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Transvestia

FICTION

A Family Affair
Unfair Advantage

ARTICLES

Some FP Thoughts
Attic-Vistic Pastimes

HISTORY

Evolution of a Femme-Person

POEM

After the Rain
Hope for the Best

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

Pacific Circle



Volume XI

No. 64

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
Editor's Assistant
Contributing Editor
Literary Editor

Virginia Prince
Mary Nielson
Susanna Valenti
Shelia Niles



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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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VOL. XI

NO. 64



A FAMILY AFFAIR

Marylynne 50-M-1 FPE

I looked up from the array of test tubes and glassware in front of me to the calendar hanging below the clock. "Holy Mackerel," I thought, "only four days to Halloween. I'd better go shopping this evening and complete my costume for the masquerade party." The test tubes faded away as I drifted into a vision of what I would be wearing just four nights from now. A tap on the shoulder jerked me back to the present.

"You trying to melt that beaker, V.J.?" the Lab Instructor asked.

"Sorry," I replied, smiling. "I had a little day dream going." A quick check of my project and I added, "I don't believe I've hurt the experiment any."

"I hope not," he said, "because you couldn't complete it this semester if you had to start over." Together we checked my findings to date and he agreed that I hadn't hurt anything by letting that beaker boil dry. He told me, though, that he would probably knock my final grade down a little because of my daydreaming.

I always used my initials "V.J." whenever possible because my first name was Vivian — hardly a boy's name. I guess my Mother wanted a girl and I was a disappointment to her — but the name stuck. During my primary school days, my name had produced several black eyes, both on me and whoever teased me about having a girl's name.

In high school, I had attempted participation in several sports, but I had suffered from rheumatic fever as a child and simply wasn't strong enough to take the vigorous exercises involved. So I devoted my energies to studies and stood high up in all classes. Chemistry was particularly easy for me and I decided then to become a Chemist.

Also, I was an only child and Mother had over-protected me during my long convalescence from the fever. She accidentally introduced me into a life that was to cause me many hours of grief, loneliness and pleasure. The washer went on the fritz, and my pajamas were stiff with soap and wrinkled. She gave me one of her nighties to wear to bed. I had never felt anything so smooth and soft next to my skin and thrilled to the soft rustle of nylon whenever I moved. The next morning I asked her if I could sleep in her nightie every night.

I remember a funny look crossed her face and she asked me why. I told her that her nightie just felt so much smoother and nicer than my own cotton pajamas that I wanted to wear hers all the time. She said I couldn't sleep in hers — but that she would buy some for me. That night I slept in a pair of girl's pajamas and was almost as happy as with Mom's nightie.

Then one day I took a pair of her panties and wore them under my own clothes. She, of course, discovered this and we had a long talk about wearing feminine clothes. I remember I was not embarrassed and that I told her I just liked to wear soft underthings.

She reminded me that boys didn't do things like that. That made me angry and I blurted out that I couldn't do a lot of things that other boys did and wished I was a girl. Our discussion had flared into an argument that stopped dead when I said that. We didn't say much to each other the rest of the day; but after dinner, she asked if I really meant what I had said about being a girl.

I said 'yes' and told her that since I wasn't strong enough to participate in boys sports, they shunned and teased me — and even the girls teased me about being a weakling and sometimes invited me to play girls games with them. I always refused because I thought they were teasing me about that, too. I pointed out to her that I was small boned, slightly built like a girl and might just as well be a girl. She had to agree that I wasn't very robust.

The next morning she brought one of her skirts and said I could wear it that day while doing my household chores. I put it on — after sneaking another pair of her panties to wear under it. I didn't look very girlish wearing a T-shirt, skirt and sneakers, but I felt like a girl and that was important to me.

My father was an Engineer and traveled all over the world, being gone for months at a time, so she never told him of my "fetish".

I asked Mom one day if she would buy me some girl's clothes of my own, but she refused. Wearing her skirt was all she would tolerate. But she introduced me into the world of femininity — although it was several years before I learned that I was a Transvestite and not a freak.

My parents were killed in an accident my senior year in High School and I lived with an Aunt until I started attending the University. A trust fund paid my school and living expenses and I had a generous allowance for spending money. I hated the group living in the dormitory and moved into a small rented studio apartment my Sophomore year. Once I was alone, the longing for feminine clothes came on like a cavalry charge. I bought the necessities (rather indiscriminately as I was strictly an amateur) and would dress in them almost every evening while I studied. My grades improved and I was happy — although somewhat lonesome, too.

I was known as a "loner" and an intellectual snob because I very seldom mingled with the crowd and rarely attended any school activity. I was happier being by myself of an evening dressed as I wished. True, I was quite often lonely, but there was no one I could turn to for help or companionship. A classmate "discovered" me one evening when he came barging in without knocking. That was the last time I ever left the door unlocked. I explained that I was practicing for a part in the Little Theatre in a neighboring town, but he didn't believe me. I finally told him the truth and he promised to keep my secret. With that promise, we had coffee and I helped him with his chemistry problems. After that evening, he always called before he came over, and I never bothered to change clothes if I was wearing a dress. He said that he didn't care what I wore as he was only interested in picking my brain. We became good friends. He not only kept his promise, but helped me many times in the future.

One evening I dressed very properly and thought I had done an excellent job of applying my makeup; so, feeling very brave, I drove to a drive-in for a cup of coffee. Suddenly, the rear doors opened and two chemistry students whom I knew slightly, piled in.

"What's goin' on, V.J.?" demanded one of them.

“Yeah,” quipped the other one, “why are you all dolled up that way?”

I wished I were dead. I was so embarrassed and flustered that I couldn't even speak for a few minutes. They insisted on knowing, so I told them that I dressed this way quite often. I begged them not to say anything about this. They, too, promised they would keep my secret, but started calling me “Vivian” instead of “V.J.” As they left, one of them told me that as long as I was going to dress like a girl, I should at least try to look like one, too. I asked him what he meant and he told me that I had done a lousy job of applying my makeup. What a let down that was — after I thought I had done such a good job.

I told my friend Jim about the “incident”. He laughed and told me his sister was a beauty operator. He called her at home and explained that he had a friend who was going to become a female impersonator and needed a lot of help learning to put on makeup and would she help him? She agreed and Jim hung up. He gave me her home address and told me to be there at seven o'clock the next evening.

His sister was awfully nice and seemed to think there was nothing wrong in my wanting to be a female impersonator, although she did think it was a kooky way to make a living. I never told her that the impersonation bit was her brother's idea and not mine. The thought had never entered my mind until he had mentioned it to her. She insisted that from now on, I come dressed as a girl as she felt silly teaching a man to put on mascara, etc. She also permanently removed my rather sparse beard. Her lessons were spread over several months, and I became very proficient in the art of makeup and wig styling.

One evening, I called my classmate who had told me to look more like a girl, and invited him to meet me at a Pizza Parlor (one with rather dim lighting). I arrived early and secluded myself in a booth in the rear of the room. He walked by twice before he recognized me. He sat down opposite me, and grinning, said “Vivian, you look terrific! I'd never have guessed you weren't a real girl.” I thanked him for the compliment and told him I had only taken his advice. I then proceeded to buy the beer and pizza for us. I felt that I had indeed “graduated” that night. My formal graduation from the University a month later was strictly anti-climactic.

I loafed that summer and in the fall started working towards my Master's Degree in Chemistry. Everyone knew that after I received my PhD, I was going to become a research chemist; but I neglected to tell most people what kind of research I'd be doing. There was one sadly

neglected field that needed development, and I felt I was just the person to develop cosmetics that would make life easier and prettier for people like myself.

But — back to the present.

I cleaned my laboratory area and went downtown to do my shopping. On the way, I slipped a gold wedding band on my finger to help my alibi of buying things for my “wife”. I decided to splurge and purchase a whole new outfit for the party.

My first stop was in a lingerie shop, where I selected black, lacy panties, bra, slip and new girdle. Then over to the dress department where there were so many beautiful dresses and suits that I sighed because I couldn't buy them all. I finally selected a black silk cocktail dress. New black patent spikes and some of the sheerest nylons I could find completed my shopping. I went home with my packages — a lot poorer but happier.

I had rented a small, furnished cottage which I now called home. I threw the boxes on the bed, showered and proceeded to try on all my new clothes. They fitted to perfection and I just knew I'd be the prettiest girl at the party.

Halloween Eve I cut my last class so I would have more time to get ready. This was a special evening for me — one of the few times I could appear in public dressed as I wished without fear of repercussions and I needed the time to bathe and dress properly. Then, too, I wanted to be dressed before the “Trick or Treating” started.

I showered, then filled the tub with bubble bath and soaked in it for awhile. I knew this would give me a delicate fragrance for the whole evening. Then I donned my new undies, experiencing a thrill as I put each one on. Next came the make up, being ever so careful to put it on just right. A scarf over my head while I put on my new dress. A quick check in the mirror. Make up O.K. Then my shoes, slipping on smoothly and accenting my naturally slim ankles. Finally, new newly styled blonde wig — a pat here and there. Nail polish and I was ready for the “trick or treaters” or come-what-may.

Almost all of the kids murmured “Thank you, Ma'm” as I handed out the treats to them. I smiled to myself, confident that I could at least fool them. One of them, however, caught my eye — a nice looking girl about twelve or thirteen with long dark hair just stared at me as I dropped an

apple and a candy bar in her bag. I stared back for a few seconds and then smiled at her. She blinked and smiled back. "Thank you, Ma'm," she said, whirled and ran down the sidewalk to join her friends. As I closed the door, I stopped as suddenly as if I'd ran into a wall. That little chip out of her front tooth — that was no girl — that was the boy who delivered my newspaper! I knew now that he had recognized me. Only time would tell if he would keep my secret.

Finally, the kids quit ringing my doorbell. I made a final check of my make up and dress. Everything was still in place, so I put on my hat and coat, picked up my purse and gloves and left for the party.

Just before I entered the party, I put on a small black mask so I would be 'in costume'. Only the host (my friend Jim) knew who I was. During the evening, I overheard several remarks about some people being too lazy to dress in costume for such a party. I laughed to myself — little did they know that I had put far more effort and time into getting my costume ready than most of them there. When we unmasked at midnight, they all thought I was just another girl — and their comments to that effect pleased me immensely. I hated having the evening end. I was truly enjoying myself, but I knew that soon my Cinderella world would come to a close and I would have to turn back into a pumpkin.

The next evening I was working the yard when Jimmy delivered my newspaper (Coincidence? No.)

"Hi, Jimmy," I greeted him, "did you go 'trick or treating' last night?"

"Sure did, Mr. Alcott," he exclaimed, "and I collected a whole sack full of goodies. They would last me for at least a month."

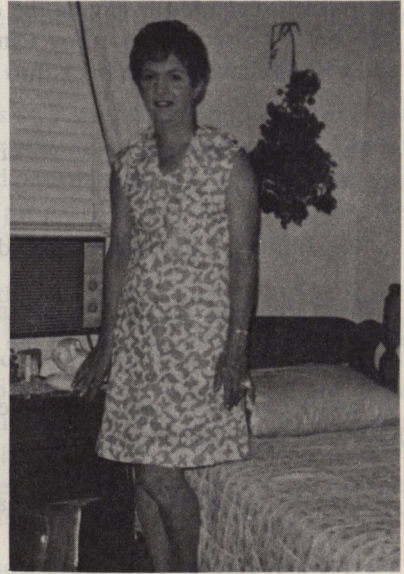
"Swell," I said. "You're a little early this evening, Jimmy. Would you have time for a Coke with me?"

"Gee, thanks, Mr. A.," he said eagerly, "I sure would."

I got a couple of cold cokes from the refrigerator and we sat on the porch steps drinking them.

We were almost finished when he asked, "May I say something, Mr. A?"

"Certainly, Jimmy," I replied.



Jennifer — Pa.

"You sure make a good looking girl," he blurted. "I almost didn't recognize you!"

"Thanks, Jimmy," I smiled, "so do you. I *wouldn't* have recognized you if it hadn't been for that chipped tooth." He blushed a little and took a sip of his coke.

Now that the door was open — so to speak — I decided to ask Jimmy a very important question.

"Jim," I asked quietly, "do you dress up like that very often?"

He looked at me for several seconds and then grinning, he said, "I think I can trust you, can't I?"

"Of course, Jim, I give you my promise on that."

"I dress in girl's clothes almost every evening," he said.

"You do?" I exclaimed. And his next statement almost made me fall off the step!

"Heck, yes, Mr. A.," he grinned, "my whole family does it — we're all Transvestites!"

"Your — whole — family?" I managed to gasp. "You must be putting me on!"

"Honest," he said. "Mom, Pop, my two sister and I. We're a family of turnabouts."

I was too dumbfounded to speak.

"Mr. A.," Jimmy asked, "how often do you dress up?"

"Every chance I get, Jimmy." I replied. "I'm a Transvestite, too."

"I knew there was something different about you I liked," he said. "If you'd like to meet my sister, she always has coffee at the College Union bout ten o'clock every morning. She's about six feet tall — so look for a tall girl with short, dark hair — a girl that looks kinda like a boy in skirts." With that, he picked up his papers and was off before I could even ask him her name.

Monday morning I was at the Union shortly after 9:30 looking for a certain tall girl. Jimmy hadn't given me much of a description, but I felt I'd know her if I saw her. About 10:15 I was ready to give up when I saw her come in. She wasn't six feet tall — about 5'9" I figured. I took a deep breath and walked over to her booth.

"Are you Jimmy Edward's sister?" I asked.

She look up, smiled and said, "Yes. You must be Mr. Alcott. Jimmy said you'd probably be looking me up."

"Yes, I am," I smiled back. "My friends call me 'V.J.' "

"I'm Norinne," she said, "Sit." I sat.

We talked awhile, then Norinne excused herself as she had a class, but we agreed to meet here the next morning for coffee. I had another cup and thought about Norinne. She had — as Jimmy said — short, dark hair — almost as short as the girl's crew cut that had gained some popularity in the late Fifties. She was very pretty, with blue eyes, small nose, even features and a beautiful smile. Her figure was slim and athletic — almost boyish — being somewhat small breasted. I liked her. We had coffee together several time before I asked her for a date. She accepted and gave me her home address.

That evening when I went to pick her up, I didn't know what to expect, but none of the family was "dressed" except Jimmy. We made small talk for a few minutes, then Norinne and I left for dinner.

We chatted through dinner — mostly about school. We were having a liqueur when Norinne said, "Jimmy told me you were a Transvestite. Is that true?"

"Yes, I am." I replied quietly.

"So am I," she smiled, "So is my whole family."

"I couldn't quite believe Jimmy when he told me that," I said. "It sounded too utterly impossible and too good to be true. I've always felt that there must be other Transvestites in this world, but how does one make contact with one another? We can't advertise or publicity declare what we are. Thank God for Jimmy's chipped tooth."

"I know it has been very difficult for us; but we have each other and that helps. We have a few friends that accept us — but we've lost some, too, who wouldn't or couldn't understand what we are." she said. "But you must have gone through Hell — being alone and knowing you were different than all the people around you."

"Yes," I said, "it has been lonely and frustrating. Frightening, too, at times." I told her about my classmates discovering me at the drive-in. "Hey, it's getting late," I exclaimed, "we'd better hurry if we're going to catch the first act at the night club!"

"Relax," Norinne said, "I'm not so sure I want to go night clubbing now. I'd like to see you dressed. Jimmy was very complimentary about you as a girl."

"O.K., Ma'm," I smiled, "I'd like you to meet my good friend "Vivian" which, incidentally, is my own first name." We drove to my cottage.

"There's anything you want to drink in the kitchen from Coke to Scotch," I told her as I hung up her coat, "help yourself while I get into something comfortable."

I practically tore my clothes off and took a thirty second shower. I hurriedly put on some underthings while deciding what to wear. I decided on a dark green suit with white blouse and accessories. Black shoes and purse were donned to complete my dressing. Dangly pearl earrings and necklace went on after I had put on my makeup — and lastly — an auburn, shoulder length wig. I decided not to take time to put on nail polish; so I made a final scrutiny in the full length mirror and walked into the living room.

Norinne looked at me for a long time — it seemed — then smiled and said, "Hi, Vivian, you're a knockout!"

"Thanks, Norinne," I replied, smiling back at her, "I think I need a drink," and finished hers.

She stood up, walked all around me twice and then said, "Yes, Vi, you are beautiful. May I use your phone?"

"Certainly," I said, "It's on the stand by the window," and went into the kitchen to refill her drink and make one for myself. As I poured, I noticed that my hands weren't trembling as they usually did when I appeared before someone the first time as Vivian. I had a good feeling that I had found someone I had been looking and wishing for a long time.

As I came back into the living room, Norinne was talking into the phone, "Mom, she's fabulous. I want to bring her over, so you guys start getting dressed. I know you're just going to love Vivian." She hung up, took her drink from me, kissed me lightly on the cheek and said, "As soon as we've finished our drinks, we're going to my house to finish the evening. I've told the family what a pretty girl you are and they're anxious to meet you."

"O.K.," I agreed quickly, "it'll be heavenly to be among some understanding people for a change."

"Oh," she laughed, "we're very understanding where TVism is concerned."

We took our time getting to Norinne's so the family would have plenty of time to dress. As we reached the front door, I unconsciously hung back a little (from habit). Norinne took my hand, opened the door and she led me into an earthbound Valhalla.

"Hi, folks," she yelled, "come meet Vivian!" We were suddenly surrounded by people. "Vivian," she said, "this is Nancy (Pop), Sam (Mom), Jack (Judy) and Betty (Jimmy). I'll be back in a few minutes as Bert." And with that she disappeared down a hallway.

Sam said, "Welcome, Vivian. Come, let me take your coat. Make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you, Sam," I said and sat on the divan. Betty came over and sat beside me. "Gee, Vivian," she said, "you look so pretty in that outfit. I'll be glad when I can wear more grown up styles." "Thanks, Betty," I smiled and carressed her cheek with my hand, "You're pretty tonight, too."

