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TRANSVESTIA

TRANSVESTIA



NO. 16 - 1962

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

TRANSVESTIA is published by, for and about Transvestites for the purpose of providing a center about which people interested in the field may gather. Its pages will provide Entertainment for the initiated; Education for those who see evil where none exists; and Expression of opinion both lay and professional. Discussion, sharing ideas and experiences all lead to greater understanding of any facet of human behaviour.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to provide information both to and about Transvestites and Transvestism in order to broaden the understanding of this form of personality expression, not only among those interested in it, but by friends and relatives who may find themselves indirectly involved.

TRANSVESTIA also serves as a means of gathering information as well as disseminating it. Medical science has no adequate means of contacting and interviewing enough Transvestites who are reasonably well adjusted to their problem and not complicated by other psycho-social behaviour patterns to form any well considered opinions about the subject. This magazine has and will continue to provide research material to further the understanding of Transvestism by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials

KNOWLEDGE	is the beginning of	UNDERSTANDING
UNDERSTANDING	is the beginning of	ACCEPTANCE
ACCEPTANCE	is the beginning of	PEACE OF MIND
PEACE OF MIND	is the beginning of	HAPPINESS

But unhappiness, loneliness and fear have too long been the lot of the Transvestite. It is to be hoped that TRANSVESTIA can help through knowledge to bring understanding and happiness.

*** **

"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."

The above is a "saying of Jesus"
from the "Gospel According to Thomas."

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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

The Wonderful World Of...

by Eileen (46-H-1)

A very attractive, very clothes-conscious, society lady once told me that she wished wearing beautiful dresses affected her as wonderfully as it did me. She knew me well enough to recognize the effervescent feeling that asserts itself whenever I am rightfully dressed; an effervescent thrill that she never quite attained from clothes alone, despite her very well stacked closets.

This is the way it has been for more than thirty five years. Fatigue and weariness can disappear, worry and concern over the ordinary problems of every day living can be erased, and I can be light-hearted and carefree, whenever I open my closet doors and wrap myself in luxury. And during these many years, there have been enough teachers and personal experiences to show me just what styles and colors bring the greatest happiness. As all FP's know, all styles and all colors are wonderful, but some are even "More wonderfuller."

Sister FP's always seem to be interested in how this blissful state began. Certainly not from an over-indulgent mother wanting a daughter, nor from a meek and subjugated father whose image I disliked. My Mother was a real tomboy, and fostered my love of pets to the extent that she petted my captive snakes, fed my turtles allowed the horned toads to climb her lace curtains for insects in the window screens. Dad has always been swell; intelligent, an officer in the company where he worked, a wise and kind parent. I never suffered 'petticoat punishment'.

So the need and the desire for dresses and high heels, like Topsy, just grew. The earliest incident that I can recall is from about the time I was four, maybe five. A neighbor girl of the same age had come over to our house to play, and I remember that I tried very hard to persuade her that we should change clothes. Alas, I was a lousy salesman, and she never agreed to my suggestion. Three or four years later, while attending school, I became entranced by a velvet beret, in those days they were "tam-o'-shanters", that one of my schoolmates wore, and I carefully noted where she hung it each time in the cloakroom. Asking for permission to leave

the school room one day, I dashed off to the obvious destination, only to backtrack a part of the way and enter the cloakroom from the school corridor. I just had to wear that tam, and wear it I did--for all of thirty seconds. I was so fearful of discovery that I threw it on the floor and rushed back to my seat. I still recall that look of amazement on the teacher's face at my hurried, and very flushed entrance, she was so concerned that she asked if I was all right. Whatever answer I gave her has long since escaped my memory, but it most definitely was not the truth. How could I ever have told her how wonderful it seemed just to touch that soft fabric, to plop it on my uncombed thatch, to know I was really wearing it. Even if I had known the words, the will to say them was lacking.

There were no girls in our house, only boys. So the only dresses belonged to Mother, and they were far too large for fit, but just right for delight. Many times I slipped into my parents' room and touched and admired her clothes. If there was an opportunity, I wore them, rising on tiptoe to keep the long skirts from underfoot. And when two girl cousins moved to our town from the south, I invaded their closets at every chance. Naturally, I thought I was undiscovered, until one day the older of them suggested that we all wear dresses and have a party. I cannot forget her answer, nor her level gaze, when I refused, protesting loudly. All she said was, "I really thought that you wanted to."

So my early experiences are no different than those of so many of the rest of you...the early stirrings, without reason and without understanding. The tremendous desire, and the frustrations and then finally, realization. This realization has come to me in a very beautiful way, and I would like to share my experiences, insomuch as a few printed pages and some photographs can offer.

I have been married, have fathered five children and am about to become a Grandpa any day now, a title I am certainly looking forward to. I have a fine job, one which I definitely enjoy, and which has brought me some honors and many benefits. The men I work with are all hairy chested so-and-so types, and have accepted me into their ranks without question. Yet, when I rush home from the office and enter my own world of delight, that is when I truly live.

As a man, I am far from handsome...people constantly think I am mad at the world, so sorry is my countenance. Jug handle ears, deep-set eyes, too much nose, and a long jaw. But after an intric-



MORE--



AND MORE OF EILEEN



ate set of "adjustments" Eileen emerges as a tolerable specimen. I can alter almost any feature of my face except my profile, and I am working on that...though with little chance of success.

The French have a saying, "No woman is ugly, save those who do not know how to use cosmetics." In my case, they are a life saver. I was indoctrinated into their most effective use by one of the leading beauticians of this city, a regal lady who, sans makeup, was Plain Jane herself. But give her a few minutes before a mirror, and myomyomy, men crossed the street to look at her closer, and women stared in disbelief.

She brought me the latest, most perfect, items from the salon where she worked. In front of a looking glass, she explained their use, and demonstrated their application. And I, well, frankly, I swooned...wouldn't you? She gave me manicures and pedicures, facials, and hairdos...she sewed and altered my clothes, and she handed the most wonderful items of her wardrobe to me to wear. Though she was far slimmer than I, she preferred her clothes to fit loosely. Therefore, I, needing a tight fit to obscure the wide shoulders and the no-hips of my body, slid into practically everything she had. Her gloves, shoes, dresses, coats, gowns and furs were mine to delight in. Even some of her hats, though the most of them, due to their styling, just would not fit.

She drove me everywhere, she walked with me when the feel of steeple heels thrusting through my ankles seemed important. I photographed her, and she photographed me, we visited friends together, flirted with sailors on our main street together; we were in Love.

Then suddenly one Sunday night she ordered me to take off those silly clothes. I cannot recall all of my emotions of the minute, but one of them remains--I thought I looked better that night than any other time in my life. She even mentioned something like that when she came in, but her decision about the clothes remained...some friends of hers, it seems, had been to see a bawdy type of impersonator show, and had come to her with a great many definite impressions about the actors, all of which she thought they would affix to me if they should learn about the beauty I appreciated.

