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Transvestia



FICTION

Change For The Better (Concl.)
Whatever Happened to my Curls
First Awakening

ARTICLES

Hiltas Reincarnation
FP as an Aptitude
Eat and Reduce

TRUE STORY

Aussie Lassie
The Girl in the Closet

POLICY STATEMENT

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS — Here and There with Virginia

Volume XII

No. 71

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

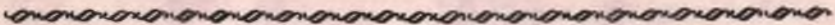
to help its readers achieve —

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

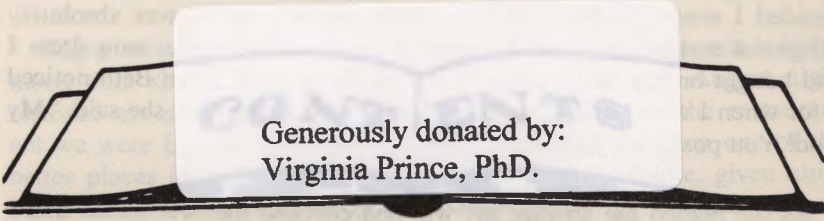
"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the
MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE . . .
then shall you enter the kingdom."

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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Somehow, I hadn't thought of it quite like that — to be honest, the invitation had been tendered on a boy-to-girl basis, but had apparently been accepted on a girl-to-girl level. Well all right then — I had gone this far, I may as well go whole hog. Next week at this time, I would have to be doing the same thing anyway. And so I began unpacking everything.

By the time she was out of the bathroom, I had uncovered nearly everything and when I emerged in turn, I began dressing. Tonight I decided I would dress all in blue, from the skin up. It was absolutely delightful and by the time I zippered up the back of the satin dress I had bought on my first excursion, I was transported. Even Beth noticed it for when I walked into the living room of her apartment she said, "My God! You positively radiate!"

As she helped me arrange my wig and checked me over to see that I had everything in the proper place, I noticed she wore the same black sheath she wore at the store. Although it did her a great deal of justice, framing her clear features, I was a little dismayed at the sight of it — it seemed so somber and so — so professional. "Beth — would you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Would you try on that red chiffon I shouldn't have bought?"

"Why?"

"Well — I'd like to see how it looks on someone who can wear it — and you sure look like you could do it justice." Somehow that set her to laughing, finally, and after a minute's more urging, she complied.

Let me tell you now — she lit up like a light bulb with that dress on — not only did the red color accent her face, and the masses of rich dark hair above it, but it turned on the secret inner switch and she too positively glowed. She stood transfixed for a minute in front of her mirror, then turned to me, her entire being smiling, as it were. I could see then why she had said I couldn't wear it — north of the equator, it showed more girl than dress, whilst south — despite its fullness, it flowed over every line of her well-proportioned body; a fantastic floodlit sign stating emphatically: "GIRL!"

"Well, there's no doubt about it — you two were made for each other. Would you accept it as a gift — and a thank you?" She ran, for an answer

to me and gave me a quick hug about the waist. I wish she hadn't, although I was glad to see what an effect it had on her. For when she hugged me, I responded to her beauty. For one of the first times in my life, I responded to a pretty girl — and an exceptional one at that. For a fatal instant, I forgot who and what I was, standing there, as I kissed this girl in the red dress while I stood there so manly in my own satins and laces. She pulled away from me, and the flame that had danced in her eyes was gone. She stared at me for an agonizing moment, and then she moved away, out of reach and said, "We'd better be going."

Angry with myself for having twice acted the fool, I was in a worse mood than she, but the not-yet cool breeze of the late August night restored me somewhat and by the time we arrived at the restaurant we were both in high spirits again. We had decided on one of the better places in town and we were, I was amused to note, given quite the treatment. The head waiter practically fell on his face escorting us to a table — directly under one of those diffused-light things, and it was soon obvious that we were the center of attention. I must admit that it wasn't until I was halfway through a second Manhattan that I realized that *I* was included as well; somehow I'd sat there very proud to be seen with such a pretty girl as Beth and feeling very masculine and expansive, until the sibilant softness of the satin reminded me of what I looked like. And unless the mirror had been totally false, I was not all that bad, but I knew who was the fairer of the two — bonny Beth.

When we'd finally finished our meal and were sipping at an after dinner drink, Beth excused herself. As she made her way back toward our table, I noticed someone approach her and engage her in a brief but animated conversation. When she finally sat down, I asked her what was wrong, because it was obvious from her expression that something was troubling her. "Nothing — it's all right. Never mind." She blurted it all out in such a way as to be totally unconvincing. We left soon after that.

Once on the sidewalk, as our heels made sharp sounds through the night air, I asked her again. "Look," I said, "If I'm interfering with anything — just say so — you've give me so much of yor time the last two days, I can't possibly demand any more of you." But she was adamantly silent and for a long while we just walked.

Finally she stopped and said, "Uh — there's a party tonight — and we've been invited. I don't know though — it's, well, it's a party thrown by, uh, some of Cynthia's friends. Do *you* want to go?"

Well, of course she was right. I considered it for a moment or two, then made apologies. "I'm sorry, but I'm a little nervous about this. But — well, all right. I'm going to the Pacific coast — cool and a little damp, I suppose. I'll be doing — well, sort of a secretary, okay? And I don't know about the other. Casual I suppose. I don't think I should try an evening gown yet; I honestly don't know if I need one."

"That's better. Now we know what to look for." I was impressed by her quick grasp of things, as well as her clothes sense. She pointed out things to me that I hadn't realized from my brief reading. Sweaters and coordinated skirts, blouses — and here she made a great point of care in selecting them. According to her, only certain types could and should be worn by a person such as myself. I was surprised however at the immense latitude, for she bought cottons as well as silk, all manner of necklines and so on. At length I grasped the principles of tailoring as being the important thing, and I was pleased when she approved my choices. It was the same with dresses. She pointed out more things here, commenting on my purchases of the previous day. "You will probably find that you will not be able to wear the chiffon you bought yesterday: It takes a perfect figure to do it — and then it's questionable."

"Why did you sell it to me then?" I asked with some annoyance.

"That was yesterday." she replied glibly.

It was very late in the afternoon when we neared the store where we had both worked. "Let's go in." she urged. At my reluctance, she took my arm and said, "No one will ever recognize you. You're my cousin from out of town. But there's a dress upstairs you simply *must* buy. I nearly sold it yesterday, then decided to wait; after you came in — I had a feeling — well, you must see it."

We went back to the fitting rooms and Beth brought out an evening gown and I put it on. That's actually the wrong expression. You might say that we came together, and something more. A slim shaft of purest silk, it had two wide straps, a moderate V in the front and it fitted like a glove. It was black — not the dull black, but a living, glowing color that caught the light and hurled it back from a thousand points. There was, in addition a flowered blouson top that complemented the rest and gave it considerable versatility. It was simply magnificent, and as I looked at my reflection in the triple mirrors, a strange alchemy — a symbiosis occurred between the garment and myself. I do not know how to express it, but it was as if the dress and myself came to life — together and for the first time. I turned to Beth in order to express some part of what I felt. And she was smiling, a strange sort of smile as she said, "I was right."

By the time the afternoon was over, I was more than ever glad that I had someone with me — a girl that is, who knew the ins and outs, for she thought of all the obvious and unobvious things that I never would have. If I had been alone, I probably wouldn't have paid much attention to costume jewelry (primarily I think because I never had had an interest in jewelry of any type before), accessories such as belts, scarves, handbags and especially the intricacies of makeup. By the time she was finished, I was very thankful I had bought my airline ticket already or I'm sure she would have spent *that* money as well. But really, it was worth it all — as I fully came to realize in the months to come. So well had she set me up that I didn't have to buy *anything* for nearly a year (not that I didn't, of course, but that's anticipating the story.)

And so, when the last merchant had escorted us to the door, chuckling greedily, I was very nearly an economic disaster area (once more), but I was the owner of such a wardrobe as any girl would give both her capped eyeteeth for. I attempted to express my feelings to Beth, but I chose my words a little wrong, I'm afraid. When I told her, "You ought to go into business for yourself — helping boys learn how to become girls!", she made a very odd contortion of her features and said — "Yeah, sure." She was silent the rest of the way to her apartment.

With the aid of a cab and a delivery service, we had managed to bring everything with us and when I surveyed the heap of boxes and bags, I was more than a little awed. I was, as well, in very high spirits. I must say that I enjoyed my first day spent as a girl very much and I had a genuine feeling of accomplishment. Beth on the other hand seemed depressed; apparently I had touched some sore spot with her when I had made the abortive effort to thank her.

She presented quite an enigma, I realized as I tried to think of some way to make amends. Just what was her attitude regarding all this. And why did she seem to know — or rather, what was her relationship to the strange Cynthia? Or had that in fact been her first "conversion." As fascinating as all these extrapolations were, they were not a solution at all.

At length I said, "Beth, uh — look, I feel I owe you more than my thanks for all you've done today. Would you consider it out of place if I offered to buy you dinner? If you're not planning something else, that is . . ."

She looked at me very intently for a moment, then said in low tones, "Yes — maybe that's what I need. Let me take a bath — why don't you decide what you're going to wear and I'll help you with it."



CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Jeri 49-K-3 FPE

(Concluded from TVia No. 70)

The next morning brought back the problem however. I was to have met Beth at her apartment, but I decided to call her to let her know I couldn't come. I was surprised — and not a little pleased when she invited me to spend the remaining three days at her place. She hung up after promising to come right over and help me move.

I finished the small amount of packing and waited. At length she came, expressing surprise — and even a little displeasure in seeing me in my masculine clothing. After less than a minute's argument, I was persuaded to change to skirts for "Otherwise there's likely to be trouble at *my* place," she assured me.

It was as good as done — in less than a half-hour, I was standing on the sidewalk outside with my suitcases and boxes with the wind teasing the long strands of the wig while my former landlady glared out through a half-parted curtain.

The rest of the day was as full as could be imagined. After leaving my things at Beth's apartment (a charming little place with all manner of ruffles and fragile things around), she suggested I change from heels to flats — loaning me a pair as I had not bought any the day before — and we set off.

Our first stop was the beauty shop we had visited the evening before. I felt a little foolish, especially when we were waited on by a tall, well-built man who looked at me with a penetrating gaze. Nevertheless he seemed to know what we were about, and even sold me several accessories to care for the wig. The total bill was staggering — but equally obvious was the necessity for such expense, under the circumstances. After leaving the shop, I commented to Beth about the person who had waited on us. And again she gave me an incredulous look. “You mean you don’t — well, let that be a lesson in point for you. *That* magnificent specimen was none other than our old friend Cynthia. Couldn’t you tell — no, I guess not. *There’s* something to remember, if you ever decide you have to lead *both* lives: you’ll notice how he accents his masculine image, and how he stressed different elements last night. For instance, you were obviously looking at his wide shoulders. He wears a short tight jacket that seems to bulge underneath with muscles. Last night, he wore a ruffled blouse that pulled your attention toward the center — actually shrunk his shoulders, and of course, he faked some cleavage to accent the point.”

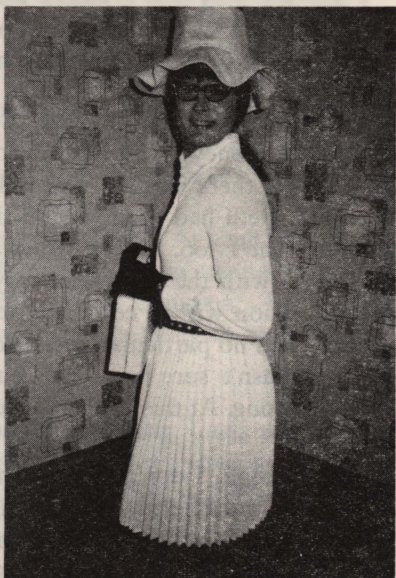
I decided then that Cynthia would best be left as a partly-answered enigma. There were more questions I would have liked to ask, but I also felt that I would be better off not knowing the answers.

For the rest of the day, we two worked very hard at spending the rest of the money I had left. Even after paying several hundred dollars for the wig, there was an incredible amount left, but we managed — we managed. Beth had tried several times to pump information from me. I suppose that I too, in my own way, was an enigma to her — and her friendship with the ambivalent Cynthia led one to speculate about her preoccupation with a certain type of person. Nevertheless, I remained silent; I had no particular desire to reveal any more than was necessary. Since I wasn’t sure what the line of demarcation was, I decided to reveal nothing. At this, she grew very angry.

“Listen, doll. I don’t mind in the least helping you — it’s sort of fun. But if you want help, you’re going to have to unbend. Now, I want to know three things; you can lie about them if you want, or remain silent, but it’s your own neck. In order to get you a decent and proper wardrobe, I have to know where you’re going, what you’re going to do for a living, and what, if any social life you anticipate. If you’re going south to pick cotton, you’re going to need a completely different wardrobe than if you’re to be a waitress in a cocktail lounge in Minneapolis. Do you get me?”



Susan 46-A-1 FPE



Sharon Anne 5-H-25 FPE

"Do you?" I parried.

"Well — " she said rather uncertainly.

"Fine, let's go see how the other third lives; don't be surprised if someone asks me for a date, though." I had been at one or two of these things before, once by accident, once on invitation and neither had really impressed me.

"I don't think anyone will ever guess." was her answer. As she changed directions, I was once more struck by a barrage of questions, but most of all was the one — What of you, dear Beth? Does only your hairdresser know?

This enclave was no whit different from the others I had seen. This time, however, I was impressed that the presence of a newcomer didn't seem to freeze everything up. There were all manner of people there — some of them so fantastic, so flamboyant that one could only conclude that they were like some rare tropical flowers that only bloom at night.

We didn't stay very long. I mean, it's not my idea of fun, sitting all crowded together watching a few boys dance with each other and drinking warm beer. I guess Beth felt the same way for at one point she caught my eye and motioned toward the door with her head. Just as we were leaving, an older man, balding and perspiring heavily, caught Beth by the arm and asked very loudly, "What about your friend?"

Beth slipped her arm out of his grasp and said "Visiting cousin from out of town — she's straight."

The older man looked sadly at me and said, again very loudly, "Pity. She'd make such a beautiful boy!!"

"Congratulations." Beth said when we were out in the blissfully fresh air.

"For what?" I wanted to know.

"You have just passed the acid test — if that bunch can't 'read' you, you're safe anywhere short of a Turkish bath."

"Thanks. But did we really go there just to see how I'd stand up?" She didn't answer me again. We walked the rest of the way back to her apartment in silence. Somehow, I wished I'd learned not to ask so many questions.

And indeed, once we were safely inside the door, Beth seemed settled deep in her monumental funk. For my part, I didn't want the evening to end. I had enjoyed myself so thoroughly and I felt so good, despite a slight headache that had melted once we'd left the party, that I tried desperately to think of something to lift Beth's spirits.

Nothing worked, and so I began to try to make some sort of order out of all my new things. In less than thirty-six hours, I would be boarding a plane, and unless I wanted to do everything at the last minute, I'd better get started now. I already had made plans to travel en femme — not only to surprise C. Scott, but, to be perfectly frank, it would be so much fun.

Eventually, Beth shook her mood slightly and began helping me again. We soon had done all we could. "Well," said Beth. "I'm going to bed. I'm beat!"

Apparently I was too, although I hadn't noticed it, for she had no sooner said that than I too felt the drain on my energy.

"Come in here," she called from the bedroom. I followed her in. "Where do you want to sleep," she asked, "here — " pointing to the double bed, "or on the couch? You're welcome to sleep here — I don't mind." Somehow I felt she was asking me a question, and I didn't have the slightest idea of what it was — nor what the answer might be. She laid out a shorty night gown and then asked me to unzip her dress. I did so, and being such a dolt, just stood there while she pulled it over her head. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Do you need help?"

"No-no," I mumbled and began fumbling for the side zipper on my own dress. So be it — if my fair lady feels sportive — or is she unconcerned, because she thinks I'm harmless? But am I harmless? I somehow managed to peel my own garment off while she proceeded to undress completely, her back partly to me. Nevertheless I was struck — and attracted by her very feminine figure and as she turned toward me, clad only in underpants, I couldn't help but stare at her very full breasts. She picked up the nightgown and slid into it, covering herself once more then crossed over to help me unhook my brassiere.

I put on one of my new nightgowns and when she motioned to one side of the bed, I quickly got in, feeling very strange indeed. She turned out the light and got it. "Night," she murmured and lapsed into silence. But I wasn't — not inside, for by now, I was thoroughly aroused. Feeling

very confident of myself, despite my total lack of experience, I tentatively reached an arm out for her, under the sheet. She shuddered at my touch, but didn't pull away and I began to slowly and methodically massage her back. She settled down then, and emboldened I slid a hand around in front of her. She offered only a token resistance and I was beginning, in mad fantasy to feature myself as a super Don Juan, when I went too far. Too far indeed. Better it had been had I slept on the couch. Better if I had not come here — better if I had never seen this strange, strange girl. For allowing my hand to drift casually and insistently along her stomach, I had discovered that beneath her underpants — Beth was built the same as I!

Night. The feral time, when the hunted and hunter act out their unending tragedy. Or is it comedy? Are we men therefore only the idle playthings of a whimsical monkey-god who plays with men like boys play with flies. Like Lear, I felt on the verge of madness.

My poor companion however, was dredging up sobs from the very bottom of existence. She — and I could think of her no other way lay their inert, limply, like a doll who has been trampled underfoot. The sexual attraction I had felt had vanished, replaced by — sympathy, really. All the questions I had asked myself about her in the past few days were answered, and the biggest one of all was being answered now by her grief. The question of whether she was attracted to me as a boy or girl was purely academic — rather stupid, in fact. And sheer madness to contemplate. For my part now, I had to offer to her my sympathy and understanding in hopes it would comfort her.

I held her in my arms, comforting her as one would a child — a beautiful child of no particular gender. And childlike, she seemed innocent there, innocent of the ugliness one would normally associate with such circumstances, as if she were more sinned against than sinning. At length she grew silent.

“Thank you,” she murmured at last. “It's been so long since anyone held me that way.” After a few moments, she began to tell me her life story, a story as fascinatingly horrible as anything Poe ever conceived, with a weird Gothic beauty that played around the edges. Beauty — that was the key to the story and its compensation.