Nancy had gone into the kitchen to pour the coffee. I looked around the room and studied the family. Jack had acknowledged our introduction, then excused himself to finish his homework. Sam was wearing a tan sport shirt and slacks with dark brown loafers. His hair was combed straight back and he looked surprisingly mannish. Jack was wearing a sweat shirt, jeans and sneakers. His hair, too was combed similar to Sam's. I noticed, though, that he bit his fingernails almost into the quick.

Betty was wearing a white blouse, red jumper with pleated skirt, white socks and red shoes. Her hair was the same long, brown fall she had worn on Halloween.

Nancy came in with a tray of cups, etc.; and sat them on the coffee table. She sat down beside me, took my hand in both of hers and said quietly, "Welcome, Vivian. I hope we'll be seeing a lot more of you." I assured her she would be. She was wearing a pink shirt-waist dress, black mid-heeled shoes, a beautiful gray wig properly styled for a middle-aged matron, pearl earrings and necklace. Her face was unadorned except for lipstick.

I looked around at no one — yet at everyone — and cried out, "Thank you, you wonderful people!" My eyes suddenly filled with tears and I blubbered "I think I'm going to cry I'm so happy."

Bert came in just then, wearing a turtle neck sweater, sport coat and slacks and brown loafers. His hair was parted and combed back. He came over, took Betty by the ear, moved her to the end of the divan and sat down beside me.

"Well, what do you think of my family?" he asked in a surprisingly deep voice.

"Look," I said, "I just got one batch of tears dried up — don't let me start another flood. They're marvelous, Bert. Thank you so very, very much for bringing me here." I stood up, walked over to Betty, took her face in my hands, kissed her lightly on the lips and said, "My special thanks to you, Betty, for starting all this." Then over to Jack. I looked at him, smiled and said "Jack, I know we're going to have some awfully good times together." He smiled back and replied, "I know so, too, Vivian, but I've got to study for a test tomorrow. Believe me, I'm not always this quiet."

I approached Sam, kissed him lightly on the cheek and said, "Thank you, Sam, for not getting Betty's tooth repaired. It was that little chip that made this possible." When I stopped in front of Nancy, I was so choked with emotions that I could only look at her through misty eyes and hug her. I sat down again and took a sip of coffee.

We talked and drank coffee until almost midnight, when I finally — after having said several times that I had to go — got to my feet and started for the door. As Bert helped me on with my coat, the family all gathered around and insisted that I come back for dinner Friday — and if I wasn't busy over the weekend we'd all go to their mountain cabin. I happily accepted and drove home by way of clouds 7, 8 and 9.

Norinne and I met every morning at the Union for coffee and small talk. With each meeting, both there and at our homes, our friendship deepened. We both loved each other, but neither one would give the other one a hint as to our true feelings.

Two weeks before the school term ended, Sam asked me what my plans were for the summer. I had made no definite plans and said so.

He smiled and asked me if I'd like to spend the summer with them in the mountains. I happily accepted, but insisted that I share expenses. A cup of coffee later all the details were worked out. We would spend the whole summer dressed as they were known in the village only by their femme names.

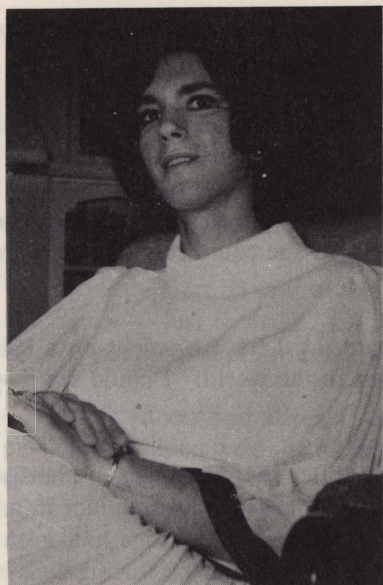
The next day I was so excited about my forthcoming summer I skipped two classes just to go shopping for the start of my summer wardrobe. For the rest of the term I was so happy and giddy the professors suspected that I was either drunk all the time or on dope. Little did they know that I was stimulated by the happiest dope in the world — the expectancy and thrilling anticipation of being a girl for two whole months.

The last day of the term finally arrived. I shook hands with each of the professors and thanked them for the help they had given me.

We had spent several days packing and repacking what we wanted to take to the mountains with us. Last minute arrangements kept us in town until late afternoon. The family went in one car and Norinne and I drove up in mine. It was very late when we arrived, so most of the unloading and unpacking waited until morning.

Most of our clothes were still packed, but we were dressed well enough to assume our femme roles. Nancy and I prepared breakfast. Betty did the dishes while Nancy and I started cleaning the cabin. Sam, Bert and Jack brought in the rest of the luggage and groceries, then went to work cleaning up the yard and bringing in wood for the fireplace as it was quite chilly in the evenings.

We all worked until mid-afternoon, then we bathed, dressed and relaxed over tea or cakes and gossiped awhile. I had put on a short-sleeved cardigan sweater and full skirt, but decided to wear my flats until dinner time. Nancy and Betty both wore blouses and skirts. The boys were wearing slacks and T-shirts or sweaters. I had been so happy all day — laughing at nothing and singing — as I did my housework that the family



Diane — Conn.



Glenda 43-G-2 FPE
Omaha, Nb.

suspected I had cracked up. I hadn't, though, because I was waiting for the right moment to spring my surprise on them.

"Nancy — Betty," I asked, "if you could suddenly grow long hair, how long would you like it?" Betty was the first to answer.

"About as long as my fall is now." Nancy said she'd like hers about eight or ten inches long — some length that she could style and care for easily.

"Girls," I said, "I think I can fix you up. I have a patent on a hair grower that is like no other hair grower in the world." I could see they were eager to hear more.

"It works on the principle of a weed killer that stimulates a plant so much it grows itself to death," I explained, "except the stimulant in my product, of course, is weaker and is controlled. The average hair grows about a half inch a month. My grower boosts the hair producing cells in the follicles so they will produce many times faster than normal, yet it controls the production so it won't kill those cells. Simple, huh? But, when the cells return to normal after a treatment of grower, they relax so much that the hair will not grow over an inch for the next several months. Remember, they are a little tired after all that work; so don't expect your hair to grow very much until around Christmas time. Any questions?"

Nancy smiled and said, "How soon can I get my treatment?"

"Me, too." echoed Betty.

"Right now, if you wish," I said, "go get a towel to put over your shoulders." I went to the bedroom and got a jar of thick, creamy liquid. "I had a dickens of a time killing the odor of this stuff, but it doesn't smell too awfully bad."

As I started Nancy's treatment, I explained, "Your hair will grow until you wash this stuff out; then it will grow about a half an inch during the deceleration period of a day. I have to be careful when applying this not to get it where you don't want hair to grow. I've found that most hair follicles are merely dormant and not dead." I very carefully worked the solution into Nancy's scalp until her roots were covered, then I formed a tiny 'widow's peak' on her forehead. "It will tingle a little at first," I said, "but that will only last less than an hour; and once the solution

dries, there should be no discomfort of any kind — not even an odor. Just remember, don't shampoo your hair until it's as long as you wish. You're next, Betty." And I repeated the treatment for her, except I applied it just a little heavier.

Bert then asked if there was test I could give that would predetermine whether or not my solution would work on a person.

"Certainly, Bert," I said, and rubbed a little on his arm — as I did Jack's and Sam's — just to make sure they would be receptive to the solution. "Don't wash that spot for at least twenty four hours," I admonished them.

The afternoon had slipped away somehow, so we discussed dinner plans and decided we'd eat buffet style that evening and stay dressed just as we were.

After dinner everyone finished unpacking and putting their clothes away. I put my male clothing in a suitcase and stored it in the darkest corner of the basement I could find. Betty and I shared one bedroom, Bert and Jack another while Sam and Nancy had the large bedroom.

Shortly after we'd retired, Betty softly called, "Vivian?"

"Yes, Betty," I answered, "what do you want?"

"Viv," she asked, "will my hair really grow that long?"

"I'm sure it will, Betty, I've had only one failure as I told you earlier."

"I sure hope so. G-night," she said. All was quiet again.

"Vivian?" she called softly.

"Yeah?", I answered, sleepily.

"You really like Bert, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, Betty, very much."

"Do you love him?"

"I love you all — now go to sleep."

“But don’t you love him more than the rest of us?”

I pondered this question for awhile and when I finally started to answer it, I heard Betty’s breathing change into the deep, slow breathing of sleep — so I said softly into the darkness, “Yes, Betty, I do love Bert very, very much.”

The next morning my own hair had grown long enough to cover my ears, so I combed it into a feminine style and left my wig on its block. I put on a short sleeved pink housedress and flats and helped Nancy prepare breakfast. There was still a lot of housework to do before the cabin was really ‘living clean’. We girls did all the housework, cooking, etc., while the boys took care of all the outside chores.

Every evening, we bathed and changed clothes before dinner. We didn’t dress formally — just prettily. Usually, we would wear a dinner dress and heels and proper makeup, together with jewelry. The men would wear suits or sport clothes — but always wore their coats at the dinner table. We soon settled into a relaxed, pleasant routine and everybody was as happy as mortals can be. I may be jumping the gun a little — but we didn’t have one argument all summer. We were truly one, big, HAPPY family.

At the end of a week, my hair was about an inch below my shoulders, but Betty talked me (Not too hard to do) into letting it grow as long as hers would be. Hers had grown faster than I had anticipated and we ‘finished’ our growth together. Nancy’s was as long as she wanted it and had started putting it in rollers three days before we did. Sam helped her style it until she could manage by herself. Her hair was a beautiful gray and she made a most attractive matron.

The boys went to town together one afternoon and came back with CREWCUTS! Bert said, “I sure hope that stuff of yours works on us when we move back to town.” I assured him it would.

The next morning, Nancy asked if I’d like to go into town with her. She had made an appointment at a beauty shop for a permanent and would like some company. I agreed and when we walked into the shop, I suddenly decided to have my hair done, too. I asked the manager if she had any free time and explained what I wanted done.

“Of course, Miss Alcott,” she said, “we can take you right now. What shade of blonde would you like to be?”

"I think a pale, honey color would be nice," I replied.

She smiled, "Yes, I think that would be attractive for your complexion." Nancy had gone into a booth with another operator and hadn't heard my conversation with the manager. No one else in the family knew I would be coming home a blonde as I hadn't decided until I was in the shop.

We had a mutual admiration society going on the way home with our compliments to each other about our new hair dos. Nancy was styled very becomingly. Mine was still straight but it was now a pale, shimmering, honey blonde. I felt extremely female and pretty as we drove home.

As we drove into the yard, I could see Sam and Bert trimming the high hedge that surrounded the cabin, while Jack was raking and piling the trimmings. The trees and shrubs were in full leaf. The lawn looked like a green velvet carpet. The ranch style cabin sat towards the rear left corner of the lot under some huge oak trees. It was a pretty, restful hideaway and I was very happy to be a part of the friendly, sincere, uncomplicated, wonderful family that lived here. We sat in the car for a few minutes watching our menfolks at work, then went into the house to put the finishing touches on lunch.

When Betty first saw us, her eyes widened and she almost dropped the coffee pot. "Wow!" was all she could say! She ran over and kissed Nancy and then gave me a hug. "Gee!", she cried, "you look super!" She reached up and took my hair in her hand and examined it thoroughly, then gave it a tug just to make certain I hadn't slipped on a wig. "You're both beautiful," she exclaimed.

When the boys came in to clean up for lunch, we both 'suffered' the exquisite agony of their compliments and raves about our hair.

During lunch, Betty asked me if she could become a blonde, too. I replied that she had better ask her parents. They had no objections, so after the lunch things were cleaned up, I called and made an appointment for her for the next day. When the manager showed her the color charts for blondes, she had quite a time deciding; but finally she emerged with silvery platinum tresses. She made a very beautiful blonde girl.

We decided to venture out for the first time that summer as a group. We drove to a small town on the coast about fifteen miles away for dinner. I think we made a very attractive group. Sam and Bert wore dark

suits and Jack wore a white turtle neck sweater with dark sport coat and slacks. Nancy wore a white dickey, navy blue suit, blue high heeled shoes and a white hat that accentuated her gray hair beautifully. A pearl necklace and earrings was the only jewelry she had on. She was a very attractive lady. Betty wore a green, short sleeved dress, white shoes and gloves and a green headband through her hair. She was making her debut as a grown up and her shoes had inch and quarter heels. They set off her slim legs and ankles to perfection. She, too, was as pretty as a picture. I selected a white outfit; sheath dress, shoes, bag, gloves and a wisp of a thing the saleslady had called a hat. We had spent a lot of time preparing for our outing and everything was perfect as we intended it to be. The seafood was excellent. We enjoyed ourselves tremendously and were the recipients of many glances of admiration — and I'm sure — a few of envy. This was the happiest evening I'd spent since Bert introduced me to his family.

As Bert and I drove home that evening — he drove and I snuggled close beside him — I suggested he park in one of the many private turnoffs from the highway. He did, and when the car was stopped, I gave him a kiss he'll never forget — and I'll always remember the one he gave me. He grabbed me by the hair, gave it a gentle tug so I was looking into his eyes and said softly, "Vivian, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Bert, my Sweet," I replied, "just say when."

"We'll tell the folks as soon as we get home," he said, smiling. We drove home slowly as it was, after all, a mountain road and he had one arm around me. I was a girl very much in love that night.

As we burst through the door, Bert yelled "Gather around, everybody, we've got some news for you!" They all came into the living room talking at once at the excited sound of Bert's voice.

He held up his hands and said, "Calm down;" which they did.

"Sam — Nancy," he said quietly, but his shining eyes belied his clamor, "Vivian and I are now engaged and want to be married as soon as possible."

The room was frighteningly quiet following his announcement and I thought we were in trouble. The quietness suddenly gave way to bedlam as everybody rushed up to hug, kiss and congratulate us. I didn't know six people could make so much noise. We eventually quieted down and Sam asked Nancy, "Where did you hide that bottle?"

"I'll get it," she said, and hurried off to the basement, returning in a few minutes with a dusty bottle of champagne. "I smuggled this out of France during World War II, and have been keeping it for just this occasion — my first born's betrothal. Sam, get some glasses while I ice this down."

Betty, her eyes shining with joy, asked me, "May I be your Maid-of-Honor?"

"Of course, Betty, I wouldn't want anyone else." I turned to say something to Jack — but he was just disappearing into his bedroom. I nudged Bert and whispered, "There goes our best man, let's go tell him." We followed Jack into his room.

He was sitting dejectedly on the bed, fighting back the tears. "What's wrong, Sport?" Bert asked.

Jack looked up at us, his eyes brimming with tears. "It's hard to explain, Bert, but I had sorta hoped I'd be your Maid-of-Honor when you got married."

I sat down and took his hand in both of mine. "I understand, Jack," I said, "but we need a best man — and we'd be honored if you would stand up with us." I've never seen a black cloud turn to sunshine so fast in my life!

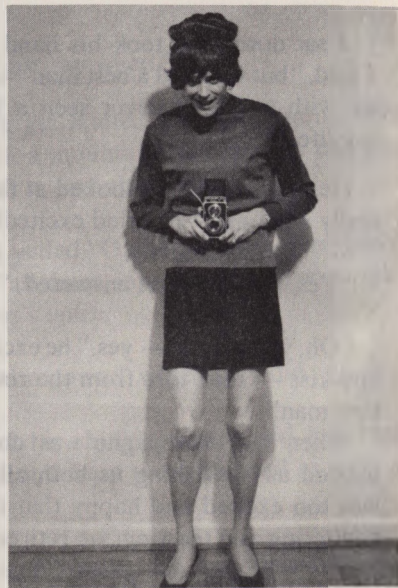
He jumped up and looked at first one of us then the other — "Do you really want me?" he cried excitedly, "Really?"

"Yes, we do," Bert answered, "how about it?"

"Oh, yes — yes — yes." he exclaimed happily, and gave each of us a hug and kiss — then tore from the room shouting "Hey, Mom, I'm gonna be best man!"

When the champagne was chilled, Sam popped the cork and they toasted us — wishing us both all the happiness in the world. Everyone was too excited and happy that night to make any plans, so after much chattering and toasting, we retired.

I arose early and showered. I took special pains that morning with my makeup and gave my blonde hair a hundred extra brush strokes just to give it a little extra gleam. I was shining inside and wanted to look my prettiest and shiny outside, too. I put on a white ruffled blouse, pink



Denise 46-C-1 FPE — Arl., Va.

skirt and white pumps. I started preparing breakfast, and didn't hear Bert when he sneaked up behind me. I was startled when he suddenly grabbed me from behind and hugged me. I turned around and he gave me a long good-morning kiss that I returned with interest. The rest of the family soon joined us and we had a merry time during breakfast. As soon as the dishes were done, we had a meeting in the living room to start making plans for our wedding.

The first question we had to settle was how would we dress for the ceremony? We all wanted to be "as is", but that would exclude inviting any friends who didn't know we were Transvestites. Yet, we all felt we couldn't snub them. Jack — Bless his heart — came up with the answer.

"It's simple," he said. "Two ceremonies — one now as we want it and one after we return to school and normal — ugh — lives. We just won't advertise this one very much and everybody will think it is the only wedding we've had. That way, everyone is satisfied." He smiled, and went on, "Besides, I'll get to be a Maid-of-Honor after all."

We all agreed to that and felt we could be ready in two weeks. There was a small select group of friends who knew and understood us that we invited to the wedding by letter rather than formal wedding announcements. They would receive the regular announcements for our second wedding that fall.

We spent two days in the city shopping for my wedding ensemble. No real bride ever had more thrills and excitement than I did selecting my bridal gown and honeymoon clothes. When my shopping was finished, we shopped for Betty. We selected a very pale pink full length gown with tiny cap sleeves, together with matching hat, shoes and gloves. She was thrilled when she tried them on — especially the shoes with their high, slender heels. Finally we picked out a pale yellow gown for Nancy. I just knew we would make a very pretty wedding group.