This was the beginning of the end. Her friends opened other channels, other associations, and shortly she was gone. The world

closed in, and I was very much alone. I stripped Eileen of her clothes, emptied her closets, figuring that if the someone who shared and cared with me could not understand, then who would. I had better straighten up and fly right.

Maybe I didn't fly right, but I surely flew. Through camping and hunting and fishing, all old skills now sorely needed, through my work, my family, my associates, and all that it really accomplished was a great loss of weight. Aches, pains, and sleeplessness were commonplace, my life was definitely askew. I dated other ladies, and mostly they were lack-lustre evenings. The one date I needed was denied me...now it was up to me to reverse the denial.

Once I recognized this, my private hell ceased...the only turmoil I suffered was that of frustration. It takes a bit of doing to assemble all the clothes and paraphanelia essential to my feminine happiness, but there are bargain sales, and want ads, and even those second hand shops dealing in clothes from the upper crust those who wouldn't be caught dead wearing the same garments more than twice. Equipped with my own tape measure to be certain they either fit, or could be quickly altered to fit, my 36-26-36 (padded) on a five feet, seven plus inches frame, I went from rack to rack in the stores miserly doling out my few bucks for beauty.

Before continuing, it seems essential that I describe how I feel wearing clothes already worn by others. All women are beautiful, particularly those whom I have never seen or known, and it is part of the enjoyment to conjure up the delight that the garments I buy must have brought to the original owner. Aborigines not given to cannibalism still ate the heart of brave enemies, feeling that in so doing they absorbed the bravery of the fallen. In similar fashion, when my body responds to the swinging of skirts, or to the uplift of a beautiful bodice, to the luxury of furs, or jewelry, corsetry, lingerie, or anything feminine that once graced a lady, my mind leaps ahead, and a large portion of her very self becomes an integral part of me. I feel prettier, less self-conscious, much more accepted...yea, I am delirious.

Knowing this about me, you can understand how ecstatic my present life has become: it began with a phone call from Elsie. We have known each other casually for a number of years; frequently she referred to me whenever she had a problem in the particular field in which I work. The particular evening to which I refer was fated: before we hung up she had accepted my invitation to



EILEEN--

THE FASHION MODEL





READY FOR A BIG NIGHT



RAIN RAIN
GO AWAY



EILEEN--THE SHOPPER

come over and make some photographs. Mind you, she knew nothing about Eileen at this stage, but when she walked in, accompanied by a burly cab driver burdened with her clothes, Eileen met her. The bouffant black dress, the high heels, and the carefully applied makeup passed the cabby's casual inspection, but the deep masculine voice did not, and we laughed heartily at his double-take, after he had left.

You see, I had decided on the shock approach. Either Elsie would tolerate, or approve, or understand, or she would not. Ah, Utopia, Elsie did not tolerate--she understood, and she approved. Not all at once, not deep within her heart, but at least on the surface she made the evening a complete success. Long afterwards, in exchanging confidences, she revealed that at first her reaction was the usual one--what the heck is this? Let's do it for kicks! Drink up and be merry...it may turn out to be fun!

It was definitely fun...we still treasure the pictures we made that night. But her capable mind, with its tremendous IQ, had to know more than I could tell her, or my obvious delight could show her. She did research, thoroughly and systematically, she weighed the pros and cons, and made her own decision.

Without announcing her decision (I didn't even know she was questioning me!) she suddenly pulled out all the stops. Come to my place, she said, share my pink boudoir, my home, my entire wardrobe...my life. It was like an invitation to paradise.

Quite often I would get fully dressed in my home, take a cab to hers, saunter haughtily into her building, and spend hours in supreme happiness. We gossiped, sewed, and listened to her records we played cards, read books and magazines, made photographs...she listened to all of my corny jokes, we shared our life histories, we fell in Love. Not overnight, not suddenly, but logically, clearly and without reservation. The kind of Love wherein the faults of one are minimized by the other, and the great features of each are magnified by sincere appreciation.

I call myself the most fortunate of people, that all of this happened to me...to be able to be myself, to be able to share the minor triumphs that come with every day living...to be wanted, and to be Loved.

And Eileen? Call her radiant, call her..Alive. How else

can you adequately describe almost-perfection?

Elsie, trained in stagecraft and makeup, has helped my appearance.

Elsie, accustomed to cameras, and to the composition of good pictures, has become a superb and co-operative 'cameraman'.

Elsie, huge of heart, has directed me (imagine that, but it actually amounted to a manifesto!) to model every item in her tremendous wardrobe.

And Elsie, full of understanding, turned over to Eileen her beautiful pink furniture, when circumstances forced her to move into smaller quarters. So now the pink vanity, and bed, and two dressers are here, along with the red velvet boudoir chair and the delicate night table. The double benefit to me is that she comes often, to share these delights with me, to live and to love among familiar surroundings.

Nor is this all: Moving meant less closet space; which in turn, meant that a tremendous number of her dresses, gowns, robes, blouses and lingerie are now stored within my reach. Her furs are hanging in my closet. Couple this with her frequent gifts of jewelry and perfumes...Ummm...words fail me. Read it here, Elsie, I have told you so before, but read it now...I will not surrender you, for you seem the first and only one to really understand and want me, and I so surely want you.

SIDELIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS: Delirium! When newsboys and cab drivers call me "Ma'm!" and mean it...To be hostess in my own home to several ladies at once, and clean, and cook and serve a real banquet; it has happened several times, and always there is a style show afterwards...my favorite dress is a blue velveteen sheath, decollette draped, back zippered, with the slightest gathering to form a bustle, from...you guessed it...Elsie. It goes with everything, and everywhere. We take photographs constantly, they serve many purposes. They are a record of happiness, they serve to point up glaring 'un-femininities', and they are a distinct solace on those few occasions when I cannot be fully dressed. They (photos) have produced some interesting results...they are developed and printed commercially, but have never raised a quizzical eyebrow so far as I know...and some of the enlargements are by courtesy of men

(Cont. on page 54)

From Husband To Housewife

by Ruth

For more than three years, I have been a housewife. My sister, once my wife, agrees that the story of my change from Husband to Housewife should now be told, but for obvious reasons, the names of all who appear in this account have been changed to preserve the privacy of those concerned.

About five years ago, I married my employer, the owner and active manager of a large and prosperous department store in which I had been employed in the accounting department. She had inherited the business and much other valuable property from her uncle, the founder of the business, when she was only twenty-two years of age, and during the six years before our marriage, had built it into one of the largest and most profitable businesses of its kind in our state, and the value of all of the other property which she had inherited had increased rapidly, so that when we were married she was already a very wealthy woman. My position in the accounting department of the store necessarily brought us together a great deal, and being single and only one year her senior, we spent much time both during and after business hours together, so that when we were married after six years of close and happy friendship, no one was greatly surprised.