Beth — born Bernard, the only child of a Polish immigrant family whose father had worked for all the years he had been in the country for

a large foundry, had been as unlike her father as it is possible to conceive. Where he was tall, powerful and obtuse, she was delicate, receptive and moreover, displayed artistic talent — talent that should have been choked out by the environment, but rather intensified under the adversity. Her father had been intensely disappointed that he had no budding football player in his child; he was transported into a Lear-like rage when it became evident that he had, in fact, no son either. “I can’t blame him in a way — he was always bragging about his boy to the other men at the factory, but after I was twelve or thirteen, he was silent about me. I used to meet him sometimes, after school; I would either walk or ride my bike over to the gate and wait for him. One day, Mother told me that he preferred I didn’t meet him there anymore. Later on I figured that — well, if you had a son who looked more like a daughter, you’d just as soon he wasn’t in full view of the people you’d told that he was going to be, first a fullback, then an end, and later a quarterback. Hell!” she spat the word out. “He would have been satisfied with a basketball player. Instead — Instead he got a child who stopped growing at twelve — Later when I had all the tests, they told me the effect was of stopping the development of the long bones. By the time I was fifteen, I was beginning to acquire some rather startling dimensions, especially around the hips. These —” she cupped her hands suggestively — “came later. So anyway, I stayed short, very slim and got wide across the bottom. My voice didn’t change much either — a little richer, but no deeper and I never shaved. That was something else — the old man went out and bought a great mug with my name on it — like the one he had — and waited for me to use it. Of course I never did. Finally I guess I was a junior in high school, my mother took me to see a doctor. It was a family doctor — in fact the neighborhood doctor, and I don’t know where he learned medicine, but he missed everything and just put it down to slowness. Don’t worry, he said, all of a sudden he’ll start growing again and before you know it — you won’t recognize him! What a prophet. If he only knew.

“So — things went on, but they were getting worse at home. I’d become interested in art — and music as well, but I was always so nervous, especially after the time in high school when I’d tried out for the chorus and was put in the soprano section. Not only that, but my teachers told me I had talent and I soon persuaded my mother to let me take private lessons. Dad and I weren’t talking much then. One night, I asked Dad about studying at the University here — and I must admit I was surprised that he agreed. In fact, he’d been putting money away for that for years — that plus I won a scholarship from one of the Polish organizations on the basis of my grades. I thought everything was fine, until

Dad learned that I wanted to study art — he wanted me to go into engineering or even medicine. But he kept his word and gave me the money to go to school — for a while.

The real trouble started during my senior year in high school; I tried to conceal it as long as I could, and to some extent I was successful, but my mother found out and she ushered me to the good old doctor again, who just shook his head when he examined me and said — I've never seen anything like that before — and I suppose he hadn't. You don't often see boys with breasts like mine. So we all three sat there in the office contemplating my chest for a long time until the old quack suddenly said — I think he's turning into a girl — I probably wouldn't have minded so much, because I had after all, pretty definite suspicions myself, but the old goat sniggered when he said it — like every damned dirty joke that I'd heard all my life, and most of them directed at me.

“I don't honestly know if Mother told Dad or not — at least right then, because she was afraid to. Anyway, he never said anything and we stayed as cool toward each other as ever. That summer, I stayed at home — in the house most of the time. When I did go out, I used to wrap my chest up, and put on a heavy sweatshirt. It worked, I guess, because I got by without any more giggles than I'd always gotten.

“When I came to the U. that fall, I was blossomed out as well as any of the coeds, though, and after being thrown in the showers one night after phy. ed. class, the coach went to the dean and the dean sent me to the medical center and after about two weeks there — they called me into a big conference room and told me what was wrong. I had had every test known to science, I'll swear; they'd taken enough blood to fill a bathtub, X-rayed, and photographed and looked into every opening and poked tubes in and measured every square inch. By the time I got into that conference room, I felt like the freak of the week — which I suppose I was. I wasn't too surprised either at what they told me — I'd read enough to figure out what was happening, although I didn't know what was causing it.

“Have you ever heard of a feminizing testis?” she asked me. I shook my head. “Neither had I until then. Well, I'll skip the technical details, but it seems that occasionally, through an error in chemistry, the testis produces female instead of male hormones. So what happened with me was that I had never produced male hormones, but had rather — a little later than normal girls, gone through a typically female puberty.

“Like I said, this was no great surprise to me — I mean, it was obvious what was happening. The sixty-four dollar question came next. ‘What do I do?’ I asked the learned doctors. Well, when you ask a doctor what to do and he’s stumped, he hedges — and I was sent to one of the staff psychiatrists. In the meantime, I went back to classes, but on recommendation of the doctors — and the dean, my program was changed. Which probably made the coach happy. I even had to change rooming houses. So for the next several months, the psychiatrist asked me dirty questions — not really, but honestly, some of them were really stupid. I began to anticipate him most of the time and I’ll bet I gave him a lot to think about. Maybe I fooled him; maybe not — it doesn’t matter because he made his recommendation to my doctor and I went back to the conference room and they told me I would probably be happier living as a girl, but that I needed further treatment, etc., before I could hope to — er, marry and that sort of thing.

“Like I said, none of this surprised me too much, but once I got the official word, well, things changed a lot. Mentally, that is, because I was more or less committed now to a certain course instead of being in limbo. It was exciting in a way — thinking about it and I felt more relaxed than I could ever remember. Unfortunately there remained one great problem — and the fact that school was ending for the year brought it even closer: my parents.

“I mentioned this to my doctor and he said he would be only too glad, under the circumstances to help in any way he could. And so, he called them. I don’t know what he said, or what they said, but when I got home finally, the atmosphere was pretty thick. Well, I decided to just let it lie until something happened. Several things did — all at once. I had come home sporting about six months worth of hair — and nobody said anything much, although my Dad made some remark. Then, about two weeks later, I decided to make the point clear and I came home one day wearing a blouse with a brassiere underneath it — which I really needed by that time. When I got home, my grades had arrived from school — and well, with all the time out and everything, I hadn’t set the world on fire. And the old man came home soused to the gills. And he called me every name he could think of, and he beat the hell out of me, and I called it quits. I just walked out, with nothing to my name but the clothes on my back and a few dollars.

“I never went home after that. I hitch-hiked back to the University — and that’s something else too, let me tell you. I very nearly got raped twice — and got thrown out of one car completely and finally staggered

into the hospital to see my old friend the doctor. He was the only one I could think of to go to. Unfortunately, it turned out that since I was no longer a student, I would have to be treated as a private patient — and the fee involved — I came to my senses sitting in the park. It was just dusk, and I sat there and cried and cried.

“Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and a funny voice asked me what was wrong. I looked up to see this tall woman standing there. To cut a long story short — it was, you’ve guessed it — Cynthia, out for a stroll all dolled up. How she read the situation I don’t know. But she said something about being able to help — in spite of my screaming that nobody could help me and wanting to go jump in the lake and end it all. She took me back to her apartment, took off her wig, and just smiled.

“There’s a lot to be said for the shock approach. I got so interested in her that I forgot my own problems. But when she asked, I blurted out the whole thing. Whatever her shortcomings, Cynthia showed me more consideration than anyone ever had in my life before.

“She gave me clothes, took me to the beauty parlor and gave me the works — free, and even got into some male clothing — which was quite a sacrifice, I later found out, and took me all over town, always acting like a perfect gentleman, and making me feel like a queen — no pun. Ulterior motives? Maybe, I don’t know. She asked once, but I think it was a form question. Anyway, I answered truthfully, and said I just didn’t know. I didn’t know where or how or what I was, yet.

“After sponging off Cynthia for a few weeks, I started looking for a job. Cynthia helped me again — put in a good word for me and I started work at the store. That’s been three years now. And I still don’t know where or how or what I am. Anyway, when I saw you the other day, I remembered what Cynthia told me — back then — that someday I’d be in the position to do the same for someone else. But it really didn’t work out all that well did it?” she concluded sadly.

For my part, I just sat there, holding on to my toes, and just listening. Eventually, I told her my own story — much the same except without that profound physical aspect. Somehow, it was all I could think to do. As I talked, I was struck by the fact that in less than thirty hours, I would be leaving here forever. It was very sad.



Lorie 22-M-2 FPE



Lori Lee - Wash

You may think it melodramatic; it is, to tell it this way, but when a soft greyness filtered through the window and several thousand birds began expressing their surprise at seeing the sun once more, we were still at it. We talked and cried on each other's shoulders and thoroughly messed up our respective nervous systems.

We both slept eventually, not awakening until well past noon on that last Sunday. I awoke to find an arm flung across her, reminding me of the final couplet from Rossetti's "Nuptial Sleep": 'Till from some wonder of new woods and streams. He woke, and wondered more: for there she lay.'

That day, once we were awake was totally unlike any I have ever known — in fact, I should think it totally unique. All inhibitions, all restraints were down. Like two furry woods creatures who curl against each other in the fury of the storm, by the light of day, we frolicked in the sunshine.

For those with the types of minds who wish to read something into that, I bid them go find cesspools worthy of their contemplation. Until the day I die, I will treasure that time, without shame or guilt — it was a time like that Plato mentions — the time when two persons come together in a passion elevated above the gross and the physical. The feeling one gets when you look into another's eyes and see there understanding and compassion and love:

... What sweeter than these things, except the thing
In lacking which all these would lose their sweet: —
The confident heart's still fervor; the swift beat
And soft subsidence of the spirit's wing,
Then when it feels, in cloud-girt wayfaring,
The breath of kindred plumes against its feet?

The following morning, I got up before dawn to prepare for the trip. I was both excited — and depressed. Depressed because I felt I was leaving behind something of more value than that which I was going forth in search of. But, men are fools and once they set the wheel in motion, they ride it around. With Beth's unhappy help, I made it to the plane with time to spare.

And of course, we both acted very foolish there, crying at the thought of leaving each other. For once in my life, I didn't care what other people thought. Was it my imagination, or did I see a youthful hand

flung against the sky as I watched through the window as the great plane circled the airport once, like a pigeon searching for landmarks then struck out in an unerring line for the far horizon.

When the plane landed, I looked around for my employer. After several minutes search, I found her peering anxiously at the plane. I stood there next to her for several minutes, but she seemed unaware of my presence, until I cleared my throat and asked, "pardon me, but may I have your autograph, *Mrs.* _____?" With that she practically exploded.

I had chosen carefully to make a good impression and I guess I did that all right, with my beige suit on, my hair shining like Kansas wheat, my lips the color of berries. Miss Scott looked me over from top to bottom several times, shaking her head and finally mumbled, "I don't believe it!"

The next several months were very busy times indeed. I had already made an initial transition to my new role. Miss Scott and I worked very hard indeed, clearing up masses of notes, editing, even composing new things. I told her, of course, about Beth and she was fascinated. So much so, that she suggested I write a story about it. I was wary of it for a while, for it was, well, a bit bizarre, but eventually I found a way to express it. To my surprise, it sold. I was now a real author.

My relationship with my employer changed too. Instead of employee, I was more of a confidante, companion and helpmeet. And in other ways, things changed. Miss Scott gradually disappeared, beneath a steady emergence of a new personality that was very becoming to my boss. As I became more engrossed in my role, so Scotty — for so I called her, emerged and became objectified as a masculine figure.

Within six months, the lectures had been prepared and things had settled down. I began work on a book of my own which was rapidly taking form. Scotty was busy running to all the campuses in the country.

One winter night, as we sat before a great log fire, just talking, a subtle change came over us. It must have been a long time building, but as I sat there, I felt an electric thrill run through me. I turned and looked at Scotty and teasingly ran my slim fingers across the crewcut he now affected. For answer, he twined his own square hand in my own tresses. For a brief instant, time stood still, and then we two met and fused.

We were married a month later. Scotty wanted to get it done right away, but I wanted a time — after all a girl only gets married for the first time once — Right? And believe me, I wanted the real thing — long white dress, bridesmaid, the whole bit.

We got our marriage licenses on the strength of each other's birth certificate which made us giggle even more than most prospective newly-weds; and I'll swear the clerk was right out of an old MGM movie. I flew down to Los Angeles and shopped for several days for a wedding dress and had more fun than you can imagine. I think the best part was buying my trousseau with my own money, for I had managed to sell some more things I had written.

The best part of all was having Beth as bridesmaid. She arrived several days before the wedding and stayed with us. It was the first and last time I was ever jealous! Scotty practically devoured her with his eyes, then grinned sheepishly as I slapped him across the arm.

I had several surprises for Beth. One of them happened the day before the wedding when she received a check in the mail from the store. "Do you know anything about this?" she asked. I nodded smilingly. "Yes. I sent them a wire telling them you quit. We'd like you to stay with us a while — for as long as you'd like. If you'd like to, we could use help — and if not, just enjoy yourself!"

As usual, I have a talent for saying — and doing the wrong things. It wasn't what she wanted at all, but it took me several hours to find out why. I went then and talked to Scotty at great length.

The morning of the wedding, Scotty disappeared as he was supposed to; the best man arrived and took charge, serving the few guests and entertaining the minister. Like any self-respecting bride, I took a leisurely bubble-bath, sipped thoughtfully at a hefty Martini, then clad only in panties, lay on the bed for a while.

With a knock on the door, Beth arrived then to help me dress — for one last time. I was pleased to notice the look of surprise on *her* face this time as I sat up.

"Oh my!" she gulped.

I laughed then. "How about that? A funny thing happened to me on the way to the doctor's — it seems he had this big long needle . . ."

My vanity appeased then, I got dressed, with a smug satisfaction that I could now do justice to the best the brassiere manufacturers could make. "Remember the first time I wore satin?" I asked as Beth buttoned the myriad fastening in the back of the gown. She nodded, unhappily, I thought. "Dear Beth — we haven't forgotten you —"

She walked ahead of me, down the makeshift aisle to the stone fireplace and turned. Her face was a perfect mask and I could only guess what was going on behind it. And then it was my turn. Does any bride remember that long walk? I don't. In fact, the first thing I remembered was Scotty kissing me, and then Beth crying as she kissed my cheek. Tears — of what?

We left then on a short trip, a honeymoon if you will. Later that same night as we sat watching the sunset above the canyon, I voiced my thoughts. "I wonder how —" "How they're getting along?" Scotty finished. "Who can say, but then — I wouldn't lay any odds. They're great people — your friend Beth and good old George. I don't think they can miss. Not after stacking the deck like that."

I laughed. After their initial surprise, they would probably appreciate the fact that they had the whole great house to themselves for a week.

"One thing I know —" I said to Scotty. "H'mm?" He was watching the tiny figures on the edge of the canyon, silhouetted against the grey-pink of the sky. "— it's an unbeatable combination!"

There came a distant cry of "let the fire fall!" and as the great burning brand plummeted from the heavens, our lips were locked.

I suppose someday, we'll have to go back — to actually see it.

* * *

A man insisted to his psychiatrist that he had swallowed a horse. No amount of persuasion could change this conviction, so in desperation the psychiatrist agreed to "operate." He planned to put the patient under for a few minutes, then, while he was still unconscious, bring a horse into the operating theatre.

When the patient came to, the doctor pointed to the horse and said, "Well, that won't worry you any more."

The patient sadly shook his head. "That's not the one I swallowed," he said. "That's a bay. My horse was white."



CHI CHAPTER CHICAGO

Back row: Connie, Maryanne, Donna, Jane, Jeanne, Maria, Bonnie
 35-G-5 13-B-9 13-F-1113-F-1013-W-6 13-D-6 13-M-9
 Front: Anne, Virginia, Jane
 13-B-8 5-P-1 13-K-2



MORE CHI GIRLS

Anne, Donna, Mary Anne, Mitzy, Jane, Cathy



transasia

TRUE
STORY

AN AUSSIE LASSIE

By Susan FA-B-1 FPE

During World War II I served with an Australian Army Medical Corps Field Ambulance — the somewhat misleading name given to all-male-staffed hospitals close to the line. Late in 1943 the unit transferred back to Australia, and for a while I was on loan to a General Hospital 20-odd miles from Sydney. It was a hospital, I might say, with the most beautiful Sisters and Nurses you ever saw. (For non-British readers, a Sister is a registered nurse, and is commissioned; a Nurse is a registered nursing aide.)

On a rather pleasant night a group of us, nurses and medics, went to a camp concert staged in the Garrison Theater by the Koalas, one of the more famous parties with the Aust. Army Entertainment Service. It was a good show, and I need hardly say who was most enthralled by the female impersonator! He was absolutely fabulous. And gorgeously gowned. He fooled us all, every last one of us. (Years later when he was a patient of mine in Japan during the Occupation, I found that he was as queer as a nine dollar bill. But that's another story.)

On the way back to the Hospital area after the show I found myself by accident (honest, mate) with a group of four nurses somewhat separated from the rest of the crowd. The girls were carrying on about the F.I., his skill and so on, and yours truly (always a bit rash) boasted that 'any Digger could do it if he set his mind to it.'

The inevitable challenge came, of course. And I was in a quandry. On one hand there was the opportunity to dress for the first time in a number of years, and in public at that. On the other hand there was the possibility of disaster . . . even court-martial. Well, they say that attack is the best defense, and I attacked. "You'll have to make it a fair dinkum

test," I said. "And you'll have to get me a wig." Smug I was, even though they also say that fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

About two weeks later one of the nurses came to see me and said, "Tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night?" I repeated, struggling between elation and fear.

"Yes. Tomorrow night there is a party in our recreation hut for the new girls who arrived yesterday. You'll be a new girl to the oldies, and an oldie to the new girls. Only you and the four of us know." I was almost non-plussed, but managed to protest about not having a wig. But that had been organized too. One of the girls, on a 24-hour pass had hired a wig from the costume department of the old Tivoli Theater, a review house in Sydney, and now demolished. (I wonder if any ex-G.I.'s reading this will remember the Tiv?) There was no way out. Secretly I was elated, of course. But equally scared. That evening while I was on duty in intensive care, the four girls came in towards lights-out to discuss the details. They had a workable plan to get me into their quarters to dress, and to spirit me away afterwards. I forget the details but they are not important, now.

"Whose uniform will I wear?" I asked.

"Uniform nix. It's a civvies do." Better and better, I thought.

Came the night, and I was hurried into the nurses' quarters. Spread out on a bed were the clothes which I was to wear. Remember the styles of the forties? . . . nipped waists, puffed sleeves with buttoned cuffs, draped bodices. They were supposed to be the ultimate in femininity in a world that was very, very drab.

"I'm not going to wear that girdle!" I protested.

"Oh yes you are. We need it to pin pads to to give you some hips." And from a locker one of the girls produced some sterilizing bags, cut and sewn to shape and stuffed with cotton dressing. Falsies had been similarly made. The girls had been thorough. I don't think I protested too much. The girls certainly didn't show any signs that they suspected this to be more than just a lark for me, but there was no doubt that they were enjoying the whole thing.

The girdle was just a plain pink satin and elastic pull on — civvie model. The bra and the panties were khaki G.I. But the dress! Oh that dress! It was of apricot coloured silk and fully lined with taffeta or some such. It was as far removed from the weight and texture of my uniform as east is from the west.

There was a bit of a panic about shoes to fit, but eventually a pair of black suede wedgie courts was found. I guess they were very fashionable in 1943. But in retrospect . . . ugh!