Time, although it seemed to drag, went quickly and the day before the wedding, I thought I could detect some dark roots showing and had a touch up at the beauty shop. The villagers knew us only as Sam, Nancy, etc., and they, too, were excited about the wedding. The beautician wanted to give me a special hair do for the wedding, but I only thanked her and explained that my fiancée liked my hair straight and free so he could get his hands tangled up in it. She then told me the whole town was coming to the wedding. I was so happy that I asked her to pass the word along that everyone was invited to the reception at the cabin. On the way home, I stopped and ordered some more champagne and then phoned the cater-

ing service to provide more food and to send me the bill for the extras. The shopkeeper thanked me again for 'the hootch'. I smiled and told him he and the town were now invited to the reception. He grinned and wished me luck and happiness in my marriage. I couldn't help myself — I kissed him on the cheek as I left.

I am not a religious person, but that night I prayed. I prayed to thank God for being so good to me and to continue to bestow His kindness on me and my new family.

Everybody seemed to be in a panic the next morning as we started dressing for the ceremony. We finally shooed Bert and Jack off to the hotel to finish dressing — also — so he wouldn't see me in my gown before we got to the church. We were ready finally, and arrived at the church only five minutes late.

There was never a happier, more excited, more in love bride that ever walked down the aisle than I — Vivian James Alcott. My vision blurred with tears as I saw Nancy sitting on the groom's side. Sam escorted me to my place, and I thought my heart would burst with joy as I looked at Bert and Jack — so elegant and wonderful in their formal wedding clothes. As Bert took his place alongside me, I couldn't have spoken a word right then if my life had depended upon it. When the time came, Sam also gave me away.

And so we were married. Except for our few close friends, the whole town — including the minister — never suspected our roles of bride and groom were reversed.

We drank so many toasts and acknowledged so many congratulations at the reception, I was just a little giddy when I escaped to change into traveling clothes. I changed into an apple green suit with brown shoes and accessories. We managed to slip out without being detected and left for a short honeymoon. Bert had made reservations at a seaside motel for us — but he wouldn't even tell me where it was until we arrived.

We had dinner at a nice little restaurant where we tried to act like an old married couple — but the stars in our eyes and our bubbling-over happiness gave us away. We were too much in love to eat very much anyway, and we returned to our motel early in the evening.

Bert and I had never discussed our previous sex lives — and what could have been more fitting than to discover we were both virgins ? I knew our

marriage was off to a good start and could only flourish through the years. I had visions of wearing my new filmy, white, lacy, sheer nightie and negligee — but I didn't get to wear them until the second night — and then only long enough to model them for my husband.

When we returned to the cabin after our all too short honeymoon, we found Betty had moved into Jack's room so we could have a bedroom of our own.

The rest of the summer passed all too quickly. Betty's favorite pastime was trying different hair styles on herself and me. At first, some of them looked like fright wigs, but she became very proficient as summer progressed and she decided she would become a hair stylist 'when she grew up.' And she did.

As the evenings cooled off with the passing of summer, the exuberant, spontaneous happiness gradually lessened as we realized we would soon have to return to the city and reverse our roles. Jack had become interested in chemistry that summer and we had developed a close friendship — just as he had said we would.

A few days before we were to return to the city, I reluctantly gave Sam, Bert and Jack a treatment of hair grower and then drove into town with Betty and had our own blonde hair dyed back to their natural drab brown color. We both had a good cry on the way home as we looked at each other.

We packed up, closed the cabin and returned to the city as Sam and crowd. None of us wanted to return to our 'normal' way of life and we were putting it off as long as we could. We stopped first at Sam and Nancy's and then Bert and I drove on over to our cottage.

The next morning after my shower, I put on a sweat shirt and man's slacks. Devoid of any makeup, I started breakfast. When Bert came into the kitchen, we gave each other our usual loving good morning greeting, but there was no light conversation as had had in the past. It was indeed a gloomy household that morning. We knew a wonderful part of our lives was coming to a close and Heaven only knew how long it would be before we could ever live like that again.

After breakfast, I looked at Bert and asked, sorrowfully, "Now"? He just nodded.

As he put a table cloth around my shoulders, I said, "Cut it close and lay it carefully on the table. I'll have a wig made from it."

"Sure thing, Honey," he said. "Now close your eyes and it won't hurt so bad. At least that's what I've heard."

With each snip of the scissors, I died a little; but as I knew I was returning to a masculine life, I managed not to cry. Well, maybe I did shed a few little tears. Who wouldn't? When he finished, I refused to look in the mirror. I said, "I'll be back in little while" and went to the nearest barber to have my transition completed professionally. Only then did I look at myself and hate what I saw. The barber never suspected that I was probably the only customer he had ever had that wanted to break both his arms. And it wasn't his fault at all.

As I entered the cottage, I could hear Bert in the bedroom. I started towards the door, but he called, "Pour us some coffee, Honey, I'll be out in a jiffy." I could hear his footsteps as I poured and turned to look at him — but it was Norinne standing before me.

We looked at each other for a moment, then gave each other a tight hug that reassured our love for each other. I held her at arm's length and said, "Norinne, my Darling, you are very pretty. I like your hair that way."

"Thank you, V.J.," she said soberly, "I'll try to be a good wife."

"You already are, Sweetheart," I said. "We have a lot going for us; we can't help but have a happy life together."

She took a sip of coffee, and then blushed as she said, "I have a little confession to make since I'm not very well endowed upstairs, so I — uh — uh — borrowed your falsies, O.K.?"

I laughed as I said, "O.K."

We drove over to see the folks. Mom was finishing cutting Pop's hair and everyone was sitting around looking like they had just received word that the world was coming to an end. Nobody had much to say. Jimmy had gone to the barbershop as I had done, and for the very first time, I saw Judy wearing lipstick.

We weren't hungry so we skipped lunch. Later I asked Norinne if she wanted us to move to a new place. Since our cottage was secluded, close to the University and very reasonable in rent, we decided to keep it. We spent the evening moving Bert and Vivian into the back bedroom and retired early as we would be busy the next day with registration at school. Our lovemaking that night was especially tender and deeply satisfying. We were indeed one.

As soon as we were settled into a routine at school as well as at home, we planned our wedding and sent out the announcements. I felt strange standing at Norinne's right, but now nobody on this earth could contest our marriage. We had many of the same friends at this wedding and they assured us that it was as beautiful as the first.

We 'dressed' each evening before dinner — except when friends were coming over. Norinne graduated with honors the next spring and I received my Master's Degree.

We all spent another happy summer at the cottage. I again administered the hair grower and waited impatiently for it to reach my shoulder blades and become a blonde again. Betty decided she wanted to be a redhead — but in two weeks time — she, too, joined me in the blonde department.

I also conducted my first experiments with my new hair remover. It worked very well on Nancy and me, but Betty's arm broke out in a rash, so she couldn't use it. I had developed the 'retarder' to the extent that we needed only two treatments on our arms and legs all summer. I wasn't ready yet to try it on beards — and besides — no one present had a beard. I hoped that by the next year I could develop a remover that killed the hair follicles without damaging the skin. It took two years, then I licensed my patent to a cosmetics company to be manufactured and sold under their name.

Norinne and I decided that until she became pregnant, we would live as Bert and Vivian. I transferred to another University to study for my PhD, and since all my records were registered as "Vivian J." I had no trouble passing the next two years as a girl student (with long blonde hair).

Pop retired from his job and he and Mom moved to the mountains to live as Sam and Nancy. Judy and Jimmy lived with us during the school

year where they could dress every evening if they wished — and we all spent our summers happily with Sam and Nancy.

Our Christmas', birthdays and anniversaries were sights to thrill anyone as we exchanged gifts — always some appropriate feminine gift for Nancy, Betty or myself or masculine for Sam, Bert and Jack.

Shortly after I became "Dr. Alcott, PhD," my wife announced she was with child. When the thrill of her news subsided, I again became Dr. V.J. Alcott — with a crew out and Norinne became a loving, devoted wife and mother. Motherhood made her seem more beautiful to me and our love — as I had predicted — increased daily.

For the past several years, I have worked as a research chemist for a cosmetics company. Some of my co-workers can't understand my dedication to developing only certain kinds of cosmetics — and I'm not about to explain to them. One did ask me once about my hairless arms and I told him that I had to experiment on someone when I developed my hair remover — so I picked me.

Sometimes while I'm working, I look down at my flat chest, sigh, and look at the calendar to count the months or weeks until we move to the cabin for the summer. The company would pay me more money if I only took two weeks vacation instead of two and a half months, but I insist that I want to spend that time with my wife and kids. I know that when I get to the cabin I can look down and see gently rounded breasts and long blonde hair.

How many people do you know that spend two months every year in Valhalla?

I know six!

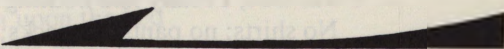
* * *

While I was away, Dr. Walter Alvarez, the famous medical columnist ran a column concerning men who loved feminine things. He said some very nice things about me personally and gave people Chevalier's address. As a result we have gotten inquiries from wherever his column was published. If we had the mailing addresses of other columnists we could send them copies of his column with a request that they help by giving similar publicity. How about each of you checking your own papers for advice columnists. Call the paper, find out the columnists mailing address and send it to me. Maybe we can locate some more of our lonely sisters.



AFTER THE RAIN

Sharon 5-H-25 FPE



T'was in that merry month called May
I recall how hard it rained that day
I was a child, a child of five
Blonde and strong and clear blue-eyed.

Out after the rain went I to play
To romp in the sun's bright warming ray
Chanced I to meet small Suzy O'Toole
Five years and freckles and nobody's fool.

A pert little Miss; my next door neighbor
"Come Johnny boy, I need a favor"
She smiled so sweetly I could not resist
I could not refuse; I had to assist.

"Rescue my dolly, please Johnny," she cried
Dolly had fallen in a stream so wide
Caught on a rock in the midst of the deep
"I'll do it," said I and prepared to leap.

The doll was rescued, brought safe to shore
Alas for me, I was wet to the core
And stumbling, I'd fallen into the dirt
Covered with mud were my pants and shirt.

Suzy O'Toole said not thanks — not a word
Only her laughing giggles were heard
"How funny you clumsy boy," she said
And off home I ran with face of red.

“Johnny dearest, what have you done?”
Mother spoke angrily to her son
“I had to rescue Suzy’s dolly”
Said I explaining my recent folly.

Signs of anger dissolved from her eye
She patted me softly and said with a sigh
“Poor Johnny, these were your only clean clothes
What you’ll wear now the good Lord only knows.”

T’was true, I really had nothing to wear
No shirts; no pants; no socks; not a pair
All dirty and in the wash today
How would I ever go out to play?

That thought in mind I made a path
On my way to a hot soapy bath
Thankful at least for Mother’s reprieve
Though of the outdoors I had taken leave.

The jangling ring of a telephone bell
The sound of Mother’s “Hello, well, well!”
I could tell from Mother’s sugary tone
T’was Suzy’s Mother on the phone.

Mother explained my lack of clothes
She listened, then said, “Well I suppose
It would be all right. Yes, that’s very nice.”
She said it once; she said it twice.

I distinctly heard her laughing ‘tee hee’
And knew both Mothers were talking of me
Further discussion and then the sound
Of Mother putting the telephone down.

Now clean and dry I thought of my fate
With nothing to do but sit and wait.
Wrapped in my towel on the bathroom floor
I heard the creak of our front door.

My Mother’s voice and Mrs. O’Toole
“Oh dear, he’ll just be a little jewel!”
I guessed they had found me something to wear
As Mother started up the stair.

“Johnny darling,” I heard her call
And out I stepped into the hall
A bright pink dress lay across her arm
I blinked in surprise and sudden alarm.

“Oh Johnny, come see what you’re to wear
Pink dress, pink panties and a ribbon for hair
Little white socks and little black shoes
They’re so pretty and nice; please don’t refuse.”

I desperately looked for a place to hide
But finding none I went to her side.
We both sat down upon the bed
And soon the pink dress slipped over my head.

The fitted bodice and the flaring skirt
Were so different from pants and shirt
The panties of rayon, pink, and with lace
I wiggled a bit as she pulled them in place.

Shoes and socks and hair ribbon tied
T’was Mother’s wish and I complied
And so I was dressed from head to toes
In this collection of Suzy’s clothes.

Mother stepped back and admired me
She smiled, then giggled and laughed to see
Her Johnny, “You’re such a pretty lass
Come see yourself in the looking glass.”

I looked — and wonder filled my eyes
I marveled over my pretty disguise
How fascinating that strange reflection
Frooked in lovely pink perfection.

I heard my Mother’s gentle voice
“Johnny dear, had it been my choice
God would have sent me a baby girl
With long blonde hair to comb and curl.

Your Father and I planned to have two;
A boy and a girl; if you only knew
How happy we were the day you came
But Johnny dear I was never the same.”

I pressed close to my Mother's breast
Embraced securely in a loving caress
I felt the warmth of her circling arm
Hidden away from any harm.

Her words had left me sad and confused
She stroked my hair and quietly mused
"Oh my, I'm in a funny mood,
Poor Johnny darling," she softly cooed.

"Johnny" she smiled, "my pretty blonde Missy
Let's hope I haven't made you a sissy
You can wear Suzy's dress the rest of the day
Now run along dear outside and play."

Downstairs waiting was Mrs. O'Toole
"He's just a doll; a lovely jewel
Why Mary, he'd make such a darling girl
If his hair was long we could give it a curl."

I saw the pride in my Mother's eye
And for myself though I don't know why
I must admit that before that night
I'd forever become a transvestite.

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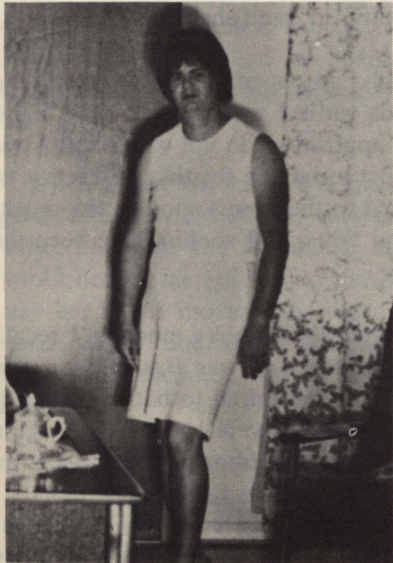
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Susie, Connie, Judy, Dianne, Gail, Mary.



April 5-L-15



Susan 5-A-17 FPE

EVOLUTION OF A FEMME-PERSON

Joann 42-A-1 FPE

I can't recall being born, but I must have been, or it is said that I was. It must have been a very horrible thing, for I have been told many, too many, times that I was born backward and have been so all my life. I was one of the comparatively rare, thank goodness, breech births.

About 22 months later I was joined by a sister and I have been told that I resented her arrival. That could very well be, for I seem to have had that feeling all my life. It could be that the many, many references to that episode have had something to do with it, I don't know. However, people that have seen us together have commented that we are like twins. We do look very much alike, the main difference (other than sex) being our difference in height. I am 5'11" and she is 5'2".

As we grew up, she would, seemingly, go out of her way to get into a fight with the other neighborhood kids while I would run from a fight. She was a tom-boy and I was just the opposite. I do not mean that I was a sissy, but the hard licks in a fight hurt too much for the satisfaction of hitting someone else in return. This led to the observation in the neighborhood that Sis should have been the boy and I should have been the girl.

I never did play with dolls, but neither did she very much as I recall. In fact, the only game that I could beat her in was Baseball. In this sport, I got to be such a good batter, I was required to bat left-handed, and when I became proficient at that, the rules were changed to make a ball going over the fence, into our Italian neighbor's grape arbor, an out.

My first recollection of ever investigating the mysteries of feminine clothing is that one day I was sick with a cold and had to stay home

from school. I was in bed and my father was at home with me. He was on call to work at various hours and he got a call soon after everyone else had left. He asked me if I would be alright if he left me by myself, and I told him that I would be OK. I soon got bored with being at home alone and was looking for something to do. We had an Aunt living with us, at that time, and she had left some of her things to be washed and they were not far from the bed where I lay. Just as a something to do, I put on her undergarments. They were miles too big, but the feel of those rayon garments gave me a thrill.

The next time I remember dressing is the time I discovered that I was about the same height as my mother. I was in high school and I was, again home sick and all alone. This time I tried on her shoes and found that we wore the same size. After this discovery, I would play hookey from school and dress up for the entire day. Of course I had no wig, as wigs then were not as common as they are now.

I did not make very many friends during these years. I was more of a "loner" and I still am to a certain extent. But to those that I chose to make friends with, it was an all thing. One day, I confided with one of my friends about my dressing in my Mother's clothes. He wanted to see, so, after swearing him to secrecy, I got dressed and called him to come over. He came over, he looked, he left and before I had gotten the clothes off and back where they belonged, he had spread it all over the neighborhood. Needless to say, our friendship came to an abrupt halt. Some of the kids called me "Miss ----" after that, for awhile and then it all faded, but this all served to make me draw further into a shell.

When I was 16, I asked a girl for a date. She accepted and we were going to a movie, but that very day, we received word that my Grandfather had died and we had to leave town for the funeral. My parents would not let me go over to the girl's house to explain why I could not take her to the movies. She did not have a phone, and so she thought I stood her up. She would not ever talk to me again and I did not have the nerve to face her, so I did not have a date with any girl for two years after that.

* * *

Then when I was 18, two things happened that had an effect on my whole future life. I met one of the most wonderful girls and I finally worked up enough nerve to ask her for a date. She accepted and we went to a Sunday School Hayride.

She appeared to have a very nice time at the Hayride and so I asked her to many other outings that we had at my Church. I was the president of my Sunday School class, secretary of the Baptist Training Union, and a junior deacon at the time. I knew that I wanted her for my wife; if I ever got married. Several years after this, I did marry her, and she has been a joy to me ever since.

The second thing that happened to me was that I was turned down for my chosen career. I wanted to be a Navy man and make this my life for 20 or 30 years. An old ailment stood in my way. This cropped up several times to help make my life, as a growing young man, completely miserable. I happen to be one of the people that have an undescended testicle. This condition is, in itself, not a thing to be afraid of, if it is caught in time. I have found that it is pretty commonplace, but should be corrected at the earliest possible moment. However, the physical effect is not as bad as the mental effect. Can you imagine what your friends (?) would say when this defect was noticed? I do. The names that I was called were—One Ball and that was shortened to O.B., and then there was the one that I really hated—Half A Man. So, they said, if you are half a man, you must be half a girl.