At the time of our marriage, I was 29 years of age, approximately five feet six inches in height, and weighed about 145 pounds, with light brown hair and a light complexion. My name was Lewis, but I had been called 'Lew' for so long that scarcely ever was I called anything else. My wife was a little over a year younger, about an inch and a half shorter, and weighed between 125 and 130 pounds, with a 'peaches and cream' complexion, and a lovely figure. Her name was Marian, but she was better known, especially to her close friends as 'Mary'. Since our marriage, I have lost about five pounds, and of course, my appearance has changed greatly for the reasons soon to be told, but my wife, now my sister 'Mary' has changed little except to grow more lovely.

Our honeymoon lasted for a month, and included a visit to

several famous summer resorts, and we both enjoyed every moment of it, resolving to return on our vacations in the future. One evening, about a week before we planned to fly home, we were sitting on the porch of our hotel before going in for cocktails, when Marian motioned for me to lean over toward her.

"Lew", she whispered, "will you do something for me if I ask you to?"

"Of course", I replied in a similar conspiratorial whisper, "what is it?"

"I don't know whether you will when you find out what it is," she insisted.

"I'll take a chance, and promise anyway," I laughed, "go ahead and tell me what it is you want me to do."

"Well," she replied hesitantly, "I bought you some pretty night gowns, and I want you to wear them instead of your pajamas," she concluded.

"I don't see anything so terrible about that," I replied, "unless it might be the way I will look in them, but if you want me to wear them, I certainly will."

"I think you will look alright in them," she smiled, "and I expect you may even come to like wearing them, but of course, if you don't, you can go back to your old pajamas."

After cocktails and dinner we went up to our room, and Mary brought out the nighties she had bought for me. All of them were nylon, and simply dripping with ribbons, and lace: one was white, another pink, another blue, still another lilac, and one a light green, which she explained was not 'green' but 'melon'.

"Aren't they lovely?" she asked, "Try them on and let's see how they fit." I tried them on, one after the other, and each was a wonderful fit. By the time we had tried on all of them we decided it was time to retire anyway, so I kept on the lilac nightie, and wore it that night.

The next morning when we awoke, her first question was: "Darling, how did you like your pretty nightie?"

"I loved it," I replied, "I had no idea it would feel so lovely and luxurious; I am afraid I am going to like them much better than my pajamas."

"I felt sure that if you would try wearing them you would love them," she replied smilingly, "and of course I wanted you to like them much better than your old pajamas."

"Where did you ever get the idea?" I asked.

"Oh, I just thought it up all by my own little self," she replied, "I knew how lovely they were, and I could not see why you should not enjoy them too."

While we were on the way down to breakfast she asked: "Then you won't mind wearing your pretty night gowns instead of pajamas, will you?"

"Darling," I replied, "if you prefer me in nighties, I certainly will wear them."

That day all of my mens' pajamas disappeared, and since that time I have worn night gowns without the slightest desire to return to my former style of pajamas. This was my introduction to the delights of dainty, lovely feminine things, and I shall always remember it as a delightful and lovely experience, but at the time I had no idea what was to follow.

A few days later, Mary bought me a couple of house coats, and a pair of mules to wear with my night gowns. "Your boudoir outfit should be complete," she explained, "you need something to slip over your gown, and you can't go about barefooted, and of course your mens' shoes would not be suitable either, so you might as well get used to the mules."

"Darling," I replied, "you are spoiling me; it is easy to get used to such lovely things."

"That, my dear, is a risk I am entirely willing to take," she replied, "I want you to get used to and to enjoy wearing your lovely things."

The following week we returned home, and we both went back to work in the store. We had a maid, named Janet, who kept the

gave me a delicious pulled in feeling, a pair of sheer nylons, a pair of black patent pumps with three inch heels, a pair of lovely pink lace-trimmed panties, and a beautiful pink slip also dripping with lace, matching the panties, and a beautiful pink nylon maid's uniform, complete with apron and cap to match. I then applied my makeup, and I must confess that I felt much different than I had ever felt before.

"How do you like your new outfit?" Mary asked.

"I love it!" I cried, "I had no idea a complete outfit would feel so different from my night gown and house coat!"

"I'm glad you like it," she replied, "I think you look much better; your night gowns and house coats and mules cannot stand the wear and tear of house work, anyway, I really think you look wonderful, and I'm so glad you like your uniforms, because I had in mind that I might bring you a few pretty dresses to wear around the house. What do you think of that idea?"

"My dear, if dresses are as comfortable as my uniforms I don't see how I could fail to love them," I replied, "but I am really beginning to accumulate a feminine wardrobe."

"Darling," she replied, "I will buy all of the pretty feminine things you are willing to wear, so don't worry about accumulating a wardrobe, because I am in favor of it."

I wore my uniform the rest of the afternoon until it was time to go out to dinner, and the next morning being Sunday, I put on my uniform when I got up, and when breakfast was ready I called Mary.

"Darling, you look wonderful!" she exclaimed, "that uniform really does things for you!"

I again wore my uniform all day, and did not take it off till bed time. We stayed home all day, and I fixed lunch and supper, and straightened up the house, and after all the work was done just sat around and rested and enjoyed my lovely uniform. This routine went on for several weeks, with me wearing first one uniform and then another. About a month later, without having said anything about it, Mary brought home two new dresses for me. One was a beautiful white sharkskin sheath with a spray of bright colorful

flowers embroidered on the left shoulder like a corsage, and the other was a lovely aqua shirtwaist dress with a very full skirt, and a beautiful bouffant petticoat of white nylon to wear with it.

"Which do you like best?" she asked.

"Do I have to choose between them?" I implored. "I love them both!" I finally declared.

Of course, I tried them both on, but not until I had finished all of my housework. I tried on the sheath first, and then the shirtwaist dress.

"Which do you like best?" I demanded, standing before her in the blue shirtwaist dress.

"I like them both", she replied, "of course you can keep both of them", she assured me. "Keep the one you have on now for the rest of the day", she suggested.

I was delighted, and only too glad to do so. It seemed to both of us that my black patent leather pumps were perfect with both dresses. Needless to say that from that time on I always changed from my uniform into one or the other of my two lovely dresses just as soon as I finished my housework on Saturday, and again on Sunday. I much preferred to stay at home all day Saturday, and all day Sunday, so I could wear one or the other of my two beautiful dresses, but after a few weeks I could see that Mary wanted to go out to dinner in the evening, so again we began to go out on Saturday night, and again on Sunday night.

One evening Mary said: "Darling, Penny has invited us over to her house for cocktails and dinner this Saturday, would you like to go?"

Penny was Mary's younger sister who lived on the other side of town. She had been a high-fashion model before her brief marriage, and had been left a widow with a little girl about 2½ and a little boy about a year old.

"Why, yes," I replied, "I'd love to go."

The next Saturday afternoon after I had finished the housework, and was about to change from my uniform to go over to Penny's house, Mary came into the bedroom where I was changing my clothes.

"Why don't you wear your lovely sheath tonight?" she asked, "You would like to, now wouldn't you?"

"Do you mean wear it in the car too?" I asked, "and what will Penny say?"

"She will say you look wonderful in it," Mary assured me; "She helped me pick it out."

