisted of five persons reared in a small city in the southwestern part of the U.S. Dad worked for the railroad and my mother, a former homemaking teacher, became a housewife when they started their family. They had three boys and I was the middle one. I do not recall their ever mentioning any desire for a girl.

It might be well at this time to point out some ways in which I seemed to differ somewhat from my brothers. Although all three of us bore a major physical resemblance, friends and relatives would invariably comment that I looked more like my mother whereas my brothers bore a greater resemblance to my dad. It was also said that I am the most "handsome" of the three. Both of my brothers are shorter and stouter than I am and are already growing bald-headed like my dad. On the other hand, I am taller and more slim and still have a full head of hair. In addition I seemed to be more shy and emotionally sensitive, less athletic, and somewhat of an introvert as compared to my brothers. I am still single (nearing 29) whereas they are now both married and have families of their own. I would myself, like to marry but have no prospects at the present.

I recall very few specific things about my childhood but one event did leave a permanent impression. This occurred when I was punished one time by being put back in diapers and baby clothes. I was so embarrassed that I hid in a closet so the maid would not see me and turned crimson when she discovered me there.

The first experience I recall having with feminine clothing came about the age of puberty. My mother used the bathroom as her dressing room and the bathroom closet contained all her slips, lingerie, girdles, etc. I was drying off after taking a bath one day when I suddenly got an impulse to try on one of her girdles and a pair of lace nylon panties. This experience was very thrilling and I have never since been able to resist similar periodic covert indulgences despite my fear of being caught. My secret wardrobe gradually increased to the full complement of feminine attire but was destroyed several times out of shame. As is apparently always the case, the urge would inevitably return and new articles of feminine finery would be secured.

After high school graduation I went off to a military school for my college education. My first awareness that other men might have similar urges came in 1958 when I ran across *Sexology* magazine and found several articles on eonism, trans-sexualism and female impersonation. All of you who are eonists know the relief one gets when he first finds out that there are other heterosexual human males with similar desires.

It was not until I was on active duty with the U.S. Marine Corps in the Los Angeles area that I first ran across *Transvestia*. I need not reiterate here the tremendous satisfaction that Virginia's untiring efforts have brought to the Eonist community around the globe.

Since leaving the Marine Corps I have been a high school teacher and have amassed a rather complete wardrobe of feminine garments. I have had the usual "narrow escapes" with unexpected visitors but have not yet been exposed. I have only met, through the assistance of Virginia, two other eonists and have not revealed myself to any non-TV's. I frequently dress partially and periodically I fully dress but I have never ventured out as a woman. I have yet to get a top-quality wig and perfect my makeup techniques. Though I get much satisfaction from femme-personation, I do have an over-abundance of masculine hair and simply do not make too good an impression as a woman.

It has been years now since I have slept in anything other than a dainty feminine nightgown or worn anything other than pretty lace panties under my trousers. I also regularly wear men's nylon tricot undershirts and frequently men's nylon shirts. I find that a feminine girdle gives me tremendous carriage support but I have usually been afraid to wear one under male clothing so I sometimes substitute the more drab and austere male girdles (euphemistically styled "posture supports for their functional aim) now appearing frequently in mail-order catalogs. My dreams, when I do have them, are also often of a transvestic nature. I have, however, never had any homosexual impulses whatsoever. In fact, such would be repugnant to me as an individual.

Recently I applied for membership in F.P.E. I now feel psychologically ready to complete the maturation of the culturally conditioned "feminine" facets of my personality and hope that my membership in F.P.E. will aid me in this process. Maybe a more rational and beautiful world in the future will foster love and understanding rather than hate and suspicion toward those who deviate from the cultural norms of a particular group. It seems possible also that an increasingly pluralistic society may come to accommodate a plurality of norms rather than attempting to impose in a totalitarian manner, a universal standard for all in matters non-essential for effective individual and group interaction. I will close on this note of my aspiration for maximum individual freedom for all in a truly egalitarian society.

* * * * *

REVERSE SEX — ALMOST GONE

For those of you who might have been intending to order Reverse Sex — The Autobiography of Coccinelle, the famous French Sex Change but who have just put it off — there are only 40 more copies of this book available ANYWHERE. It was printed in England and is no longer available there as I've sent copies to a distributor over there. I originally had the American rights to its distribution so no one else in the US has the book. We imported 5000 of them originally. I now have 40 of them left, when they are gone that's it, finis, the end, and no more.

It's an interesting story with about 64 pages of pictures both dressed and undressed. To see is NOT to believe in this case, that she was ever a boy, I mean. It's still only \$3 so the first 40 that come up with \$3 will have it, after that no more.



Cathy Marisa — Tex

*"Dear
Editor"*



LETTERS

Dearest Virginia,

I am one of the "Happy People." I have a gift from nature's storehouse of goodies. I have a real man for a husband and a lovely girlfriend; both in the same body.

Husband John, Girlfriend Joy, and I have a happy-happy life; because we have the best of both worlds. We three have the "thing" most people are looking for; that is Love. Honest, honey, I am one of those people who believes Love is the answer to all.

Just a little example of life with us: Joy and I don't put John in a closet or send him to never, never land; when she comes home. Joy and I put John to bed for a night or if she is going to be home for a long time we send John on a business trip (with unlimited expense account). Now honey, with John well taken care of, in our mind, Joy and I have our days.

First we have the "Girl Talk" and plans then for a hot fragrant bath. Our makeup on and the right dress for the time. We get to the girl type things as the mood goes — sometimes cooking, sewing, cleaning and often times making pictures. There is never a dull moment — it's wonderful.

We are in the planning stage of a new home. We want a large wooded plot, then another dream for us will come true. Joy can play outside just as free as any girl; she can make her garden and work with flowers and have the fun with nature that any well-dressed girl has.

The house will be built with two couples in mind. Joy and I will have our rooms together. They will be so ultra-feminine John will never come near them. We are planning John and my side of this house with a real man's likes in mind.

I just hope and pray the day is near when Joy and all the Joys on earth can go out in public places, just as free as any real lady.

I would like to go on the record. Joy and I love and enjoy each other; neither of us want it on a full time basis. We always keep John the "most" in our mind. We really need John to watch over us. No telling what Joy and I would come up with, if we didn't have John keeping a strong hand on us, taking care of us. We both need him.

Yes Virginia! Love is the answer. Please let me help you all; in any way.

With Love — Margaret — Joy's Wife

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I saw you today on the "A.M." show and you were just great. My husband and I were fascinated by your frankness and sincerity. At first we thought you were a put-on but your answers soon changed our minds. We would like to have your books to find out what we can about transvestites. You did not state what they cost or if they were free.

Either way, we would like to have them. Also we would appreciate any other information about yourself that you would care to give.

Luck in what you're doing and "right on!"

Sincerely, — — — — —

Editor's Note: This was a reply received after a TV show in San Francisco. I print it as an answer to those who think that presenting the subject openly to the general public does no good. It does! This is by no means the only letter I have received from non-FP people.

Editor's Note: The following four letters are related. First is Stella's letter to Mary telling of her and her wife's understanding. After joining FPE, Stella answered a CONTACT ad in a recent issue. The advertiser's wife evidently intercepted it and wrote the third letter to Stella about it. The fourth is the letter I, in turn, wrote to this wife. I print all four as a sort of human interest correspondence. It might prove useful to someone as well as to show the scope of my efforts for FPs.

Dear Mary,

The four copies of TVia were at my P.O. Box this morning. I devoured every word, and read all the issues today. My wife and I discussed some of the articles, and really had an enjoyable day.

There could be no dressing up today, as it is Sunday, and my 16-year old daughter is home, all day.