Finally school was over and I was out to find a job and get on with the life ahead. I went to work for a wholesale supply house, where I wasted two years, before I found out that I would be in a rut for the next 40 and almost no chance for advancement.

I married that wonderful girl and soon after I changed jobs, got into an apprenticeship program for a skilled trade. We had 10 wonderful months together, when Uncle Sam invited me to join the Army to help stop Mr. Hitler. I thought I had rather help stop the Japanese, so I applied for the Navy. This time my deficiency did not matter, so I was accepted. Three years and four days later I resumed my place in civilian life and in another year we were blessed with a boy.

During the time we were waiting for the baby, I mentioned one night that I would like to wear a pair of her panties. To my eternal surprise, she said O.K. Then I bought a pair of high heel shoes. That, too, was O.K. Encouraged, I put on a dress and makeup—and no wig. That popped the top. She said that I looked horrible, and I agree with her now, and that stopped that. I did swear off, (the old story), and stuck by it for quite a time, but the old urge came again.

One night, reading one of the "girlie" magazines, I came across an


ad for a book called "Men In Nylons." This excited me, for I had never thought that there were any like me. I sent for the book, but was told it was sold out. (I seriously doubt that there ever was a book like that, now). I was invited to subscribe to a list of people that had the same interests that I had. I did write for the list and evidently the list came into the hands of Virginia, for soon after I was invited to subscribe to TVia, which was just getting started.

Through TVia, I began to correspond with a person in a neighboring state and we soon talked our wives into our having a meeting. You can't imagine the thoughts that ran through the wives minds prior to that meeting. All has been confessed since then and this is what it was like, on both sides. "What if these people want to get us in a position to blackmail us?" "What if we meet some people that we had rather not meet in any circumstances?" "What if we do not like each other at all?" Well, fortunately, we did have a very good time, there was no intention of blackmail from either side, the wives were compatible, they had a number of things in common (other than TV husbands). I want to tell you that we do not have any better friends any where than these fine people and I only wish that I could mention their names, and the feeling that I just described goes both ways. (These friends drove 300 miles, recently, to spend a couple of hours with us at an open house 25th wedding anniversary).

In the past several months, we have had TV couples to visit us and we have enjoyed them all. My wife still does not understand it all, but neither do I. I just know that it is a lot of fun and it gives me the peace and contentment that other men I know say they get from fishing and hunting and other things that are apart from the ordinary life they face every day.

The boy is now grown and married and living in his own house, we have a little girl, 8 years old, that has seen what the boy never saw. We have not made it an every day thing for her, but more like a game. We feel that she will accept it more readily this way.

The one thing that I would like to say, before closing this, other than the book that Virginia has for wives, there is no one that can help convey your feelings to your wife better than yourself. No one can pick the right time like you can to say the things that need to be said. Sometimes the right words fall flat, just after a hard day at the office (if she works), or a disagreeable time in the kitchen.


SOME FP THOUGHTS
Dorothy 21-D-3 FPE

After reading about many issues of Transvestia and discovering just how very much Dorothy acts, thinks and feels like the wonderful girls who have contributed so generously to TVia, I have decided—not too reluctantly—to offer some thought from an inexperienced but enthusiastic Dorothy . . . en femme too.

I received a short letter from an obviously young sister in Canada. She writes that being two people at once is not easy and wants to discuss the problem. In hopes of being helpful I wrote her about some important decisions I had made in the last 6 months that have made me feel that serenity and happiness are good possibilities. The major one involves the complete acceptance of Dorothy and of letting her come forth as she will. And she wants to very very often. The other decision involved seeking the understanding of my FP life by the right people with whom I can talk about Dorothy. It is these kinds of people who can convey the correct interpretation to others and thereby at least promote a better public image of the FP. My doctor, lawyer, and minister are extremely understanding and agree that Dorothy plays a contributory role in my life. . . that she is helpful to Bill who teaches at a girls' college and has to have a keen knowledge and understanding of how women think and express themselves. Bill knows that his students like him and often wonders what they would think of Dorothy. Bill teaches that everyone has masculine and feminine sides in their nature and that a good balance in their expression of these sides best leads to personality development and better understanding of others. Bill tries to bring in examples of where men have utilized their feminine sides and where women have utilized their masculine sides. Who knows perhaps Bill will turn out some good understanding GG's. Teaching like this represents an opportunity to discuss the subject of male-female with other teachers and to, in doing so, discover how receptive they might possibly be to the subject of FPia.

There is, of course, a lot more that both Bill and Dorothy can learn and they do so by meeting and sharing thoughts with other FP friends. They are very fine people . . . gentle and understanding. Contacting through TVia is perhaps the best way to go about making FP friends. Making a contact with the wrong type could make things difficult.

Bill's wife sued him for divorce. She agreed not to bring out the fact that I was a FP. She would have, however, if I had contested the divorce. My lawyer said that this would be very very messy in Boston and advised me to let her go, that she never would understand Dorothy. We remain good friends nevertheless. She is studying Human Relations which will be of help to her. She claims that I gave her a lot of competition — raising children — cooking etc. when we were living together. Not being able to dress made me very tense and difficult to get along with. I did collect a wardrobe which I kept in the suitcase in my car. She discovered this and cried so much I burned everything to please her. I will try to discuss FPia again with her and even give her a copy of the Wives book. I feel much more able to express myself on the subject since devouring Transvestia, and it gives me much needed courage to do so.

Now, however, Bill and Dorothy are both reaching for serenity and happiness and for the first time in our lives are beginning to discover that reaching this goal is a real possibility. Bill realizes that Dorothy is always present and finds that some of Dorothy's thinking, mannerisms and gestures are accepted by others who don't know of Dorothy. They accept these as part of Bill.

Yesterday Bill went to his college football game. His class had a reunion and there Bill met many classmates he hadn't seen for 25 years. One remarked how quiet and gentle Bill had become — so different from the aggressive he-man of college days . . . when he was no doubt trying to prove his masculinity. Bill's international boss (who fired him because he was an FP) was present in the tent. Nothing was said even though Bill felt like saying something. It was not the proper place, however. I think Bill is willing to defend Dorothy now as a vital part of his personality. A very vital part of Bill could not exist without Dorothy. Dorothy maintains an easy flow to Bill's everyday life. A calmness and ease that Bill never knew existed until Dorothy was allowed complete expression.

* * *

REMINDER: If you haven't ordered don't forget the two, new, double sized TV-Tales — A Case of Accidental Murder and TV for Victory. Both are good stories, both priced at \$3.00.



FICTION

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE

Janet 5-H-21 FPE

Joe Andrews flicked the switch to bring the ship out of interstellar drive. Stars swam into view on the view-screen and he quickly checked the detector system for any sign of the enemy. Everything was clear so he started the procedure of determining his exact position in space.

Joe had been on patrol for 18 months and it would be another 6 months before he would return to Earth. He wondered how long this intergalactic war would go on, but he was a natural spacer and the ship and the solitude were not unpleasant to him. Things did get pretty lonely once in a while though, and he wished that he had someone to talk to, someone besides Jo-Anne. He chuckled to himself as he thought about the repercussions that would rock Space-Central if they were to discover that he had smuggled her aboard before leaving on this two year mission.

It hadn't been too difficult as he was allowed to bring on 50 pounds of luggage that wasn't inspected and most of that had been clothing for her and little of it for himself. The security guards at the Nevada spaceport would swear that no one got into the craft but Joe yet as soon as the ship reached the outer limits of videophone contact there was a lovely girl at the controls. Joe felt sure that she could fly the ship every bit as he could so she just took over. At least there was no fear of discovery when the nearest soul was at least ten million miles away.

Of course there was always the chance of contact with the enemy, but with the vastness of space that possibility was very remote. Seven years of complete mobilization and search had failed to turn up the planetary system of the hated outspacers so patrols like his kept on searching. In a way it gave him a chance to get into space for long periods of time and it was then that Jo-Anne could be herself. Still it was hard on the

people of Earth as they worked to build the ships and weapons necessary to find and destroy the aliens before they did the same to the Earth. The news media spoke of little these days other than naming the horrors that would result if this war was lost and the possibility of total annihilation kept everyone working to defeat this new alien threat.

Most international problems had been ironed out by the survivors of the nuclear war of 1982, but the destruction of the Russian space cruiser by the aliens in 2050 had sure gotten all of the groups on Earth working together. Joe had been in his third year at the Space Academy in New Mexico when the incident took place and he recalled that the first reports of an attack had been met with incredulity. He still regretted the swift retaliatory measures that had been taken against the lone enemy ship for it had been vaporized by a nuclear weapon before any attempt was made at communication. The strange part of the story was the fact that the alien vessel had not tried to escape after the Russian ship exploded and the order was given to attack and a declaration of war was made against the unknown alien race.

Jo-Anne noticed that one of her stockings was loose and she reached to tighten the garter being careful not to cause a run. After all, there were no stores in space and no reasonable girl could exist for long without stockings. Just like a woman thought Joe. The human race is in danger of destruction and she worries about a pair of stockings. Still in all, Joe knew that he wouldn't be where he was without her. She had been a part of him ever since that day 25 years before when he had tried on a pair of high heeled shoes and more than once he had cursed himself for wanting to wear feminine apparel. Jo-Anne however had been persistent and he really came to accept her during the three month long solo flight that completed his training at the Academy.

The psychological testing of applicants for the job of space pilot was extremely demanding and thorough and Joe worried for a while that Jo-Anne might be discovered. She wasn't though, and the tests proved to be of little value when many of the so-called normal students came back from their three month tour of space in a state of nervous breakdown. The three month flight had gone smoothly for Joe since he was never alone as long as Jo-Anne was around and she never left him. When things got boring in space he merely started to look at things from a woman's point of view and this helped to pass the time. He had to admit that the time in space had done wonders for her appearance as she had plenty of time to practice new make-up techniques and she was more lady-like than ever in the artificial gravity

field of the ship. Her hair had grown long during the flight and was adorned with ribbons and properly cared for every night. In another six months the locks would have to be cut, but that was a long way off so Jo enjoyed them while she could.

She didn't have much of a wardrobe, but under the circumstances she was quite pleased with her situation. She was every inch a lady from her gold sandals to the top of her hair-do, and quite a stylish one at that. The outfit that she wore was all the rage among the girls back home and Joe laughed to recall that the gossamer lingerie was actually a commercial adaptation of a material that had been initially designed for the space pilots. A simple rinse in a chemical solution and the clothing was clean, fresh and ready to wear again. Naturally, the girls at home had loved the fabric at once and his bra, panties, slip and dress were all made of it.

The computer began to output the navigational data for the next hop of the patrol and Joe revelled in the sensation that his skirt made against his stockings as he reached for the new information when suddenly all hell broke loose!!!

The alarm systems clamored frantically indicating the approach of another ship which could only mean one thing . . . the aliens had been found. Years of training at the Academy resulted in an immediate reflex reaction in Joe and he slammed a lever forward throwing the ship into interstellar drive. The procedure now was automatic and the hundreds of hours of practice on flight simulators was paying off. A note of regret crossed his mind as he realized that he would have to head for home to report the location of the encounter so that a massive search of the area could be started. If the enemy were located he might even be regarded as a hero.

These thoughts raced through his mind as he performed the prescribed maneuvers to insure that the aliens could not possibly follow him back to Earth. By this time, he was light years away from the point of the encounter and he brought the ship out of hyper-drive as he had done so often before. The last few steps were nearly completed and he checked them off as he did them: computer on automatic; gravity at 0.2 Earth normal; warning system in reset position; and finally, ease the lever back to conventional drive.

The stars could not yet be seen when the alarm sounded again. This had not been covered in the training as no ship could possibly follow another into and out of hyper-drive. Joe turned off the alarm

and considered his predicament. The obvious answer was a faulty alarm system and perhaps there had never been an alien ship nearby in the first place. That had to be the answer. Joe was mad at himself for having been so easily frightened over nothing. He reached for a small gold handbag and shakily took out a cigarette.

A slight breeze blew a wisp of hair in such a way that it tickled his nose and Joe reached up lazily to brush it back into place. The impact of his action struck home like a drop forge and he sat up rapidly and blinked at the bright sunlight. At first he questioned his sanity, but a quick look around convinced him that he wasn't seeing things. There couldn't be any breeze or warm sunlight in a spaceship, but there they were. One minute he had been in his ship and the next he was . . . well he didn't know where. He pinched himself through his skirt and it stung but he did not wake up. The bluish tint of the grass and trees convinced him that he wasn't on Earth, and he wondered where in the universe he was and how he had gotten here.

He was sitting on a grassy spot in what appeared to be a semi-tropical area for whatever that was worth. In the distance was a low hill and a path that seemed to lead in that general direction. He knew that he would have to look around and the high vantage point seemed like the place to start so he began walking down the path. The thought then crossed his mind, or perhaps it was woman's intuition, that this path might be a trail for some large, hostile animal so he proceeded with caution.

Joe was about half way to the hill when he first heard the cry of an animal in pain. It sounded like a rather small animal and this guess was substantiated just around the next bend in the trail. There beside the path he saw an extremely ugly greenish-brown animal with one leg caught in a tangle of vines. It struggled frantically to free itself but without any success. The wind shifted slightly and Joe nearly gagged when he caught the odor of the beast which was worse than anything he had ever encountered before. He held his nose and stepped around the animal and continued on his way.

He had gone about fifty yards and the pitiful cries of the beast were still clearly audible when the female side of him let her feelings be known. Perhaps the thing was ugly with a terrible odor, but the poor animal needed help, so the fifty yards were rapidly retraced. Joe spoke in Jo-Anne's softest voice as he reached down to loosen the matted vines. The beast stopped struggling and sat quivering in fear but it lost no time in darting into the dense foliage once it was free.

Joe sensed that something was wrong and a hurried glance down the trail revealed a glimpse of white that had not been there a few minutes ago. Adrenalin rushed through his body and he began running along the trail in the opposite direction with hair and skirt flying as he ran. He rounded a bend and stopped dead as he realized that he stood face to face with two statuesque blonde women. They both wore identical white jackets and skirts that vaguely reminded Joe of the majorette's uniforms that he had often envied at home. He looked around for a rock or stick to be used if needed, but nothing was readily available.

His thoughts of resistance were abandoned when two more women dressed like the first two came up from the direction that he had just left. At least he was encouraged to realize that he had indeed seen a flash of white further down the trail so his mind was not playing tricks on him. He thought for a moment of cursing Jo-Anne and her stupid animal but that wouldn't help things much now so he dropped the matter for the moment. One of the women stepped closer to him and smiled. She said something in a strange language and then used gestures when she saw that Joe did not understand. An order was given in the same liquid language and the five of them started off down the trail. Two of the women walked in front of Joe and two followed behind giving every indication that he was a captive.

They had gone about 500 yards when they came to a small vehicle which sat in a clearing beside the trail. Joe knew then that he would have walked right into them whether he had stopped to help the trapped animal or not and so he felt pleased that he had done at least one thing right that day. They entered the ship and Joe noted a look of hatred in the eyes of one of the four. He braced himself for the acceleration forces that would accompany the take-off. The expected forces never came and he was astounded as the ship rose vertically to altitude and then shot into level flight with no sound of rocket engines. It almost seemed as though these people had discovered the secret of anti-gravity. Joe noticed that there was no chatter being exchanged among the four women and he began to wonder if they might be members of a military or police group since they seemed to be so serious. He still did not know what was going on, or how he had gotten where he was, but he was glad that he had not been captured by the dreaded outspacers for they would surely have killed him in space had they found him.

After about ten minutes of flight a modern city came into view and the small craft headed directly for one of the buildings and landed on a roof-top area designed for that purpose. Joe was taken to a room

which looked more like an apartment than a prison cell, but since he was unable to open the door through which he had entered, he felt that he was yet a captive. He had just sat down and was unconsciously in the process of smoothing out his skirt when the door opened and a marvelously attractive girl came in. She wore a floor length gown draped in such a way that it reminded Joe of the styles worn by Grecian women centuries ago. The material of her dress flowed as she approached and it appeared to be as filmy as chiffon and it seemed to change color with every movement, yet it was non-transparent and that fact seemed to contradict everything that he knew about ultra-sheer fabrics. Joe was stunned when he heard her speak in perfect English. "Hello," she said, "my name is Rhena." Joe recovered his composure enough to mumble a greeting and got as far as saying, "my name is Joe An-", when he choked up and before he could finish his last name, Rhena spoke again. "Don't be nervous, you have nothing to fear here on the planet Verna. We are pleased to have you here as our guest Jo-Anne even if it was not by your own choosing. I'm sure that you must be very confused by recent events and that you have a great number of questions to ask, but there will be time for that when you have rested and had something to eat. The people of Verna also have some questions to ask of you, so you will find yourself restricted to this apartment for the next few days. You will find everything that you will need in the adjoining rooms and I'll return tomorrow when you have rested to begin our discussion." She turned to leave and had reached the door when she turned and remarked, "You may be our enemy, but the men who brought you here have reported your actions in passing the test and things will surely go well for you now." Joe started to speak, but she had turned and left before he could stop her.

Now his head was really spinning with questions. How could he possibly be the enemy of these people whom he had never met before today? What did she mean when she said that he had passed the test? He grinned to himself as he realized that Rhena must have been an interpreter and she had somehow twisted the meanings of words around when she used the term men to describe his captors when she obviously meant women. He would explain the mistake when they talked tomorrow but at the moment he was starved.

He searched until he found the kitchen area, however there was no food to be seen anywhere. A small unit sat on the counter thought and he noticed that it had a three dimensional viewplate which showed what appeared to be a dish of unusual tropical fruit. He twisted a dial on the console and the image of the fruit was immediately replaced by

the image of a cup containing some sort of beverage. He pushed the button on the front of the console and a wall panel slid open leaving the cool drink sitting on the counter in front of him. By repeating the process he soon had a complete meal that looked as if it would be delicious. At first he tasted things cautiously and when there were no immediate ill effects, he proceeded to finish the meal.