"Did she know you were buying it for me?" I exclaimed.

"Of course, Silly!" she replied, "She is anxious to see how you look in it."

I put on my sheath, did my nails, and put on my makeup, and my ear-bobs and necklace, and with one of Mary's light top-coats, and a scarf over my hair, we started out on the long trip across town to Penny's house. We arrived safely and without incident, and Penny welcomed us, and particularly welcomed me.

"Why, Lew, how lovely you look!" she exclaimed.

"Penny dear," Mary said, "that did it!"

"Did what?" asked Penny with a puzzled look.

"Settled in my mind, at least, that Lew simply must have a nice feminine name to go with his beautiful dresses," Mary replied, "Lew simply is not appropriate."

Penny agreed, and over cocktails we discussed various names, but could agree on none, but finally Mary decided that none of those discussed would be any more suitable than 'Ruth', which she preferred, so we all finally agreed, and I was christened 'Ruth' which was to be my name whenever I was in feminine attire. After a lovely evening, we returned home, with Penny's promise to visit us soon. We agreed that it had been a wonderful Saturday night party.

The next morning, as usual, I arose first, and in one of my uniforms fixed breakfast, and straightened up the house. Since we had been out late the night before, Mary did not get up to stay up, until after lunch, so I fixed a light lunch, and I changed into my blue shirtwaist dress for the rest of the day.

In the weeks and months that followed, Mary brought home new

dresses for me; indeed, hardly a week passed without her bringing some lovely addition to my feminine wardrobe. I soon also had a complete selection of shoes to match my dresses and outfits, and I spent more and more time, in fact, all the time I could spare in my lovely dresses.

On one of Penny's visits she had pointed out my need for a wig or hair piece, so Mary and I made a flying trip to New York to purchase one. We had a nice suite at one of New York's wonderful hotels, and we invited the wig maker to come to our suite, which she did. I wore one of my most stunning outfits, a beautiful navy blue suit, and black patent leather pumps. I tried on several wigs, but we finally selected one of the same color as my natural hair, and we promised to return in a few weeks for it. We did so, and we again had a lovely time together. Neither of us felt quite enough confidence for me to venture out of our suite, even with my new hair piece on, and we both agreed that we would have had a more enjoyable time had we been able to go out together as sisters.

On one of our visits to Penny's home we discussed the fact that I had not had sufficient confidence to venture out of our hotel suite even with the perfect hairpiece we had purchased.

"What Ruth needs is some training in feminine manners and deportment," Penny observed, "she must learn how to stand, to walk, sit and arise, and in general, how to conduct herself as a lady,"

We agreed, but could not see how that training could be obtained, but Penny, who had gone through a very strenuous course before she became a model, assured us that it would take several weeks training, at the very least, but she could give me the training if we thought it desirable to spend the time on it. Several months later, the subject came up again, when Mary and I expressed regret that we could not go on our vacation together as sisters.

"I'll tell you what I will do," Penny proposed, "you and Ruth move over to my house a month or two, if possible, before your vacation commences, and let Ruth stay here and I will train her day and night, and by the time you are ready to go on your vacation, if you want to go as sisters, you can."

"That sounds like a good idea, Ruth," Mary commented "what

do you think?"

"I don't see how we can do it," I replied, "I have to go to the office every day."

"You can take a leave of absence from the store," Mary suggested, "if you would be willing to undergo the training Penny suggests."

"If you would like for me to do it, I will," I finally agreed, although I did not really expect her to say for me to do it.

"If Penny is willing, I say let's do it," Mary decided, "then if we want to go on our vacation as sisters, we can do it perhaps, but I don't see how it can help but be nice for you."

"Ruth might become so effeminate in her manner of walking, and her general actions that it would be glaringly apparent in men's clothes," Penny pointed out, "you should take that into consideration."

"Really, I doubt that," Mary replied.

As a result of this conversation, it was agreed that Mary and I would move over to Penny's home, and that Penny would let her children's maid go to visit her family for a couple of months, and while she was gone, Mary and I would live in the house, and I would be the children's maid, and be subject to Penny's instruction at all times, and would of course, wear nothing but feminine attire. About a month later, we moved over to Penny's house, and I was installed in the children's room, in place of Annie, the children's nurse maid, who left to visit her family.

In my new role of children's nurse maid, I took care of the two children, and wore my uniforms every day, and changed into a house dress or informal dress in the afternoons after the children's naps. Penny began at once on a rigorous course of training me in posture, walk, arising from a chair, and seating myself, and a hundred other details, putting me through the same course of training she had received as a model several years before. No gesture was too small for her attention: putting on one's gloves, or hat, or coat all was practiced again and again, and again, until it began to seem pointless to me, but Penny went over, and over and over everything, time and time again.

"I suppose it does seem unnecessary," she agreed one evening, "but really, it is necessary that each of these movements be done as a lady does them. A man can do each and all of these things without training, but, he will look like a man doing it too," she concluded, "and what you must do, is to practice enough so that you do these simple things as a lady would do them, and without effort-naturally."

About a month after my training had begun, Mary commented upon my progress. "I can see definite signs of improvement," she said.

"I definitely agree," Penny replied, "I think that Ruth is making wonderful progress, and during the last month, I think she should go out in public alone, and on occasions with you, and become accustomed to appearing in public so it will not come as a shock when you go on your vacation. You both still plan on going on your vacation as sisters, don't you?" she inquired.

"Certainly," Mary replied, "it would be a terrible waste of time and effort if we did not."

During the next month I began to drive the car down town to pick Mary up in the evening, and began to go shopping at the super markets, and to take the children out for a walk around the block. Later I met Mary down town, and we went to dinner at a restaurant and cocktail bar which had long been one of our favorites, and I even walked through the store one evening one of my trips down town. As the time for our departure on our vacation drew near, Mary and I went to town and selected several outfits for each of us. I bought a wonderful traveling outfit consisting of a pink sharkskin sheath with a jacket to match, the entire ensemble looking exactly like a pink suit. To go with it, I bought shoes (pumps with 3 inch heels), gloves, purse and hat all an almost perfect match for the sheath and jacket. We had both decided that I looked much better in a dress than in a skirt and blouse, so in buying this outfit, we were getting the appearance of a beautiful suit, and at the same time, a type of garment that looked and felt better on me than a suit consisting of a skirt and blouse. I also bought a beautiful white formal with a striking red sash, and silver pumps to go with it, and half a dozen other outfits suitable for every day wear at a resort. Finally, we both bought ourselves a lovely supply of lingerie, nighties, and hose. Finally, we were

all ready to go, and made reservations to leave on an early morning plane so that we would be flying almost all day, and would arrive at our destination during the late afternoon. When the great day came, Penny took us out to the airport with our luggage. I had two large suitcases, and so did Mary. I wore my lovely pink traveling outfit, and Mary wore her lovely sky-blue suit with blouse, shoes, gloves, hat and purse to match. We arrived at our destination during the afternoon, and when we arrived at our hotel we both took a short nap, and then started out to explore our surroundings. I wore a white outfit, and Mary again wore a pale blue outfit, that being her favorite color. We went down stairs and looked the hotel and the grounds over, and then sat on the porch together where we met two ladies about our same age who invited us to meet them for cocktails and to join them at dinner later. About 5:30 P.M. we returned to our room and changed into our cocktail dresses and went to meet our new found friends, and had a lovely time with them.