I, more than ever, want to join FPE, and would appreciate your sending an application at once. I know that FPE is going to be very important in my life, as my wife has had suspicions about me for years, but it is very recent since I have told her the whole story.

Her first reactions were of contempt and non-understanding. She couldn't even bear the thought of her virile husband as a woman. Also she was afraid that if I was a TV, I had to be a HS also. I tried to explain to her that her fears were unfounded. However, I must admit, that I myself did not fully understand my feelings. I had been a TV for as long as I could remember. I first discovered it when I was 12 years old. I knew I wasn't gay, and had no tendencies towards the HS. In fact I feared them. But I also associated TV's with HS. So it was very difficult to explain to her something I didn't fully understand myself.

Then a wonderful thing happened. I saw the book, "The TV and His Wife," advertised by a mail order book firm. This was four months ago. I read the book in one day. It took the weight of the world off my shoulders. To understand what I was completely; to know that I was not alone; and to know there was a magazine "TVia" and an organization "FPE," where other TV's get together and their wives, seemed like a dream come true.

My darling wife read the book as soon as I finished it. What a change it made in her. But this can be understood, because of her previous hang-

ups. She asked me if I would feel better some evenings if I slept in a gown instead of my PJ's. When I answered affirmatively she said anytime I felt like it just lock the bedroom door, so our daughter couldn't come in, and go right ahead. She actually switched from a "D" wife to a "B," in a matter of days. So you can see why I am so thankful to all of you there at Chevalier Publications.

Last month my daughter went up north to be a bridesmaid, at a relative's wedding. So my wife suggested I purchase a small wardrobe to wear at home, while she was gone. For the four days that my daughter was gone, it was fantastic here at home. When my brother came home from work, I got fully dressed. On our day off, I was dressed all day. It was the first time I spent a whole day, without fears and frustrations. Also the first time I had stayed that way at home with my wife there.

She (my wife) has suggested that we go away to a motel for an evening once in awhile. So I can be me. Also has asked me to increase my wardrobe a little at a time, so as not to make the increase in clothes in the closet too obvious to our child. From these short commentaries, you can see the differences TVia has already made in my life. Thank God for Virginia, for lifting the veil of misunderstanding and nonunderstanding that we both had.

I will be anxiously watching the mail for my FPE application.

Sincerely, Stella

Dear Virginia,

I thought you might like to see this letter, received this morning. Being that all contact ads are coded, the closest I can guess, is that this letter belongs to the wife of_____.

I sure am glad that I did not give my correct name, in answer to his ad. Perhaps it would be a good idea to warn other members, not to write this person, or, if they do, expect a strong sermon in return.

Being that this letter was sent to me, it would be perfectly legal for you to print it, in "letters." This clearly shows the other side. You have my permission to print it.

All I can say about it, is WOW!

Sincerest regards, Stella 9-L-4

May 24, 1971

Dear "Stella,"

We received your letter today and I have a few things I'd like to say to people like yourself. You are sick and are in very bad need of professional help. As you don't know, I am a nurse and we put people like you in an insane asylum or on the Psycho ward in the hospital. I know my husband must have answered that ad by the reference to your letter but no letter from you or your B + wife could convince me what you're doing is normal. You'd better seek help from a Professional Doctor or find an old fashioned altar and pray to God for his saving power to save you from a Devil's Hell. That would be the best fulfillment you or your "sisters" could ever get. I hope and pray if you ever "dress" again there will be a Policeman close by to nab you and "undress" you in front of so many people it will make you feel as low as an animal. There are too many organizations like this to devour our citizens and I'd like to see all of them cleared away.

No, your wife had better not write to me for what you do is your business and I am a F — or Z — wife and I won't ever believe anything could convince me to believe what you're doing is right. If my husband desires this kind of life he has my blessing with a divorce. I wouldn't want to expose our daughter to anything so disgusting.

Sincerely,

Sincerely, Louella (and I am a female, not *Tom, Dick or Harry*)
I am Mrs. _____

Dear Mrs. _____

The letter you recently wrote to "Stella" in Florida as a result of her answering a letter of your husband's, has been sent on to me as the publisher of the magazine and the fountainhead of the effort to help transvestites to understand themselves and their wives and parents to understand them.

Your letter was pretty "hot" if you know what I mean and you vented a lot of unwarranted steam and accusation at Stealla. Your reaction was, unfortunately, not unlike what one would expect from a wife suddenly discovering something that she didn't understand and didn't like. However, we always hate that which we don't understand so your reaction

was not surprising. I take the liberty of writing this to you in the hope that you will make the effort necessary *to* understand.

In your letter you said that "if that's the kind of life my husband desires then he has my blessings with a divorce." This would seem to indicate that you were not previously aware of this subject and thus could not know much about it. You also mentioned your daughter. These two statements indicate further that you fear for the wellbeing of your daughter and that you may consider divorcing your husband. If your daughter is old enough for you to be concerned about her in this sort of area it must indicate that you and your husband have been married for some time. One should not terminate a marriage of any standing simply because a situation about which you have very little information crops up. A broken home, furthermore, could well be more damaging to your daughter than that which you seem to fear so much.

Do you have any desire to learn about something that is new to you or do you simply wish to maintain a highly prejudiced attitude based on no clear knowledge and probably a great deal of misconception. I think you owe it to yourself, your husband and your daughter at least to make an attempt to learn something about a condition before you condemn it so severely. It would be like those who condemn an epileptic as dangerous, insane etc. because they know so little about the true nature of the condition. So please, in the interest of all of you, continue to read this letter and read the leaflets that I am including with it. Much better still than that would be for you to invest \$4 and buy the book "THE TRANS-VESTITE AND HIS WIFE — A Discussion From Both Points Of View." You can order it from this company. This book was written to try to help wives like yourself understand this pattern. In addition to my contribution to it, it contains an article by a medical doctor, a Catholic Monsignor, and about a dozen letters by wives of transvestites telling how they came upon the problem and how they learned to understand and live with it. Your position at the moment is understandable. You are greatly hurt, incensed and wrought up about the subject. Primarily, probably because you see something in it that isn't there. I refer to homosexuality. This is a common misconception that any male who would wear a dress was a homosexual. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As a matter of fact I now have in press in a Psychiatric Journal an article covering information on 504 cases of *heterosexual* cross-dressing. This is more cases than can be found in all the world's medical literature put together. It gives some indication of the amount of help Stella, or myself or others would probably get if they went to a psychiatrist as you

so strongly suggested in your letter. These Drs. generally speaking, don't really know too much about the subject and are usually of very little help. That is why I started the magazine TRANSVESTIA about 11 years ago — to try to educate the transvestites themselves about the subject and at the same time the medical people.

It may interest you to know that I have myself lectured to medical groups all over this country and several abroad about the subject of transvestism. When they are willing to listen to a non-medical person (even though I do hold a Ph.D.) talk on a subject in their own field it is some measure both of their interest and their lack of information. You spoke of being a nurse, yet I'll wager that you were taught nothing about this behaviour pattern in your nurse's training — neither are doctors in theirs. You see what isn't understood is that sex and gender are two different things and since they are it is possible to have deviant patterns in both. There are therefore those who deviate in the sexual sphere by acting the role of the opposite SEX in intercourse. These people are of course the homosexuals, male and female. But there are those, too, whose deviation is only in the gender role. They don't try to act like females in a sex act, but they do enjoy utilizing feminine clothes as a means of expressing some of the gender role differences permissible to women but not to men. These people are not psychopathic, they have just come to know that there is more to being a human being than that half encapsulated within the acceptable pattern of a man's role in society. Women's Liberation, incidentally, is an expression of exactly the same sort of thing in the life of women but they do not personify it in clothing. Because it is true that there is a "man" within every woman and a "woman" inside of every man, comprised of those traits, interests, feelings, patterns which our society has arbitrarily divided up and assigned to males and females respectively.