The next room was obviously a bedroom and he saw that clean clothing had been laid out for him, and what wonderful clothing it was! There on the bed was a skirt and jacket similar to those worn by his captors except this outfit was not white but was a misty shade of blue that he could not find words to describe. Also present was a matching set of lingerie and a garment that could only be a nightgown. Joe knew at once that the clothing would fit perfectly and he was convinced that his stay on Verna would be a pleasant one, at least it would be if this kind of captivity kept up. It had been a confusing day and Joe took a quick shower and prepared to go to sleep. The nightgown was heavenly, but he fell into a calm sleep before he had a chance to enjoy it.

He woke the next morning to the sound of gentle music and he wasted no time in getting into his new outfit although he was not particularly happy with his appearance for his make-up had been washed off the previous night and his beard was now quite obvious. He selected breakfast and had eaten when Rhena's voice sounded softly over a concealed intercom. "Jo-Anne, are you awake? This is Rhena." Joe answered, "Yes, I'm awake and I've finished breakfast. You may come in whenever you like." She entered and wished Jo-Anne a pleasant good morning. Then her face clouded as she said, "I can come back later if you are not ready to receive visitors." Joe looked at his outfit and wondered what had prompted her comment when Rhena suddenly realized her mistake and began to apologize. "I'm sorry, I completely forgot that you are not familiar with the way that our apartments are built. I see that you did figure out how to work the food console though, and I really should have explained that to you yesterday. Your things have not been brought in yet so if you don't mind, I'll show you how to use our cosmetic products. I know that you must feel incomplete without them and when I first arrived I thought that perhaps I had gotten here too early. Now I see that you just didn't know where to find things. Can you ever forgive my stupidity?"

Joe assured her that he was not offended and Rhena took him in two and headed for the bathroom. Opening a cabinet, she explained that the console there was similar to the food console except that this one supplied the necessary articles for personal grooming. She told JoAnne to have a seat and then started to apply the various products while explaining their use. "I learned your language by studying recordings of your radio and television signals that were gathered by our unmanned space ships which collect such information for future use, so forgive me if I make some foolish mistakes. Our code experts insist that they can relate strange words to objects that we use ourselves, but perhaps they have made some mistakes in presenting the language that I have learned.

Joe was just about to tell her about her error in using the word men to describe the women who had captured him, but she was rubbing a soothing lotion onto his face and he could not speak without getting his mouth full of the stuff. "This is the shaving lotion," she said as she began to wipe the lotion off, "but I'm afraid that we don't have any razors on Verna, or if we do, I wouldn't recognize one." Joe explained the function of a razor and Rhena broke into laughter. "Your people must be very primitive in some ways. Why would you remove a beard that way when shaving lotion does the job so much better?" Joe knew what she meant when he felt his face and realized that he had just gotten the smoothest shave that he had ever had in his life and he relaxed to let Rhena apply the various cosmetics. When she was done and Joe looked in the mirror he knew that if he were home at that moment he would be the envy of every girl on Earth, and that knowledge made him feel exceptionally good.

They returned to the living area and Rhena produced a miniature recording device. "I will be recording your answers to my questions, so please answer carefully. My government wants to know why your people destroyed our space ship, and why your patrols are seeking our planet." Joe was quite surprised. So these were the people that all of the Earth men were so afraid of. "We destroyed your ship only after you had attacked one of our Earth ships. It seemed to be apparent that your race was hostile and therefore it was decided to seek out your planet and attack before you could do the same thing to us." Rhena was upset by his answer and she replied; "That is not what happened at all. Our monitoring equipment received a message that one of your Earth ships was in trouble and our cruiser sped to give assistance if possible. Unfortunately, your vessel exploded before we arrived. The last message sent by our ship indicated that they would

stay in the area to see if any lifeboats had been launched before the explosion. None of our space ships carry weapons so we could not possibly have attacked as you seem to believe. Your people rewarded out act of kindness with death. One of the men who brought you here lost a brother on that ship and although he might have looked a bit hostile he was still sent to bring you in from the testing site and even he would not have treated you as your people treated his brother."

Things were suddenly beginning to make sense to Joe as he recognized at last that he had indeed been captured by men of the planet Verna. Apparently there were no distinctions in clothing here as there were at home and he knew that the war had been caused by hasty action on the part of his people. He tried to explain how the mistake had happened. Rhena listened carefully and then answered: "We have known of your war-like tendencies for some time; and since we live in peace here on Verna we decided to avoid your people if possible. Now you force us to start a search for your planet for our own protection. Your people will not be harmed, but we have methods of pacifying belligerent individuals in our own society and those same methods should work as well on a planet full of people as they do on a single person."

Joe interrupted: "Did one of your ships actually follow me when I went into and out of hyper-drive?" He was told that the Verna space ships had been doing that for over 200 years. The method by which he had been removed from his ship was a more recent development and Rhena refused to discuss the manner in which this had been done. Joe had another question. "If you were able to remove me from a moving ship you could easily have brought me here directly. Why was I left in the forest?" There was a simple reason for that as Rhena explained. "The only contact that we have had with your people caused the death of the entire crew of one of our ships. We knew that your patrols were looking for the planet Verna and two alternative plans of action for dealing with your people were proposed by our government leaders. One group urged that your people be deprived of the means of making war, followed by quarantine and isolation. The second group argued for an exchange between our two worlds provided your war-like tendencies could be controlled. For example, there is no official police force on Verna for the simple reason that there is almost no crime. If people show signs of criminal intent they voluntarily undergo medical treatment and we have developed machines which can alter the thought patterns to return the individual to a well adjusted mental state."

As an afterthought she added: "Speaking of medical treatment reminds me that you are to undergo a thorough examination by our

medical staff to determine if our two worlds are biologically compatible." She gave Joe a shy smile as she said: "I'm personally hoping that Verna and Earth are compatible in every way." Joe seconded that motion since he felt that he was falling in love with Rhena, who continued her previous discussion. "It was decided that the first Earthman who was captured would be given a test. If he passed it, the possible exchange between worlds would be given further consideration, if not, the isolationist plan would be followed. The animal that you freed is repulsive even to the people of Verna, so your sense of compassion proved that there is much to be gained by an exchange between our two world."

They talked for quite a while and the more that Joe learned about Verna and about Rhena, the more idyllic this new planet became. It was nearly time for him to visit the doctors but he still had a few questions to ask. He inquired of Rhena if she was familiar with the word love; and her blush was enough of an answer for Joe. At the medical department he learned both that Rhena was not yet married and that the needles of Verna were not much different or less painful than were those of earth.

Later in his apartment, Joe did a lot of thinking. He thought of the unending wars that had plagued the Earth since the dawn of history. He considered the high incidence of crime, the continual bickering between nations and the many ways that life on Earth would be improved by contact with Verna. Finally, he reached a decision that was certainly the most important that he had ever had to make in his life. He was about to retire when the light flashed on his videophone. He activated the screen and was very pleased to see that the caller was Rhena. She looked radiant as she said, "I've just been down to the medical department and you will be pleased to learn that the people of Verna and Earth are definitely compatible. Good night Jo." Before he could say anything she closed the circuit and the screen faded. A glance at the clock indicated that it was very late and he noted that Rhena had been interested enough to check with the medical department at this time of the night. Joe was happier than he had ever been before as he went to bed when suddenly he thought of the effect that contact with Earth might have on the people of Verna. A few minutes of thought provided a solution to the dilemma and he relaxed and went to sleep.

When Rhena arrived the next morning Joe announced that he had a statement to make. "I realize," he said, "that your leaders will not force me to reveal the location of my planet; but it is also true that it could

take your ships a lifetime to find that location. I've come to the conclusion that the sooner the people of Earth get to know your people, the sooner there will be an end to war and hatred. Therefore, if your government is willing to take on the task of helping to improve life on Earth, and if your space fleet can get me back to the point of our initial encounter, I will lead the way back to my planet."

Rhena threw her arms around his neck and Joe held her tightly. "That is just what I hoped you would say," she said, "and I really would like to see the Earth myself someday, provided you will give me a deluxe tour." Joe promised that he would do just that, as soon as things are safe enough for you to have an enjoyable trip. He then continued, "The matter of safety, for you and for all the people of Verna, motivates me to place one restriction on my willingness to cooperate; and unless your government agrees to one stipulation, I will be forced to withdraw my offer."

She presented his proposal to the leadership council and all parts of it were accepted without serious question. Joe continued to live on Verna for the remainder of his tour of duty as it was feared that his early return might inadvertently cause the death of more people if Earth responded as they had in the past. The time went by all too rapidly and Joe and Rhena happily announced their engagement just before he left to lead the way back to Earth.

He sat in the cabin of his ship and thought once again of the decision that he had made. The navigational data was all programmed and all that was left to do now was to put the ship into hyper-drive for the final jump that would reveal the location of Earth. The ships of Verna would accompany him on that jump and they would handle things from that point on. One of his earrings dropped into his lap and he reached to replace it automatically. Some on Earth would consider him as a traitor and by a strict interpretation that was probably true; but the results of his actions would make the Earth a better world.

He thought once more of the stipulation that he had insisted upon. The leadership council had been told that about half of the population of Earth suffered from a slight abnormal mental state that was conducive to war-like actions. All that one had to do was to examine the photographs taken of any of the previous wars and it would be seen that all of the combatants were members of this abnormal group. Joe had worked with the psychologists and scientists who developed a device that would eliminate the abnormal tendencies and he believed them

when they said that it would do the required job. "So I stretched the truth a bit in making my point," thought Joe. "Maybe I am using my influence unfairly to the detriment of all of the men of Earth." Joe had told the leadership council that the cause of the war-like tendencies was probably due to the peculiar garments worn by the majority of males and by some of the women of Earth. He had pointed out that the common suits, trousers and other apparel were made of coarse materials and that they were so restrictive that merely wearing them caused people to become irritable. A device would land with the first group from Verna that would slightly alter the thought patterns of this abnormal group to convince them that skirts, dresses and lingerie were really much more comfortable and attractive than the former clothing had been.

Joe had feared that the men of Verna might adopt the clothing pattern of Earth and this was his solution. The only question that remained was running through his mind. "Am I being unreasonable and taking UNFAIR ADVANTAGE of my fellow man?" He leaned back in his contour chair and felt the pleasurable feeling of a smooth blouse and slip against his back. Then he crossed his legs and felt the delicious sensation of one stocking sliding over another. "UNFAIR ADVANTAGE?" Joe grinned from ear to ear as he reached out a manicured hand that sent the ship hurtling across the vastness of space towards the Earth.

* * *

HOPE FOR THE BEST

by Virginia 5-P-1 FPE

Give me the grace to be serene
The depth to be thoughtful
The feeling of being attractive
The strength to meet a challenge
The serenity to be beautiful
Yet able to appreciate other beauty
Relaxed enough to enjoy
And big enough to give
Wisdom to be decisive
Yet pliable enough to be accepting
The loveliness of a woman
The dignity of a man
Let me be all and love each
To the greater fulfillment of my innate humanity.



Jessie 32-F-8



Betty Ann 10-H-1 FPE



Dee — Wash.

THE ATTIC-VISTIC PASTIMES

by Lil - Calif.

A good many of us, I do hope, recall the dynamic contentment . . . long, long before puberty . . . of playing dress-up with friends in some excitingly musty, dry attic. Remember sneaking the keys and opening trunks of long unworn clothes, holding up to you before some hideous dresser mirror this tassled Twenties' sack or that beaded, angle-skirted formal? Remember your fever in figuring which of all these treasures to try on first. I have very fond recollections of these free-for-nothing troves in my attic and in my next-door-neighbor girlfriend's attic. I remember, exquisitely a simple cloche which, above a shimmery sack, framed my face so prettily that, I say in honest modesty, I did not recognize the piquant little face with its Cupid's bow lip at all.

You more recent types probably had your maiden discoveries from trunks in great skirts and blossomy puffed blouses of the New Look epoch . . . the most joyous and sudden fashion event of the 20th century. I envy you that discovery . . . although at that time I was old enough to merely go shopping for them.

Perhaps your maiden discovery was in the family Hallowe'en box . . . pert cowgirl outfits, gypsy gowns, or just indeterminate great black net shawls that I, at least, draped endlessly for all manner of ever-changing effects. Do you recall? *I* do . . . and I'm having the same fun today. But today my "attic" is the frequent rummage sale or the Goodwill type of resale store. I haunt 'em, and have found marvelous treasures for what amounts to no money at all. I do recommend!

Some for-instances:

For 75c . . . a four-tiered white net waltz'length formal that bursts from the waist to spread wonderfully and, in sitting, will dominate a whole divan. At that price I could afford to snip off the little satin top so that I could wear this great skirt with any top I chose.

For 25c . . . a power-net swim suit which I immediately snipped in two. The top makes a perfect bra, very supporting but *very* elastic, and with insert accommodations. The bottom provides the unrelenting, yet cozily comfortable, *totally* undetectable smooth line of support that puts you at home in the slickest of sheaths or the most mercurial of flying skirts.

For 35c . . . another power-net swimsuit (in chintzy kitchen polka-dot) with mutton-chop, flarey bottoms that give you definite hips if you're just in your swimsuit . . . or you can fill out to give your hips more definition under a skirt. The elasticized waist was a struggle to get into but it took several inches off my waist and the bosom support was well worth the wriggings.

For 10c . . . iridescent three yards of chromspun which winds sari-like around the neck and down under your skirt-top (and pull it down tight from below and under your skirt!). I'm fond of the most definitely pin-pointed bosom possible. However, these iridescent folds and drapes over my bosom had an evocative rather than provocative presentation that was a thing all of itself.

The beauty of doing your shopping in "Second Run" shops and rummage sales is that you don't have to care one whit if it *really* fits, or if you *really* want it as part of your permanent wardrobe. Just toss it if you don't like it. Maybe you've gone and shot a whole 50c for nothing!

Shoes are like for nothing too, maybe 50c a pair . . . gleaming, satin-lined, hardly-worn heels. There is really less problem to buying shoes than you might think, and I remember worrying too much about it. Once you've risked everything and thrown away 40c on some little poignard-spiked pumps that captivated you, your next guess (without trying on) is liable to give you something not only comfortable but cute. I do admit to keeping shoes I've bought which I couldn't wear more than five minutes (a very common female failing) but which I keep lined up with my others in my wardrobe just to give it an opulent appearance.

After very little experience you can simply look at shoes and pick your comfortable size, adding several numbers to compensate for your disgusting vanity. Rule of thumb is to add one or one and a half sizes to your mundane type shoes.

One very common misconception is that heels are difficult to walk in. That's nutty. After a *very* few minutes you're quite at home, if they fit at all. You don't have to be brutally instructed in what they contribute to the grace of your walk and the shaping of your ankles and calves. Around the house (I'm lucky — I write for a living) I wear two-inch heels all day, without any discomfort. I reserve taller pumps for dressy occasions.

And all these delicacies for practically no money at these sales and second-run shops! As free as those attic treasure troves you used to play with.

I live almost entirely in washable separates, and I believe you can do more magic with yourself thusly than any other way. For instance, I don't give a hoot what a skirt waist measures. It always fits, if I like the skirt. If I can't zip it up in back I simply wear the zipper open under the variety of belts I own. It is not unattractive to show a V of pretty slip at the lower part of your spinal column, any more than showing the edge of your slip beyond your skirt. Actually, I drop a big fancy bow-end over it . . . or stitch a matching placket into the V . . . if I **MUST** have that skirt no matter what size.

And so many other treasures you can find in these fabulously "free" places!

I've lost, almost entirely, my early awful embarrassment in selecting and buying my "pretties." I used to have all manner of stories concocted . . . "I'm building up a wardrobe for my Little Theatre," "My girlfriend (my wife) is chairborne after an accident and I'm helping her study costume design." Things like that. But in a large city, or in another city, that's awfully non-vital. The ladies who clerk at these establishments are merely there to sell goods for their worthy causes. They aren't in the pay of the government to betray people who like the magic of femaledom more than is currently approvable in this particular epoch.

Too, I have a partially documented conviction that older women, who generally clerk, having lost the bloom of their figure, still cling to their sense of beauty and like to, vicariously, live it in somebody else.

Cases in point: In Boston I found a delectable wraparound, and forgetting my measurements which I always do, I queried the lady about the size. She didn't know the size but finally said, with a gentle smile, "It'd fit *you*." I smiled back in mutual knowledge and bought it.

Here in San Francisco I have several neighborhood such-stores where the lady clerks now know my taste in pettis and skirts and formals. Gently, they protest if I buy a skirt that looks too slim at the waist for me. (I haven't told them my bows and placketing tricks.) Or . . . they will suggest certain items that they know I am looking for or customarily buy, with a slight conspirational smile, saying, "She might like this."

She generally does.

I suppose in time, as does seem to happen, I will be invited to tea, rather in the daughter role which is a most satisfactory and comforting situation. One feels like oneself, thus-wise.

I am not in the least against the gentle erotics which our major fashion magazines are driving the female population, not to mention their opposite numbers, almost crazy with . . . as though costume were a complete and self-completing thing in itself . . . but it's also a quiet, even joyous, really non-erotic thing simply to be girls together. I think that's even more deeply reassuring than the shock of finding that one can be a desperately provoking wench by one's initial experiments in the purchasable mystique of She . . .

. . . purchasable almost as cheaply as the attic trunk explorations.

Ah me . . .

. . . a She.

* * *

The prospect of having a lady for our President doesn't bother us so much; it's the thought of having a man for our First Lady.

* * *

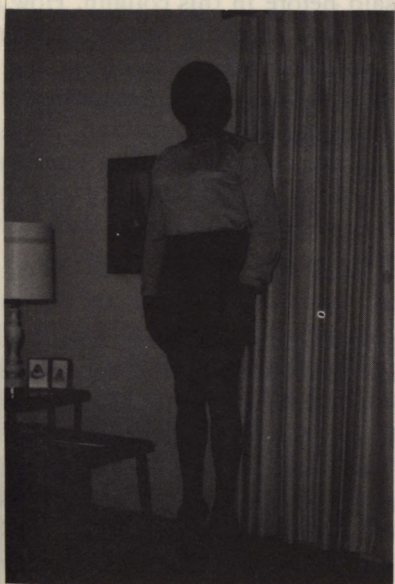
About those topless bathing suits, Gino Ferro notes, "They're fine for the girl who doesn't want to be just another pretty face."