We quickly made a number of friends, and the month passed almost before we realized it. I had never in all my life had such a lovely and wonderful time, and Mary said many times that she was enjoying our vacation more than she had ever expected.

"Do you love me as much as your sister as you thought you would?" I asked one evening while we were getting ready to go out for the evening.

"Darling," she replied, "I love you more than ever, and I love you especially as my sister. You have made me very, very happy, and I am afraid I am really going to be sorry when you change back into your other self when we return home."

That really gave me something to think about, but we did not discuss it further at that time. On several occasions however, Mary made it plain to me that so far as she was concerned, she would prefer it if I remained in feminine attire indefinitely, although she never did make any definite statement or express herself definitely about the future.

At last the time came for us to return home, and we wired Penny the time of our arrival, and she met us at the airport and took us to her home for dinner.

(Continued in Next Issue)

JOAN--Cover Girl
on TVia #8. Formerly
in Australia, now in
Canada, has become
FIONA FC-C-1



An Old Friend

by Joanne (5-T-3)

The visitor walked with a faintly military stride, his gray-ing bulk moving rapidly over the faded carpeting, causing the candles to incline their nervous flaming faces toward each other and exclaim in suspirant whispers over the tired shadow that labored behind the man, a musty Edwardian shadow.

The butler stopped at a small door and opened it, standing aside. "He is here," he announced simply and the visitor walked into the room.

The host stood up slowly, expectantly, and motioned the butler away. "Is it really you?" he said in a quavering voice, asking the question as though doubting the very presence of a truth too fortunate to be believed. "Is it really you?" he said again. "Maxie?"

The visitor took a harsh vocal breath disguising such emotion as he felt. He stepped forward quickly and clasped his host roughly about the shoulders. "Rudolphe," he said. "Ach, God! Rudy, Rudy! So many many years."

"It has been long, Max. But here, sit down--sit down. You must be so tired, such a long trip." He led the visitor to a chair by the window.

"No, Rudy. The trip was not tiring. It is only me. I grow impatient with taking these old bones from one place to another--that necessity is tiring." He shook his graying head in good humor.

His host, Rudolphe, laughed. "Ah, but how good you look, Maxie. The years have been kind."

"And you, Rudy! But I don't tell you anything. Anyone can see."

"Old friend, you're too complimentary. But now, you must be thirsty, hungry? How long can you stay? Your room is all prepared"

"Rudy," The visitor raised a sturdy and protesting hand and shook his head. "No, tonight I must leave again. The world has changed, it does not wait for old friends."

"It was so good to get your letter, Max. I thought--I thought you might stay awhile."

"No, Rudy. I am not so brave as you. This is no longer my country. I would be afraid every night that they would come for me. We guardsmen caused the rebels many casualties in the fighting, remember? They would still like to get us, I think. I don't know how you stand living here, Rudy."

"After all these years it does not matter, Max. One gets used to anything; one might even get to love it after a time." He smiled slowly. "Tell me, Max. How many of us are left? Do you know? I used to wonder at first, when I was so frightened."

"I am surprised you can live like this, not knowing. I would have gone mad. But you have nothing to fear from the guardsmen. There are only three, you and I of course, and Herman. You remember him? The fat one? He has a butcher shop now, in Prague. Still the same only twice as big. They'll have to use a freight wagon for that one when he goes, I tell you."

"Those were splendid days, Max. Ah, how young we were and how proud to be in the queen's guards. And what an ending!"

"Yes, but not an ending for you, Rudy." He peered earnestly at his host and nodded speculatively, the waning yellow light making him look like a sad bear. "What happened to you, Rudy? I never knew exactly. I was so worried."

"I, too, Maxie. You remember that afternoon when it started, our little war?"

"Remember! How well, Rudy. The army off to the south and Hoffmann marching unchallenged right up to the city walls. And just the guardsmen to stay the advance. Do I remember! But how proud we were, we guardsmen, eh? What were the odds--a thousand to one? Not high enough for us. What demons we were then. Remember Victor?"

"The sergeant-major?" Rudolphe nodded. "I remember him well. Little one, he used to call me. My saber dragged on the barracks floor. How ashamed I was of that. It was Victor's plan, you know. When Hoffmann, the monster, approached Victor said I was to stay in the palace and impersonate the princess. Was I angry!"

Max threw his head back and laughed heartily.

"It was not funny then, Max. Not to get to fight. I was so enraged I could have killed Victor."

"Hoffmann's men did that. The butcher!"

"Yes, but Hoffmann was not the revolution, Maxie. He was just a mercenary. They had him shot, you know, after. He was a loud fool. But that was the reason for the plan. If he had not been a fool--?" Rudolphe shrugged. "Hoffmann said he was going to capture the palace and carry off the princess and execute her properly. As if revolutions are only for the purpose of ravishing the royalty."

"What a joke on him, eh?"

"Yes, the royal family went off to Paris three days before and I became the princess--to let Hoffmann carry me off in her place so that I could spy. . . ach, what foolishness!"

"In those days it was all foolish," the visitor said. "All that senseless killing. But we were very brave then, Rudy. For six hours the guardsmen held the wall. The dead were piled up right to the top. Four cannon Hoffmann had to use to breach the wall, and still we fought. But that was the end; they came in waves. It was the new order, Rudy, if we had known it then. We could not stop it, but how we fought! And Victor, too."

"I know. He had to rush right back to the wall when we got to the palace. We were to find a maid to help me dress, but there was no one. Just no one! They had all run off. Victor growled the way he did and told me to look like a princess in case Hoffmann came, and back he went."

"He took four men with one swipe of his saber, Rudy. I saw it. But then he went down. Hoffmann's men just poured in."

"How did you get away, Max?"

"Herman and I, a caisson turned over and buried us. We dug our way out. By then it was over, just torchlight and powder smoke. We crept through the lines, fat Herman and I, going for the army. By the time we got there the army was no more--the country was no more."

"Yes, then a bigger war started; when that fool shot the archduke. Oh, those were the days for shooting royalty. Ours were

killed in Paris--they thought the princess was a maid."

"I heard," said Max. "But Hoffmann got a princess, eh, Rudy?" He laughed.

"A poor princess, I tell you."

"What did you do, Rudy? Were you frightened?"

"Ach, Maxie! You don't know! I was alone in that palace, absolutely alone. It echoed with the shooting. If I had known--" he shrugged, "---I would have run away. But Victor had given me an order and a good guardsman does what he is told."

"You were so young, Rudy."

"That is what saved me, Max. Being young. Victor knew that, that is why he was such a good sergeant-major. I was so young and frightened that I looked more like a young girl than a guardsman. I dressed like the princess."