This may all be a bit much for you to digest all at one time but I sincerely hope that you will read it calmly — read it over again — and try to understand what I've said. I would not take my time from a very crowded day to write to a woman I've never heard of before were I not aware that you are presently in a state of anger, shock and pain. I only want to help — you, your husband and your child. I'm doing so voluntarily out of human compassion not for any advantage to me. Since I'm making this much effort won't you make some too? Please order the book I mentioned and try to learn more about this phenomenon. You owe it to yourself, your husband and your girl. Don't do anything rash and go off half-cocked on a course that you may regret the rest of your life.

Your husband, if he is at all like others that I've known (hundreds of them) is probably a very fine person, sensitive, perceptive and loving. He needs understanding not condemnation. He probably is not directly responsible of his own volition for feeling as he does. Equally important is the fact that he can't *stop* feeling that way just because you may demand it. It is an inner need that seeks fulfillment — openly or in secret it is there. As a nurse you are trained to be compassionate for those in physical need. Is there any reason for you to be less so to those in emotional need? I hope that my efforts will help you.

Sincerely, Virginia

P.S. I take the liberty of enclosing a data sheet on myself which is sent to those groups that want me to appear before them. I send it to you just by way of showing that I am not "some kind of a nut" and that I have done a few things in the world. If I have been able to open your heart and help your family a bit then I've done one more piece of good in my life time. I sincerely hope so.

* * * * *

SHARE'N'SHARE-I LIKE

by Lil

After we were married
I needed much new clothes.
I am a dressy woman.
You know . . . I'm one of *those!*
Who hasn't got a stitch to wear!"
I moaned. My husband smiled.
"Open up those three big trunks."
He said. I did . . . went wild!

Such lovely things . . . all gossamer! . . .
To warm a foolish girl.
I got excited, far too much.
My head was in a whirl.
But even more delighted
Was I when he informed me,
"My wardrobe's thrice as big as yours.
"We'll share ours." How *THAT* warmed me!

A FRANK SOLICITATION OF SUPPORT

Chevalier is a "break even" business. Mail order sales cover the cost of printing, postage, supplies, advertising and Mary's salary. It does not pay me a salary although there is some income to me from commercial sales. Most assuredly it does not pay the expenses entailed by an appearance trip. Hotels, airport buses, and plane fares add up fairly rapidly.

By the time you read this I will probably be in Europe. I go there for two reasons. Part of the trip is my own vacation — a tour of the Balkan countries. The rest is to help our Swedish, Danish and English sisters with whatever appearances, interviews, lectures, press conferences, etc. that can be arranged. In addition there is a professional conference in Denmark at which I am going to read a paper on FPism. But both before I leave New York and after I return there will be a lot of traveling and appearances to make in this country and they all cost money. I will be in St. Louis, Bloomington, Ind., Indianapolis, Chicago, Green Bay, Wisc., Detroit, Cleveland, Toronto, Rochester N. Y., Boston and Hartford on the way. Returning there are already scheduled Baltimore, Washington D.C., Pittsburg, and Detroit. Hopefully, some of the southern cities from which I have not yet heard will come through, like Atlanta, Jacksonville, Tulsa, etc.

All of you found Transvestia and FPE through advertisements, articles, radio and television appearances, lectures, bookstores, etc., or possibly you heard through someone else whose contact was in this way. Doing all of those things and making your discovery possible costs money. Few of you are well to do and neither am I but I can safely say that I have helped you (or you wouldn't be a subscriber to TVia). I now frankly ask you if what you have gained has been worth it. Are you willing to partly repay for some of those benefits, and to help others as yet undiscovered to enjoy them too by supporting my public relations efforts?

I want to make it very clear that I'm not trying to promote free trips, etc., for me. I'll pay that part which is my own "thing," it would be small and beneath me to ask for help for that, but I do ask help for that part of the trip that is "for the cause." It is much cheaper to do an appearance tour in conjunction with my own travels than to do it by itself. By the same token it would be a lot cheaper for me to take an excursion flight from LA to Warsaw and return than to make all of the approximately 25 stops here and abroad that I will be doing. But those stops will find many more of our sisters as previous trips and appearances found many of you. So I simply ask your help in the form of some financial donations to my efforts to help defray some of the costs of planes, hotels, long distance phone bills and such.

Please mark any donations you wish to make as being "Public Relations Contributions" and Mary will put them aside and mark them as such. I will make a full financial report in an issue after my return and give the femmename and code of those who have helped (I will not publish the amount since \$1 for some might well equal \$50 for some others). Many of you have offered to help the effort in some way and this is one of the best ways you can do it and most appreciated by me. Remember that essentially I am the only voice speaking out to the public about this whole area and trying to both educate the general public and to allow our hidden sisters to discover me and then us. So how about it?

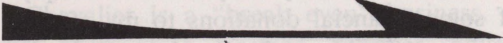
Even though I will already have gone when you read this and will have already made many of the appearances, that does not mean that the bills will be paid. They will be waiting on my desk when I get home. "Fly Now, Pay Later!" Remember? So don't let the fact that I've already started deter you. Thanks in advance to all of you who will help in this way. Remember that just as there is more gold in the ground than has ever been mined, so also there are more FP sisters locked up alone (as you once were) than have ever been freed to come out into the light. They are a kind of prisoner of war too and I'd like to help them come "home" to understanding, acceptance and friendship but I can't do it all alone.

Sincerely,

Virginia



DREAMS DO COME TRUE



Anne 13-B-8 FPE

Since that fateful day some twenty years ago when I was arrested walking down a city street for wearing feminine attire, I have had my dreams as I confined my dressing to the privacy of our home. During the last few years these dreams have begun to come true one by one. I hope that all of you who read this have had at least some of your dreams come true too.

The first dream of mine to come true was the willingness of my wife to allow me to dress in her presence. One eventful day about four years ago my wife agreed to spend the afternoon with me as my femmeself. I was ecstatic. Soon we were making it a regular practice while we were alone together and it seemed that we were beginning to enjoy each other more. This was not an overnight achievement and many times it seemed that our marriage would be dissolved because of my sister. When asked why the turn about came, my wife can not give a definite explanation and I do not care because I am just happy that it has come about this way. As in every marriage all is not "milk and honey" and many of our disagreements are directly or indirectly a result of my sister, but for all the bad times there are more good times.

The second dream was meeting and making friends with other persons who like to wear feminine apparel. It does not seem possible now that I could have spent twenty years without making some contact with other transvestites, but it was not until last year that I made contact with Virginia through the Erickson Education Foundation. I will never forget going to my first FPE meeting for it turned out that I was the only one dressed that night and after a few minutes in the room I wanted to run as I feared that my hopes

had been shattered. After a few more minutes of visiting I began to realize that I was among understanding friends. A new dimension was added to my life.

Soon after that first meeting came the realization that another dream would be coming true in the near future as plans for a New Year's party were made by the local FPE chapter. Finally, I would be able to wear in public one of the lovely formal outfits that my wife and I had made or purchased over the last few years. The anticipation and planning that occurred in our home prior to the great occasion was in itself a great thrill. My generous wife was willing to share in planning and preparing for the party, but the one thing that would make the evening a complete success would be a promise from her that she would join me in my thrilling evening. This promise could not be made as she was not sure that she could tolerate such an affair. Being a one car family has its advantages as my wife had to take me to the meeting place, fix our food contribution for the evening, and return to pick up our daughter from work. While fixing the food tray at the party room she met some of the other FP's who impressed her as being such nice persons that her apprehension about attending disappeared and she decided to return for the party and her presence made my evening complete.