* * *

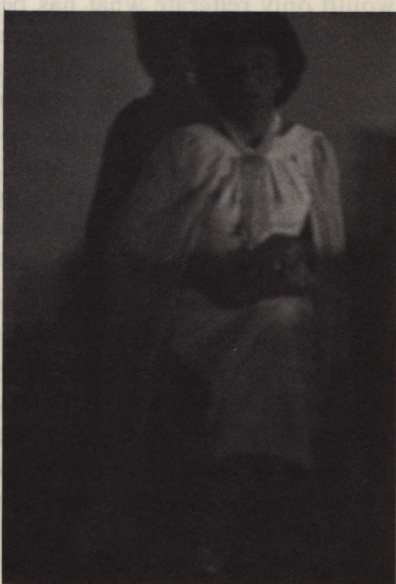
Notice on gate of nudist colony: "Clothed for the winter."



Karen — Calif.



Jamie 33-H-1 FPE



Lauren — N.J.

*"Dear
Editor"*



LETTERS

Dear Virginia:

As one of FPE's new members I feel it incumbent upon me to make my maiden speech via your columns. I could give you the history of my life from early awareness of my strange desires to the present, but that would only reiterate what has been said before in this column. How I first dressed as a tot, wandered through the streets in matching green dress and coat at a pre-puberty age, passing a policeman on the way; how my father discovered me and was' furious; the continuing perplexity of my mother and the accusations of H.S.; my ups and downs; my marriage to the girl I love, giving rise to two beautiful children and surviving the meritable confession of my leanings. But it is not an autobiography I wish to give you, unless requested at a later date, it is to make some observations on the present, on the here and now.

My logic runs thus. My boss (a gynaecologist and obstetrician) informs me that gender identification is established by the age of one year (more inquiries to be made in that direction soon). We identify with the feminine and have to live the masculine. So decide what portion each is going to occupy in your week and get on with it with zest. Throw away your guilt complexes, away with introspection and morbid broodings on whose fault it was. Live both lives in isolation of each other and enjoy yourselves to the full. There is nothing more calculated to antagonize a tolerant or cooperative GG than a guilt ridden FP. Let's all be happy and show that all the difficulties of our lives are worthwhile. Let there be no apologies for our condition. We are what we are and it is incurable so let's not just enjoy it with reluctance but

with zest giving pleasure to those in our confidence. (Ed note: "Amen sister.") Once you can get this positive open attitude much of the guilt problem falls away and of course this is the reason that FPE is so good for us.

My next observation is that there are many people who can accept us as we are without thinking any less of us providing the subject is introduced gently and with a little courage and to the right sort of people. Why do the girls seem to be more tolerant than other men? Do they want to mentally castrate us? I think it's because they know the positive pleasure of femininity, the soft caressing clothes, the "setting up" compacting feel of a girdle, the proud poise of the breasts, the desire to look attractive and behave attractively giving pleasure to those who behold us. I feel that in active busy moments both sexes prefer the loose and easy clothes of the male but in our recreation, walking out, evenings out, parties, the sexes would prefer the flattering trappings of the female. Thus is Unisex (Unigender — Ed.) born with both standing to gain so much and lose nothing.

I have come a long way in my twenty-five odd years of indulgence and learned a lot about myself in the process but there is so much more to find out and it's all so exciting. Not just dressing and looking perfect as God and the chemist will allow; these are basic skills to any reputable TV. But all the other myriad activities of the little woman, dressmaking, home running, poise and deportment, speech, sense of what is beautiful and desirable. I feel I would "drop out" and become a flower child any day if only it didn't upset my patients!

What about the young crossdresser and children being told? I think we must accept that if someone is destined to be a TV nothing we can do will stop him and so simply help him in his aims and gently restrain him if he gets self-destructive. We can and must find a balance in our gender mixture. As for the children; I don't think they should be told until they're old enough to (a), understand what we're talking about and (b), only then if they're well balanced enough to take the fact that Daddy likes being a Mummy from time to time. The parents are the two intimate examples of the genders and confusion of the genders at an early age must be psychically unhealthy. Although we are male and masculine but wish sometimes to be feminine, we must be distinguishing quite clearly between the two otherwise how could we be desirous of making a transformation. This is a heritage we certainly cannot deny our offspring.

Well, I have by no means shot my bow; how can you in one letter but these are a few comments on what interests me. There are so many undiscussed topics such as child bearing; how many TV's feel feminine enough to want to have children; not many I warrant but is this not one of the basic female urges? What part does masturbation play in our lives as a relief when dressing is not opportune; perhaps not much when the heterosexual life is satisfactory; but then does a full sex life diminish the desire to dress; not an easy topic of conversation but very basic to our nature and undiscussed.

FPE seems well served medically but mostly with psychiatrists. I am an M.D. in physical rather than mental medicine and would be happy to discuss medical questions of interest to TV's.

Rosemary FSA-J-1 FPE

* * *

Dear Virginia:

You may be interested to hear of an experience that I had when I was first starting to express my femme nature. It took place in one of the large prairie cities.

While wandering about the down town shopping section I found a ladies wear store off on one of the side streets. I will call the lady who operated it Marie (as she was French). I had been in the store a few times and we had become quite friendly and I would have coffee with her in the back of the store where we would talk about different things. After a lot of thought I decided that I would tell her the truth about myself if and when the opportunity arrived.

This came about much sooner than I had expected, for one day, dropping into the store just before she was closing up for the afternoon, she asked if I would like to help her to rearrange her stock. Of course I said that I would be very glad to do so. We went out and had lunch together, and when we got back I took off my jacket and tie and rolled up my sleeves to do what I could to help her. All went well till we stopped to have a cup of coffee. She said, "You seem to be right at home in handling women's garments." I said, "Yes, I feel very much at ease doing things like this, you see, I not only like to handle all these nice things, but I am very fond of wearing them as well." She then asked a few questions about myself and then she asked if I would like to be working around in a dress.

"Yes," I said, "but I could hardly do that here."

"Why not?" she said. "The blinds are down and no one will see you."

I said, "That may be but I don't have a dress with me."

Well, the outcome of it all was that she got an outfit out for me and had me change into it. The rest of the afternoon was all so exciting working there with Marie and being dressed as a woman. As a result of that afternoon she said that she would see that I was properly fitted with a nice outfit from the skin out. So Marie really gave me my first outfit that really fitted me. She even gave me a proper fitted foundation garment. We remained good friends for the next two or three years till I had to move away from that city because of my work. Whenever I bought a dress from her she would have me try it on and do any alterations that might be needed. From her I learned a lot about how to buy clothes for myself.

Where I am now I am most fortunate in having two places where I can go and shop and try the things on before I buy them. One of the ladies is also a dress maker and she has made a number of things for me. I have the fittings just the same as any other woman would. This lady now has a number of men that go to her to get things made, though I was her first male customer.

Jean 54-M-1

* * *

Dear Virginia:

I guess you can tell from the record that I have been a sort of "on-again-off-again" type of subscriber, but you must admit, I've been around for quite a while.

The best explanation I can offer for my long delinquency relates to my general reluctance to offend my wife. While she has always tolerated my interest in the subject, she has always balked at my requests to let me become actively involved with your program. Her objections were based on fear of exposure and ridicule. Try as I might, I could not convince her of my need for this outlet. And with no other way to progress I found that frustration was only heightened by reading your glowing accounts.

Recently, my wife became interested in one of the "SENSITIVITY" groups. This has made her a different person, with a completely new approach to life. One of her developing concepts has been "I have to be me." Can you imagine my surprise when, in expounding this point recently, she turned it around and said, "You have to be you too!"

When I was convinced she meant it, I excused myself, dressed in my favorite things, and returned for a long, very satisfying talk.

Before we were done she suggested I renew my contact with you. I know I can't just run to the next meeting in L.A., but if you would suggest the requisites, I would like to become active in your group.

Thanks for wading through all this chatter, Virginia. Keep up the wonderful work, and hold the door open for strays like me.

As ever,
Robin 5-L-8 FPE

* * *

Dear Virginia,

Your Wives' Book was a God-send to our family. Before it came to our household, life was very hard for Dorina. She was torn between wanting to be a person or staying away so things for her brother would be more bearable.

But since my wife read your book, she has become more tolerant toward Dorina, to a point now, to allow Dorina to visit. She also has been a help to Dorina — helping with make-up and even buying her clothes. Of course Dorina is allowed to visit only when we two are alone. But believe me, this is so much better than waiting for the house to empty and then dress alone, no make-up and very lonely. Thanks for everything.

Love,
Dorina 25-D-2 FPE

* * *

Dear Virginia,

In TVia I have read where some "femmen" don't have different personalities when dressed. This is hard to understand as I dress to express the personality, matching my outward appearance to my mood.

When I play chess, read science fiction, study psychology, work math puzzles, play logic games, or otherwise involve myself in depth thinking I wouldn't consider dressing in feminine clothes. The idea would never occur to me. I enjoy these activities and I enjoy my work with computers. I enjoy being "Larry" at these times.

Now when I want to oil paint, write stories, play my guitar, or just plain relax I wear the feminine garments of that expression. I'm happy doing housework, cooking, ironing, washing, learning to sew, learning to set and style hair and just plain being "Darlene." I like drive-in movies, long walks, and window shopping. I enjoy the company of my wife as a girl friend, and of another GG girlfriend.

I feel I am extremely lucky to be able to express both my masculine and feminine characteristics. I have a fully developed personality in each of my roles and it allows me to experience a sense of total existence only an FP could understand.

Before signing off I would like to add that I am able and willing to donate my services to the good of the cause you have begun. I stand ready to help you in any and every way possible.

Love,
Darlene 3-L-1 FPE

* * *

Dear Virginia,

Eight years ago I became a subscriber to Transvestia. In those years I have found enjoyment and a gradual understanding of my feminine self. For this I can only say thank you with genuine sincerity. I hope that someday soon I will be able to show my gratitude more substantially, if not to you personally, then to our society of fellow transvestites.

It is with this in mind that I am writing to ask for a *membership application* to FPE. Until recently I have felt that I could contribute nothing. Now this is changed. In the past four months I have married a most wonderful girl, who after being told about my feminine side has understood and accepted me for what I am. We both feel that we should now become active members of the transvestite community. Both of us feel we can learn much and perhaps someday others can learn from us how to live happily in conjunction with transvestism.

As this is the first real letter I have written to you, perhaps I should explain briefly who and what I am. I am twenty-six years old and have been a transvestite since the age of nine. I cannot complain of a tormented childhood because as I look back on it, it was very enjoyable. Feelings of guilt have bothered me up until a few years ago but were never really severe. Except for my secret dressing episodes, I would say that my childhood and young adulthood were as normal as any other boy's and I can find no reasons why I should have developed into a transvestite.

My feminine name is Mary Jane and I am 5'11" tall, weigh 140 lbs., and wear a size 14 or 16 dress and 10C shoes. Except for an under-endowment of the bust, derriere, and hips my figure is reasonably feminine.

A year ago I would not have believed that a combination of the features mentioned could produce a fairly attractive girl who could pass in public. Only a month ago I made my first public appearance. To say that I was nervous would be an understatement, however it was highly successful. My confidence has grown to the point where I feel safe even in going out along.

I know I've already taken too much of your time in this letter so I will close by saying again: thank you for the enjoyment and enlightenment I have received over the years from Transvestia.

Peace,
Mary Jane 32-M-7 FPE

Dear Virginia,

A short while ago I wrote about joining Phi Pi Epsilon sorority and on your advice I ordered some back issues of TVia before proceeding further. I have read the wonderful magazines you sent and I can never fully express how grateful I am to you.

As you wrote, I have made peace with the girl within me and I find she was really a very nice girl and not the ogre I had thought. She is, of course, just a little bit giddy, but then that's the fun of being a girl, isn't it? I can now let her wear her lipstick and hosiery and pretty frocks without feeling like a HS, as I used to.

I know you must have heard these things many times from many girls but I am sure you realize that to those of us who have just discovered ourselves, the new freedom is just as wonderful as I'm sure it was for you.

Barbara really gets a chuckle out of holding a responsible, well paid, job in a man's world. I sometimes have to be very strict with her, like last week when she wanted to put chintz curtains in my office. She is still pouting over that so I'm subscribing to TVia for her and we are both hoping to qualify for Phi Pi Epsilon.

Thank you very much for your help and I hope I can help others in some way.

Sincerely,
Barbara 35-H-8 FPE

* * *

Dear Virginia,

"FROM GUILT TO HAPPINESS"

My worst fear to overcome in my past 34 years as a TV was my feelings of guilt, because I loved my TVing so much. I felt full of guilt and shame because I knew I was different. Not only from my friends but also from my own male relatives. My complete enjoying of dressing and living my private secret as I could also caused a lot of worry, frustration, and a lonely life even when I was married.

I have been married twice. The first ending in a divorce because of my TVing which I failed to tell before the marriage. If I had, it might have saved us all the heartaches a divorce can bring. This in turn only forced me to do my TVing in secret which also builds up a lot of guilt. This type of life is pure hell with frustration.

Up to this point in my life I never realized other people were the same way. It sounds dumb but there are hundreds of people today that would like to know of others and this is not a laughing matter.

I first learned of others of my kind only in 1962, at the age of 26! I have a good education, so that is not my reason. Shame was my reason. Also I did not look or search, as I always thought I was the only one. In later years I have come across a few good books which explained some of the subject, but, as everyone knows, it is still not a field of medicine that is helped very much nor explained. In due time this will come about and we will all be accepted and can all walk with pride among other normal human beings even if they are narrow minded at present.

I overcame my guilt through studying all I could on anything concerning TVs, Bisexuals, and Trans-sexuals as we are all cousins in the same boat. I am still a TV but have never met another TV nor written one.

I am happy now with what I am and enjoy all my private moments alone. But being alone is not completely satisfactory as any type of person needs to be around others of their own kind: to talk to and learn from each other all they can in order to express themselves completely.

In March I learned of "TRANSEVESTIA" magazine and began buying and reading the thoughts of other TVs and a new life has opened up to me as I now hope to soon be able to meet someone like I am. Someone who will have the same basic problems and needs.

I think TRANSEVESTIA is great and hope it will never cease to be ready for all persons of TV nature to obtain.

Jamie 33-H-1 FPE

* * *



THE SWIMMER

Sharon Anne

5-H-25 FPE

Dennis let the screen door bang shut behind him. Even in the shadows of the kitchen the humid summer air made things feel hot and close. He put the grass clippers down and took a milk bottle of water from the refrigerator, poured out a paper cupful and gulped it.

“Can I go now?”

“Where are you going?”

“Swimming.”

He was talking down the basement stairwell. Unseen somewhere below his mother was ironing in the coolness and her voice floated up to him.

“Have you finished around the hedges?”

“Yes.”

“All of them?”

“Yes.”

“The big one in front?”

“Yes.”

“All right. Get a quarter out of my purse.”

“Can I have money for a soda too?”

There was an indecisive pause below. “I suppose — take a nickel. And do everything the lifeguard says. Promise me?”

“I promisè.”

“Say it three times.”

“I promise, I promis . . . , I proms . . .” he repeated in ritual to the voice. And then he was off.

Mother’s patent purse was on the dresser in the bedroom. Dennis took it down and counted out thirty cents from a small change pouch. He went into the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. There were two small bottles together on the top shelf. He took them and rolled them up in a blue bathtowel with his swimming trunks.

To find the path to Watkins Hill Memorial Swimming Pool you went through the Bradford’s backyard, along the wall behind Gordon’s place, turned left at the telephone pole, walked on the slope behind the garages to the field and across the field to the clump of trees with peeling bark. And there the path began. It wound through the tall trees and underbrush turning gradually uphill from the subdivision to the old section, half a mile to the pool.

Dennis was wont to dawdle on the path due to the sharp incline of the hill but today he moved along the dusty sun-mottled by-way with a purpose known only to himself. The rolled blue bathtowel was clutched tightly under his arm.

Sounds in the distance and then the discernible thud of running feet ahead startled him. Dennis moved off the path into some bushes on the right and remained concealed. Two large boys came bolting around a bend running at full tilt in a rough and tumble downhill race shouting as they came one behind the other. The runners disappeared as suddenly as they had come. One of the runners was Frank Brandford. Dennis had not recognized the second boy. He was glad to have avoided them.

Renewing his journey he kept his eyes on the path, concentrating on the trees. His eyes searched for one tree in particular. It was his landmark. As he walked on he thought in a moment of doubt that he had come too far and passed it by, but at last he saw his goal on the path ahead a few paces distant, its branches crooking low to the ground. One of the branches protruding into the path was dead and leafless. That was how he recognized it.

Dennis shot furtive glances ahead and behind before moving off the path. The woods hung in silence around him but dry leaves crackled beneath his feet as he squeezed around some briar bushes heading for a slope twenty yards away. At length he stopped on an outcropping of mossy stone to get his bearings. A bird burst unexpectedly from a tree fall with an explosive flap of wings. The noise made him start. He moved on into the shadows of a large gnarled elm tree. There, out of sight of the path, hidden in a hollow formed by an exposed root and a rock was his secret cache. The pile of decaying leaves he had brushed over the hollow a week ago lay undisturbed.

Dennis kneeled and carefully brushed the leaves away anxious to confirm that the package was still in its resting place. It was there wrapped in a white bathtowel. He had found the treasure last week near the swings and slides in the playground area adjacent to the swimming pool — a girl's swimming suit. Seating himself on the tree root he unwrapped the suit from the towel and held it out for inspection. It was a girl's one piece pull-on swimming outfit. The bodice was dark blue with red trim and made of some stretchy material. A short white skirt of crisp pleats flared just below the waistline. Sewn into the suit beneath the skirt were double-layered white stretch nylon panties. He ran his hands over the pleats of the skirt savoring the smooth touch. The little girl who owned the suit had left it by the swings wrapped with a white rubber bathing cap in the bathtowel. Dennis had seen it there on the playground himself three days in a row. And on the third day when no one noticed he had taken it. He knew it was not his to take. But there was a longing desire within him he could not resist. It was easy to rationalize his action. Surely the girl who left the suit there by the swings would have returned for it if she cared to keep it! He had hidden the treasure in the woods to await his return.