"It was a brave thing you did, Rudy." Shadows in the wake of a waning autumn sun crept across the faces of the two friends obscuring the vision of each so that each saw the other, quite appropriately, as a dim figure that had materialized as though from a moment's idle fancy.

"How alone I was then, Max. Victor left me in the bedroom, her bedroom--I always wondered how Victor knew his way about the palace--and it was just the way she must have left it. What a time I had with that clothing. It was all new to me then. I almost assassinated myself in that corset. And the petticoats! I had no idea how many to wear; I think I put on nearly a dozen of them. There were hundreds of gowns. I could not decide on what to wear, they were all so beautiful. The cannon decided for me. I took the first one. Such beautiful jewelry and hairpieces she had, Maxie! She must have left a fortune behind."

"Yes, they wasted more than most people ever have."

"Even as I finished dressing they were breaking down the doors."

"It was all over with us by then."

"I picked up my skirts and swirled down the staircase; I was so frightened I don't know where I was going. Then they burst in upon me. What a shock it was! They came at me in a mad wave--the rabble we had heard about. I thought I would be sliced up on the

spot. I almost fainted. But Hoffmann came in then and picked me up under his arm. He was drunk even then, shouting like a madman."

"No fate for a guardsman, eh, Rudy?"

Rudolphe smiled. "Back through the lines we went in a carriage. I found out then, Maxie. Royalty was dead no matter what happened in Paris. Those soldiers were not rabble, Max. Lines and lines of them on the road, shopkeepers and farmers with their feet bound up in rags, blood on their caps. Not rabble, Max, but men."

"With the rest of us, Rudy, you found out too late. It's always too late in war it seems."

Rudolphe sighed at his visitors remark. "I could have been a good spy even so. They let me walk about the headquarters, even showing me maps. They thought I was too stupid to know what I was doing. All of them bowed and laughed at me when they called me Your Highness. But there was no use for a spy then. It was too late."

"What then?" the visitor asked.

"They came for Hoffmann that same night. He never had a chance to touch me. He was shot in the morning with some others. They brought me back to the city and put me in prison. I remember how I had to beg for a mirror and when I got it I broke it in half and shaved myself with the broken glass. I was terrified I would be shot as a spy if they found out."

"And if they didn't?"

"All through the city they were shouting 'hang the princess' only I was a queen then with the royal family dead. What a choice I had--hanged or shot."

"What irony life is full of, eh?"

"But then that speech by the new president--you remember it, Max?--It changed everything. 'Let us be done with killing,' he said. I memorized the whole thing. 'The royal family is dead. The princess has left a convent and entered a world she did not make and does not understand. She would be a young queen now. Let us leave this queen to mourn her dead as we mourn ours. And, if she will have no children, let her live among us in peace'."

"They let you go then, Rudy?"

"Oh, yes. For awhile everyone was full of forgiveness. I was returned to the palace and even given servants. I was a kind of living historical relic, a national treasure. But you can imagine, Max. What a horror that life was. I knew it was only a matter of time until I heard the boots in the passageway and they came for me. I knew I had to get away."

"What did you do?"

"I planned, Max. Like a fictioneer, I plotted. I knew if I didn't get out I would be shot, hanged, or--I don't know what."

"It must have been a bad time for you."

"It's all many years in the past now. Hardly worth talking about. Max old friend, it is nearly time for tea. Pull that cord by your chair and the girl will come." Like a walrus shifting itself on a rock Max turned and pulled the bell.

"What a position, Rudy. What did you do finally?"

There was some movement outside the room and the door opened. A maid entered pushing a tea cart. "Maria," Rudolphe said. "Will you see that someone sends up a bottle of brandy. My old friend used so much to like brandy in his youth."

Rudolphe turned to his visitor and smiled in nostalgic amusement at the old things remembered and at the joke they shared. "What did I do, Max? I was so young, so frightened that--obviously--I did nothing." With heavily jeweled fingers Rudolphe smoothed the lace that lay in a crystal film over the silk of his regal gown.

The maid curtsied very deeply. "Yes, Your Majesty," she said. "I will have the brandy sent at once."

* * * * *

FOR PUBLIC AWARENESS--SPREAD THE WORD

All FPs long for understanding, but very few do anything to help bring it about. Each of you should be a focal point from which a ripple of understanding spreads out over the pool of ignorance. Make a point of telling people about FemmePersonation. Do it in an informative, non-guilty way. Start out with people you meet the first time and whom you may never see again. They will in turn certainly tell others. The telling will be very helpful to you in relieving a lot of the accumulated tension and guilt. It will help you to arrive at the point where you can tell wife or parents.--ED.

Acceptance

(22-N-1)

One of the most perplexing problems facing a TV contemplating marriage, is to keep the fact that being a TV will not become a source of difficulty in the future. It is quite easy to understand the difficulty in store for a young woman called upon to face transvestic tendency in her fiancée. Having this problem thrust upon her too quickly can easily cause her to become extremely critical and anguished. Bluntness must be avoided at all cost. Careful and methodical mental preparation of the intended is necessary in dealing with this problem. The TV with marriage on his mind must use finesse and a delicate touch in this psychological conditioning program.

In view of this compelling desire to array ourselves in the feminine clothing we love, I believe it is because we like to identify ourselves with the beauty of things feminine. We try to effect or wear the things we admire most. Now, keep in mind, that admiration has always been the highest form of flattery.

This girl, the intended, is loved and admired for many and varied feminine reasons. In most cases, appearance carries the greatest appeal. In creating this appearance, women use skill, experience and intuition along with the inanimate tools of clothing, makeup and jewelry. It is through her desire to make her appearance carry universal appeal that our way can be found to begin paving the road to acceptance.

Any TV who can or must afford two wardrobes for himself and is contemplating the addition of a wife to his entourage must be able to afford a few extra expenses to win the acceptance battle. Using a basic premise that more mates are won and kept happy using sugar than with vinegar we will set forth.

We begin by mirroring your admiration to her, that she might see how beautiful and attractive she is through your eyes.

You can't help but think to yourself how very lovely she

looks. She's wearing a pink silk shantung blouse. The pearl colored buttons down the front and at the cuffs, along with the tiny lace edging on either side of the facing details the blouse beautifully. Mention how pretty she looks. Catalogue in your mind the color, tailoring, fabric, material and the detailing of the blouse. Let a few days pass, but make it before she has a chance to launder it and wear it again--offer her a reflective compliment. Use your catalogued information to describe how the femininity between both she and the blouse go hand in hand.

Let the eyebrow of her mind raise slightly, this is the first step to let her know that you are knowledgeable in these matters. A few opportunities along this line offered slowly and easily and just as a matter of fact will give her a chance to casually accept this as being a normal part of you.

Each pair of lovers have special past occasions they usually like to remember. These occasions are perfect for our purposes. Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Christmas and Easter are also good times to work on the project.