Make up consisted only of powder and lipstick with a smear of petrol-eum jelly on my eyelids. The wig was set in the then fashionable page boy style. I guess the nurses fussed over my dressing a bit, and rather than let them in on my 'secret' I let them have their fun too.

I don't know how my name was chosen, but for the night I was to be Georgina James. I looked at myself in the mirror by the door. My TV self was more than satisfied. The 'big bronzed Anzac' was gone completely.

Perhaps I should have been a bit frightened as I walked with the Nurses from the quarters down the road to the recreation hut. But I wasn't. Several of the girls whom I knew, and with whom I worked, obviously didn't recognize me. That was a good start. Perhaps the fact that the party was well under way when we arrived helped. The four 'conspirators' protected me pretty well, circulated me, yet managed to keep me from too close contact with any of the men. Well, they managed well until Captain ——— (now, in 1971, a very well known specialist and socialite) decided that I was for him. He had obviously had far too much to drink and that worried me more than a little. You know how good even a flea-bag looks to a drunk.

Matron and the commanding officer paid a call and made suitable speeches of welcome to the new girls, but I wasn't able to get rid of the Captain. Which unit had I come from, he asked. I named a nearby headquarters where, I said, I had been in medical records. To back up my story I dropped a few names, including that of a wolf whom I knew to be really buddy-buddy with him. That was a bad mistake. If I knew the friend, then, by implication, I was 'easy'. My 'admirer', with more liquor aboard, really got on the make.

The four conspirators rescued me. "Come on Georgina. We're on operating room at 0400, and a girl needs some sleep if she is to face up to that after a party." I was safe, but like a dog behind a fence, I became cheeky. "I guess I will have to go," I said to 'my' Captain. "That's a pity . . . we were just getting to know one another, weren't we?" If ever a girl propositioned a guy, that was it.

I left him high and dry, doing my best to wiggle my bottom at him as I walked to the door with the four girls. Back in the quarters Georgina was hurriedly disposed of, and the night guard on the gates was distracted long enough for this Digger to get safely out of the 'nurses only' area.

Back in my own quarters I was flat (emotionally as well as physically . . . the girls had done a good job with the curves). And I had done it. I had passed.

Next afternoon one of the girls phoned me from the operating block. "Do you know a Nurse Georgina James? Capt. _____ is here looking for her." How she managed to say those words in the presence of the Captain without laughing, I will never know. It took me about two minutes to get up there to see the fun.

"We told him we didn't know anyone of that name, but that as she must be a new girl he should enquire at the Orderly Room. He's on the way there now."

I got there first, and was busily reading the next week's rosters when the Captain arrived and began to question the Orderly Room Sergeant about Nurse James. I was standing only six feet away from him when, exasperated, he positively shouted, "Damnitall. You must have a record of her. She transferred here only this week from Divvy HQ. I was talking to her last night."

* * *

Poor bloke. I can picture him now in 1971 . . . on a couch, saying, "It all began at a party in a Military Hospital in 1943. I thought there was this girl, see . . ."



DELTA GIRLS IN CLEVELAND

Jean, Ann, Beth, Connie
35-C-5, 35-R-5, 35-H-9, 35-G-5
Maryanne, Cynthia
35-J-2, 35-S-4



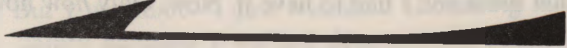
ALPHA PHI IN TORONTO

Diane, Sheila, Jean, Eunice
55-W-1, 55-P-4, 55-G-1, 55-N-2
Virginia, 5-P-1, Laurette, 55-K-1



“WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY CURLS”

Dorothy 5-H-24 FPE



It was awful! Friday night and *this!* This, of all things! Everything had started out all right. Goodness knows, everything had seemed perfectly OK and then this . . .

I'd come home from work, kind of bushed but a nice kind of bushed, and ready and eager for an especially nice weekend—I had so much planned—so many nice things to do. Like going to Millie Gorman's Goodie Shoppe right after supper to get a dress I'd seen in her shop window and yearned for so much I practically could taste it! Stuff like that.

So, anyway, I came home from work at Uperdown Aircraft where I worked as a draftswoman, had a snazzy bath, using lots of scented bath salts (very good for a girl's morale), had a quick snack (very good for a girl's figure) and decided to set my wig.

Just in case, you don't know. I'm a full-fledged TV, you see, and I live and operate as a full-time girl (boy, oh boy!) and I wouldn't have it any other way for anything! And I was ready to rev it up this particular weekend, starting with that heavenly new dress, and I certainly would have except that—well—I was kind of excited and I set my wig and then found I couldn't find my other freshly set and combed-out and ready-to-wear wig. I simply couldn't find it! It just wasn't there. There on my dressing table with its copiously ruffled and flounced skirt was the block, all right, but there wasn't anything like the scrumptious hair-do I'd planned to be seen in! Frantically I looked everywhere, just in case I'd put the darn thing somewhere else and forgotten it. Uh-uh. It just wasn't in that darned apartment. It had vanished completely.

Good Grief! Whatever to do? The only wig I had wouldn't be in condition to do me any good for *hours*—two at the very least if I used every device known to science to dry it and then combed it out and arranged it. That'd be far too late. I *had* to get to Millie's shop *now* if I were going to get my precious dress before some other greedy chic grabbed it up. Millie'd said she'd hold it but I couldn't blame her for letting it go if somebody else who wanted it was there with the cash. The dress was a darling! A lovely, soft yellow rayon thing (that looked so much like linen), two pretty, broad pleats in front and something like the cutest *jabot* you ever saw (scads of lace!) smack, dab down the middle of the bodice. I'd dreamed a million dreams of how I'd look in that dress and I had to have it. Now. Only *how* now?

Weakly I flopped into my easy chair across from the TV (also a name for an electronic device which sometimes entertains, you know). I flipped the switch (on the electronic device) and there was a picture and some sound but they were lost on me. What could I possibly do, I wondered. I *had* to have my dress!

Twenty minutes later panic had been replaced by mere desperation—better, perhaps, except for one thing. In my desperation I could think of only one solution. Just one lousy solution and, frankly, not an attractive one. Actually, it sent cold chills up and down my fragile spine. Frankly, it was awful! It came to this, girls; I'd have to go out and get my dress dressed as a *MAN*!

I quailed at the horrible thought. I shrank in my chair as the full, chilling import of this unwanted, undesirable (and ordinarily unthinkable) aspect struck home! I know I became pale. I should have been because I felt faint! It was simply awful!

Finally I began to consider this insane idea sanely. I'd do it, I resolved. That dreamy, darling dress was worth it! There are some things, of course, a woman must do, some sacrifices she *must* make! (Unfortunately, this seemed to be one of them.) As I drew upon hidden reserves of courage color came slowly to my cheeks. Forlornly I made my way to my bedroom of chintz. With quite unseeing eyes I selected an only mildly ruffled blouse and a pair of freshly pressed Capris from my closet.

Dressed (In masculine garments, relatively, that is) I started instinctively toward the full-length mirror—then stopped in sudden hor-

ror! No! No! I *wouldn't look!* Let's face it—I *couldn't* look! Sadly I shuffled toward the door in wedge-slippers. Quite instinctively I picked my beaded handbag off the hall table and despondently slipped through the door into the quiet hall.

In the hall I knew panic again! Suppose someone—*anyone*—should see me! Dressed as a man, I mean. That would be by far the unkindest cut of all! Oh, horrors! I minced quickly to the elevator, then with crimson cheeks changed my mind and fled down the stairs to the rear entrance. How fortunate I was that I encountered no one—not a soul! I breathed a mighty sigh, took great, deep breaths of cool night air. How I wanted to hide! But I wouldn't—I just wouldn't! Clenching my teeth and clutching my dainty handbag I walked determinedly toward the bus stop. I wanted to cry but I didn't. I could be brave—if I really had to—and I really did!

I got on the bus with no problem. Underway, however, I became aware of curious stares. Was it just that I was upset and unusually apprehensive, I wondered. I thought about it and then blanched as I realized what was happening. I was being read! I was being recognized as a woman! It wasn't very nice, really; I became more and more uncomfortable and finally I just stared back at the bitch ahead of me who'd turned around to get a good look. Quite indignantly I said sarcastically "What's the matter, dear; haven't you ever seen a man before?"

That fixed her. All she said was "Oh! Is *that* what you are?" and turned around as the other passengers tittered (no doubt, at the idiot she'd made of herself). That taken care of, I casually looked through my bag. I had everything important, I noticed—compact, small flask of cologne, my cute little purse with the money for my dress, extra lipstick—everything the well-dressed male should need—well, everything, anyway.

I took a look at the tiny, gold watch, bound to my left wrist with its tasteful thin, black braid as I got off the bus. Oh, good! Plenty of time to get to Millie's and get my dress. I wanted to skip and waltz and started to but changed my mind quickly. It wouldn't do! Clad as a male I must play the part and I slowed my walk to a proper, sedate gait. There may have been some slight play to my hips but it seemed so natural, now, like that. So much better than the *old* way, you know.

I was less than a block from Millie's when I realized that I couldn't very well breeze in the front door looking this way! Gosh, no! Whatever would the other girls who might be there think! Congratulating myself on my quick-thinking and consideration I headed for the alley which passed Millie's back door. A quick knock, a casual explanation to Millie who'd understand and everything'd be OK. No problem. I felt almost comfortable again!

Under the circumstances I think it was quite natural that I was somewhat preoccupied with thoughts of my new dress—*any* girl would be! I therefore may not have been paying strict attention as I turned into the alley and this perfectly huge man bumped right into me!

The utter nerve! Why on earth couldn't he look where he was going! I decided to make nothing of it, however; my dress came first! I was diplomatic.

"Oh, I *am* sorry, sir" I said sweetly as he picked himself up. I tried to act concerned, you know—as if it had been *my* fault.

He just looked at me. "What the devil . . ." he started to say and then just stared at me. He seemed to be fascinated by my earrings—they *are* kind of nice. But I just clutched my bag tightly to my breast and said evenly "Well, if you're all right . . ." (and I stressed *All Right* to indicate a quite proper mild sarcasm). Then I started down the alley to Millie's.

I'd been aware of two policemen across the street viewing the unfortunate incident but I simply didn't have time to go over and demand they arrest the clumsy lug who'd collided with me. I went on down the alley. Then I heard one of them say "Whaddya think, Charlie?"

He was terribly loud, you know, and I couldn't help but hear it—or the answer. Charlie said "I dunno." It sounded pretty dull, really, and I was going to forget it.

Then the first policeman said "You *don't* know! It's a goddam froot—that's what it is. Let's go! HEY, YOU!" he called out, "HOLD UP THERE!" I heard them start to hurry across the road and down the alley.

Well, *this* would never do, although, ordinarily, of course, I'd have taken time to stop, make a few simple explanations and put them in their places. But not now. I simply didn't have time! Besides, I had a

rough idea of what those idiots were talking about and it was just something I didn't want to bother with. I broke into a full-fledged gallop and headed for Millie's back door. Fortunately, just as I got there the door opened. I darted in, noticing that a cleaning man or something was preparing to move some trash barrels out into the alley.

I'd barely slipped into a huge closet full of dresses and hid before the cops could be heard on the dead run. Then I heard two mighty "OOF's." I gathered (with no great trouble) that these exclamations came from the police officers colliding with the trash barrels which were probably on their way out when the officers were on their way in. How terribly clumsy, I thought. I decided I'd stay where I was and ignore the whole, unfortunate incident.

In a minute the cops came in, brushing themselves off. "Search the goddam place, Charlie" one cop said, "and I'll go find the owner." The other cop said nothing. I gathered he wasn't much of a talker.

I guess Millie came into the back room about that time. I heard the tall cop—the one who was always talking—ask her if she'd seen a strange-looking-well-male person run into her shop. Millie hadn't. What's more, she resented the implication that strange looking male persons frequented her place. Especially on a Friday evening with her shop full of good customers. She was prepared to go on at even greater length, it seemed.

"OK" said the tall cop, "Come on, Charlie; forget it. The character must have slipped out the front door or something." They left.

Millie just stood there alone in the back room. I could see her between the dresses I hid behind. Millie took a good, long look all around and kind of smiled to herself. She started back to the showroom then and I called out "S-s-s-t—MILLIE!" in a great stage whisper.

Millie stopped and looked in my direction. "S-s-s-t!" I repeated, not wanting to come out or anything, but needing Millie like crazy! Millie came over and looked in the closet. I parted two of the dresses and looked out. "It's me" I said simply, if ungrammatically.

Millie, large-boned and motherly with close-cropped hair (done stylishly, I'll have you know) took a long, long look at my miserable, desperate countenance framed by her dresses and recognition set in.

“Gosh!” she exclaimed, “Whatever happened to *you*?”

I told her. I explained the whole, sordid bit in panic-stricken tones. I threw myself on her mercy. I hoped for the best.

“Of course I have your dress” Millie said, “I took it out of the window and put it away. I wouldn’t have sold it for anything!”

I could have kissed her.

“Only we’ve got to get you fixed up” Millie said, “so just wait here.”

It was maybe five minutes or so and they seemed like five hours or so. Then Millie came back and took me into one of her dressing rooms. She took a good look at me. “You poor thing” she said, “just change into these things.”

Millie’d thought of everything! My new dress—it was so beautiful! Everything! Even a wig, styled almost like mine and in almost the same color and shade. That darling dress, though—I could hardly take time to get into the slip and panties and the padded bra Millie’d thoughtfully come up with at a minute’s notice. (Or did this happen frequently? I didn’t care, really). Finally I got to put my dress on. Frantically I zipped it up, smoothed it and slipped into the dainty pumps I found. Excitedly, apprehensively and happily I stepped to the full-length mirror and took the look I’d been waiting for.

Oh, gosh, wasn’t it really wonderful! Every bit as scrumptious as I’d dreamed! Those pretty, darling ruffles down the bodice, the gently flared skirt (and the way the bodice and waist hugged me) and the cute little collar I hadn’t noticed much before. It had just the kind of little-girl look I’d thought it’d have! I couldn’t help it—I blew kisses to myself. Then I fixed my hair again, pinning curls to frame my face just so and nearly melted at the result! Gosh, I was *pretty*!

Uh-huh. Pretty as could be! Oh, gosh, I thought, wait ‘til the girls at the aircraft plant see me in *this* outfit! I had the awfulest time, then, combing out the curls in front to get them softer and fluffed more because I kept looking at the rest of me in my pretty, new dress. Finally I could put the comb and brush down and watch me fix my hair again and I knew I was downright adorable! I blew more kisses and was enchanted at how prettily that sweetheart in the mirror did it!

So was Millie. She'd come in to catch the last scene of my act and was just standing there, enjoying it. As I flushed Millie said "I don't blame you, honey—you're a dream! If I were a little younger I'd fall in love with you, myself!"

She was so sweet! I thought of what she'd done for me and how nice she was and, for the second time I could have kissed her. So I did! She kissed me back and for a minute we were the most affectionate two girls you ever saw.

"Gosh" I said finally, "I almost forgot" and I got my purse out of my bag and paid her for the dress. "Thanks so much, doll" I smiled at her and she just smiled back. She left, then, to attend to customers and I finished fixing up, took a last, longing look and felt the way I wanted to feel—like a few million bucks ready for fun!

I minced quickly through the show room to the front door. "'Bye, honey" I called softly across the crowded room to Millie as I passed and she waved as customers turned, turned back, and then turned again to look at me—being carried away on Cloud Nine with lilac tinges and stuff like that.

I noticed a couple of cops outside the store. I ignored them, of course, especially since they were the same cops who'd chased me into the store. I think, however, that I may have put just a little extra swish into the scheme of things as I walked away from them. I just felt like it.

Right on cue, though, one of the cops—the tall one, I'm sure—started yakking again. "Notice anything familiar, Charlie?" he asked his buddy.

"Huh?" said Charlie with his typical lightning reception.

"The bag, Charlie, the *BAG*—didn't we see it before?" He was so darned loud, you know. Ugh!

Charlie didn't say anything this time but I could hear them walking behind me. I couldn't have cared less. They came abreast of me and kind of surrounded me and finally I stopped because I had to. I waited.

"Pardon me, Miss, but we've got a problem" said the tall one.

"What a shame!" I said, "and you think I could help?" I was all eager concern, you know.

"Well, yes" said the tall one, "To get to it we chased a man carrying your handbag into that store back there and we'd like to know how you have the same bag."

"I really haven't the faintest idea" I said loftily, fixing my hair prettily, "unless maybe there are two bags like this."

The tall cop wasn't so sure, now, but he *was* stubborn. "The man had about the same build as you" he persisted.

I laughed and said "You mean I look like a *man*?" I laughed again.

The tall cop was getting mad. "Now look here!" he said, raising his voice, "I . . ."

He didn't reckon with Millie, of course. Millie'd got just a glimpse of the action as she recognized the cops passing her shop. She left her customers immediately—some of them, anyway, and came to where the cops and I were. Some of the customers (girls that they were) followed, of course. We had a pretty good crowd in no time but it was pretty clear in nothing flat that it was Millie who was taking charge.

"What is it this time?" Millie wanted to know. The tall cop now liked things even less. His last interview with Millie hadn't been exactly a howling success and he'd have liked her out of it. He decided that the best thing was to put a bold face on it.

"We've found the character you said wasn't in your store" he said, "She—I mean—ah—it came out of it just now."

"And where might 'it' be?" Millie wanted to know.

"Right here" the cop said smugly, indicating me with a nod of his head.

"Dorothy?" Millie said, laughing loudly enough to be heard a block away—which she undoubtedly was, "Dorothy's the male character you said you chased into my shop?" She laughed some more. The cop didn't like it much. He tried to retain control of himself, though.

"She—I mean, it, dammit—may not look much like a male now" he said angrily, "but we can have her examined by a physician at the station, if that's what she wants." He was very threatening now.



TWO GIRLS FROM FINLAND
Eva and Helene



TWO GIRLS IN SWEDEN
Evy and Helene

"That'll hardly be necessary" I said primly but with proper amusement, "I *had* a physical examination just last week, so what do you think of *that*?" That'd fix him, I thought. As if it were any of his business, anyway, actually, but the doctor who gave me my hormone injections always examined me. So there!

The other ladies in our little crowd were taking it all in, of course. There were fairly audible comments, now. "Never heard of such a thing; a girl can't even mind her own business these days" I heard from one lady and "She's so cute—what's the idiot ever thinking of, anyway?" from another.

I think the cop caught the word "idiot," too, assumed properly that it was directed at him, and got maybe a little madder.

"It isn't quite that kind of an examination—ah—Miss" he said, "it's . . ."