Dennis trembled now at the thought of what he was about to do. The idea had been in his mind constantly that past week. It was a consuming thought — the thought of himself wearing that suit — a girl's swimming suit. He, Dennis, dressed as a girl at the swimming pool, among other children and grown-ups. In a girl's swimming suit and cap he would be a girl. First it was an irresistible impulse — then a daring plan. The vision had plagued him day and night with compelling intensity. Now the moment of impersonation had arrived and he was trembling, half from excitement, half from fear.

Dennis unlaced his tennis shoes and removed them. He stripped off his tee shirt and stepped out of the grass-stained bluejeans. A woodland breeze struck him across his bare chest and he felt a sense of vulnerability standing there almost in the nude. The flat stones he was standing on chilled his feet. With final resolution he peeled off his undershorts. He stepped into the coveted swimming suit and bending over pulled it up over his calves and thighs in urgent motions. It was a bit of a struggle with the unfamiliar garment but in a minute he had the wide elastic shoulder straps in place and the remainder of the suit adjusted easily. It fitted him quite well. Selfconsciously he inspected the results turning this way and that to see behind. He lifted the pleated skirt and peeked beneath to examine the fit of the panties. The layer underneath clasped him firmly while the top layer of the panties hung in loose puffs and folds. The tapering bodice clung to his torso, lightly squeezing his waist and lending the look of slimness. The girl who had owned the suit could have been no older than he — ten going on eleven. At this tender age he was free of hair and his fair-skinned blonde complexion was inherited from generations of Scandinavian and German predecessors.

The effect was very pleasing. But more remained to be done and he hastened to the task lest anyone chance along and discover him at work. From his own blue bathtowel he retrieved the two glass bottles he had taken from the medicine cabinet. One of the bottles contained a wine red nail polish. The other was a bottle of polish remover. This would be the crowning touch — to tint his toe and fingernails with lovely red paint. He would appear exactly like the girls and women he had seen at the pool. Opening the container he applied the polish with surprising expertise. A sense of excitement and confident daring was growing within him.

When the polish was dry on both hands and feet he donned the rubber bathing cap, buckled its chinstrap, and carefully pulled out a lock of blonde hair under the front of the cap to leave as a sort of wayward bang. His disguise was complete.

It was now a barefoot little girl who stepped along the path towards Watkins Hill Memorial Pool carrying a blue bathtowel in one hand and clutching thirty cents in the other. The little girl stepped cautiously lest she stub her toe on unexpected rocks. The noise of the swimming pool could be heard now just ahead, a medley of screams, voices, and splashing water.

The swimming pool was thronged that afternoon by the usual crowd of children, mothers, and old men that came there on summer days. It was a very selfconscious Dennis that walked to the main entrance and passed through the gate with a group of adults and children leaving his quarter in the grey steel box. The press of people all about both frightened and thrilled him. It was the first time he had met the world as a girl. Apparently the world was going to accept her. She was fitting in amongst the crowd and no one had yet paid any particular attention to the little girl in the blue and white swimming suit. Dennis walked around the edge of the pool seeking an open space of concrete to leave his towel on. As he went he continually stole glances at those who passed searching for some sign that he was seen and perhaps appreciated by the viewers. Several met his glance and he turned his eyes away quickly, his heart pounding, his mind whirling in the knowledge that he had been noticed. The little game brought an absorbing sense of self-awareness.

He found an unoccupied space and claimed it for his towel. He would be content to lie here for awhile to watch the people swimming and sunning and perhaps they would watch him. He could always swim later.

The pool was guarded by four older high school boys and girls. Dennis knew most of them by name. There was a girl named Maryann that he liked best and sometimes talked with. She was tall and had long golden hair. Dennis thought she was beautiful and perhaps he was somewhat infatuated. He saw her now across the pool on the life guard tower high above the water in the deep end close to the diving boards. She wore a bright red lifeguard's suit. Occasionally her high voice would amplify over a bull horn and the pool noise would subside suddenly while Maryann directed some errant swimmer out of the pool for splashing or some other breach of swimming etiquette. Her word was law and Dennis prided himself that he had never been the subject of such a disgracing reprimand.

At length he decided to swim. He entered the large pool at the shallow end where the water was less than three feet deep. The water felt cold at first and he went in slowly adjusting to the temperature gradually. He had taken swimming lessons for two summers and could swim a hundred feet. He struck out across the pool wending his way around other swimmers. He found that his new swimming suit hampered his stroke a bit. He decided that it would be just as well not to do any serious swimming. Today he would stay on the sides and paddle around. He marvelled at the way the pleated skirt buoyed up in the water. The polish on his fingernails gleamed with the wetness and he looked at his hands frequently.

Dennis studiously avoided contact with anyone in the water and especially the gangs of splashing roughhousing boys that roamed the shallows. The guards were not always there to discipline the splashers and shovers and Dennis naturally feared any involvement with their sort. For an hour or so the little girl in the blue and white suit with the pleated skirt was left to her own pleasures. She was hanging on the edge in the shallows when she heard an inquiring voice.

"Hello."

"Hello," he managed in return. A little girl in a yellow suit was the greeter. She was hanging on the edge beside him and Dennis could see that she was somewhat younger than he.

"What's your name?" she demanded.

Dennis had an impulse to swim away without any further ado but he remained on the edge confident that such a young girl could not see through his disguise.

"What's your name?" Dennis replied.

"Lisa."

"What's your name?" she insisted again.

"Maryann," Dennis lied.

"Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"How did you learn?"

"I went to classes."

"Oh. I can't swim," his companion admitted.

"You have pretty fingers," Lisa complimented.

Dennis withdrew one hand and selfconsciously put it underwater.

"My mother won't let me have nail polish — will yours?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?" Lisa wanted to know looking at Maryann's fingers enviously.

"I'm ten," Maryann replied pushing off and moving away. Dennis was becoming alarmed at the little girl's interest in him. But Lisa was not so easily discouraged. She followed Maryann here and there around the

pool chattering constantly about a number of unfamiliar topics from nail polish to doll dresses. Dennis was considerably relieved when Lisa's mother came for her and the little girl said goodbye to Maryann.

The afternoon wore on and then it was time to leave the pool. Dennis went in for one last swim and climbed out to dry himself before the walk home. He felt a warmth inside that no towel could impart. For the last few hours he had done something that seemed impossible — and yet it had happened. He had become a little girl. It was a most secret dream. It was a wish he had lived with as if it was born within him. He had known that desire for so long. Now he felt the fulfillment. It had been dark and hidden so long, afraid and guilty and ashamed. But this afternoon he had given the secret girl within a beautiful life. The simple freedom of this masquerade was intoxicating and he would treasure the memory of that intoxication for a long time.

“That’s a pretty suit.”

Dennis looked up to see whose voice had interrupted his reverie. It was the lifeguard Maryann standing above him and very close beside him looking down with her warm vibrant smile.

“Thank you.”

For an enchanted moment he felt as though he had been a girl forever.

As Dennis returned home along the path his heart was aglow. The blue swimming suit with the red trim and the white pleated skirt was safely hidden away in the woods awaiting his return on another day. Dennis whistled a tune as he skipped along down the hillside. His happiness was such that he scarcely felt the sting of the U-shaped area of sunburned skin etched upon his back and chest in the peculiar tell-tale pattern. Dennis did not think of the sunburn at all until that night as he undressed for bed. He worried a bit about it but relaxed in the hope he could keep it covered until the red faded. Except for that it would have been a perfect day for Maryann.

PACIFIC CIRCLE



Well, here I am back in harness again. Last year it was Europe, this year the South Pacific. While there were a lot of TV type things done in Europe last year which justified some rather detailed reporting, this year's trip was primarily my own vacation so I won't bore you with a day by day description but perhaps you will be interested in some of the highlights and knowing where your roving girl reporter has been.

First a word about the circumstances: I went on a tour with 23 other people. I went as Virginia, stayed as Virginia, and WAS Virginia to everyone else. I shared a room with another woman who, after 45 nights in the same bedroom went home none the wiser about my somewhat androgenous nature than she was in the beginning. She did find me a rather intriguing and perplexing type since I was capable and active in ways and areas that most other women were not at my apparent age. She was a very active outdoor type herself and at first regarded me as a somewhat effete, middle aged type. She asked me, with an obviously negative answer expected, whether I had ever camped out and slept on the ground under the stars and was evidently a bit taken aback to find that I had done so many times. Since she went in for "health" it seemed further out of character to see that at my age I was agile as she and could kick as high as my head. She early learned in one of our midnight bull (cow!) sessions that I had been a chemist and had a Ph.D. though I asked her to keep these facts from the rest of the crowd. So I provided her much food for thought in

other ways but not in the anatomical. By always carefully changing into and out of my pajamas in the bathroom this was avoided. However I early arranged to walk out into the room with only my pajama pants on so that she could see my "chest". With no hair and actually a better bust than she had (she had to wear a padded bra and I didn't — conceited bitch aren't I — it naturally wiped out any latent doubts about the rest of me, so that there was no trouble in that way. Of course all the other women on the tour accepted me as one of them and a common and frequent occupant of the numerous kinds and qualities of restroom facilities that we encountered.

The tour group early divided itself just about down the middle between the older (both in mind and in body), conservative, square, up tight types and the rest of us who were socially and politically more liberal, generally younger, and more active and interesting. It was a real experiment in sociology and got pretty worked up at times. So that is the general background. Now as to events!

We left L.A. at 12 PM on July 31 to fly all night to Papeete (pap-E-A, tay) on the island of Tahiti. After getting ready all day, flying all night and not sleeping any we were a pretty pooped group when we arrived at FAAA (pronounced Fa-ah-ah) airport about 4:30 in the morning. But it was a 7½ hour flight because we gained 3 hours flying west. So after getting to the hotel we all fell into bed for about 4 hours. That afternoon we took a bus tour of the town. We were given about an hour and a half to wander around Papeete on our own and were told to meet at a certain point at a certain time to be picked up by the bus. As that time approached I got back to the spot and found one of the single tour members there too. He was, it turned out, a Ph.D., a professor of speech therapy and a practicing psychologist on the side. He was in his 50s but affected a hippy style of free dress — wore his hair longish and a head band, a peace pendent necklace and gave the "V" or "peace" sign to any and everyone. Needless to say he became part of the liberal and "circular" half of the tour as opposed to the conservative or "square" portion. Anyway we are standing there and talking and suddenly he looked at me intensely and thoughtfully and said, "I know you, you're Charlie!" That knocked me out as I thought, "my god, only the first day and I'm exposed." I figured that ended the tour right there. At first I feigned amazement and ignorance of what he was talking about but as he proceeded to outline where he had heard me talk I could no longer deny it as I did give the talk and he had been in the audience. So I admitted it and then asked him to keep it to

himself and not spoil things for me. He told me not to worry a bit about it as he wouldn't say a thing. He didn't either. As a matter of fact I think he came to forget all about it except when I would say something to him that reminded him that although I was a woman with the rest of them that I was not the female the rest were. So, my first shock over, I breathed easier.

We took side trips to Bora Bora which is a really beautiful and interesting island. Another girl and I took out a small outrigger canoe into the lagoon and got along fine because I knew about canoeing (dear old Charlie boy had taught me many things that I find useful). The amusing side of the incident was that a man and a boy, guests at the hotel, decided that if we girls could do it so could they and they would show us a thing or two. They did — about 40 feet from shore they managed to capsize the thing and we girls had to come to their rescue and tow them to shore as they couldn't walk on the coral. Score one for women's liberation and equality! (or something). We also visited the island of Moorea and the Bali Hai hotel — run by 4 Americans and a beautiful place to spend a south sea holiday. Coming home at night in the launch it got a bit windy and thus rough in the channel and a goodly portion of the tour group got sea sick. Knowing something about the physiology of nausea I kept my horizontal reference point with the lights on the shore and swung with the boat. Thus I didn't get sea sick and tried to help those who did. I decided later that that was the beginning of my downfall as any ordinary lady of my age should properly have gotten seasick like the rest and here I had the nerve to not only stay well but be able to move around the pitching boat and help others — something strange about that woman!

Next we flew to Fiji which being an English colony was a big improvement in many ways over Tahiti which is a French colony. Here many of the men — including all the policemen, soldiers, doormen, etc. wear skirts called Sulus. They are a piece of cloth about 2 yards long and of midi skirt length that wrap around. I scouted all over Suva to find one and bought it. I had it cut off and hemmed just above my knee in anticipation of using it in Bangkok and Hong Kong where it would be hot. The reason being that these Sulus are fitted with two regular side pockets and a small watch or change pocket just like a man's pants. I could carry whatever I needed there and not have to bother with a purse which can be hot, heavy and a nuisance when you are in a hot climate and have to carry a camera too. Fiji is a very interesting and progressive and is getting ready to go its own way as a free and independent country and member of the British Commonwealth nations this fall.



My outrigger — Bora Bora



Skirts are "in"
on Moorea, Tahiti



Little Fijian friends



And Sulus on Fiji

Next a nice flight by Air New Zealand to Auckland. I arrived in my room to find a large bouquet of flowers and a note from a TV friend who belongs to the Beaumont Society in England and had been told of my coming by another friend and customer of mine on the South Island. New Zealand is made up of two large islands you may remember. So the next morning we got acquainted, took a ferry ride across Auckland harbor and walked around town. That evening we had dinner together after walking all over trying to find an open restaurant. N.Z. is a very conservative and in some ways old fashioned country and they almost roll up and store the sidewalks in Auckland on Sunday evenings. "After all, who needs sidewalks, you ought to be in Church where you belong!" The following day we drove down through the North Island to Rotorua which is in the geothermal belt and we went through the geyser and steam pool area where the Maoris for generations have done their laundry and cooking in the natural hot waters. We also took a nice swim in the hotels hot steam pool which was a very relaxing though sulfurous experience.

Then by air to Wellington, a quick 2 hour drive around the city which is beautiful — hills and harbor like San Francisco and Hong Kong — and then back to the airport for a flight to Christchurch on the south island. I was met there by Joan whose article about her acting career was in TVia No. 63. She showed me around town, took me to visit another one of our girls who had just had surgery and for whom I had brought some Chevalier merchandise down with me. I also got to attend one of "Gabrielle's" performances that night. She does the whole "singing to records" bit with beautiful costumes and very close synchronization with the records. It goes over so well that if anyone in the audience didn't know that "John" was Gabrielle, they would only suppose that some woman in costume had sung for them. I wonder if they don't miss half the fun that way. It was very good to have a chance to meet two of my girls (as their brothers) whom I have been in correspondence with and to talk it out "in the flesh." It made each of us more real to the other.

We went out to Te Anau which is a beautiful lake on the west side of the south island right up against the snow capped mountains that form the backbone ridge of the island. We had a bus ride up through those mountains and down to Milford Sound where we took a launch ride down the fjord. It is exactly the same sort of geology as the fjords of Norway — steep glaciated valleys that were flooded by the ocean as the land sank enough to bring the ocean in. Sea going tourist ships come in about 30 miles from the sea between the nearly

vertical mountain walls. Really beautiful country. It rained that night in Te Anau and they announced that the big plane that was to fly us back to Christchurch could not come for us as it is only a grass airstrip and the plane would be too heavy for its muddy condition. So instead a smaller plane was to take us to Queenstown where we could get a larger plane to Christchurch. We drove out to the field in the bus and the driver went inside to confer. He came out to announce that the plane they did send was unable to take all of us and all the luggage so two of us would have to go in a small plane that was also there. He asked for volunteers and immediately my hippy psychologist friend and myself volunteered. This was another thing that the more "proper" ladies among the squares would never have done but which nobody was really surprised that I did.

The little plane was a 35 year old English made Siddley — a biplane held together with struts and wire, it looked like a World War I Jenny. We went up in it, the pilot, my friend and I and one other passenger. I had visions of The Red Baron getting on our tail but he didn't turn up. It was one of the most beautiful and interesting flights I ever took however. I felt like the ham in a sandwich because there was a heavy ground fog and also a layer of high clouds. He flew in the clear area in between, and up the narrow valleys and around snow covered peaks which were so close that one place where we had to slow down a bit I put my foot out and dragged it in the snow and it made a mark which shall ever after be known as "Bruce's Mark" — at least it seemed that close. Anyway a most worthwhile bit of volunteering on our part and a gallant performance by a pretty elderly plane.

From Christchurch a dinner flight to Melbourne. I'd hardly gotten to my room in the hotel when there was a call for me and Susan and Dianne represented by their brothers were in the lobby. We visited a bit and got acquainted and arranged for a sightseeing tour the next day. We also put the wheels in motion which resulted in my giving a seminar to about 30 members of the staff of the Psychiatric Department of the Mental Health Ministry of Victoria (one of the states of Australia) a couple of days later. One of the doctors attending was editor of the Australia-New Zealand Journal of Criminology. He was sufficiently impressed by our Introduction to TV leaflet that he asked if he could reprint it in the journal with an editorial introduction. I assured him that I'd be very pleased if he would do so. While in Melbourne I suggested to Susan that it would be of help in holding the "down under" EPs together if they had some sort of a little news letter to circulate between them and to coordinate methods of finding others. Susan not only thought the idea worthy but she got going on

it so fast that when I was in Sydney about 4 days later she sent me a copy of her introductory first issue. A real go getter. Again it was not only a pleasure but of real value to contact some of our people face to face and to come to understand some of the problems faced locally.

After three days in Melbourne it was off to Sydney by way of Canberra where we stopped over for about a four hour visit. Canberra, the capitol of Australia was built for that purpose and although the city is 50 years old it was laid out by a plan from scratch and the plan has been adhered to so that it avoids all the problems which develop in cities that just grow like most US cities have. It is attractive, efficient, clean and scenic which is saying a lot. At Sydney airport I was walking toward the bus when suddenly I'm paged over the P.A. system. Answering the page I find that our cover girl, Rosemary, (as herself) and Pauline (as her brother) were there to meet me, much to my surprise. So I drove into the hotel with them and abandoned the tour bus. I had dinner with Rosemary that evening and then went over to their motel room where Pauline emerged from her cocoon and we had a nice visit. Next day I was shown around the city.