Let's fact it, these are delightful times of the year when an undercover TV can enter the world of beautiful feminine finery and buy or browse practically unnoticed. You will usually find 90% of the salesladies are polite and courteous with an honest desire to help you find what you are looking for. At this time presents, of your selection, for your fiancée and items for yourself can be easily purchased. Pick your gifts with the thought of buying an item you especially like to heighten and add to your love for your fiancée. Using this thought to gauge your purchases, and having laid certain groundwork with specifically directed compliments, she will probably give any gift additional consideration before she would move to question your taste by thinking of returning it or exchanging it.

You should be knowledgeable or try to become more informed about the everywoman facts concerning a feminine wardrobe--names of manufactures, retail stores, tailoring, sizes, prices, fabrics, blends of fabrics, types of lace, edgings, cosmetology, and things of like nature. Store this information in your head. Call upon it when a convenient opening presents itself and use it. Remember, the sum total after a carefully planned program has been

carried out, is usually acceptance.

She will become accustomed to your knowledge and in all probability will begin to consult with you about these things so close to your heart.

Remember now, use the compliment in this battle as a soldier would use a sword. Be subtle. A man can fool a woman or keep her in the dark about his purpose just as foam rubber can put beauty into a sweater. Compliment her and her attire when she deserves it. I smile to myself as I remember a very nice young girl I dated just after leaving high school. She fell for the subterfuge of the compliment to such an extent that over the phone planning a date she would review her available wardrobe and let me choose the articles she would wear on the date.

Most men prior to marriage have a good idea of the extent of knowledge about sexual matters of their betrothed. Is she happens to be from a sheltered home and her knowledge of sex is limited, you must assume the responsibility of the educator. If you feel she is a well informed, sophisticated young woman be sure to inspect her mind on transvestism. This can be done in many devious ways as easily as plucking a plum from a tree. Pick a time when your liking of her apparel has not been in review for two meetings or more. Then start off with that old line, "I saw in the paper a while back,"--and relate a story where a TV did this or that, and be sure to interject that when you finish you would like to know what she thinks of that situation. Leave some ends open in the story as you might want to question her again. Like--a man was arrested in X Berg who had posed as a woman for three years while working in a lingerie shop. If you need further probing of her feelings at a later date put your Fictitious Felicia on trial and you defend Felicia as you think an attorney should--ring in a psychiatrist for the the defense. Find out if she agrees, that in cases like this it is silly for the prosecution to spend time and money in court prosecuting an eccentric person living in a world of make-believe who means harm to no one. Use the casual approach and she will let you peek at her mind and she'll never be the wiser.

Her attitudes can be unbeknown to her openly and easily be inspected. Never ask direct questions.

Many city night spots have professional TV impersonation acts or even complete reviews, come to them every so often. When a troupe or just a single plays a club nearby, you can suggest a night out or just happen to decide to go to the X club. Use the food, the mood, the waitress, the sexy floor show as your reason and the TV will be a "surprise" to both her and you. Most woman I have noticed at these soirees get a few tinkles of laughter and some amazed looks on their faces. Usually they take any such TV-eeing as good clean fun. A word of caution: don't overexpose. Overexposure can give you away. Patience, restraint and perseverance and some real finesse will pull you through. Let up to six months pass and then remember for her how she was tickled at the antics of the delightfully funny and overly pretty TV. Let her know you enjoyed it and would like a repeat. "Let's go." Odds are she'll agree. But be careful that this part of the educational program does not interfere with any plans that she might have considered somewhat important. Never let any resentment enter her mind because you want her to go. She'll begin to wonder why. This is your party to give, not hers.

(Editor's Comment: With apologies to the author for interrupting his story I feel that I must make an observation. I know of several cases in which a TV husband or boyfriend took the girl in question to impersonator shows and thereby made matters worse for a long time in the future. If the professionals were true TVs and the lines and acts were really good and clean the effect would be helpful. But usually the impersonators are gay, the lines are full of double entendre, the atmosphere of the place is not very high class and the audience may not seem impressive to the girl. The result is that she receives a very negative impression about the art of impersonation and thereby associates the bad feeling about the night club acts with the activities and desires of her boy friend or husband with these circumstances much to his disadvantage. So I would caution a lot of care and consideration of the girl and the club before I would use this means of indoctrination. It can be helpful if the circumstances are right, but it can be very definitely disastrous as several case histories known to me demonstrate.)

Lovemaking. Every courtship has it. Here is where you can pioneer the thought of inseparability between girl and feminine

apparel for her. Probably to your mind's eye, as in public they are inseparable. This can easily be explained to her. The basic fact is that to you she is your attraction and she has chosen beautiful apparel with meticulous care in which to display herself. Hence--you like the whole package. Don't let the two be separated. She will not object. We would live in a nudist civilization if women believed that they were an end unto themselves and that the nude female form was the infinite in attraction for the male. Hence, we have the lace bedecked bouffants rivaling in eye appeal the proverbial French pastries.

In relation to the above paragraph on lovemaking, when the young woman is in his arms the amorous TV has an excellent opportunity to pursue his goal. Do not be afraid to tell her of the pleasure to your senses brought by the touch of the soft feminine garments. Don't forget who is wearing them because she'll bristle if you like the dress too much and not her. But get home your point that these are the garments that heighten your pleasure and delight your touch.

When you have progressed this far in your quest for acceptance, threading your way without serious mishap, you should have a better than even chance that this young woman will be understanding when your TV inclinations are presented to her. She'll know its not quite the accepted thing and she won't jump for joy, but she'll accept you as you are.

The Presentation-----A hush falls upon the arena. Enter the bull. Horns high. Nostrils flared. Hooves prancing proudly. The handsome matador swirls his cape, thinks to himself, "This is the moment of truth." For as the cape glistens in its descent to the ground and as the brave matador steps forth, he is wearing a flamenco dancing dress of violent red. The tiers of flounce and dainty white lace cascade beautifully reaching the ground. Voluminous sleeves mark his white satin blouse, embroidered in fine feminine style. Traded, he did, for his suit of lights. Its satin brocade, pearl buttons and all, went for this costume for his moment of truth.

Now the young and brave, TV though you be, it takes courage and fortitude so please follow me.

Once this step is taken, there is absolutely no turning back.

You select the place, you select the time, and you have made your decision. You prepare your setting and plan your tactics. And now it is time to let your hair down so to speak. But before anyone lays a complete presentation outfit on the bed and gets his cosmetic case out, let's look at some cold, hard, irrevokable facts. First, in most, and don't forget I said most cases, a man in dress-es is not always a pleasant sight. And even if he is, and ring-a-ding-dings all the bells in town and is a grade A belle of the TV ball besides, this girl normally won't be razzel-dazzelled because if she wanted or needed optical stimulation by the presentation of a beautiful female I'm sure she would have settled on the genuine article. OK girls, I can just hear my readers saying, "OK, OK, so I can't wear my panties and all that jazz but, please, I'm only human and I'm a TV and I was getting all primed."