"If you do subject this poor girl to a needless ordeal of that sort" Millie broke in again, "I'll be tickled pink a month from now to see you directing traffic in Chatsworth. I'll personally see to it that Dorothy sues you for six kinds of false arrest, besides."

The cop was losing face fast in this crowd and he knew it. "I can also take all you ladies in, too" he railed, "for disturbing the peace and . . ."

"Yer *nuts!*" Millie said with her hands on her hips, "*You're* the one who's disturbing the peace and molesting this girl who's been one of my dearest customers for *years*. You got holes in your head or something?"

The background noises were now gaining in strength, too. "There's something wrong with that cop" I heard distinctly. Then an older, kind of bony woman in the back of the crowd quite broke down and began to sob.

"So young, so pretty—it's awful!" she shrieked and leaned against a neighbor as great tears flowed. I took my cue. I fished my dainty hanky from my beaded bag and dabbed at my eyes. "Boo hoo" I whimpered faintly.

"There, *there*, dear." Millie had clasped me quickly to her ample bosom and I buried myself in it gratefully. How nice she was, I thought in my grief. The other ladies now were *really* aroused!

"Beasts!" one called out angrily, "My councilman'll hear about this!"

I didn't care, now, really. *I liked* Millie's breasts. I could have stayed there forever, it seemed. I nestled more snugly to Millie, feeling terribly warm and comforted.

"Whaddya think, Charlie?" the tall cop said in a low tone.

Charlie had barely time to mutter a meaningless "Sure" before Millie blasted "Oh, why don't you get out of here!" (Her voice sounded real deep and boomy from where I was and kind of thrilling!) "Just get out of here and leave this poor girl alone!" Millie wasn't letting them off easy. No matter what the tall cop said Millie cut him short. "Yah" she finally said (for her last word) as the cops left.

"They're gone, now, dear" Millie whispered to me, still on her bosom, as the other girls stayed and watched with proper concern, "Don't overdo it; you might stain my dress." Oh, all right, I thought. I came up for air. I dabbed at my eyes again, though; it felt nice to do it.

The other ladies clustered close now. "You poor thing—what you've been through!" said one, "Feel better, now, dear?" She was most solicitous. They all were. "So young, so pretty" I could hear faintly from the older, bony gal in back, still sobbing softly.

I smiled back at the other sympathetic smiles. I even fluttered my lashes a little. "Oh, thank you" I said bravely, "thank you all so much!" They were such dears, I decided.

Two of them offered to take me home. I needed to rest right away, they said. How sweet, I said, how terribly sweet, but I wouldn't dream of inconveniencing them. I also wouldn't have dreamed of having my brand new, gorgeous dress shut into any old car, either. I wasn't going to be cheated out of showing my new dress off that night!

It was finally decided that I should rest briefly by having a soda or something in the drugstore up the block before I went home. A few of the ladies and I accordingly adjourned to the soda fountain, found a booth where everybody could see you and we had sodas. My dress was the talk of the evening. We parted such good friends!

“Just for a minute, dear” Myrtle said, “I’ve got bad news, I’m afraid.”

“Why, whatever’s that, Myrtle” I said with some concern, waving her to the easy chair as I sank daintily onto the sofa across from it.

“It’s that *idiot*—that hopelessly near-sighted husband of mine” Myrtle went on, “he’s really torn it this time.”

“Arnold?” I said, “Whatever did *he* do?”

“Notice anything missing, dear?” Myrtle asked, watching me cautiously for reaction as she spoke. I guess now that whatever Arnold had done it had something to do with my wig. I wondered what he wanted with my wig. Was it possible that he was a . . . ?

“It’s Arnold’s eyes, you know” Myrtle said, “He can’t see a thing—with or without his glasses, really. I heard him going into all the apartments this morning and rummaging around and muttering and cursing and I wondered what he was up to.”

“I suppose” — I said, still waiting for the punch line.

“Then” Myrtle said, “All of a sudden I heard him yell and come running out of your place. He was shouting ‘I found it—I found the goddam thing!’ and I wondered what he was yelling about. Of course, you’re on the third floor and I was on the street floor outside our apartment.”

“Sure, dear” I said, “Sounds like Arnold was upset.”

“Nothing like he’s going to be” Myrtle went on, “Anyway I looked up—straight up through the stair railings to the third floor where I could see Arnold waving something in the air at the third floor landing and I called out ‘What on earth are you yelling about that you found, Arnold?’ ”

“Of course, honey” I agreed, “What did Arnold say?”

“He said ‘I found the mop you said I lost two weeks ago—that’s what I found—and it was in *your friend’s* apartment’ —he meant you, dear. Well, just about that time I could see something coming down in the air but before I could get out of the way it hit me right in the face!”

Myrtle paused dramatically. I waited breathlessly, somehow knowing.

"It wasn't any mop, of course" Myrtle said bitterly, "it was your wig!"

"Really?" I muttered, "how awful!"

"Oh, it didn't really hurt, dear" Myrtle said soberly, "it was just the surprise of it, you know. It was kind of confusing" she added, "All that hair all over—it kind of startled me." "I started to tell Arnold off but all the hair got in my mouth and all of a sudden it got so dark that I screamed and all the neighbors came running and . . ." Myrtle trailed off and started to cry.

I got off the sofa and went over and sat on the arm of the easy chair. I put my arm around Myrtle and turned to her and cuddled her to me. "There, there, dear" I murmured, "don't be upset. It's all right, now."

"I keep telling him to get his glasses changed but he won't listen" Myrtle sobbed.

"Of course, dear" I found I liked Myrtle on *my* breast, too. I patted her hair and caressed her curls with my fingers.

"By the time I got myself untangled from the wig it was really a mess" Myrtle went on, "I knew you could never wear it like that so I took it to the Bon Ton and left it to be cleaned and styled."

"You didn't have to, really" I murmured thinking what a nice job the Bon Ton would do. I patted Myrtle's curls some more—they were so nice, really.

"I wanted to" Myrtle said plaintively, wiping her eyes with some Kleenex from her apron pocket, "if only to make Arnold pay for it."

"There, there" I said. I hugged Myrtle slightly. I felt a slight nibbling through my bra. It kind of tickled. I began to wonder a little about Myrtle. Just a phase, maybe, I thought. I didn't hug her so much.

"The beast!" I said soothingly.

"He's a slob, anyhow!" Myrtle persisted.

"One can't help the way one is" I said tolerantly, loftily.

"You mean? . . ." Myrtle stopped nibbling for a bit and looked up at me with great understanding.

"Yes, dear" I said, experiencing a great glow from within. All of a sudden I felt a great urge for Myrtle to nibble some more. I hugged her to me again, patting her soft, lustrous curls.

"One has to remember" I said slowly, as if with infinite patience, "That, after all, Myrtle, Arnold is only a man."

I said no more. I rested my case. It was all so nice, really—being kind of sisters in understanding, at least, and all that. I liked it. Besides that, I kind of liked Myrtle's style. I thought maybe I'd comfort her some more. Gosh!, I thought, almost anything might come of it, maybe!

* * *

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THE GIRL IN THE CLOSET

Eileen

The "girl within" seems to be the core of most of the interpretations of Transvestism that I have read or heard. Psychological literature in general and the behavior and writings of FPs have led me to some rather different conclusions than are usually expressed.

There is a common psychological reaction or defence called compartmentalization. As the name implies, this occurs when the individual, usually in childhood, separates part of his personality from the rest and keeps it in a special compartment. Usually this occurs because some other person in his environment has been pressuring the child into giving up some essential personality trait. When the child cannot do this he resorts to locking up that part of his personality. The connections with Transvestism are obvious, particularly when a TV refers to his femme-self as being in the closet.

The implications are less obvious. Compartmentalization does not solve the child's problem. It merely postpones it. The locked-away parts of his personality are necessary. Blocking them off merely increases their strength until the individual can no longer ignore them. He is now under considerable pressure to express these traits and must search for some way to do so without damaging the rest of his life. The FP finds secret ways, times and places to do this. This relieves the pressure, for the moment, but does nothing to relieve the compartmentalization of his life. He is expressing his femme-self but doing so in strict separation from the rest of his life. The need remains.

This is not an argument against dressing or an attempt to "cure" FPs. Obviously, to close that outlet does nothing but cause worse trouble.

The problem here is the strong need to express. When any need becomes intense and is thwarted it causes misery. The FP finds himself neglecting or threatening all the other areas that make his life meaningful. At the very least he finds it hard to enjoy his life while this need hangs over his head.

Usually he has an additional burden of guilt over the actions he is forced into. In any case no one in the grip of a strong need can be free. At worst he runs the risk that this drive will come to so completely dominate his life, that he will, so to speak, be pulled completely into a closet of his own creation.

The role that Transvestia and FPE have played in the lives of many FPs now becomes very significant. They have advocated, on the whole, bringing out the "girl within." To this end they have produced a rather large body of FP literature and have created opportunities for human interaction for the "girl within." The effect of this on many FPs is quite apparent. This, it would seem, is the solution to the compartmentalization the FP personality has undergone. Bring the girl out of the closet and take her to a party.

It is at this point that a hitherto unsuspected problem creeps in. All too many FP gatherings tend to resemble the solitary motel experience. The only difference is the number of people dressing. It is here that it becomes clear what an FP has put in his private closet. In it are a few, often a very few, characteristics which he has labeled as feminine and set aside to be expressed only when dressed. When they are compared with all that goes into making a woman they seem woefully incomplete. In addition there are often many characteristics that really have nothing to do with femininity. The concept of women expressed is terribly narrow and often overshadowed by out of date and idealized images. The "girl within" too often has no inner resources. This is the origin of the "all dressed up and no place to go" syndrome.

The conversation at such parties, not to mention some of the rules for such, clearly illustrate this. Appearance and FP theories are often the only topics during an entire evening. Does anyone seriously think that women devote themselves exclusively to "feminine" topics? Not in this day and age, thank heaven. Nevertheless, I have heard it seriously advocated that at parties the FP should speak of nothing but girl stuff. This insures not femininity, but boredom. An FP, like any other girl needs to make herself an interesting person if she is to enjoy herself. Then she will find that she doesn't have to have a place to go in order to be herself. After

all, contrary to some people's fantasies, girls don't get to go to parties every night either.

This brings up what I mean by the idealized concept of women many FPs seem to entertain. A woman, like a man, has responsibilities. She has to work to survive, too. She suffers from loneliness, boredom, and frustration just as often as a man. Anyone who has convinced himself that just by assuming the appearance of a woman he will avoid these facts of life is just adding to his frustration. "But why not ignore them," some have said, "since I only dress for enjoyment?" The danger here is that if the FP equates femininity with fun he can damage or ruin his appreciation of his masculine life. If he does this for a nonexistent ideal life, the result is tragic.

Does all this solve the problems of compartmentalization? He has broadened (forgive me) the "girl within," but has he really brought her out? To do that, I think, something has to be done about the "man outside." In some cases, he seems so completely outside that about all he wants to do is cut her throat. The "girl within" has had no influence on his life, except to antagonize it. I have read *The TV and Wife* and heard the gentle and understanding qualities of FP praised but I have not always seen this illustrated in life. In all too many FPs there has been a rigid exclusion of feminine qualities from the rest of the life. This told this is necessary. "All regular men are brutes and if I act different they'll think I'm queer." This is utter nonsense. To be sure men are so insecure that they need to overemphasize their aggressiveness. But women have no exclusive right to the qualities of deep feeling, appreciation of beauty, or concern for others. There may be particularly feminine ways of expressing these but any really admirable man has a good share of them. An over aggressive, brutish, personality is not masculine but a parody of it. If the "girl within" is ever truly going to come out, I am convinced, there must be a blending of the essential personality of both sides of the individual. The masculine side needs to be able to express honest feelings when deeply moved by something gentle or beautiful. The feminine side needs some aggressiveness and activity in order to amount to anything. The FP may enjoy some particularly feminine activity or expression in connection with dressing but he should not think that he can only express a real feeling of grief, for instance, when wearing "the suits and trappings of woe." A real integration of the FP's personality should make it possible for him to enjoy all the aspects of his personality and make cross dressing an expression of his complete self rather than a compulsion driving him against his masculine will.

I have come to this conclusions without the benefit of inside experience, as I am not an FP myself and I am interested in how my viewpoint and opinions vary from those of the members of FPE,

Signed

Anonymously, understanding female

Editors Note: The above is a very interesting and instructive commentary of our FP selves by a woman who knows a lot of FPs well. Her observations about the shallowness of the image of womanhood held by many FPs is worth thinking through. It is true that FPE meetings are intended to provide an opportunity for temporary decompartmentalization, and it is also true that since this opportunity is rather infrequent that the occasion should be enjoyed to its fullest. For this latter reason spending the time talking about one's job, sporting events or other topics generally dealt with in one's masculine life does seem a waste of time. However, "girl talk" is, as our GG author points out, rather a bit of fantasy in the FPs mind which stems from his masculine point of view. As she says, women aren't bird brains anymore, talking about only clothes, makeup and kids so why should you?

I also agree with her that a decent man — a gentleman in the old sense — does not have to and should not be a brute, etc. This is over compensation. At the same time, being a female and never having been brought up as a boy, she may not be able to appreciate the internal limitations placed on a boy, about expressing any femininity and which requires some other means, such as cross dressing to let it out.

* * *

AN ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT FPE

Eight years ago, when FPE was first formed, I asked Fran 49-C-1, if she would be treasurer and Exec. Secty. of it. She graciously accepted and is almost single-handedly responsible for making FPE what it is. As it grew from a few scattered members to a number of members and chapters the work load became enormous. This was because of the demands of security and privacy which we promised the members in the beginning and which we still maintain. But because of the demands on her time and the development of her own business, Fran has found it necessary to step down as our Exec. Secty. after many years of hard, voluntary, and often unappreciated work. Every member of FPE past and present owes her a considerable debt, since all are more relaxed, self acceptant, and comfortable for having been FPE members. This is be-

cause of the sense of being no longer alone, of having understanding friends with whom to visit or write or, even in the most isolated cases, just being able to identify and associate themselves with others. Fran made it possible and now that she is leaving I hope she will be receiving a lot of letters from those of you who are aware of your debt letting her know what a difference her efforts in FPE have made in your life. This is her only reward for years of love, care, and concern for all of you.

It will just not be possible to replace the dedication that Fran lavished on FPE. She was there at its creation, adopted it and "brought it up". I was the biological mother so to speak since I conceived the idea and brought it to birth, but Fran did the real mothering, the nurturing and the loving which were necessary. I thank her greatly and hope you will too.

We are going to try to carry on here in L.A. with Donna 5-Y-1, a trusted friend and former president of Alpha chapter as Fran's successor. To make the burdens less we are trying to streamline procedures. You can assist by minimizing your requests and necessary letters and making things simple when you do write. We can't solve everything at headquarters anyway.

There are other groups formed and forming for those who cross dress. They take the position that if you are a male and cross dress you are a sister and welcome, regardless of what type of cross dresser you are or what your motivations. We do not condemn such organizations, they will succeed or fail according to how they serve the interests of their members. But FPE was conceived and developed for heterosexual-FPs only and will remain so. We do not solicit members, nor urge you to join, you have to *want* to belong after deciding that FPE is *your* kind of group.

Our goal and purpose is to help both the FP and his wife to understand the nature of the FP, and that there are a great many of us. We particularly welcome wives at meetings and want them to be reassured about their husbands and not threatened and further worried by meeting various other types of persons. This is why FPE has always limited itself so far as possible to one kind of person. This has always been my own, TVias and FPEs position in the past and will continue to be in the future. Most of its members realize, approve and are comfortable in this policy. If you are interested in joining we would want you to accept this principle too.

Virginia

HILTA'S REINCARNATION

Hilta 44-C-1 FPE

I can see you girls, my sisters, – shaking your pretty heads and saying – what a crazy title – has Hilta blown her top? No girls not yet – but I hope to give you some food for thought. I might start a controversy in our group – but that too is good.

In my 39+ years, this is the first time I have really had, or taken, time to really read and think as I have just had a coronary attack and I am writing this from a hospital bed. I have just digested several volumes on – Reincarnation. To me the best and most informative is *The Edgar Cayce Story – “Many Mansions”* by Gina Cerminara. I am now a firm believer in Reincarnation – as I know I am a Feminine Soul in a Male Body – and I know this body means very little – it is just a retreat or home for the soul – in each life cycle.

Using myself as an example let’s tabulate some of the “Why’s & How’s” of my feminine life. All of you girls have gone through the same phase in life, but probably have not put too much thought into the Why’s.

No. 1 Why? – Let’s start at age ten. 10 or 11 years about the time that being a girl and later a woman, began to have a sort of real meaning for me. Why at this young age, knowing nothing about impersonation, cross-dressing, or as we now say, transvestism, also without any preconditioning, and the fact that I never had any sisters to copy, why then did my mind tell me I was a girl? How did I gain the knowledge of being a girl and later a woman? How to dress, act, think like a teen-age girl? How did I know of the sanitary actions of a girl, about the care

of my clothes, to know to wash my undies after each wearing, as girls do, and boys do not.

As a child I had plenty of time to myself, as both my parents worked nights and several days during the week. Every night from 5 or 6 in the evening until 1 A.M. I spent living and dressed as the girl I am and wanted to be.

How did I know as a teen-ager how to be able to go out in public as a girl, without any fear or misgivings. Living and doing as any young girl. Even to going dating and to school parties and dances, at a school where I was not known, day or night. Even to meeting some of my friends of my parents without being recognized.

Why was I then later able to assume the role of a woman so easily, the wearing of heels, with no discomfort, I did not have to learn to walk in them, nor did or do I find the bra or girdle uncomfortable, but find these things more normal feeling than the male clothes I was taught and trained to wear.

These things I now believe to be thru reincarnation – what else?