The excitement of the party was still with me when we heard that the greatest giver to all FP's, Virginia, would be attending our next chapter meeting. Again my wife and I began planning for a big occasion. Those of you who read this will certainly appreciate the excitement of planning what to wear for those special occasions. I tried on every outfit in my femme wardrobe in the attempt to make the all important decision. Then one day while shopping (as my brother) with my wife she picked out a lovely black velvet and lace dress and said, "This is the perfect dress for Anne to wear for meeting Virginia." My wife believes that if Anne is going out she should be well dressed. The dress was purchased and about one week later I received another thrill when a new wig was brought home from the beauty shop. Anne and her R.W. were now ready to meet Virginia.

With FPE has come friendships with others who enjoy wearing feminine clothing. I never believed that some day I would enjoy a dinner with other FP's and my wife in our home. This has come true also in recent weeks. Many other glorious things have happened to Anne recently. She was driven to a birthday party, taken for a Sunday afternoon drive, and taken window shopping.

The biggest thrill of all was my birthday present when a wonderful friend and my wife took Anne to a night club. Once again we went through the "what should I wear" routine. Getting ready to go that night was pure ecstasy after so many times that I had gotten dressed only to spend the night at home pretending that I was out among people at a fancy club. I was not convinced that it was for real until we were in the car and on our way.

The entire evening was sensational from the time that we were shown to our table and ordered until FP friend's brother danced with me. While dancing my wife overheard the people at the next table commenting about the possibility that we had a professional escort, but there was not a single indication that they detected the true deception. I came home on cloud nine and wanted to make the night last forever while my wife fell into bed completely exhausted.

I am thankful to many persons for the fulfillment of so many of my dreams. First among those persons is my wife, a truly remarkable woman. She has taken issue with Virginia about the use of the term G.G. and prefers to be called a R.W. which can be interpreted as real woman, real witch, or remarkable woman depending on one's point of view. From my point of view she is truly a remarkable woman who will not only tolerate the man she married wearing feminine clothing but she also is willing to share my feminine experiences with me, while she would prefer never having to share me with my femmeself.

Secondly, I am thankful for the work which has been done by persons such as Virginia, Fran, Barbara Lee and all the others who have helped to establish the means through which it was possible for us to meet our present FP friends. They have added so much new enjoyment to our lives. FP's may be vain and egocentric, but our FP friends have demonstrated a great capacity for altruism.

* * * * *

I'd like to put an Editorial plug in for Lola de Borsody whose ad appears on page 35 of this issue. Lola is a very friendly person who is genuinely interested in FPs. If you want somebody to talk to about it give her a jingle. If you need help in makeup, facials, electrolysis and similar assistance she is qualified and equipped to help you that way too.

She has been very kind to me on my several trips to New York and knows a lot of other FPs in the area. Say hello for me.

Virginia

"HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE"

Again announcing the appearance of this book. It is the only book like this ever published covering as it does all phases of cross dressing. The comprehensiveness of its coverage can best be gathered from the chapter contents

- Bodily Changes — Masculine Reminders
- Clothing and Fashion
- Accessories
- Jewelry and Decoration
- Your Crowning Glory — Wigs
- Cosmetics — Types and Uses
- Feminine Attitudes
- Behaviour
- Public Deportment
- Legal Aspects
- Change of Gender, Full Time
- Change of Sex — Surgery

There is little that could be of interest to the FP that is not included. This book is designed for FPs, not for female impersonators or drag queens although there is much in it that could be useful to both. Their needs, purposes, and desires are quite different from the FP. I have tried to make it as complete as possible so that in effect one could start from scratch and come out a pretty good facsimile of a woman in the end.

Many of you are quite successful as your femmeselves already but can still perfect her here and there in one area or another. Some are just beginning and have myriads of questions about all manner of things and the majority are in the middle somewhere. But all types will find the book valuable. It has been read and checked by four different GGs, two of whom are wives of FPs, and their suggestions and corrections, though not many, have been incorporated into the text so that it is acceptable to females as correct and appropriate.

It is now available at \$6.50 a copy and I hope that a great many of you will order it to enable the cost of publication to be paid off. Attempts to get it published by regular houses were unsuccessful and knowing how badly something like this was needed I decided to do it myself but it makes a considerable financial burden coming right in between several issues of TRANSVESTIA. So help both yourselves and me by ordering now.

"HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE"

by Virginia Prince

over 200 pages \$6.50

Chevalier Publications, Box 36091, Los Angeles

* * * * *

ON BEAT

by Lil — Calif.

Jeanne looked admiringly at John
Who'd given up dull clothes to don
A fantasy of crinoline,
Magnolia-mooded feminine.

He belled his skirts and sat. They spread
In lovely arcs on Jeannie's bed.
"I'm shocked!" he said, "At the enormity
"Of my wild non-conformity."

Jean looked at John's (Joanne's) ponytail . . .
Bare throat, bare shoulders in a veil
That accented skin-tone nudeness
In a travesty of rudeness.
She was pleased. Joanne's full roundness
Above the square neck. She, with soundness,
Sureness, had dressed him so well
That each rising, pointed swell
Of breathing bosom sent a throb
Thrilling through her. One good job!

"Joanne," said Jeanne, "*YOU* non-conformal!??
"Honey-chile' . . . you jes' look *normal*!"



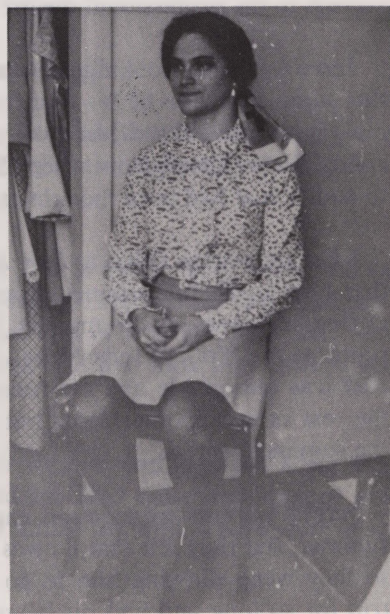
Marlene — ?



Winnie — ?



Jamie Renee 42-M-1 FPE



Another Miss "X"

*THE SUMMER OF DISCOVERY*

Cynthia — Wyo.

Summer came early and with it came the unbearable heat. Jerry could hardly wait for school to finish so he'd be free to enjoy the fun and excitement that summer vacation promised.

Jerry was a freshman in college and was majoring in drama. He thought that he had some talent and he had big hopes of making a success in the professional theatre.

Jerry had been looking forward to summer for a long time, because this summer was to be his first try at acting in the big city. He had been making plans for the last two years and the summer was finally arriving. Every detail from where he'd stay to what theatres he was going to audition at had been thought and re-thought several times.

First he was to drive to Los Angeles. Next, he'd find a motel room that he'd make his summer home. This detail had been taken care of during the long winter months. He had written ahead and secured a room at the Trail Winds Motel. It was not a top flight motel, but the rent was reasonable and the rooms clean. His room was secluded from the rest as was another room but Jerry liked the idea of being alone for the summer.

Jerry's parents weren't too eager for him to be gone by himself all summer, but they felt that he was old enough to make his own decisions so they were allowing him to go. He had been looking forward to this trip for so long and had his heart set on it, so that realizing how much this trip meant to him they had given their permission.