About this time my room mate was overcome with curiosity as to how come I knew people in Auckland, Christchurch, Melbourne and Sydney — and all men. I don't know whether she thought I was some sort of international call girl or what but I had to explain that they were people that I had met in California when they came through or that they were friends of friends, etc. This only whetted her curiosity and interest. But it was certainly nice for me to have friends in four cities, to be able to meet and talk with them and to see the city with them and outside of the d--- tour bus. They all went to some trouble to look after me and I certainly appreciate the efforts of all of them. I hope I contributed a few ideas like the newsletter etc. which will bear fruit for them in the future.

Next day we had a very long flight diagonally across the whole Australian continent to Bali. I was very put out that I was unable to get a window seat on this flight because the geology of the terrain was very interesting. Having some of the old bags on the tour who did get window seats use them to sleep in didn't help my feelings at all. Bali was a very interesting place. We took several excursions away from the hotel into the hinterland and the one thing that was most impressive were the little kids that stood in each gateway along the roads and shouted "hello," waved and gave us big smiles. I nearly broke my arm waving to them from the bus — a very friendly nation of people. Their hydro-engineering is also a marvel. Rice paddies everywhere and the water from the distant mountains is led from paddy



Our 35-year-old Siddeley — Te Anau, N.Z.



The smaller one is the Koala Bear — Australia.



A couple of the local girls — Australia.

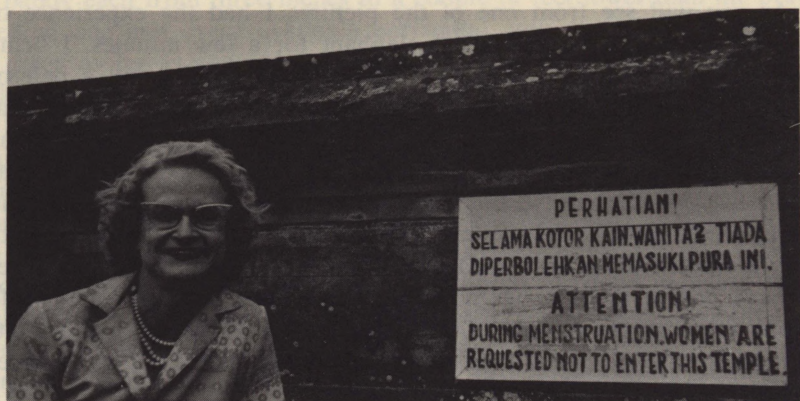
to paddy each from three inches to a couple of feet lower than the preceding one and every available horizontal area utilized. This results in green as far as you can see and a very neat and attractive countryside. We were fortunate to be there when there was to be a cremation of a priest which we attended. Ordinarily this would seem, by western standards, not to be a tourist attraction but it was. I won't go into details other than to say that there was a procession of three or four hundred people very colorfully dressed carrying gifts and offerings on their heads and marching out to a large field. At the end of the procession was a tower perhaps 25 feet high all done in white and gold with the body on top. Following it was a stairway and then a carved wooden bull under a little canopy. All three of these were carried on poles by groups of men. When the whole procession arrived at the field the tower was placed on the ground, the stairway brought up to it and men went up the stairs to get the body and carried it down to the ground and over to the bull. This was hollow and the body was put within it and the cover replaced. Wood was then placed under the bull and the whole thing lit and the fire gradually consumed it all. Meanwhile perhaps 1000 Indonesians, men, women and children milled around. There were 24 Americans in our group and perhaps another dozen white tourists. We were lost among the rest but everyone was friendly and interested. It was very colorful as everyone wore their ceremonial clothes and it was a real "people" experience.

After a Balinese visit of three days we flew to Bangkok, Thailand. This city has more temples and Buddha statues than I'd care to count. One of the latter is of solid gold with a value of 14 million dollars. There is a large river running right through the city with numerous canals and waterways around it. All the water is the color of cocoa and people swim, bathe, do laundry and brush their teeth in it. They must have developed a marvelous variety of antibodies to almost everything. There are hundreds of boats of all kinds from freighters down to one man (or woman) small boats. The water taxis are long narrow boats just wide enough for two and with a new (to me) kind of outboard that has a straight shaft about eight feet long sticking into the water behind. They just tilt it up when they want to slow down. With no 90° gear arrangement like ours to worry about these Japanese-made motors really deliver the power and these craft move like a speed boat throwing up a considerable bow wave. This frequently splashes on the small craft carrying food materials up and down the canal. Much of this is ready to eat such as rice, fried chicken, fish, etc. and it must get to be pretty tasty by the time it is delivered with that extra "dressing" of river water.

As you will see from one of the pictures I had the experience of "riding" (meaning sitting) on an elephant for a few minutes. I bring the news that sitting on their skin and hairs in nothing but a pair of panties is not too far removed from straddling a cactus except that the hairs didn't come out in me. I did most of Bangkok wearing "men's clothes" to the extent of my Sulu from far off Fiji. It was really a great idea as I could carry money, cosmetics, comb, fan and hanky in the pockets leaving my hands free of a bulky purse and with only a camera to carry. I recommend any girls going to hot countries to have one of these things made up beforehand. I think men would adopt skirts much quicker in this country if they would put pockets in them instead of trying to sell men not only on skirts but on shoulder bags at the same time. It's too much at once.

Getting around Bangkok by taxi is an experience, especially for a single lady like me. You have to leave the hotel with a slip of paper on which they have written in Thai characters your destination and another with the name of the hotel for your return since the drivers don't speak more English than to be able to state the fare in "bahts" the local currency designation. It is another experience to have the ride itself. They drive like mad men and my boy really curled my hair when he made an in-and-out U turn across three lanes of traffic on one of the main streets just at 5:30 with the traffic very heavy. I just closed my eyes and held on. By all reason he should have been clobbered from both directions at the same time but I guess the other drivers were thinking of their own fenders if not his so we made it. Of course the confusion is made greater for an American by the fact that they drive on the left side of the street as in England. So after four days in this interesting country we took off for Hong Kong.

As you may know what is generally called Hong Kong is made up of Hong Kong itself on one side of the harbor and Kowloon on the mainland on the other side. It is one of the world's most interesting sea and land views and quite a fascinating world to explore. My roommate and I took a street car and went way down into the native section and walked up and down back streets through their street markets and everywhere. Although H.K. is a British Crown Colony and is administered at the top by Britains there are not many of them to be seen. Instead you see nothing but Chinese. We two white women wandering around in there were consequently something of a curiosity but we were even as they and their stores and markets were a curiosity to us too. The next day we set out on the inevitable shopping tour. I remembered the old Chinese adage, "Ask the price at three places



Sign on temple in Bali. P.S. I went in anyway.



With two little Balinese friends.



I'm always monkeying around.

and you will not be cheated” and did so. Thus we established some idea of the price of sweaters, jewelry etc. at the big central “Ocean Terminal” building where there are a lot of shops catering to the tourist trade. Armed with that information we then ventured out into Kowloon itself and the street shops and had fun bargaining with the shop keepers to get to a reasonable price. Nobody with any sense pays the asking price in these places so it becomes a game of wits between your desire for the item and their desire for the biggest possible price. I came away with a couple of sweaters and a couple of rings which cost me what I felt they were worth to me so I was quite satisfied.

We took the usual ride out through what are called the New Territories, past the collection of high rise tenements that the city put up to house all the refugees from Red China and on over to the border to look at Red China. All tours do this but it's kind of silly. All there is is a small river forming the border and the land on the other side looks exactly like the Hong Kong land but there is a border gate with uniformed guards and all that. While in H.K. my room mate and I went out on our own and got into several strictly Chinese restaurants and I got very proficient with chop sticks in preparation for Japan.

Japan was the next stop by way of a short layover in Taiwan. An indication of some of the type of thinking by some of our squarer tour members occurred when we were walking from the plane to the transit lounge. One of the men was walking alongside the Chinese guide who was escorting us to the lounge and commented to him, “Well, I guess you wouldn't have a country if it wasn't for our Navy!” I was fit to be tied — mad and ashamed all at once. When this dummy had moved off I took the guard's arm to speak to him and told him that I wanted to apologize to him for this man, that that was not the way most Americans felt and that I was ashamed and embarrassed that this man had said that. The guide didn't know what I meant by “ashamed” but I explained. He got the message and he appreciated my action. This type of thinking is what makes the “Ugly American” throughout the world.

In Japan we landed at Osaka and finally got by bus to Kyoto. It was Sunday night of the last weekend before school started and some 700,000 people had been to the Expo that day so everybody was on the road going home about 9:30 PM and it was a long haul. Next day we “did” Kyoto with its numerous shrines and temples and palaces. A beautiful place but one which had to be more of a base of operations regarding Expo than anything else. Strangely no tour from the U.S.

offered more than 2 days at the fair but by stealing our free day in Kyoto I could make it three days for the fair which I did. Remembering my experience in Montreal three years before I no sooner got within the gates the first day than I called the press office to see about getting a press pass. I was told that we had to get the signature of the American commissioner in the American building first and then go to the press office. So we walked over to the US Pavilion and found the lines to be about four blocks long and about three hours waiting in the hot sun. But we went to the VIP entrance and I was admitted to see the Commissioner. The man I talked to just handed me some forms which I filled out listing myself as Editor and my roommate as a reporter for Chevalier Pubs. He signed them and told me we might as well see the US building since we were already there so we called my roommate in from outside and he let us in the inner door and we saw the whole thing easily. I then walked clear across the grounds to the Press Office and after a little conversation promoted myself a couple of press passes for Chevalier. This only added to my mystery as far as my room mate was concerned. I had to *be somebody* to get such passes, she felt, but I passed it off by telling her that I had a friend who had this magazine and he had told me to use his name and what to do to get the passes and we were just lucky. It was a great break because we only had to go the VIP entrance of all the main buildings, show the passes and were ushered in to all of them right away. Considering that any building of importance had lines from a couple of hundred feet to three or four blocks long it was marvelous. We got to see more of the fair in three days than most people would see in a week.

The fair was, however, something of a disappointment to Western eyes because it was primarily a Japanese fair for the Japanese. By this I mean it was tailored to them and their standards of understanding. The common people of Japan flocked to it and there were hordes of farmers and their hunchbacked wives and old mothers all over the place. Thus the exhibits were at that level. For instance, the Chemical building, which I naturally wanted to go into, had primarily nothing more than a few show cases and a theater in which a cartoon film symbolically showed what chemistry could do for mankind. It was cute but contributed nothing to me. The Russian building was as usual huge and packed both with people and things. The Russians always try to show everything that they make, build, do, have and teach in Russia and it is so much that you just get tired trying to absorb it all. Fortunately the US planners chose the soft sell here, as they did in Brussels and Montreal, confining themselves to a big display of space things such as the actual Apollo craft that landed on



Elephant Girl — Bangkok



Wearing my Fijian Sulu in Bangkok.



Tourist in Kowloon. Look Ma,
no purse!



At Red Chinese Border.

the moon and a diarama of it and the astranauts, their footprints and all which was quite impressive. A hunk of moon rock got a lot of play though it looked like any other rock. They had many pictures of American scenes, a lot on baseball greats since this is a big game in Japan, folk crafts and art and various historical items and scenes. It was interesting and instructive but gets forth the message "we have and are a lot more but this is enough for now" and you didn't emerge exhausted from it. The soft sell was also involved architecturally too as the Russian building was the highest and biggest in the fair while the US building was partly countersunk and of very low relief. It had an air supported roof of fabric so it was not very high above the ground.

The British, as usual, in their quiet way made a point of all their past and current contributions to western civilization with their various inventions, processes and developments both scientific and social. France was pretty much like the Russians in trying to show too much though not in the same overwhelming way, but it came off rather badly by comparison with other large countries. We had a lot of fun with meals, however, as we would seek out a little eatery where the Japanese people would go. There we ordered the same kind of food and ate it with chopsticks which interested all the onlookers. When you can handle spaghetti soup with the same utensils and aplomb as the Japanese you have earned their approval and we did. It is interesting that all over Japan they have the custom of making up replicas of their dishes in wax and placing them in a showcase outside the entrance along with their prices. So you have a visual idea of what you are going to get for your money not just a word idea as with a menu. It makes meal shopping an interesting new game as you can go from place to place actually looking over the meal instead of just looking over the menu and its price. But we enjoyed the Expo very much thanks to my "friend back home and his magazine." Good old Charlie — he always comes through for me.

Next stop was Tokyo, the world's largest city. It must be like Los Angeles in that it just spreads all over because the center of it was just like any other big city as far as buildings and shops were concerned. Though of course the poorer Japanese like the Chinese in Hong Kong don't occupy as much room per head as westerners do so more of them live per square mile. We did the usual tourist things and we took in the Kokusai Theater. This is sort of the reverse of the Kabuki in that it is an all-female troupe with plenty of dancing girls a la Las Vegas but all the men's parts are done by girls, too. They cut their hair short and probably paste on some side burns. However, there is really

something less convincing about a girl trying to be a boy than the other way around though perhaps I have a somewhat built-in prejudice. But they just don't have the size to carry it off convincingly and it is equally distracting to have them sing contralto — just as it is when some female impersonator comes out in a booming baritone. But it was interesting nevertheless.

I got in my share of shopping with a pearl ring and necklace and a couple of brocade silk dresses — only \$10 US so I could hardly pass them up. Getting kind of fed up with the same faces in our tour group I just took off one day (Sunday) and went out to the Nat. Science Museum alone and then across the park to the Zoo and went through that. It was interesting to just be myself among the Japanese people and to be “on my own” as it were. Getting back to the hotel I managed to learn how to get around on the elevated with the help of the map and questions which were seldom understood but the finger on the map did the trick. You learn to communicate in various ingenious ways under these circumstances. A couple of days later my room mate and I assayed a trip clear across town by subway just to explore on our own. That too presented something of a challenge when you realize that there are no street signs and when you come up out of a subway you have no familiar land marks. We kind of felt like “Gretel and Gretel” (having left Hansel at home) after the birds ate up their careful trail of breadcrumbs. But it was fun doing it by ourselves. Tokyo is famous for its “sister boys” but we didn't go into that district. I also understand that one of the better known “actresses” on the Japanese TV is a male who dresses as a woman most of the time. But traveling as a woman and with a group I had no means of inquiring about him. It was not the sort of subject that a middle-aged lady would be interested in.

We took several trips to the outlying districts to see some of the beauties of the countryside which were considerable and coming back to Tokyo from one of these trips we rode the famous 130 mile an hour “bullet” train and believe me it *moves*. We watched one go through the station while waiting for ours. You wouldn't believe how fast a 12 car train could move past you — a “here it comes — there it goes” sort of thing. But I must say Japanese trains, even the slower ones and the subways and elevateds, are very smooth and not nearly as jerky and swaying at ours. Just another one of those things where the conceited American who thinks that the best of everything is in America has to admit he is wrong if he is honest.



Kegon Falls — Japan.



With a "Deer" Friend in Kyoto.



Hot, tired and over EXPO-SED!



Wahine at Waikiki!

The tour group flew to Honolulu, lay over a couple of hours to change planes and went on in to L.A. but my room mate and I stayed over in Honolulu for a couple of days. We rented a car and drove around Oahu and visited the Polynesian Cultural center where we renewed our acquaintance with Tahitian and Fijian culture and dance. She then went on home and I stayed behind for two more days. I made connections with one of our people over there and we had a nice visit and a dinner together. He took me downtown where the book stores are and I managed to open four stores in Honolulu so we ought to be discovering some more of our sisters soon. He also took me to the GLADE which is an impersonator night club. One of our Seattle members had been over there recently and reported one of the girl singers as being small, feminine and singing very femininely and who described herself as being "different from the rest" so I thought it would be interesting to meet her and see if she was by any small chance an FP rather than a queen. Turned out that her differences were ones of degree rather than of kind. She was a Phillipino and had married a female to get into the country but was still gay but just not promiscuous like the rest, so that lead evaporated. But I had an amusing experience as I was leaving the theater. As I have written in the past, queens in Honolulu have to wear a little sign saying "I Am A Boy" if they are on the street dressed. So standing around the exit were several queens and the man who checked IDs going in. The queens were wearing buttons which said "I Am A Boy" all right but then said "Glade" underneath, a nice combination of identification and advertisement. Anyway I went over to one "girl" to see what the small print said and she took off the button and gave it to me saying I could have it as a souvenir. I thanked her and as I turned away the door guard said in pigeon English — "You no wear that, you girl! Only boy wear, you no wear, you girl." I replied, "Well, maybe I don't have to but I probably should." But he was firm about it — "No, if you boy you wear, but you girl!" I replied in the deepest voice I could muster, "You want to bet?" It stunned him. He nearly fell off the curb while Tom and I nearly collapsed laughing. So that ended the night on a minor triumph.

Next day I did a radio program on KPOI with Larry Jones, the man who put me on his TV show (my first appearance *on* not *as* a TV) back in 1966. So it was full circle back to him. That went over well and hopefully will bring in some inquiries, too. Then he drove me to the airport and finally I got back to L.A. 45 days after leaving it. We did about 25,000 miles, were on 28 separate flights and visited eight countries and 17 cities, contacted 10 FPs in five cities, gave one lec-

ture, one radio appearance and sold four bookstores so all in all it was a very interesting and worthwhile trip. Naturally I returned home to a pile of mail and an abundance of things to do getting various details of my life back in order, one of which was to get this issue to you as soon as possible and here it is. Have a good day.

Virginia

* * *



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

36-S-1 FPE FP, 26, sngl., with undrstng GG friend. Wish to corres. with others anywhere, espec. in Oklahoma. I want to join or help form a chapter of FPE. PAGE

43-S-7 FPE FP, 31, married, like to corres. and meet other FPs espec. in Texas, Ala, Ga., Wash., D.C. Calif., Hawaii, and Pacific area. All answered — confidential. LINDA ANN

32-M-7 FPE Rochester N.Y. FP with undrstng. wife, like to meet all other FPs in this area. MARY JANE

RHO Members in the Washington, Baltimore and adjacent
CHAPTER area interested in joining an established Chapter offering
FPE assistance, companionship and social events, are invited to
write for details. Confidential.

DEANNE, Pres.

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

BRA and INSERTS \$6

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PER PAIR \$5

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PER PAIR \$5

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

PAD, EACH \$4

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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 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.

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

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