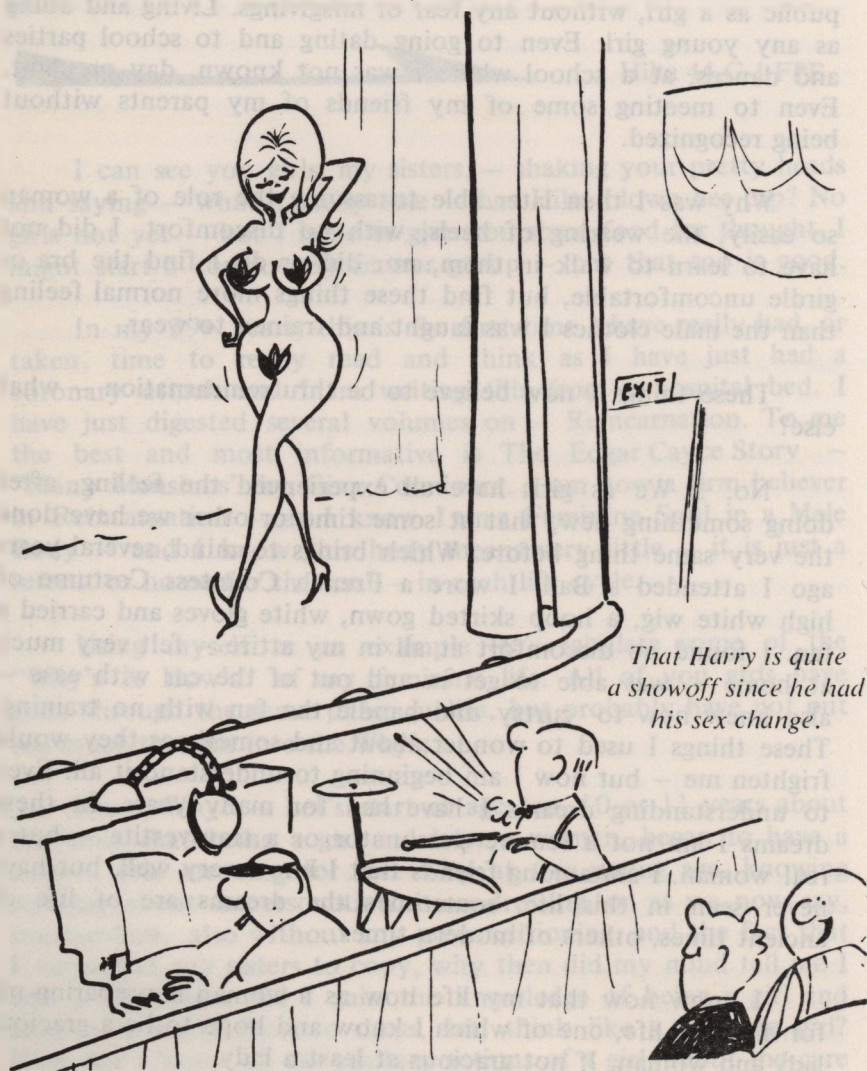
No. 2 We as girls have all experienced the feeling, after doing something new, that at some time or other we have done the very same thing before. Which brings to mind; several years ago I attended a Ball, I wore a French Countess Costume of high white wig, a hoop skirted gown, white gloves and carried a fan. I found no discomfort at all in my attire – felt very much at home – was able to get in and out of the car with ease – also knew how to curtsy and handle the fan with no training. These things I used to wonder about and sometimes they would frighten me – but now I am beginning to understand it all. Even to understanding dreams I have had for many years. In these dreams I am not a femme-personator or a transvestite – but a real woman. I am among friends that I know very well, but have never seen in this life, sometimes the dreams are of life of ancient times, others of modern times.

I know now that my life now as a woman is preparing me for a future life, one of which I know and hope to be a gracious lady and woman. If not gracious at least a lady.

Now you girls, put your thinking caps on, you may not agree with me but at least it will give you food for thought.

But now I am happy. My mind is at ease. I now know my destination and purpose in this life. My love to all the girls, and be happy. Make the best of this life, be prepared for the life to come. I know now that we shall all be what we want and desire to be – women – our true selves – in our next reincarnation.

* * *



That Harry is quite a showoff since he had his sex change.



FIRST AWAKENING

Sharon Anne

5-H-25 FPE

Patrick Malley was never really my friend but there was a time when I came to feel a certain kinship with him. I was just eleven years old then. Patrick, of course, was two years older and already attended Hoerner Junior High School while I was still in elementary school. The Malley's had moved into our town about three years before. They lived in a rambling old two story frame farmhouse at the end of Van Buren street. Our house was five blocks away to the northeast on Lincoln Avenue and we ran with different neighborhood gangs for the most part. Until that year I suppose my only contact with Patrick was up at Warner Park where we sometimes played scrub baseball games with other boys. It was at the park that I first learned his name. Sometime later I began to see him with his sisters at Sunday School but none of the Malleys were in my class.

Patrick had three sisters. Two of them were identical twins. The twins' names were Sharon and Susan. They were finishing up with high school. The third sister, Nancy, was much younger — about five years old. The older Malley girls were very popular in school perhaps because they were cheerleaders and participated in some of the school plays. I know that my own big sister Ellen was jealous of the Malley twins and of their success and popularity. Sharon and Susan were petite blondes with brown eyes and good figures. They wore their beautiful hair shoulder length. Their chins were a little strong and the forehead a trifle high-crested but they were the sort of girls you described as being pretty or cute. Like most of the boys in town I found their looks pleasing and I often watched for them at church, anxious for a glimpse of the twins in their Sunday best. Surely they never lacked attention from the boys their own age. I think that is what irritated my sister so much for she was never their equal in looks or popularity. I knew very little about Patrick's mother and father. I think Mr. Malley sold insurance. He seldom

came to church with the family but I knew him to be a large dark-haired man with a certain gregarious air about him. Mrs. Malley was the one all the children looked like. She was even smaller than her twin daughters and lent all of the children her fair skin and blonde hair. My mother knew Mrs. Malley to speak to because of church work and I heard the Malley name mentioned occasionally at our supper table.

Patrick was small for his age and seemed to be patterned after his mother. His hair was blonde and he had the same complexion. He gave you the impression of skinniness. His hands and feet were on the small side and his voice had not yet changed from its childhood pitch. I recall that he sang as a soprano that year in the Sunday School choir. In spite of these traits he was known around the neighborhoods and up at Warner Park as a tough kid and a good fighter. He once beat Larry Conrad in a fair fist fight after school. I did not see the fight but I know Larry Conrad was at least a year older than Patrick and larger in size as well. I think Patrick had a temper and when he was really mad it was best to leave him alone. From our scrub games at the park I can testify to his athletic prowess. He had a good fielder's mitt and was very fast and agile. He usually played shortstop or the outfield. Sometimes he pitched. He did not have a lot of power at bat but he got his share of hits.

Until that year I never paid much attention to Patrick and I am certain he was never particularly aware of my presence. As I have implied however, that situation was destined to change. It happened in the Fall of the year after we had returned to school. October came and it was time for Halloween. The church sponsored a big costume party for the children and teenagers in Sunday School. That year Halloween was on a Monday and the party was to be the Saturday before. My sister being a senior in high school then had no particular desire to attend. The older kids were always invited but they seldom came. For my own part I was looking forward more to roaming the streets on Monday night with a gang of friends in quest of popcorn balls, candy bars and a good prank or two. Going to the Sunday School costume party was all right but I had been there nearly every year since I could remember and the experience was growing monotonous. There were always the traditional organized games and prizes all supervised by a very proper squad of church ladies. However, the food they provided was usually excellent fare and that alone was reason enough to put on my old pirate's costume and go again.

When that Saturday arrived I went fishing on the White River with my father early in the morning. We stayed the day and did not return until late in the afternoon. Then there were fish to clean and fishing gear to put

away and by the time I had eaten supper I was tired and mother said I could stay home if I wanted to. She had to go to the party anyway since she was on the sponsoring committee. I decided to stay home but later when mother got ready to leave I changed my mind. They say that little decisions like that are the ones that really change your life.

Mother and I arrived an hour or so early to help with the food and decorations. My job was helping to put up folding chairs around the sides of the large barn-like room in the church basement. George McCanles and Eddie Schuler and I were the chair movers. Some girls and the mothers were working in the kitchen. People were arriving all the time and as we worked at the chairs the room began to grow noisy with peasant girls, cowboys, witches, ghosts, fairy princesses, knights in armor, pirates (like myself), cats, gorillas, ballet dancers, pumpkin heads and a multitude of other unlikely creatures.

I was still working at the far end of the room near the stage when George McCanles returned from the storage closet. He was beside himself with giggling. Eddie Schuler and I looked up to see what had George so amused.

"What's so funny George?" Eddie asked.

"Malley."

"Malley?"

"Yeah Malley."

"What about Malley?"

George looked secretive as if he had something to keep to himself. He sort of motioned us to huddle together.

"Malley's here with his sisters and he looks just like them."

"What?" we muttered incredulously.

"Malley's wearing girl's stuff and he looks just like the twins," George blurted.

"Where?"

George pointed us toward the opposite end of the room but there was nothing to be seen except a crowd of costumed children surging about the entrance and the food table.

George McCanles' information about Malley was sketchy at best but I was curious and went off to see for myself. The thought of someone dressed like his twin sisters somehow intrigued me. I found Sharon and Susan Malley talking to some other girls in the senior high class but there was no sign of Patrick. The twins were wearing identical black cat costumes with white gloves for paws. I watched the crowd closely for Patrick but he was nowhere to be seen. I was beginning to think that McCanles was wrong and had seen someone else.

Mother called me into the kitchen and I gave up the search. Mrs. Malley was in the kitchen working on some sandwiches and standing next to her at the center table was Patrick. I must have looked straight at him for fifteen seconds before I realized who he was. McCanles was right — some magical process had transformed Patrick into a replica of Sharon and Susan. He was not wearing a cat costume, however. Evidently McCanles meant that Patrick looked like the twins might look if they were going to a dance. Patrick was wearing a fancy pink party frock. They had curled his hair and made it into a real feminine hairdo with the aid of a shoulder length blonde fall. He wore lipstick and his face was expertly madeup like an older girl's with eyeshadow and everything. The dress had a soft petal pink velvet sleeveless bodice, closely fitted over a modestly bulging bustline. It was sashed at the waist with a pink satin cummerbund that tied behind in a large bow with trailing streamers. The contrasting rose pink skirt was a multi-layered affair made of silk chiffon and nylon net that billowed out from the waist to a hem just below the knee. I moved around the center table and saw that he was wearing nylon hosiery and high-heeled party pumps. His arms were sheathed to the elbow in pink gloves. He wore pendulous rhinestone earrings, a matching rhinestone bracelet and clutched a small rhinestone encrusted evening purse.

He was sticking close to his mother, slouching against the center table and avoiding my gaze. I was staring intently at him. The costume had a stunning effect and I was utterly captivated by the novelty of seeing a boy look so much like a girl. They had made him quite authentically beautiful. It gave me a strange feeling to think that the girl I saw before me was a boy. I scarcely knew why it had such an effect on me. For the rest of the evening I found it difficult to pry my eyes away from the magnetic Patrick. I followed him about like a puppy.

Mother had nothing special for me to do so I stood there and continued to gawk until Sharon and Susan came bustling to the kitchen door to get Patrick.

"Patrick — the games are going to start," they called.

Patrick pretended not to hear the summons. The twins called for him to come again. He looked up and said something to his mother. I was all ears but I could not hear what he said.

"He wants to stay here with me for awhile," Mrs. Malley informed the twins.

"But Mother, he'll miss the games. Tell him to come."

Mrs. Malley looked at Patrick but Patrick was adamant. The twins came into the kitchen to offer some persuasion.

"Come on Patrick. We'll be with you. We won't let anyone tease you. You can come back to mother after the games are over. Please Patrick, your costume looks so nice."

In the middle of this harangue the twins noticed my mother who had stopped her work and turned around to watch.

"Hello Mrs. Barton."

"Hello girls," my mother replied looking puzzled. "Is that Patrick?" she asked nodding in the direction of the pink dress.

One of the twins came over to explain.

"Yes — Mama let us dress him up in my formal. Don't you think he looks yummy as a girl?"

"He looks very nice," mother conceded raising her brows. "Frankly I thought he was a girl — the way you were all calling him Patricia when you came in earlier."

Everyone within hearing tittered at Patrick's expense.

"Oh we were just teasing him," the twin explained. Mrs. Malley gave my mother a "talk to you later" look and smiled.

At length the girls prevailed and Patrick was escorted out of the kitchen flanked by black cats on either side. As they disappeared out the kitchen door I heard one of them say: "Oh silly — leave your purse with mother. You won't need it." And back he came to deposit the purse. I stepped aside as he swished and clickety-clacked past. There was a sweet odor of perfume in the air around him.

I stayed in the kitchen momentarily to wait for a bowl of punch mother was preparing.

"Patrick doesn't seem too pleased with his costume," mother commented to Mrs. Malley when he and the girls had gone.

"Yes I know and I'm to blame. I told the girls they could dress him up but I had no idea they would do such a job of it," Mrs. Malley said ending with an uneasy laugh.

"Boys that age hate to be sissified," mother observed with a hint of disapproval.

"Patrick's no different, of course," Mrs. Malley defended. "But I can't feel too much sympathy for him. I've warned the girls not to tease him all the time but he is supposed to be suffering a little. He's been getting into the girls' clothes lately and they wanted to teach him a lesson about it. I thought it might embarrass him a little to wear a dress here tonight but you know those twins — I had no idea what they were up to. Sharon put her merry widow and panties on him and they even made him sit still for a nail manicure and that hairdo. I don't know how they did it!" She threw up her hands in amazement.

"He's been getting into the twins' clothes you say? Whatever for?" Mother looked concerned.

"I don't know really. he won't talk about it. I think he is just curious about his sisters. You know what I mean," Mrs Malley added in deference to my presence.

"I suppose a boy could be curious," mother admitted. "But what does Bob say about it?"

"Well Bob is away just now on a trip so we haven't discussed it. I do hope that I've handled it right."

Mother was silent. The punch bowl was ready. I took it out to the table and went to join the games that were just beginning. Patrick was across the room between the two black cats on the girls' side of a circle game. Patrick and his pink dress were the focus of my attention the rest of the evening until he disappeared out the side door leading to the parking lot. Around his shoulders was Susan's silver mouton evening wrap.

The memory of what I had seen at that party was with me for a very long time. Patrick's appearance at the party evoked some compelling thoughts inside my own young head. It was like a key that fitted and opened a certain lock which no other key had ever turned. Even on the night of the costume party my initial wonderment at Patrick's appearance had turned gradually to an envy I could not readily identify or understand at the time. Nevertheless a desire was born that night and it came upon me later with fierce intensity. And there was an immediate impulse as well.

The next day I timidly asked mother if it would be all right to wear some of my sister's clothes out trick or treating on Halloween night. Her answer was an emphatic no and I knew she meant it. Less than a week later I went to Ellen's room in secret and tried on a dress. That was my beginning as a girl. Like Patrick, I too was a transvestite.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT

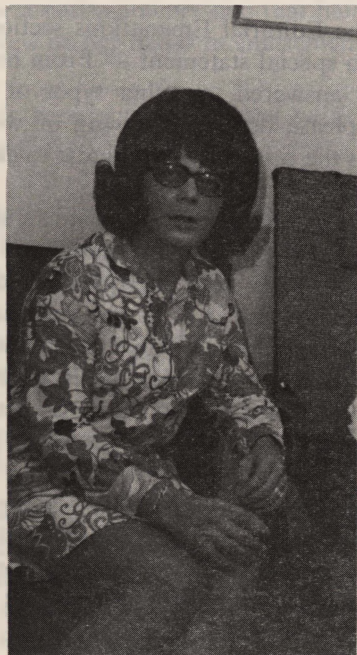
It was mentioned in No. 70 in the Editorial Emanations section but now I want to make it clearer with a special statement — From now on if you wish information, questions answered, or other types of communication from Mary or myself please do the following or we will just be forced to ignore your letter as the press is just too great to handle.

- 1) Phrase your question clearly and to the point so that it can simply be answered yes or no; a date given; a price or whatever and not a long explanation. It may require more than one question to give you all the information you require, that is O.K. but make it easy on our time or of necessity it will find its way into the round file. Put the questions on a card or letter so we can just fill in the blanks with the data and return. Of course if it requires a longer letter of explanation we will read it, but boil the final questions down, please.
- 2) Provide a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Postage along with printing, paper, mailing envelopes, etc. goes up continuously and postage costs are very high. Correspondence simply won't be answered unless you provide the return postage. Sorry, but that's inflation and it's hit Chevalier just the same as everyone else.

Virginia



AT A PARTY IN STOCKHOLM
Barbara and Virginia



Gitan
Sweden



Erna
Denmark

TV AS AN APTITUDE

Jeanne 13-W-6 FPE

Most RV's theoretical speculations tend to be concerned with rationalizations about why they have the feelings they do. We are all searching for a better understanding of our femmeselves. An approach worth considering, I think, is to ask whether femmepersonating behavior may, in an important part, be an *aptitude*. In other words, apart from the questions of whether others would *want* to be femmepersonators, *could* they? A non-TV colleague of mine, who has very little linguistic ability, remarked that TV is sort of like a foreign language to him.

This suggested parallel with language prompted my consideration of that possible aspect of TV motivation. As illustrated quite graphically in the recent book "Body Language," the non-verbal communication medium makes use of signals with most attributes of a language. Although this particular book barely scratches the surface of the fascinating general distinctions in "body language" it is evident to any thoughtful FP that the girls' body language is radically different from the boys'. A book or at least an extensive treatise could well be written on this subject alone. Suffice it to say here, however, that it takes some kind of ability to "speak" two body languages with reasonable fluency. I wonder how many sisters in early experiences "passing" have not had to think twice in making the appropriate gestures and nuances of facial expression in communication with GG's on a woman-woman transactional basis. The ability to learn such "vocabulary" as a "second language" is not a minor "linguistic" achievement.

Quite a bit of research has been done on the subject of aptitudes. One of the principal workers in this field is Johnson O'Conner of the Human Engineering Laboratory. He has pointed out that an aptitude

does not simply lie dormant. rather it "itches" to be used. This itch is not necessarily labeled, that is, one feels unfulfilled and frustrated often not realizing why. When one then engages in an activity utilizing the aptitude, he feels better. Hopefully one eventually puts "two and two together" and structures his life for aptitudinal fulfillment through appropriate vocation and hobbies.

It refuses to be ignored. O'Conner has found that people with an unusually large number of aptitudes rather than having an easier time in life tend to have much difficulty with school and problems finding jobs where they are both happy and productive.

If one looks beyond the quasi-sexual aspects of TV, the parallel with an "aptitudinal itch" becomes striking. In my own experience, for instance, when my "brother" is working in Europe extensively using his language aptitude, the TV itch is noticeably reduced. Of course I would rather be there but I do not intrude with so much pressure as otherwise.

The "incurable" nature of TV can lead us to wonder if the analyst has observed only the pathology of the individual being treated and not the fulfillment (aptitudinal gratification?) part. The statement that TV's just don't *want* to be cured suggests the existence of a very appropriate resistance to being "cured of a healthy condition," rather than an impliedly self-destructive holding-on to a neurosis or worse.

The concept of FP as a means of expression of our feminine nature, which we all have per Jung and others, seems to me to fall a bit short of defining the situation. Certainly it's part of the motivation and we love it, but not everyone who has cross-dressed for some reason at some time has become possessed of this passion for the feminine which we feel and express this way.