Jerry had been a special child to his parents. They felt that he had talent also but there was something else there too. He was different from his older brother Bill. Bill was very intelligent and had a great gift for electronics, but Jerry was different. He was sensitive to things. He loved to listen to music, he cried in movies and he had a great empathy with people. He was more aware of life and it's people.

Jerry was eager to get ready to leave so he packed his car the night before his trip so that he'd be ready to leave early in the morning. Sleep didn't come easy for him that night. He tossed and turned for several hours because of the anticipation.

Finally the day had come. Jerry was up and got dressed quickly in a smart outfit — blue pants and a colorful shirt. He had a quick breakfast and then completed the last details of preparation.

"Well, Mother I guess that I'm ready to go." It was time to say good-bye to his parents, a job that he didn't look forward to. He loved his parents very much and felt that he was hurting them a little by going to Los Angeles. But, he felt that his career was important. He wanted to get started in the theatre and this was the way to do it.

"Have you got everything" his mother asked?

"Guess so. The car is so full now you'd think that I was going for the rest of my life not just the summer." They both laughed. Dad came into the house.

"Well," Jerry paused. The moment had arrived. Jerry could see in his Mother's eyes and understood her feelings. He was her last child, her baby. He was starting to make the decisions of a grown man. She was sad yet happy at the same time. His Dad had that look that father's get when they are proud of their sons.

"Time to be going." Jerry kissed his Mother and gave her a big hug. His Dad shook his hand. Jerry pulled his Dad close and hugged and kissed him too. "I love you both very much" he said. There were tears in his eyes and his voice was shaky.

"Write when you get there. And don't forget to let us know how you're doing" his Mother said.

The thought of home passed as did the many miles of the long drive to Los Angeles. He had driven all day and was tired, but his mind was alert and his imagination alive with what the summer might hold in store!

A week went by without Jerry getting a job. His spirits were low. He had tried several different theatres but he couldn't find anything that he liked. He was getting lonely, too. His time had been spent in looking for work so he didn't really know anybody. He didn't even know who lived in the same motel that he did! He hadn't considered that he might not get a job when he made plans to come to L.A.

He awoke one morning to the ringing of the phone.

"Hullo" he said sleepily.

"Jerry" the voice answered?

"Yea."

"This is Jack Willas down at the Victory Theatre."

"Yes, Jack I remember. What can I do for you?" Jerry answered.

"Nothing! It's what I can do for you. Remember last Monday when you asked me if I knew of any theatres casting new players?"

"Yes," Jerry said with mounting excitement.

"Well yesterday the Newport Theatre called and asked if I knew any good people available for the summer. One of their actors broke his leg in an accident and will be out for the entire summer season. I told them about you and they seemed interested. They want to see you today. Are you interested?"

"You bet Jack. When and where do I audition?"

"Come over to the theatre in about half an hour."

"Thanks Jack. You don't know how much this means to me."

Excitement was rushing through Jerry's whole body. He felt this was the opportunity that he had been waiting for. He put on his best looking

outfit, and quickly ran a comb through his hair and finished getting ready.

It was hard to keep the car within the speed limit, but he managed to obey the traffic laws and still arrived at the theatre with five minutes to spare!

"Jerry," Jack said greeting him with a handshake. "This is Mr. Dax Wycoff, Director of the Newport Theatre and Miss Cynthia Dancer the costume mistress."

"Pleased to meet you," Jerry said friendly.

"Jerry we've heard some good things about you from Jack here. He seems very impressed by you. Let me tell you about our problem. One of our lead actors broke his leg yesterday and he's out for the complete season. The show opens in two weeks. We're doing the comedy 'Some Like It Hot.' You know its the one where two fellows are escaping from the mob, because they saw the mob do a killing. So they escape dressed as women. The comedy is provided by the problems they have while dressed as women."

"Yes I've heard of it," Jerry said excitedly.

"We want you to play one of the lead parts. So you'd be one of the females too. What do you think about that?"

"Wow! I'd love to do it."

"What do you think Cynthia? Do you think that you can turn him into a passable female?"

Cynthia smiled and said "I think we can do it; if Jerry's willing to help."

"You bet I am," Jerry cried. He noticed that Miss Dancer was about his own age and very attractive, but he was too excited about the opportunity at hand to notice much more about her.

"Jerry we don't have much time between now and the opening of the show. I want this show to be a success. So start learning your lines right now. Tomorrow we'll sign contracts and Cynthia can get you measured for costumes."

Jerry went home and read the play twice. He was impressed by the play and really liked it. But, he was worried about one thing — how was he going to play a woman? He was at a loss as to how to approach the character.

The next day when he saw Mr. Wycoff Jerry asked him about it.

“Well, since you don’t have any sisters to copy, and you’re worried about it, let me give you some advice as to how I want you to go about this characterization,” Mr. Wycoff said. “I’ll have Cynthia work with you as much as she can. Do whatever she says. Jerry I want you to eat, sleep, and drink as a woman. We have only two weeks for you to start ‘thinking’ as a woman. I know that it’s going to be hard and maybe embarrassing at first, but that’s what it will take to make the show a success. Are you still interested?”

The decision was not hard for Jerry to make. “Yes I am. If it takes living as a woman then I’ll live as a woman.”

“Good,” Mr. Wycoff said. “I’m putting you in Cynthia’s care and keeping. She will help to make the change both inside and outside.” Cynthia looked pleased with Jerry’s decision.

“Where do we start,” Jerry asked?

“With the outside,” she said. “Come on and we’ll get started right now.” So they drove to her apartment. No one was more surprised than Jerry when he found out that Cynthia lived in the same set of apartments that he did!

Her apartment was similar to his, but it had the smell of powder and perfume. She started by taking his measurements.

“Not bad!” she said jokingly. “38-30-37.” But we’ll have to give you a few more curves than you’ve got to make you more attractive!” Next, she had him go and take a hot bath and shave off the hair on his legs, chest, underarms and stomach. When he had done this she showed him a room with a full set of women’s clothes all laid out on the bed for him to put on. She explained each article to him, told him to get dressed and walked out of the room.

Jerry looked rather sheepishly when Cynthia left the room, but he started to get dressed. First, came the panties, they were soft and delicate looking. They felt kind of good as he slipped them on. They were really rather sexy, he thought, but then he passed the feeling off. Next came the bra. After slipping the foam rubber falsies into place he looked in the mirror and smiled. He thought “Well I’ve always won-

dered what I would look like as a girl. So now I know. Not too bad either." He slipped on the girdle. It was tight and hard to get on, but he made it. The nylons felt fantastic as he pulled them on his smooth legs. He realized that he was really enjoying this dressing up as a woman. He felt a little different than just plain old Jerry. After the nylons were secured he put on the full slip. Again he looked in the full length mirror admiringly. He smiled with delight. The blouse was just the right size. It was pale pink and the jumper was a pretty print pattern. He heard a knocking at the door.

"Almost ready?"

He gulped and said "Ready as I'll ever be."

Cynthia came into the room and smiled. "No major problems I see. Turn around slowly and let's take a look at you." Jerry obeyed. "Not bad" she said approvingly.

Next came the wig. Cynthia worked quickly at styling it to make Jerry's face look as feminine as possible. She applied makeup to his face, explaining what she was doing and why as she went along. Jerry couldn't believe the transformation that he saw. There was actually a woman sitting before him in the mirror and she wasn't bad looking either.

"These aren't the clothes that you'll be wearing in the actual show, but you'll need something to wear for the next two weeks. It's a good thing that I've got a lot of my big sister's clothes stored here while she is in Europe for the summer. They fit you great! "Come on," she said. "Let's go walking around town."

"What," Jerry said protestingly?

"The sooner you get used to being seen as a woman the sooner you'll start thinking as one," Cynthia told him.