The apparent absence of an accurately defined childhood experience pattern which leads to continuing TV behavior tends to support the aptitudinal theory and also reminds us of the terrible problem of defining terms in this field. Research is frustrated by society's tendency to lump together FP-type TVs, drag queens, HS's in general, TS's and other cross-dressers of radically different motivation. We fight against these over-generalizations and invent useful new terms such as WGF (Whole Girl Fetishist) which may well reflect more fundamental distinctions than the grouping terms in use by professional workers in the field.

It seems thus not improbable that certain FP's and possibly certain other non-FP's but perhaps TV's (as most broadly defined) have some factor "X" in common. One could imagine, for example, that a drag queen and a "non-WGF" FP would share this factor, yet other HS's and WGF's not. The sexual difference could be a factor "Y" which they do *not* share. Because of the emotionally loaded nature of these labels, we try to avoid admitting to having anything more than cross-dressing in common with any HS's, yet let us open our minds to these possibilities if we are better to understand ourselves and others.

Thankfully most of us have the feminine alternative of leaving such scientific explorations to our brothers and simply enjoying our femmelives as "un-rationalized" girls. In any case, this aptitude theory is put forth for consideration by my sisters who may find that it either makes sense to them or not.

SPECIAL NOTICE

For all the years that Chevalier has been in existence all material has been sent by first class mail for the protection of our readers. Moreover, this first class postage has been included in the price. However, as you know postage has gone up from 4c an ounce when we started to 8c today and with another projected increase in the not too distant future.

It was partly due to this that TVia was increased in price 2 years ago. We will continue to include postage in the price of TVia and our fictional pieces. But due to the size-weight vs low price ratio in the case of the Wives book and the new How To Be a Woman Though Male book I am going to have to ask you to share the postal costs with me. It now costs 72c for the Wives and 80c for the How To — book which is just too big a piece of the sales price. So I am going to ask those ordering either of these items in the future to please be kind enough to include 50c toward the postage, we'll pay the rest.

Of course any of you who would not feel threatened by receiving mail 3rd Class (it still comes in a sealed envelope) could help greatly by giving us permission to ship to you that way — it's considerably less.

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POLICY STATEMENT

Someone once said "the more things change the more they remain the same". And so it is. Twice before in the history of the magazine I have had to explain the reasons for the editorial policy of TRANSVESTIA. On both occasions it was necessary because of the appearance of other groups of cross-dressers who saw this in a different light and who instead of just going ahead with their own activities and point of view and justifying them by the success of their efforts, found it necessary to attempt to elevate themselves by attempting to downgrade me and TRANSVESTIA.

Although things have changed in the past 12 years this particular problem still remains. One part of me says, "ignore it and don't honor it with any discussion," but the other side says, "no, when readers and prospective readers are put in a position to have to make decisions they are entitled to have both points of view before them in order to have a chance to make a comparative decision." Thus I have decided to restate my position one more time.

There are several other kinds of groups now existing around the country which claim to serve the interests of cross-dressers of various kinds and in various ways. In addition to this common bond they have another, namely that they all indulge in and enjoy tossing various little barbs, insinuations, untruths and half truthful accusations at me and at what I've stood for for 12 years and expect to continue to stand for. I suppose it is necessary for persons who stand on a newly built and not yet entirely secure platform to reassure themselves and their followers by attempting to undermine and weaken the platform of anyone who has built it soundly as indicated by its long survival. So in this sense if casting innuendoes at me makes them feel better I expect that I can afford to indulge them. Either they will survive and gain a sufficient measure of security that this tactic will no longer be necessary or they will find that they built on shifting sands and will fall back into the anonymity whence they came. This has already happened to three other groups and can easily happen again.

But the principle points of difference that I wish to clarify between the policies of myself personally and of Chevalier Publications in general and others are two: a) Security and b) Selectivity. Now as to security, I don't intend to make any accusations about anyone else's policies in this matter, as experience with them will be sufficient I am sure. I only want to make it clear once again, that 1) *nobody* has access to the Chevalier mailing list whether as a favor, as a purchase or in any other way, 2) we do not give out the names, addresses, occupations or phone numbers of anybody as we believe these facts to be the property of the individual. We do provide means through CONTACT for such exchanges to be made by the individual himself under certain regulations, 3) while we naturally seek new subscribers we acquire them through advertising, bookstore sales of TVia, my radio and television appearances, etc. We do not and never have (in spite of an assertion by another group to the contrary) run any sort of direct mail solicitation campaign. This is not done because it would be a threat to the security, privacy and family integrity of anyone receiving such a solicitation through the mail. We aim to help people not hurt them. 4) We try to protect security through limiting our efforts to one type of cross dresser (see below under selectivity) so that persons within our group have a greater likelihood of making contact with others like themselves.

Since the beginning, TRANSVESTIA has been aimed exclusively at the heterosexual cross dresser, the type I refer to as FPs. Every issue of the magazine bears a policy statement on its inside front cover to this effect. Other groups now in operation around the country make a great point of saying in effect, "we are open, we don't exclude anyone, any male who cross dresses for *any* reason is our sister." And in addition to that, the statement is either direct or implied that this is a superior and more tolerant position than that taken by TVia. Way back in issue No. 21 I had an editorial in which I dealt with this same problem at the time a now defunct magazine called TURNABOUT was about to appear. There, too, I had to make it clear that you can publish a general interest magazine which can serve the interests of many people like TIME or LIFE or you can narrow your field in various ways like a magazine for Women or for a special interest group like The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC or a technical group like the JOURNAL OF BIOCHEMISTRY, etc. I do not happen to subscribe to the idea that a publication or a group can do a good job and serve the interests of one type of cross-dresser (the heterosexual) when it is simultaneously providing material, advertisements, contacts, and whatever which also serve the interests of drag queens, prostitutes, transsexuals, fetishists, masochists, and other types. Let me make it clear, however, that

in itemizing these types of people I am NOT accusing or downgrading them. I am only acknowledging their existence. It is not up to me to condemn them — they do their “thing,” I do mind. But I am entitled to make the distinctions between the various “things.”

I may be wrong but I'm led to believe that I have an understanding of the motivations and behavior of heterosexual cross-dressers, FPs, because I am one of them. Their needs, their fears, their guilts, their concerns about wives, children, jobs, reputations, etc. I can feel for because I've had them too. I do not feel competent to discuss the needs, fears, desires and problems of the other classes mentioned, so I do not include them in the pages of TVia. But I do not understand why, when I am simply trying to talk to and with my own kind I should be condemned and disparaged for not talking to and for other types of individuals, yet this is the case. If others want to try to provide a pot pourri something-for-everyone type of publication or group, well let them, and if they can satisfy their mixed clientele more power to them, but why try to drag me and TVia along on the same trip?

I think it is only fair too to indicate that it is much easier to hike on a trail already broken by somebody else than it is to cut your own. In addition to that it is much easier to hike across a meadow than it is through a dense cover of underbrush. By this I mean that times are much different today than when I began to publish TVia. Nowadays most anything goes and there is no great problem in publishing material dealing with transvestism of any variety. The other side of the same coin is that greater permissiveness in society relieves some of the pressures and fears of *some* of the readers — particularly the younger ones. But older persons who have acquired wives, families, mortgages, obligations, positions, reputations, etc. are just as concerned about their security today as they ever were. Some persons active in other groups have very little to lose in any case and are therefore impatient with those who are security minded and with my concern for them, and I am taken to task for it. Well, so be it. I broke the trail when the going was tough. I have looked after and been concerned about my subscribers' security and well being for 12 years, I originally made clear the type of person that TVia would be published for and FPE would be composed of, I have therefore a moral contract with my readers to maintain that position which I shall continue to do. If others wish to do differently let them, but it does seem that if they have something truly worthwhile that they might concentrate on building that up and not spend energy better used elsewhere in running me, TVia, FPE and the principles of all three into the ground. There are plenty of external enemies to

fight and plenty of lonely FPs to find. I'd like to suggest that all organizations and publications devote their time and energies to finding, serving and helping those that need it rather than in intra-group accusations, condemnations and rivalries.

Virginia Prince

* * *

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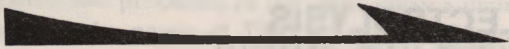
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EAT AND REDUCE



By Stella 9-L-4 FPE

For breakfast this morning, I had 3 eggs, 3 sausage patties, toast and two cups of coffee with cream. It was delightful, delicious and very filling and satisfying. For lunch, I had a steaming hot frankfurter on a roll, with mustard, relish and onions, a side order of cole slaw and a dill pickle, with a cold drink.

Between lunch and dinner, I became a bit hungry, so I had a salad made with lettuce, tomatoes, and a full tin of sardines, with Blue Cheese dressing.

At dinnertime, I sat down to a feast fit for a princess. First, a bowl of chicken soup, then a salad with Russian dressing. I realize that some of you girls may have your salad first, as I usually do. However, this evening, it was in the order stated. Then came the piece d' resistance, a full 16 oz. Club steak, broiled medium, smothered with buttered mushrooms, sizzling on the platter, with broccoli spears and hollandaise sauce. A hot buttered roll, and steaming coffee, really topped off this meal.

Later in the evening, while watching television, I snacked on shrimp cocktails, cheese tidbits and had a cold, refreshing Martini.

Can you imagine, if I ate like this everyday, what it would do to my figure that I try so hard to keep as trim as I can, so that my beautiful dresses, skirts and blouses, look good on me? Well, believe it or not, I have an enormous appetite, and I do eat very similar *every* day, and lose weight while doing it.

No, I don't have some hideous, dread disease, nor do I have an over-active thyroid, or a mixed up metabolism. In fact, Thank God, I am extremely healthy, work five days a week, and haven't had as much as a cold, in so many years I forgot how it feels to have one. I don't care to remember either.

Before I go any further, let me give a little background. I am of European ancestry and built on an extremely large frame. I am six feet tall. During my life I have many times reached an overweight condition.

When I was 17 years old, my weight had reached 225 pounds. However, being a little athletic, the weight was hidden in a 42" chest and 32" inch waist. My height had reached maturity. At that time I was 5'11" and took a size 20 dress. Those of you, that are my age, or older, know the styles of 1950, and for a 17 year old, how difficult it was, on a limited budget to find anything attractive.

With three months of vigorous exercise, wearing a sweatsuit, I was able to get my weight down enough to enlist in the Navy. While in the service, Uncle Sam did a good job of keeping me trim. In fact, when I received my discharge at the end of my tour, I weighed 165 pounds. Within a year after that, while working on an extremely vigorous job, I lost another ten pounds.

Here I was, 155 pounds of proud me. The styles I could wear were so beautiful and alluring. I couldn't believe how feminine they made me look and feel. I really enjoyed being a girl, when I could, that is.

I married that year, and don't ask me why or how it happened, but slowly and surely, I was packing the pounds on again. It was getting harder and harder to find anything to fit me. By the end of December, 1970, I was back up to 225 pounds. The same weight I had when I was 17 years old. That was 20 years ago. Only this time I had a spread of 42 inches around my waist, and unless you stood, face to face, with me, and could see my height, I looked like a sloppy, big bellied, roly-poly. I wasn't quite Mrs. 5 x 5, but darn close to it.

At that time, I knew that I had to do something about my figure. However, it has always been impossible for me to stay on a diet, as it left me always hungry, and after a day or two, I always broke them. I had neither the time nor the energy to start a program of vigorous exercise. It was quite a dilemma, as I truly wanted to lose weight.

At our New Year's Eve party, I was aghast to see an old friend, whom I hadn't seen for about six months. The thing that shocked me, was that the last time I saw him, he was actually fatter than I was. Now he was trim and had a nice appearing physical structure. When I asked his secret, he told me that he went on a low carbohydrate diet, and it worked wonders.

It was explained to me, that on this diet, calories don't count. You just have to keep your carbohydrate intake under 60 grams a day, and you will lose weight. The average, well-nourished person, eats between 350 to 450 grams of carbohydrates daily. Your body only needs about 60 or so, grams to function properly. When your intake exceeds this amount, your system turns a good portion of the excess into stored fat. When you eat less than 60 grams each day, your body makes up the difference by burning up what it needs from the fat you have stored up. Therefore, you must lose weight on this diet, and never go hungry.

To back up that last statement, referring to the menu I ate today, at the beginning of this article, there were only 52 grams total. As long as the intake is less than 60 grams, you must and you will lose weight.

All meats, fish and poultry, have no carbohydrates. They are all protein. All seafoods are very low in carbohydrates. Surprisingly, rich salad dressings, such as Cheese dressings, French and Italian, are very low. Mayonnaise only has a trace. Sauces, such as hollandaise are extremely low.

Mainly, you must avoid sugars, fruits, sweets and starches. Also certain vegetables like corn, okra, peas and potatoes. Don't let someone's birthday make you weaken, and eat a slice of rich birthday cake. One slice has 64 grams of carbohydrates. One waffle at breakfast, has as many as 110 grams. However, you can have as many eggs, ham, sausage and bacon as you desire.

I don't use sugar any longer in my coffee. There are a number of artificial sweeteners on the market, that are quite safe. Also, only drink diet soft drinks, the kind with no sugar. The total gram count for these is about 0.5 to the twelve ounce bottle. The diet sodas with sugar added is about 12 grams for twelve ounces.

I have been on this diet for ten weeks now. I have lost 35 pounds in weight and six inches off my waist. I intend to continue until I get down

to 175 pounds, which I consider a healthy weight for my age, build and height.

Let me caution you though, before you go on any diet, to check with your family physician, to see if this type of diet would be healthy for you.

This is definitely the diet for people who don't like to diet, as you never need to go hungry.

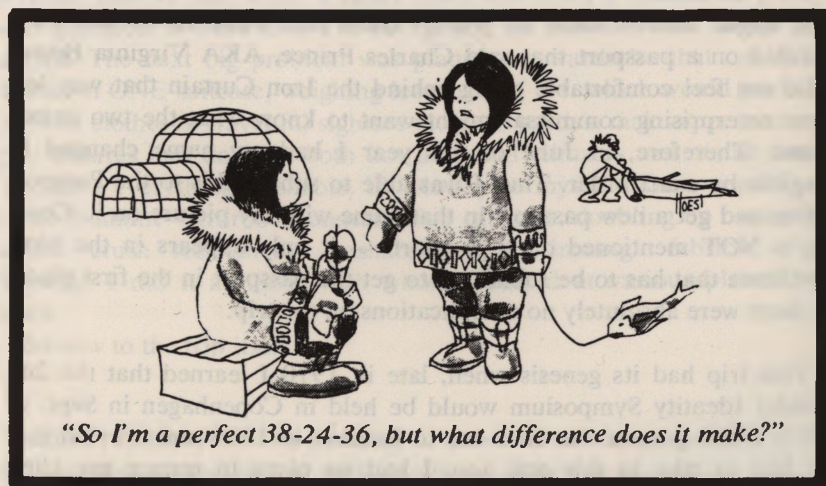
There have been many books and gram counters, written on this diet. They range in price from 25c to \$1.00. This, girls, is the best investment you can make. Your local book or magazine store must sell them. Or perhaps your local health food store.

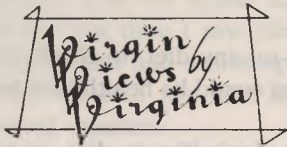
The diet is known under many names. They are: "The Low Carbohydrate Diet," "The Air Force Diet," "The LC Diet," or "The Drinking Man's Diet." They are all, one and the same. This is the no starvation diet, and I urge all my sisters with a weight problem to try it, and eat and reduce, as I have done.

NOTE: The "Complete ABC Counter and Carbohydrate Diet Guide" can be purchased by mailing 50c cash to:

Merit Publications
P.O. Box 511
Stamford, Conn. 06904

* * *





HERE AND THERE WITH VIRGINIA

I'm always at a loss in reporting on one of these trips because I know that there are mixed reactions to them. Some write and tell me that the reports are fascinating, others feel that they take up too much space for more appropriately FP literature. So as a kind of compromise, since this year's trip was long in fact and long in reporting, I'm only going to print half of it in this issue and continue it to conclusion in No. 72 thus not taking too much space out of each issue. I hope this will prove satisfactory.

So now to the story. I have tried to avoid unnecessary detail and have made it more of an itinerary style report. There is so much more that could be written that it is hard to keep it terse and if I have failed in places I hope you will forgive me.

It might interest some of you to know that while in 69 and 70 I traveled on a passport that said Charles Prince, AKA Virginia Bruce, I did not feel comfortable going behind the Iron Curtain that way lest some enterprising commissar might want to know what the two names meant. Therefore, in June of this year I had my name changed to Virginia by court order. Thus I was able to submit this to the Passport Office and get a new passport in that name with my picture on it. One's sex is NOT mentioned on a passport — it only appears in the birth certificate that has to be submitted to get the passport in the first place. So there were absolutely no complications on the trip.

This trip had its genesis when, late in 1970 I learned that the 2nd Gender Identity Symposium would be held in Copenhagen in Sept. of 1971. I had gone to the first one in London in 1969 and decided that I'd like to take in this one, too. I had no plans to retrace my 1969 journey so soon but the Symposium provided a justification. Of course

I hoped to be able to present a paper to it and sent in my request for space and the 100 word synopsis as requested. No one had had anything useful to say about transvestism in London in 1969 and I felt that it was time that someone did and hoped that I'd be allowed to do so. As it worked out I was denied the privilege on the grounds that there were "too many papers submitted", that the committee had made the selections, etc., but more of that in its proper place.

The second factor was that when I was east in January at the Inst. for Sex Research I found that they were having their summer seminar the middle two weeks in July. I wanted to take that in too, so what to do with the month of August and half of September? I'd always wanted to see some of the Balkan countries so I then began a serious inquiry into what kind of tours covered this area, how long they took, when they left and from where, how much they cost and what would I do in the time before and after the tour itself. I finally found a tour that went from New York to Moscow, then to Leningrad, back to Warsaw and down through the rest of the Balkan countries ending up in Berlin on September 6 just a week before the Danish conference was to start. So because I wanted to save a little money and because someday I hope to do a lot of Russia on one whole tour I arranged to meet the tour in Warsaw and bypass the several days in Russia beforehand.

With those three things lined up, I next began the business of writing and phoning to TV stations and friends all over the country trying to line up programs, times, flights, hotels and all the rest for the intervening periods. Believe me, when I retire from Chevalier I should be pretty well qualified to work in a Travel Agency. So that was how things got started. The next big problem was planning a wardrobe that could be stuffed in ONE suitcase, weighing less than 45 lbs. which would provide me with clothes to travel in, sightsee in, go to parties, make appearances, give lectures and do it in both hot and cold climates and at the same time have everything washable. If I do say so myself I know something about feminine wardrobes, conservation of space, doubling up on accessories, crush resistance, washability, non-ironing fabrics, etc. Anyway, I did it as those with whom I stayed at various places can attest.

So now to the trip itself . . .

FRIDAY, JULY 14 — To Berkeley to interview and stay overnight with an interesting new sister just surfacing in her fifties.

SATURDAY — To Vallejo for meeting with FPE Epsilon and a night with old friends in the bay area at the home of Donna, 5-A-9 FPE.

SUNDAY — To SAN Francisco to do KGO radio show and an interview.

MONDAY, JULY 17 — Lecture to San Francisco State Psych Class at request of a student who heard the show on Sunday. Dinner with Dr. Benjamin who was his usual gracious and courtly self.

TUESDAY — Flew to Chicago on an almost empty 747 and down to Bloomington, Ind. on a little Beechcraft — some contrast.

WEDNESDAY — Inst. of Sex Research lecture by Dr. Myers of Johns Hopkins Gender Identity Clinic. Asked him how many out of a hundred applicants for surgery probably should have it. His answer — "10". One more emphasis on the nature of the other 90%! That night participated in a panel discussion with sociologist, psychiatrist and two pre-op TSs — one male and one female. 25 minutes to make distinctions between TV, TS and HS. Much interest and compliments afterward for making it all clear.

THURSDAY — Flew to Indianapolis, dinner with Clare 14-H-4 FPE.

FRIDAY — Did show on WFBM-TV, flew on to Chicago and at night did the show on WLS-TV. Both shows pleased and invited me back for future appearances.

SATURDAY — Afternoon with a Women's Lib group of psychology students and teachers — a hot discussion. Marvelous meeting with Chi chapter of FPE in evening. 16-17 TVs and 5 wives in large new place. Chapter really moving in spite of splinter groups.

SUNDAY — Fran down to Gisele's house from Madison to discuss means of lessening her work load. Decided that Chi chapter would try to take over responsibility for the Femme Forum.

MONDAY, JULY 26 — Lunch with Dr. Alvarez, and his two great secretaries. Marvelous as usual. He will do a column on the new "How to —" book which ought to pull some new ones out. Hair-do at Carson Pirie, and TV show on Channel 44 in evening.

TUESDAY — Sold couple of new stores in Chicago, dinner with Jeanne's brother (13-W-6 FPE) at a swank restaurant, much appreciated. Picked up by John (Jane 13-K-2) and driven out to home of Anne 13-B-8 FPE for the night. It was a terrible shock to learn on my return that John had been killed a few weeks before in a plane crash. He was a great friend to many in Chi and worked hard for the chapter. Jane will really be missed.

WEDNESDAY — Flew to Detroit and met by Carolyn, former wife of an FPE member and still interested in the cause. Met and interviewed Paula 22-B-4 FPE. The three of us had dinner and made puns all evening.

THURSDAY — Opened several new bookstores in Detroit. Dinner with Carolyn, Paul and his girl friend — more puns.

FRIDAY — To Cleveland, met by Connie 35-G-2 FPE and taken to the Sheraton. Maryanne 35-J-1 FPE came over from eastern Ohio and shared room with me. We both did Alan Douglas radio show on WKYC that night.

SATURDAY — Got another hair-do because one in Chicago was so poor. Had meeting at a motel with part of Delta group.

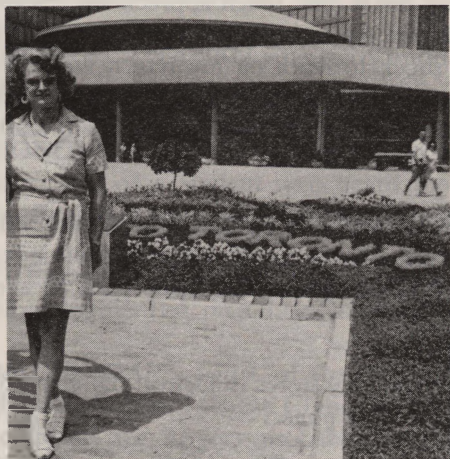
SUNDAY — Flew to Toronto and met by Laurette 55-K-1 FPE and Jean 55-G-1 FPE. Stayed with Laurette several days. Met with Toronto chapter that night.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2 — Laurette showed me around Toronto — one of the cleanest and neatest cities I've ever been in.

TUESDAY — Opened a couple of stores in Toronto and went to the Science Museum, certainly one of the most modern and interesting museums I've seen.

WEDNESDAY — Flew to Rochester, soon as settled in hotel about 3 p.m. walked into town and opened up 4 stores.

THURSDAY — Did two TV shows back to back at two different stations; one at 9 a.m. on WHEC and other at WROC at 10:30. Flew on to Boston and had dinner with Dorothy 21-C-3 FPE and psychologist friend of hers and also Dr. Wollman from N.Y. who was to be on the show with me next day.



TORONTO CITY HALL



“HE’S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD
IN HIS HAND”

Carl Milles Museum - Stockholm



TOURIST IN
OLD TOWN WARSAW



I MADE IT — WARSAW AIRPORT

FRIDAY — Did WNEC-TV early, sold three stores, took bus out to suburb where we had to get a taxi. Two women at bus stop recognized me from TV show that morning and asked. They were interested and asked many questions — perfect acceptance. Back into Boston to do WMEX radio from 12 to 3 a.m., home to bed at 4 — a 20 hour day with two shows!

SATURDAY — Rested most of day, small party with part of the Gamma girls in evening, much discussion.

SUNDAY — Driven to country home of one of the girls in Conn. and stayed Sunday and Monday night. Got some much needed rest.

MONDAY, AUGUST 9 — Did WHCT-TV in Hartford. Not too good a show, only ½ hour. Followed by karate demonstration — what a contrast.

TUESDAY — Lecture to the Kalos Society in Hartford — a homosexual organization, well received, Dorothy spoke also.

WEDNESDAY — Early train for NY. Got a lousy hairdo at the Biltmore. Dinner with Barbara 32-F-10 FPE. She kindly gave me her apartment for several days and stayed with friends. Certainly made things convenient.

THURSDAY — Saw Keystone Books our distributor in NY — going well. Customer there looked at me and said, "Aren't you Virginia Prince"? One of our girls, so we had a coke together. Managed to find a hot pants and over-skirt at Macys for wearing in hot countries. Only one left in NY it seemed.

FRIDAY — Visited new Editor of Sexology magazine re-doing an article and giving us the list of purchases of Cauldwells "Transvestism" as they used to do. Met a friend and talked.

SATURDAY — Debbie 35-K-4 FPE picked me up and drove me over to New Jersey where I spent the night at Sheila's house and met with one of our British sisters who was in town.

SUNDAY — Debbie picked me up in NJ and drove me to Coney Island where I spoke to an assemblage of pre- and post-operative TS, and TVs, male and female. A more confused audience I'll never talk to, nor

a more antagonistic one though there were four or five who stayed afterward and talked seriously. Debbie drove me around Long Island to kill time and after dinner took me to JFK and I boarded an SAS 747 for Copenhagen. Only about 70-80 aboard so had full four seats to lie down in but still not much sleep and with the change of time, etc. I arrived pretty beaten up.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16 — Changed planes in Copenhagen and proceeded to Stockholm where I was met with open arms by my dear friend Annette FS-K-1 FPE our FPE rep. in Sweden and organizer of FPE-NE in Sweden. She has a little apartment in downtown Stockholm which she gave to me for the duration and I konked out for a three hour nap immediately.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY — Driven around Stockholm and taken to dinner by Jane, one of my very good friends from the last trip. She had a party at her apartment with nine FPs present for a good evening.

THURSDAY — After a lovely luncheon with Maud and Dagmar (wife) at their beautiful apartment Annette had arranged a press conference at the Swedish Inst. for Sexual Research. As a result of this we had writeups in several large Swedish papers. That evening a dinner with several of the leaders of the Swedish group in a basement restaurant of an old 17th century building. Lots of atmosphere.

FRIDAY — Had a hair-do, went through the Historical Museum and that evening the Swedish girls had a banquet in my honor. As before, everytime I was thirsty (and lots of times when I wasn't) I had to catch someone's eye and drink a toast. The party was upstairs in a club for sexual minorities and our group had both dressed and man-attired FPs, wives and male and female straight friends. Afterwards many of us adjourned to the ground floor where there was music and dancing. Everything was permissible in dancing, males with males, females with females, one of each, two FPs both dressed, 2 FPs with one dressed and some of the straight men dancing with dressed FPs. It was a very interesting experience — just a lot of people being themselves, having a good time and no hang ups about who danced with whom. I danced with a FP in men's clothes, another FP girl, with a straight man, with his wife, and was asked by one of the gay boys. So we had a very fine time till the wee hours. Certainly an interesting contrast to the U.S.

SATURDAY — Again Jon drove me around for some last minute visits and errands and took me to a little place for dinner.



STREET SCENE

**Bucharest Intercontinental Hotel
in the background.**



DECORATED PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Bucharest



**TYPICAL HI-RISE
APARTMENTS**

Bucharest



**ALEXANDER NEVSKY
CATHEDRAL**

Sofia, Bulgaria

SUNDAY — Up at 6:30 to drive to the airport which is about 40 miles out of town. Flew to Copenhagen for an hour and a half lay-over and met Erna and Evy of the Danish group for a chat and to lay plans for my later return. Then off to Warsaw in an old Russian Tubolev 104 which was a turbo-prop about the size of an Electra. The seats were crowded and the plane small but we made it. I arrived in Warsaw about 1 p.m. a little disturbed because I was behind the iron curtain on my own and the rest of the tour wouldn't arrive till about 11 p.m. that night. But I was met by the agent, escorted to a nice hotel, told how to spend my afternoon and did so, all very comfortably.

I "did" the Old Town which has been rebuilt from the foundations up as it was in the old days. They had to use pictures painted by famous artists and hanging in various galleries around the world to see what to do. Warsaw had been leveled almost to there being no two bricks stuck together. Yet you wouldn't know it today. They even found ways of antiquing the cement and stucco so that the buildings look "old" as they would have been prior to the war. There was great pride on the part of the Polish people for their country and their culture and what they had restored with their own hands. It is now a modern city with lots of large hi-rise apartments for the workers in what used to be the Jewish ghetto. Lest they forget, there are many reminders purposely left unrepaired or unremoved. Although the East Germans are also socialistic and therefore so-called "good" Germans, to the Poles they are all Germans and all alike.

I had a most interesting experience that afternoon. I was standing on a corner checking my map against the street signs and being kind of confused. A man of about 65 came up and asked if he could help. I told him my trouble, he straightened me out and we talked for some-time. He then asked if I would have a cup of tea with him, and thinking we'd sit in a little restaurant somewhere and because the conversation was interesting I agreed. He took my arm and we walked about a block when he turned into a doorway and said "right here". I thought it was a restaurant and inside, finding only a stairway, I thought maybe they had it on the second floor but we kept right on up to the fourth floor which turned out to be his room. I kind of wondered what I'd gotten myself into but decided I could handle the situation. We had tea and a most interesting conversation. After a time he had asked my name and as we were sitting on his little couch he began to be friendly and would touch my arm and address me as "Darling Virginia". I turned sideways and put my knee up on the couch and my purse between us. After a bit he wanted to give me a present — some Polish folk designs pasted on

cardboard. I at first demurred but he insisted, so I finally accepted them but told him, "OK, I'll take them with thanks, but, as we say in America, "Don't get any ideas!" I guess he got the message because nothing overt happened.

But it turned out that he was a member of the Executive Committee of the Warsaw Soviet, was a television engineer retired, had been a communist for 40 years and had been arrested both by the old Polish government and the Germans. We had a most interesting discussion about politics and economics and it was borne in on me that people are victims of propaganda no matter which side they are on. For instance, in discussing the Czech invasion he told me with a straight face that the Russians "had to move in as the West Germans, British, and Americans were poised on the border to invade themselves." Naturally I told him that was the most errant nonsense but people believe what their authorities tell them which goes for Americans too.

After having dinner with him in a little Polish restaurant which I paid for somewhat to my surprise — I didn't know whether it was because he couldn't afford it or whether, in a socialist country where everyone works, women pay for their own meals or what — we went back to the hotel and the tour group arrived about 11 a.m.

MONDAY, AUGUST 23 — Did the city tour this morning. We saw a film about the war and the destruction of Warsaw. It was really ghastly — 800,000 people killed. The Germans not only destroyed it as a city but destroyed the destruction you might say. They went about dynamiting buildings that were already destroyed. Hitler had told them to leave no brick on top of another and they certainly tried to follow orders. All the more miraculous to see the city as it is today. The people appear to be happy, lots of new buildings, shops full of goods, cars on the streets, etc. In the afternoon we took a drive in the country out to Chopin's home which was a pretty little cottage. We enjoyed a Chopin concert there by a pianist who came along with us. I learned that the peasants still own their own land and can sell some of their goods on the open market. A man can employ up to five persons besides his family members in his business and can earn up to 10,000 zlotys a month (about \$400 but in terms of their price structure would be several times that in purchasing power). Above that the income tax is confiscatory. It just shows that parts of the private incentive capitalist structure and parts of the socialist structure can live together. I found this to be true with modifications in all the other socialist countries, too. It is not Russian communism as we have been led to believe.

TUESDAY — A 9 a.m. flight to Bucharest in Romania. We arrived there the day after Romania's Independence Day — the day the Red Army freed them from Germany. All the big buildings had bunting and flags with big pictures of Marx, Lenin, Engles and their own presidium — primarily their premier Ceaucesceau — hung on the fronts. The country from the air seemed quite deficient in cars by American standards but there were enough on the streets of Bucharest to make traffic signals necessary. We stayed at the Intercontinental Hotel and I must say I've never stayed in a better, more plush and modern hotel anywhere else in the world. One of the other girls and I walked about a mile down the main street to a park and noticed again, full shops, happy people, flower boxes all along the railing along the street, etc. The city is full of parks and flowers. Interested to note at night during our cocktail party on the top floor of the hotel that advertising in neon signs, tho much less than we are accustomed to, does still exist in Socialist states. Inquiring about this I learned that just as in a capitalist country when a factory makes something they have got to sell it to stay in business. Since the people under either system have the choice of what to spend their money on, advertising is a means of inducing them to buy shoes or electric razors or whatever it might be. Fiat is now making cars in Romania and if one wants to wait on the list for five years he can buy one. Unless, of course, he manages to win one in the ubiquitous state lotteries which are in all the Balkan countries. One can also buy his own apartment like a condominium. Once owned it can be passed on by inheritance tax free or if sold the money belongs to the seller. It is one of the few ways of building up something for ones children.

WEDNESDAY — Went to the "Village Museum" which is certainly unique in the world. It was filmed on the "TODAY" show not too long ago. It consists of houses, cottages, and other types of living quarters as occupied by the peasants of the Rumanian area. They have been brought in from all over the country and set up there in a park. Very different between themselves and in all varieties of sizes, shapes, decoration and comfort they provide an interesting bit of social history. Along with the houses themselves are samples of the tools used by the peasantry to harvest, build, fish, smelt metal, etc. It gives one a bit of a pause to see the ingenuity with which our forebears solved their problems. We are too near to planes, trains, steam shovels, steamships, forges, etc. to know or care much about how all these and the rest of our civilization developed. That evening we flew to Sofia, Bulgaria. Our hotel was right opposite the famous Alexander Nevsky Cathedral and from my room on the 4th floor there was a perfect picture of the cathedral lit up at night. It was beautiful.



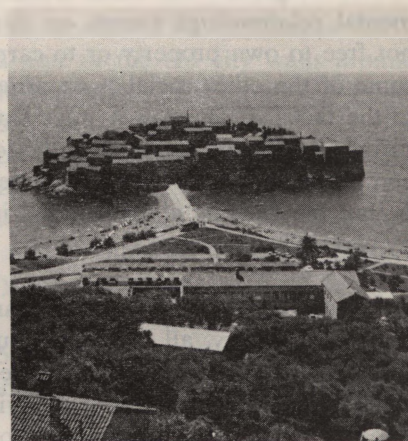
RILA MONASTERY
Bulgaria



DUBROVNIK CITY
Yugoslavia



FORTIFICATIONS
Dubrovnik



SVETI STEVAN
Yugoslavia

THURSDAY — This morning I did the Ethnological and Anthropological museums and again learned much about the peasant culture of the region. Bulgaria's first president and national hero was Dimitrof whom the older ones among you will remember was the hero of the Reichstag fire trial that Hitler pulled off accusing the communists of setting it as an excuse to move in and take over. Dimitrof gave the lie to his accusations before the whole world and exposed his subterfuge. Anyway there is a big memorial to him on the main street with a changing of the guard several times a day. That night we had dinner at a special restaurant in the hills above the city with a special ceremony of a drink of wine and a crust of bread at the door for all tourists. What with red and white wine with dinner, Slivovitz with desert and Cognac afterward it wasn't hard to "get happy".

FRIDAY — Today we took an all day excursion to the Rila Monastery high in the mountains about 70 miles from Sophia. This is a special place to Bulgarians and I learned a lot there. During the 500 year occupation of the country by the Turks the monks at this monastery maintained the Bulgarian culture, language and literature. It was so high in the mountains that the Turks didn't bother them. Thus a monastery becomes a national shrine and explains why, unlike the notion that we have over here concerning religion in Socialist countries, the Bulgarian government actually subsidizes the Greek Orthodox church. The church in this case you see really held the country together under the occupation so that the people are not antagonistic to it.

The Bulgarians are much closer to the Russians too in their governmental relationships except on this point of religion. The people are not free to own property or to carry on small businesses as they are in some of the other socialist countries. Part of the extra closeness is due to the fact that Russian Armies have twice saved Bulgaria, once recapturing it from the Turks with the loss of 200,000 men and again at the end of the last war. Naturally the people feel a closeness. The other thing is that the Cyrillic alphabet used in Russia and Bulgaria was invented by two Bulgarian monks.

I must confess that I had regarded Bulgaria as a sort of Musical Comedy Country, all uniforms, mustaches and boots. One of the good things about traveling is that you learn to get rid of such stupid notions. Sophia is a modern, thriving city with busy shops, lots of goods, flowers, apparently happy people and a lot of national pride — as do all the other socialist countries with the possible exception of E. Berliners. (didn't see enough of it to judge).

SATURDAY — Up at the ungodly hour of 5:15 a.m. to fly to Belgrade. Over here you fly when the various national airlines want to fly and sometimes it's only a couple of planes a week so making connections is quite tricky. We changed planes in Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, and got on a Yugo airlines plane for Dubrovnik on the coast. The airport is some distance from the city so there is a long ride along the coast till suddenly you come out to the edge and looking down there is the city. It is very old, still has its unconquered sea fortress and city walls with the old city inside it. It is quite a fabulous view from the cliff tops down to the city on a point of land jutting into the Adriatic and the water a most beautiful blue.