The remainder of the day was spent in walking around town. Jerry was so self-conscious that he kept looking behind him to see if people were laughing at him. Finally he realized that most people were too busy to even notice him, and those that did usually winked or smiled as they passed. He decided that they thought that he and Cynthia were both pretty attractive. Cynthia witnessed Jerry's insecurity as well as his pride when he realized that he looked like a girl. She seemed to

understand his feelings. As they walked Jerry got to know Cynthia better. She was a psychology major at college. His first impression was right, they were the same age. She was working as costume mistress because sewing and designing were her hobby plus the fact that the producer was her uncle and she was his favorite niece.

The day ended by Cynthia and Jerry having dinner at Cynthia's apartment. They went over his lines in the play. Cynthia gave him some suggestions on how to make his voice more feminine sounding. She gave him lessons on how to walk, sit and in general how to be a woman. She was quite pleased with her student and saw that he was really trying to be feminine. Cynthia also saw Jerry as a sensitive person whom she began to like more and more.

"Well," Jerry said. "It's getting late so I guess that I'd better be going. Cynthia I want to thank you so much for all the help. I really appreciate it. See you in the morning."

"Wait a minute," she said. She quickly went into her room and came out with a beautiful nightgown. "Here," she said. "I want you to sleep in this tonight. If you're going to learn to think and dress like a woman then you've got to go all the way."

Jerry thanked her and left for his room. It was too beautiful an evening to just go to bed so he sat down outside his apartment and thought for about an hour. He thought about how much pleasure he was feeling being dressed as a woman. Jerry didn't understand his feelings but he knew that he really enjoyed this feeling. He was enjoying life in a new exciting way. He felt different, more free than before. He felt like he could suddenly feel things that were previously forbidden to him.

The next morning he awoke to the phone ringing. It was the motel owner. He said that he saw a girl enter his room last night. She didn't come out at all! The motel owner said that he didn't want that sort of thing in his motel! So Jerry was evicted as of 5:00 that evening. Jerry realized that he couldn't explain what had happened because the owner probably wouldn't believe it anyway.

Jerry didn't know what to do so he called Cynthia and told her what had happened. She understood and told him not to worry that she'd think of something. In the meantime to move his stuff over to her apartment.

The day was spent in rehearsal and the worry about where Jerry was going to stay was forgotten. Jerry seemed more confident in his part and worked into the character well. Cynthia and Mr. Wycoff were well pleased.

"You're doing a great job Cynthia," Mr. Wycoff said. "I want you to work with Jerry even closer. He has the general idea, but he doesn't have the details yet. Only you can help him to reach this total character."

The rehearsal lasted late and Jerry drove Cynthia home. He was getting more accustomed to wearing dresses and skirts. As he said goodnight to Cynthia he realized that he didn't have any place to go.

"Jerry I called the owner today and told him that my big sister that went to Europe was back and she was going to stay with me for the summer. He accepted it and said that it was all right. I think that I can trust you and I feel rather responsible for what happened. So what do you say?"

Jerry was quiet for a few minutes. He then smiled and pulled her close and kissed her.

"Hello little sister!" he said.

So the two weeks passed without any more trouble. Jerry became very proficient as a woman with Cynthia's help. The show opened and was a success. Cynthia was praised for her excellent costuming as well as for the transformation of Jerry.

Jerry and Cynthia grew very fond of each other and fell in love. Cynthia understood Jerry's feelings at loving to dress as a woman. He found out that the pleasure of changing from man to woman provided him an opportunity to express a big part of his personality that had been hidden before. He discovered that while he was dressed he was a more complete person. He felt that his emotions were stifled while in long pants.

Cynthia and Jerry were married the next Christmas. They attended the same university and completed their educations. Jerry got a job in New York as a Director in an off-Broadway theatre. He dressed as a woman most of the time. The actors accepted him because of his personality. He and Cynthia knew the joy of a successful marriage of two truly understanding people.



ALPHA TAU FPE (Toronto)

Diane
55-W-1

Mara
FE-C-2

Madeline
55-B-2

Laurette
55-K-1

Norma
55-E-1

Marie-Therese
55-C-2

Jean
55-C-1



Marie Therese
Laurette
Jean



Laurette 55-K-1 FPE



THE BEGINNING

Barbara Ann

"In the beginning there was light. . . ."

The cymbal crash, like God's hand, brought the brilliance of a sun onto the small wooden square in front of me. Just before there had been a moment of silence and darkness. It was a blackness that was neither good nor bad—just a complete and total domination of black.

My blood was rushing in my veins and pounding my skull like a drum. It was my turn. A strange lump moved into my throat and I could not move.

Although I could not see them, I knew that in front of the wooden square were hundreds of eyes, glowing and waiting. Behind those eyes were hungry beings waiting to devour my every move, I could not move. Every muscle in my body was frozen.

Behind me there was the soft rustle of silk. A soft, cool voice tickled my ear. "Go ahead, honey. Show them that you can really do it."

Slowly one foot advanced in front of the other. The sheath around my legs tried to keep my legs from moving. My heart pounded even faster, but my movements were slow and deliberate. I was afraid.

My mind raced. I am a small mouse walking to my death in front of a hundred hungry cats. Faster went my thoughts. Around and around I moved in time with the beating drum and my mine raced even faster . . .

. . . The heavy sweet smell dominated all my senses. It permeated the air around me and drowned my thoughts. My body was

naked. It shivered, but not with cold, as the loving hands pulled the satin material up around my neck. A feeling of pure pleasure invaded all my senses. Suddenly there was another larger body next to mine. It was naked, warm and smooth like a baby's skin. Her arms held me close while her hand stroked my long, blond hair. It was pleasure, pure Pleasure. . . .

The drums beat faster and my body responded with quicker movements. The sun—no, there were thousands of suns shining on the small wooden square around me. The darkness was not as black now. There were rows of people watching me in that obscure area beyond the edge of the yellow square.

The sheath around my legs kept my steps small and dainty. Every step caused a small rustle despite the noise of the drum beating in the distance. I leaned back to keep my balance. My toes felt cramped in the golden, high heeled shoes that peeked from under the green satin that restricted my legs.

I could see the white eyes learing at me out of the blackness. What did they think? Again the tempo of the beat increased and my mind raced ahead. . . .

. . . The large leather trunk was filled with many clothes of yesterdayyear. A black tail coat whose sleeves touched the floor when I put it on. A piece of brown silk sent shivers up and down my spine. It was a dress from the roaring twenties. Off came the trousers and shorts. Next the shirt. It was a race against time. Over my head, but the silk clung and did not want to cover my body. Quickly tiny hands pulled the soft material down. There was a rush to the Victorian mirror. The silk whispered, "careful, careful," as I ran. My face turned over one shoulder and there in my mind's eye was a beautiful girl with long, golden hair. She was dressed in a brown, silk flapper dress that seemed too big for her. She looked at me and I looked at her. Slowly I turned around, keeping my eyes on hers. She turned also. Faster we went. Around and around. . . .

My eyes opened. My hand reached up high behind my back. The thumb caught the ring and pulled. The tightness around my waist disappeared and the roar of a waterfall sounded in front. My eyes jerked up. I could see the faces now. There were many with smiles.

My legs were now free to move and keep time to the quickening pace of the drum that beat behind me. One arched foot caught the pile of green silk on the floor at my feet and gracefully flicked the rustling material off-stage.

My stride lengthened since there was no green sheath to keep my steps small. My spirit soared with pleasure. This was truly freedom—freedom from the fear of discovery. . . .

. . . “Open that door, son.” The deep voice of my father boomed. What could I do? Would I get it! The pounding on the door continued. Mechanically I stepped forward. There was a slight rustle around my knees. My hand reached up towards the bolt, and I was conscious of a slight cutting on my shoulders. I froze and the voice, almost screaming this time, came again. The metal was cold and the bolt would not move. Another pounding and the bolt inched open. The door opened with a bang. I looked up into the red face of my father as tears, black tears ran across my pink cheeks and over my scarlet lips. . . .

The thunder from the hands applauding in front of me drowned all the sound around me. My body bent forward to rest over the leg stretched out in front. A quiet peace came over the theater. An oboe sounded its plaintiff call in a muted voice. The thump of the drum was slow and soft. My breath came easier. It was peaceful and very quiet. . . .

My twirl stopped and one leg went in front and the other straight out behind me. Slowly I let the weight of my body pull me towards the floor until I was in a perfect split.

The green strip of silk stood straight out in front of me as I spun like a top. It was weighted, like the one at my back, to stand out during the twirl. Now if I could just unhook at the right time, the two strips of silk would sail off-stage. My fingers turned into thumbs. Panic started to slowly numb my arms. There it was, and off sailed the silk panels into the curtain at stage left.

. . . The room was still. I could hear heavy breathing behind me. “And why do you like the feeling of silks and satins?” a quiet, fatherly voice asked me from behind. My mind raced and words seemed to spill from my tongue as rain from an April shower. On and on and on I talked. As I talked I felt a sensual feeling in my groin. Again there was peace and quiet, but I continued to talk. Would this river of words never stop? But here

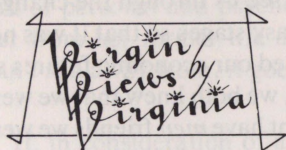
was peace without fear and my body relaxed. I guess I slept. Outside the door there were two voices—the quiet, fatherly one and my father's. There seemed to be anxiety in my father's, but the calm voice reassured him. At last the door opened and my father said, "Come, son, let's go home." . . .

The tempo had quickened. It was time to start the bumps. Thump, thump, thump, went the hand on the base drum. Slowly around the stage I ground with lots of hip movement. Again there was the thunder of a waterfall as the people applauded. Dum, dum, dum, the sound penetrating every cell in my brain. My body, young and shapely beat time to the faster sounds.

My hands reached behind my back for another unhook. Up, up and still higher up my back they inched. At last, the index finger of one hand touched the green satin. Careful not to get the net underneath . . . there! My back to the audience. The music was faster now. Up and down pumped my legs to give that special effect that she had taught me. There, that is it. My hands came around front, pulling the green satin with them. One arm out, and the other up. Up and down went my legs, faster and faster went the music. It was like running in a track event. . . .

. . . Could I do it? My legs were pumping like pistons. There was nobody in front of me. I had run faster and still faster. There was the ribbon. Could I break it? My legs pumped even harder. There it was — I broke it. It was good to learn that I had established a new Ivy League record for the 100 yard dash. . . .

The music was building up for the finale. I faced the public and did some more bumps and grinds. They were happy. All I had on now was the net bra and some pink bikinis under the green satin g-string. The public seemed to like my routine. There were the trumpets and cymbals for the final position at the end of the dance. I put both arms over my head and screamed like she did. The lights went out and I dashed off the stage. Sweat poured from my entire body. Off stage I almost bumped into her. She put her arms around me and kissed me. I was so happy. People were all around us. There were photographers and newspaper reporters. Everybody was happy, but I think I was the happiest. There would be a road show of about a month. There might be contracts for more work after I graduated in June. Too bad mother could not see me now, and it was just as good that father had died last year. The flash bulbs popped and one of the reporters asked her, "How long did you work with this lad for the lead in this Mask and Wig production of your life, Miss Lee?"



TO OR FROM EMIGRANT OR FUGITIVE

In one way or another I have referred to and discussed the difference between sex and gender a number of times in these pages and so have others. Yet it appears that for many people in the FP world the message never gets through. Mary and I come in contact both personally and through the mail with a lot of people who are still incorrigibly attached to the idea of a sex change operation as "the only way to fly" as Western Airline says. The ideas expressed in these pages before, can, of course, be put down by such people as "just Virginia's opinion." I will, of course, have to admit that I express my opinion. However, it is also my opinion that some day I will die, that if I don't eat I will get hungry, that if I consume contaminated food or water that I will probably get sick, etc. The point is that my opinion in these matters happens to coincide with everyday facts of experience which most other people subscribe to also. The sex and gender thing is right out there in front of everybody and anybody to see if they will open their eyes and see — they, and you, live it every minute of your lives, so it is strictly an ostrich tactic to put off facing the fact that woman (gender) is not necessarily the same as female (sex), by attributing it to "Virginia's Opinion."

The reason for getting into this again is because Mary and I were discussing a couple of cases that we know who are very "mixed up kids" and yet who adamantly talk surgery and won't settle for anything less. We got to wondering about ourselves. We both live full time, we are both very happy and content and adjusted to our lives and completely self acceptant and yet as people we are quite different in age, appearance, education, experience, interests and many other ways. We got to asking ourselves what it was that we had in common which in spite of all the difference between us led we two to be content with a change of gender only and to be happy and comfortable compared to all the many others, that we have some connection with, who are not.

We thought of several practical things: we both had had adequate jobs as men and had accumulated a little money to see us through the change; we both in our own ways had done things by easy stages so that it was not an all or none overnite decision; we both covered our economic futures so that we knew that we could make it financially, we both knew that we were basically not homosexual so that while we might have *men* friends we were not interested in *male* friends; and finally neither one of us were dreamers picturing ourselves as wives with husbands, adopted children, and vine covered cottages and so on ad nauseum. But somehow those differences between ourselves and the others we were thinking about didn't really seem to basically explain things. They were true enough but they were somehow superficial. Finally an idea hit me which I think covers the situation rather fundamentally and I pass it on for your consideration.

There is a great psychological difference between running toward something and running away from something. In either case you physically end up in a different place from where you started, but your own internal attitude will be different. Running *to* brings you there with a feeling of satisfaction, accomplishment and anticipation for the experiences of the future to be had in the new place. Running *from* something brings you to the new location with feelings of relief and possibly tranquility but these are backward looking to where you have been and from which you have escaped, not forward looking with wonder and fascination about that which lies before you.

Now apply this analogy to the matter under discussion. All FPs start as males and men, of greater or lesser success in each area to be sure, but nevertheless that is where they are. Now everybody has problems of various kinds, financial, social, domestic, personality-wise, relatives, past experiences which still exert their effects, sexual, and psychological such as ego, adequacy, compatibility, introversion, identity and such. You can run out on your wife and relatives and you can leave debts behind and get "lost" but those problems related to you as a person, that is internal as opposed to external, can't be run away from. Some will be lessened, a few even wiped out by the change, but most of them will be right there where they have always been, ready to plague the "new woman" in her new world. Only now, instead of having to cope with them in an environment (masculinity) that "he" knew something about, "she" has to cope with them in the midst of a whole new environment (femininity), which is a lot more than just clothing and make-up, and which has its own expectations and limitations. So here comes the "new girl" (with or without surgery) arriving at "school" in her new dress and hat and

shiny shoes but still tightly and fearfully clutching her old suitcase packed full of personal and psychological problems which she has brought with her from her former life as a man. Your SELF, such as it may be, you can't run away from, it goes with your body wherever you take it.

If, in consideration of all your problems as a man, you are motivated to escape from them and you get the idea that as a female, and "therefore" a woman, you will be faced with less exacting requirements and a less demanding existence, you are, generally speaking, correct. But what you can't see because you have never been in a position where you could look at them, is that there is a whole set of problems related to this woman-female lifestyle just as there is in the man-male lifestyle, and they will all be new to you. You will have to learn to cope with them as they come up and your previous experience will not be much help to you.