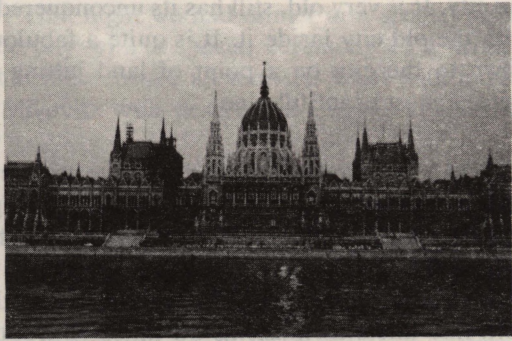
SUNDAY — Today an all day drive to Sveti Stevn (sweaty Steven I dubbed it because of the heat). An interesting island village converted to an exclusive hotel. Not really worth the long drive in itself but the drive was interesting as it showed off some of the countryside of Montenegro, one of the provinces of Yugoslavia with its fortified towns, deep fjord-like inlets as much as 30 miles in from the Adriatic. Yugoslavia is much more west-oriented than the other Balkan states. Its business operates on 3 levels, state-owned such as our hotel, cooperative such as the workers in a factory who own and govern it, and private such as small farms and artizans. As in Poland one can employ up to five people outside the family and one can build and own his own house. The place abounds with British, American and German tourists who come for the rest, the sun, the beaches and the beautiful blue water. People seem very contented and happy.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30 — Did a tour of the old city walls around Dubronik. It was very warm in the Adriatic sun. Fortunately I had found my favorite fruit — black figs — in the marketplace and carried some along with me. Back to the hotel for an hour's nap and recovery and then to the hotel beauty shop for a hair-do. Rather difficult to get across your ideas of a hair style when you don't talk the language. Native folk dancing demonstration that evening in the castle part of the fortifications. Very colorful, lively and interesting.

TUESDAY — Had to get up at 4:15 a.m., bags out 5 a.m. and arrive at airport at 6:30 a.m. for flight to Budapest. Arrived at hotel and had to wait about an hour for rooms but when I got one I konked out for about an hour to recover from the early morning. Then by taxi over to the old Hapsburg Castle in Buda across the Danube. It is very ancient the sub-sub basement of it being of Roman ruins. It was pretty com-



**VIEW ACROSS THE
DANUBE FROM
HAPSBURG CASTLE
Budapest**



**PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
Budapest**



**WENCESLAS SQUARE
Prague, Czechoslovakia**



**KARL MARX ALLEE
East Berlin**

pletely devastated during the war but has been rebuilt now as an anthropological, sociological and historical museum. The hotel here is also an Intercontinental and very classy. Only complaints being the rate of food service in the dining rooms. Trying to get ice water all over Europe is a major activity at any meal. If you don't care for beer or wine with meals you are stuck with "mineral water" which is carbonated but otherwise tasteless or the ubiquitous "coke", but lukewarm cokes are not the greatest refreshment.

In the evening we went out to a famous restaurant for a real Hungarian meal which was delicious but the occasion was jazzed up considerably by the four piece orchestra. One man played the "cymbalum" which we never hear or see over here. It is played with small cloth-covered mallets like a xylophone or marimba but rather than bars of wood or metal it simply has a series of three piano wires per note going from left to right and raised on frets at either side so that alternate three string series are up and down. This makes it possible to hit one note without striking the strings of the next higher note. It is played with incredible rapidity and dexterity and makes a kind of a harpsichord-like sound. Fascinating to watch.

WEDNESDAY — A city tour by bus to the usual monuments and buildings and the large sports stadium. The afternoon was free so we went "out on the town". Here as in all the cities I went into a bookstore to find and read the opening chapter in a book about the city to learn something of its history. One of the interesting observations in all the cities I visited was the large number of bookstores, the large variety of translated western authors in science, economics, history, novelists, etc. and the large number of people in bookstores buying books. All these people are much more avid for information and knowledge than we are.

I am afraid that this will have its significant consequences in the days to come. In spite of the fact that the west tends to look down on the socialist countries, because of our own anti-socialist propaganda, bolstered by the admitted fact that they don't have all the material things we are accustomed to, I think most of these peoples are relatively content in comparison with what they used to have when they were monarchies or under some foreign domination. When you combine that with the fact that they KNOW that they are building their own society — materially in repairing the ravage of war and building new apartments, factories, etc., but also psychologically and philosophically, there is a feeling present that you don't find in the west. In Europe and

America we live in a society the roots and principles of which are laid by our ancestors. We operate within it but we don't have the sense of building it ourselves. This too will in the long run give them an edge on us I'm afraid. That evening we took a steamer ride up the Danube. Unhappily to say, the "Beautiful Blue Danube" of Strauss' day is no more. Here, between Buda and Pest, it is a sluggish, muddy river, with nothing to distinguish it except that it is one of the world's most important waterways.

THURSDAY — This morning a flight to Praha (Prague, capitol of Czechoslovakia). Its airport was larger, cleaner and more efficient than any of the others. On the way to the hotel we took the city tour covering an ancient monastery outside the city that has rooms full of ancient leather bound books from the middle ages. It is one of the main scholars libraries of the world like the collections in the British Museum. We took in Hradcany castle and St. Vitus' cathedral. This was the castle of the early kings of this area and the cathedral is a classical example of Gothic architecture. It is reminiscent of the famous cathedral in Cologne, Germany which has so many little points, spires, and projections all pointing up that it looks as if the whole thing were about to take off. We had to hurry along to get down to the town square by 5 p.m. to see the famous church clock which has an arrangement of little statues of the saints that emerge from the wall above the clock and march around at each striking of the hour.

I asked our guide what had become of Dubchek, the deposed former premier, and was told that he is now managing a garage in Bratislava, the second city of the country. It was obvious that the guide didn't want to discuss the invasion situation very much. It evidently wasn't too popular in Hungary either since our guide there had commented that "we didn't want to take part in it but the Russians made us." But looking at the world from an objective point of view that invasion was as predictable as the sunrise just as our early support for Ngo Din Diem against Ho Chi Min was in South Viet Nam. The powers that be in both Socialist and Capitalist centers of power are not about to let the other infiltrate, stir things up or take over and both are equally interested in preventing new, uncommitted countries from falling into the others orbit. Both sides do the same things but do them differently.

Here in Prague I got the beginnings of the laryngitis that continued to plague me even up to the time of writing this. In fact, I discovered at the Drs. office only yesterday that I have a polyp on my right vocal cord and will have to go to the hospital next week to have it removed. But in

Prague it was only a cough and I bought some Czech tablets for sore throats but they weren't much help. Took a long walk by myself through the old, narrow twisty streets and came to the famous Charles bridge over the Vltava River. Also stumbled on the house where Johannes Kepler the famous astronomer used to live. Took a street car back to the hotel. They run them by threes there and the lady conductor goes from one to the other at stops. That night we went to see the *Laterna Magica*, a famous Czech combination live acting and movie production in which people come out of the picture and onto the stage and then go into the wings and reappear on the screen. I'd first seen it in Montreal in 1967 and then again here. Only this time I had actually walked that same afternoon through many of the streets where the film was made which made it all the more interesting.

FRIDAY — Long trip of about 40 miles into the country to the medieval Karlstejn Castle, a really impregnable fortress on the top of a hill with its village down below it. The Czech countryside looks just like others and the trip wasn't so great. I had the feeling it served to keep us busy for the better part of the day. Couldn't tell whether it was my own expectations or imagination but I kind of got the feeling of an overall sense of resignation in Czechoslovakia. A glance at the map makes it clear. The little country is right in the center of Europe surrounded by other Socialist countries except for a few miles of border with Austria. It is important to Russia that it not become too westernized as a bad example to the other buffer states so their situation is a bit hopeless and with the Russian's heavy hand all over there is little they can do but they aren't as happy about their situation as residents of the other countries seem to be about theirs.

SATURDAY — Off today early for East Berlin. Flew in an old Russian made turboprop which was crowded and uncomfortable. Lots of formalities and delays at the E. Berlin airport but finally made it to the bus for a tour through the city. Of course, E. Berlin is simply a city surrounded by its own countryside rather than a completely walled off city like W. Berlin, so you come on the city slowly. Happened to be the first day of school for the kids and we saw lots of children walking home from school with their parents who had taken them the first day to help break the shock — probably why they had it on Saturday. Each child gets a big cornucopia of goodies to help ease the experience. They were about 30 inches long and mostly the parents had to carry them. Also observed that most of these kids carried a kind of briefcase-knapsack carrier strapped on their backs. Inquiry from the guide revealed that these were for their school books. I asked how come so much for the

first grade and the guide said, "these kids have a lot of homework and study to do". Question and conclusion: — Have you seen any American first and second graders carrying briefcases of books home? What will be the effect of such concentrated early starting education in 20 years relative to American standards? Put that fact together with my comments about national pride of building the nation and of buying and reading so many books and what does it say? To me it is very obvious that America had better do something and fast or we shall find ourselves very much the worse in comparison a few years hence.

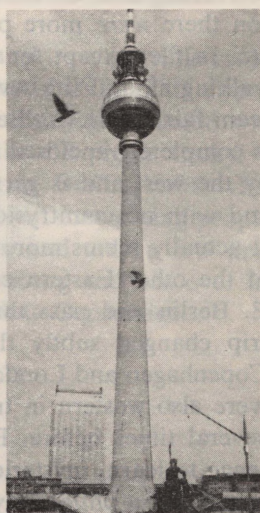
We drove through the city into the center to a brand new big hotel for lunch. The Karl Marx Allee or main drag is a very wide street lined with tall buildings with large plazas and open space between them, quite a number of cars on the streets and everything seemed to be buzzing. It was something of a surprise after all that one reads over here about the comparisons with W. Berlin. Compared with other cities than W. Berlin which is, after all a kind of a special case, E. Berlin struck me as being very much a going concern. Our guide, a woman, revealed quite a bit of anti-Russian bias in her comments about the late Stalinesque architecture of some of the first constructed government buildings and about the colossal Red Army Memorial park which the Russians built but the Germans have to pay to maintain. The city was, of course, leveled by the bombing so they had a chance to redesign it when it was rebuilt and they have a lot of parks, wide streets, new buildings, etc. We approached "The Wall" from the East side at the Brandenburg Gate (which is in W. Berlin actually) and lots of tourists from other Socialist countries were viewing it too. There isn't enough space to go into it here, but I was able to sense a considerable difference in the attitude concerning both the necessity for and function of the wall between people living on both sides of it. And of course it breaks down into the point of view of the needs of the society vs. the rights of the individual and both are valid. We saw the low mound of grass covered earth which was the remains of Hitler's last Bunker and then approached Check Point Charlie from the East. This was quite a ceremony. They collected our passports on the bus and took them to the sentry house to check them, a man came through the bus and looked at each of us and questioned some and inspected some of the hand luggage — our suitcases had been sent over direct from the airport. A man with a big mirror on a pole went alongside the bus with the mirror under it to be sure that no one was "riding the rods" under the bus as a means of escape. Eventually we got our passports back and were allowed to proceed. At the W. German side all they did was to wave us through. We then proceeded to the Berlin Hilton.



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East Berlin



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East Berlin's

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"THE WALL"

West Berlin



"CHECK POINT CHARLIE"

West Berlin Observation Point

After settling in the room I went out and took a walk along the Kurfurstendam the main shopping street of W. Berlin. Now in comparison there *were* more people, *more* shops, *more* goods, *more* cars, etc. In fact except for the language and the signs you could have been walking along Fifth Ave. in NY. But using this as a comparison doesn't seem fair to me. W. Berlin is a *symbol* almost as much as it is a city. It is completely enclosed by the Wall, it is supported in all necessary ways by the west and is garrisoned by American, British and French troops and with no countryside to expand in it is crowded and concentrated. It actually seems more tinselly and hurley-burley than E. Berlin or any of the other Eastern cities we were in. In a way I was sorry to leave E. Berlin and pass through the so-called "Iron Curtain" because the trip changed subtly there from an adventure to a visit. W. Berlin, Copenhagen and London where I went next were foreign cities true, but were also western in tradition and moreover the latter two I'd been in several times before. But the Eastern Countries had presented a challenge to learn, mysteries to unravel, prejudices and ignorances to counteract and a philosophy to understand. Now in W. Berlin I was back in the usual Rat Race in a sense.

SUNDAY — Stayed in bed late nursing my laryngitis and then got up and took a taxi back to Check Point Charlie to go to the Wall Museum there. This was fascinating depicting as it did the history of the wall and pictures of all the ingenious schemes used by various people to escape across it. In the afternoon we took a bus tour of the city of W. Berlin. It was amusing when we went past the Russian memorial that there were two Russian soldiers symbolically on guard duty there but actually the street it is on is closed off by barbed wire and you can't get out of the bus as you pass it. It is in the British zone and the Tommies are guarding the Russians who are guarding the memorial. Apparently there has been some strong anti-Russian feeling expressed there in the past. We saw the Reichstag where Hitler got his start; the famous Brandenburg gate from the West side, we bumped into the wall at several places and stopped for pictures where there were small crosses in memorial to someone who had tried to climb it and had been shot from the east. There are a number of undemolished ruins purposely left standing throughout the city as mute anti-war symbols.

That evening we had our farewell banquet of the tour as the following morning we dispersed in our several directions. We had had a marvelous guide on the trip, a Swiss man who spoke several languages and really knew the Tour Leader Business. Whenever someone had tried to tell him he couldn't do this or that he sent them off to headquarters as

he knew the countries regulations as well or better than the guides we got in several of the countries. It was a real pleasure having him.

MONDAY, SEPT. 6 — Taxied to Templehof airport — terrible crowd trying to get to ticket windows and planes, a real jamup. This airport being literally right in the heart of a city is entirely surrounded with buildings and makes both approaches and takeoffs pretty tricky. It must have really been something to see during the Berlin Airlift when tons of supplies had to be unloaded and not just self-locomoting people. As there are only three corridors out of Berlin and only a few lines permitted to fly in, I took Pan American to Hamburg and laid over for a couple of hours waiting for SAS to take me back to Copenhagen.

(Continued in TVia No. 72)



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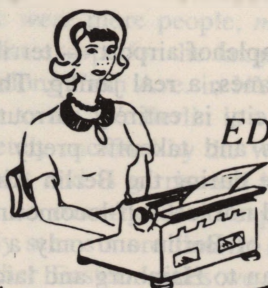
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EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. GREETING OF THE SEASON: As you will be receiving this sometime around Christmas, let it carry the wishes of both Mary and Virginia to you for a fine holiday season, our thanks for your interest and support during the past years and our hopes that your lives will all be enriched and happier in 1972.

II. REPURCHASE OFFER: While it has been a standing offer for a long time it needs to be repeated every so often. Chevalier will repurchase any of the issues which are no longer in stock for \$2 in either cash or credit. For the issues that are needed see the listing of issues out of stock under Back Issue deals in the price list. Such issues are available every now and then from people who wish to dispose of their collections of *TRANSVESTIAS* for various reason. If you would like to put in a request for any particular issues as they come up please do so. Write your name and address and the issues wanted on a 3 x 5 card or paper so that we can file them. Please also date the card as such requests will be honored in *the order received*. As these are scarce items they will be sold at \$6 apiece which is their repurchase cost plus the original \$4 selling price. If you really want some of these PLEASE WRITE TODAY. There is no point in being No. 15 on a list when we may only get 4 or 5 of your issue in the next year.

III. BACK ISSUES AGAIN: We are always sorry when someone writes in for an issue that has just recently been exhausted. It is disappointing for you and some trouble for us as we just have to write and tell you so. Since back issues never get out of date for their material, why don't more of you buy the past issues while they can be bought. The last 2 or 3 issues are not going to run out right away so you can get them later. Moreover, as there is of necessity some time between issues a back

issue in between would give you reading material every month or oftener rather than waiting for two months or more for the next TVia.

IV. TVIA FOR FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS: When the price of TVia was raised from \$4 to \$5 starting with No. 61, I decided to try to hold to the \$4 price for foreign subscribers in view of the exchange rate and differing income levels abroad. However, with continuing increases in costs here plus 2 different postal increases I regret to say that I shall have to increase the foreign rates to the same as those in the U.S., namely \$5 per issue. As with domestic subscribers the first class surface postage will be included in the subscription price and as this comes to 76c for foreign postage alone it is easy to see why this change is made.

V. MY PHONE NUMBER: Several times in the past I have published my phone number but as there are many new readers I'll do so again. It is (213) 876-6141. It is also listed in the LA directory as Charles Virginia Prince — a method of double identification to those who know me through TVia. While I am always loaded with work, there comes a time when some of you feel the necessity of talking with another and when I get such calls I try to help in whatever way seems indicated.

VI. INTRODUCTION TO TVISM LEAFLETS: We have just had another batch of these reprinted so that they are available and those of you sufficiently motivated to try to help others can again obtain them — at cost — at 10c each. Buy several dollars worth and mail them to police, doctors, psychiatrists, marriage counselors, judges, attorneys or others who might come in contact with an FP sometimes and whose reaction to him might be more helpful for having gotten at least this much information about the subject. While on this I again urge you to pass on a little of the help you have gotten from knowing of TVia and FPE by donating a copy of the Wives book to several educational and public libraries in your area. For this purpose the book is available at \$2 donation from you and I pay the postage which is 72 cents so there isn't much left over to cover the handling but it is one of the ways of finding and helping others. Send the money and enough letters of transmittal to the library and we'll do the rest. Tell the library that you are donating the book in the hope it will help others to understand and ask them not to put it on the reference shelf where people may be too embarrassed to ask for it but out where it can be found.

VII. CLIPSHEET: No. 35 of the Clipsheet has appeared and is available. No. 34 is already gone though there are copies of the previous 6 numbers still available. Here too all the older numbers are gone except for 2 or 3 issues of which there are a few copies left. So if clippings are "your thing" — get with it or they won't be there.



Person to Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

- 22-B-5 (CONTACT) F.P. 60 yrs old, married, retired, like to correspond and meet with FPs in the Detroit area **BETTY**
- 9-F-2 (CONTACT) Would like to correspond with FPs in Florida and Southeastern U.S. **ANGELA**
- 38-B-10 FPE FP, 34, marries, like to correspond and meet other FPs. Interested in forming an FPE chapter in western Penn. All replies confidential. **PAM**
- 9-L-4 FPE married FP with B+ wife wishes correspond & exch. photos with FPs everywhere. Meetings possible when visiting So. Fla. Fee returned if requested and photos sent with first letter. **STEPHANIE**
- 6-S-3 FPE Single FP, 25, like to correspond with others, especially those interested in women's lib. radical politics and the long-hair life-style in general **LESLEY ANNE.**
- 10-C-1 CONTACT: New reader, married, 40, desires to corres. with other sister in same age bracket. Particularly in Idaho and Oregon. **RAYE**

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Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

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