What I'm trying to say is that over and over again we see and hear from people who obviously have a lot of personal problems and who seek escape from them by running away from masculinity and its requirements which they feel unable to fulfill. They see woman's land as an easy place, a land of milk and honey because they see it not as it looks to those who live there, but as they *imagine* it to be from where they sit — in masculine land. They are primarily concerned about "getting away" from where they are and they live in a kind of vague hope that where they hope to go everything will be rosy. If they make it to the other side they are in for terrible disappointments and frustrations because they don't as yet understand the rules of life in woman's land, they aren't fitted by training and experience for it and they will be forever burdened with that suitcase full of old personal internal problems that they have always had and which were not and could not be left behind. These people then make up the category of Fugitives. How sad it is to watch and talk to them and how discouraging to try to get them to be more realistic and to tackle and solve some of those problems where they stand so that they could, at some future time, make the trip (if indeed they still wanted to) unencumbered with old problems and more capable of facing and coping with the new ones that will present themselves in the new world.

What then of the Emigrants? One can leave his native land possibly as a fugitive to escape from some real or fanciful oppression with the main idea being to get away. But people can also say to themselves, "Well, life isn't too bad here but I have rather reached the limitations of my growth and experience here and I look forward with fascination, curiosity and interest to the new world and all that it holds for me in expansion and

development of myself." Such a person will be one who has given a rather respectable account of himself in his native land (i.e. as a man); who is not burdened down with an undue number of internal problems which must go with him; who carefully plans the shutting down and termination of operations in the old world; and who equally carefully and fully examines the problems and requirements facing him in the new world and plans how to meet them and start up successfully in the new location. "He" it is who is an Emigrant, who faces the transition to "her" new world with radiant anticipation and at the same time a coolly practical mind. "She" will find that the new world is not easy, that the new role is demanding too as the old one was (though the demands are different), that to "make it" she will have to "try harder because she is only No. 2." But she *will* make it and in the realization that she has and that she is now a naturalized citizen of her adopted country (womanland) lies the happiness, acceptance and peace of mind that makes her life a daily pleasure.

If only it were possible to persuade some of the impatient "Fugitives" that we come across to cool it for awhile; to solve some of their personal problems first, to settle accounts with the sheriff, as it were, so that there will be nothing to run away from; to get themselves turned around so that instead of looking backward at something they wish to escape from they can look forward with joy and anticipation to seeing that wonderful old girl the Statue of Liberty as the beacon of the new world and the opportunities and satisfactions that it offers; and finally to plan their transition carefully so that they do not arrive penniless and without skills with which to set themselves up and maintain themselves in the new life. But Mary and I find it almost impossibly difficult to do anything to or for these "Fugitives." They really don't want to be "Emigrants." They are impatient, they want everything tomorrow. They are all knowing, their wishful little dreams have been rehearsed over and over again in their minds so that they have become persuaded of the truth of their own propaganda. They see only what they want to see and hear only what they want to hear. Their attitude is "my mind is made up, don't confuse me with fact."

Of course the keystone of their whole structure is what I mentioned in the first paragraph — a refusal to see that a woman's day-to-day life is something else again from her anatomical femaleness. They have a kind of pseudo female chauvinism combined with the Freudian attitude that everything about a woman devolves from her sex. To them femaleness is the only route to womanhood (wrong) and everything about being a

woman is simple, marvelous, comfortable, easy, pleasant, and satisfying (also wrong). Mary and I watch them dream, kid themselves, take hormones, talk of their future, drift along, struggle a bit and drift again, gloss over their own shortcomings, fantasize about the whole thing, take more hormones, abandon any thought of improving or altering any aspects of themselves which would ease their lives both today and "tomorrow," and with it all make no concrete plans for financing their surgery OR their future. The whole thing is one big dream which obscures like a cloud all clear vision about things as they are.

I don't want anyone to get the idea that because I have characterized Mary's and my life in positive terms and painted the Fugitives rather darkly that I think we are something extra special, etc. I do so only to make as clear a distinction as I can between the Emigrants and the Fugitives. There are other Emigrants besides us who have changed sex and gender that are happy and comfortable in their new land, but they are not large in number because too few people who get these ideas handle the matter on a practical, well planned basis. Most of them in short want to run from, not toward. If any of this applies to any of you who read this I sincerely hope you honestly evaluate your own motives and decide which you are — a Fugitive running from or an Emigrant running toward and reaching out. If you are the former, try to convert yourself. It's marvelous on this side if you come as an Emigrant. It is terribly disappointing if you come as a Fugitive because the first morning you wake up, there you are, in bed with yourself. The same old self you thought you'd left behind.

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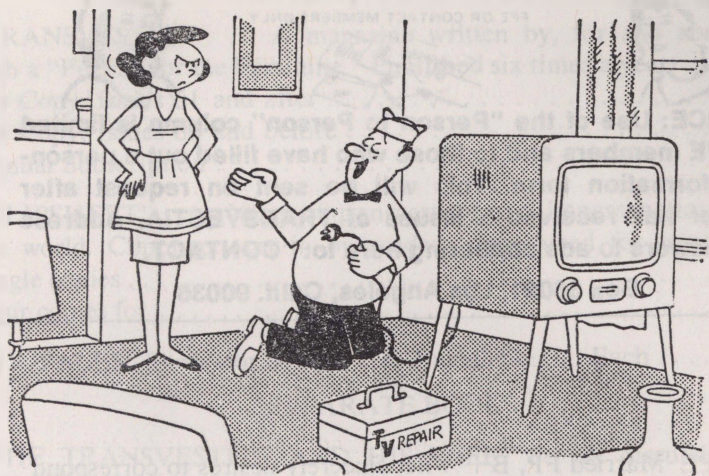
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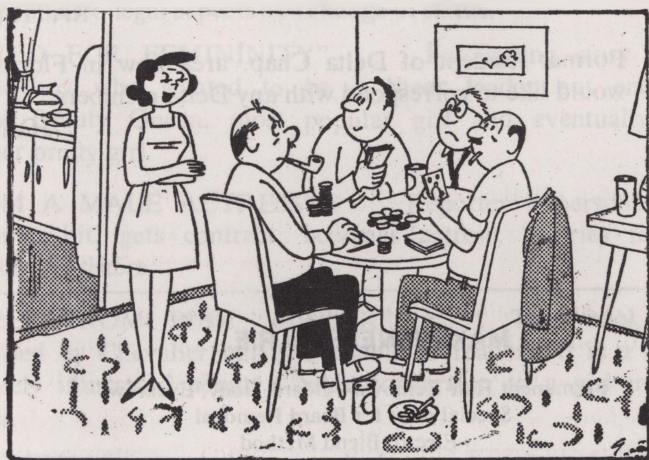
I. **UNAVOIDABLE DELAYS:** This issue of TVia will appear sometime during my European trip from July 17 thru Oct. 15. That is total time away, not all in Europe by any means. However it will take something over a month to get another one out to you after I return. This will mean a rather longer than usual interval between Nos. 70 and 71 which I simply want you to know about beforehand so that you will not wonder what has happened. I hope that those of you who will be subscribing for No. 71 and beyond will not wait until its appearance to send in your order. Costs for typesetting go on long before the issue appears. In fact, much of what will go into No. 71 has already been done by the typesetter and the bills rendered. I just have a weekly pay-as-you-go arrangement with him. So order in advance as you will and your card will be pulled and the order filled as soon as the issue is available.

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2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
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