Now that we have our pins all back in place, let's get back to the presentation. Use the narration. Start from the beginning and try to tell the story as you have lived it. Imagine that you are putting it on tape for posterity. Slowly, deliberately and tenderly tell her all. Be gentle, please be gentle, because her knight in shining armor will pick up some tarnish in this deal. And knights just don't look authentic if their metal breast plates are lace trimmed. Tears, there will be. If not now, later at home in her own pillow. But, tears there will be, I guarantee it.

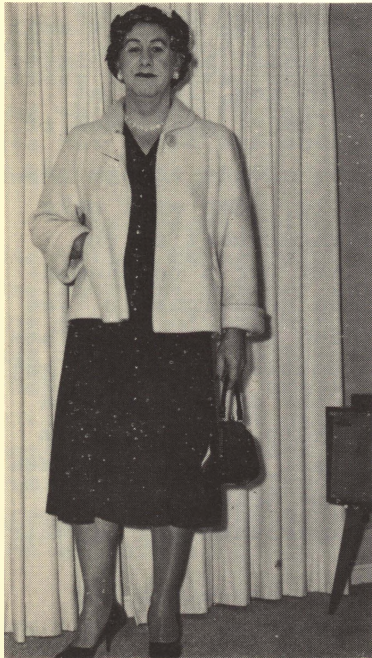
Now--Wait--Give her time. She will react. Don't change anything. Go on as if nothing was said. Be gentle. She will make one of two moves. She will try to sever the engagement or she will question you about it or she might even ask for a homedemonstration. If she indicates a move to sever the relationship, you must determine if the woman is worth a continued fight in the face of heavy odds. Also, consider this now as a battle that you might well lose. If her actions indicate a move in the direction of a demonstration, my friend, you need no further help from me. I'm sure she'll hook your bra, launder your prettiest of pretties, see that your seams are straight, and teach you some tricks that no man can learn without at least twenty years experience--all of which she can lay claim to.



1956 ELEANOR 1962
7-N-1



W.H. 49-H-2



NORMA 35-B-3



JEANNE 37-B-1



MARIE 14-K-2

Jack and Jill

by Winfie (5-B-1)

"I'd better hurry, I don't want to keep her waiting." Jack finished tying his tie and gave another brush to his hair-his wavy hair. His cousin had often said she wished that she had his hair.

"You don't need such pretty hair, you should have my straight locks."

In a way, for some reason that he could not quite fathom, he was rather proud of his hair though he could remember times too when he had tried to paste it down because some of the guys had said he was "sissy".

He and his new date Jill were going out to dine and he had in mind several places which he thought might charm her. He thought particularly of one "The Rainbow" because, though he had never dined there, he had heard that there were good floor shows and he was anxious to give his girl a pleasant evening. Perhaps there would be a good band and they could dance together.

While thinking these thoughts he had stood before his mirror. He started-"Gee, I'll be late," and dashed to the door of the apartment, almost forgetting to turn off the lights as he went.

Though he was usually a steady driver, this time he took off with a roar and a small dog that had been padding down the sidewalk let out a yelp and coursed off at a tangent.

It did not take long to reach the street where Jill lived and skillfully he brought his car to a stop in front of her home, got out of the car and dashed up to the door. Jill must have been anticipating him for hardly had he knocked than it was opened. There stood Jill looking like a flower in a dress that would attract attention and yet would do so because of its suitability. Together they descended the steps and were soon purring down the street in Jack's car.

As they drove he told Jill that he had one or two places in mind but that he would like to try The Rainbow unless she had heard something that might suggest they would not like it.

"Oh, Jack, my friend Sally went there the other night with her boyfriend and they had a wonderful time. Do let's go."

Soon they were in the neighborhood of The Rainbow. Jack found a handy parking place and then they were inside waiting for a table. There were not very many people sitting at the attractively-arranged tables with their spotless white table cloths and shining silverware all set off by lovely flowers on each.

They were shown to a table placed in a secluded spot from which they could, nevertheless, see that part of the floor where the entertainment took place.

The lighting was such as to create an intimate setting. Jack and Jill ate and chatted, laughing occasionally and generally enjoying themselves. They were so engrossed in themselves that they had not noticed that the place had become filled with people like themselves, enjoying good food and the company of friends or families.

When a spotlight suddenly fell on that part of the floor where performers usually provided entertainment. Jack and Jill looked around and then the voice of the announcer was heard. Mr. Joyce Sargent was to present his famous female impersonations.

Neither Jack or Jill had ever seen anything of this sort and in a low voice Jill asked just what they could expect. Jack, a straight kind of fellow, said he had heard about female impersonators but had never seen any.

Just then the color of the spotlight changed and from a curtained doorway glided a lovely vision. Both Jack and Jill emitted sounds of surprise and enjoyment. Throughout the performance they gazed spellbound and when the end came, both applauded vociferously.

Joyce did not reappear. The spotlight was turned off and the audience either asked for more drinks or began to leave.

"Let's go," said Jill and they went. In the car, for a while, neither spoke, both were occupied with their own thoughts, but suddenly Jill said something. Jack felt that they must have been pondering the same subject for Jill said, "You know, Jack, I thought that Joyce was lovely" and Jack was going to agree when Jill continued "but while you were watching her I saw how intent your gaze was and I could not keep my eyes off your hair which really looked too pretty for a man and then, in the soft light, I half-closed them and saw you, not as Jack but as someone like Joyce."

"Oh, now then, come off it" said Jack, but despite the remonstrance, inside he did not really feel that way because when Jill had mentioned the matter he had felt a little uncertain, but also strangely excited.

There was a long silence and then Jill said in a low voice, "Jack, would you stop a while at my apartment so that we can talk some more. It is not far from here." Jack was only too happy to be able to spend more time with his lovely girlfriend.

Before long, they were there. She opened the door and preceded Jack into what proved to be a somewhat small but very attractive apartment. It was feminine but there was about it-something on which he could not quite put his finger. He did notice that on a small table near the divan stood a very skillfully carved figure of a youth and on the walls were several pictures of horses and, yes, there were some small models of horses on other tables and on the window sills. Altogether there were quite a number. Stranger still were the two old carbines which seemed to have a place of honor in an expensive oak cabinet. Later he found that the carbines and the cabinet had belonged to her greatgrandfather and they had been handed down from grandfather to her father and finally to her-his only child.

Jill invited Jack to sit on the divan and suggested that he take off his coat as the evening was still warm. He did so. Jill came and stood before him, and looking him in the eyes, very tenderly touched and then stroked his hair. Then, she said, "We'll try it."

"Try what?" queried Jack dumbfounded.

"We'll just see if you can't look prettier, than Joyce Sargent."

Again that mixed feeling of excitement and uncertainty flooded over Jack. He remonstrated, but feebly. He did not have time to say more because Jill had left the room but soon returned, her arms filled with dainty feminine clothing. These she laid on the divan and then pulled Jack to his feet, at the same time beginning to unbutton his shirt and suddenly Jack realized that he wasn't trying to stop her. In a moment or two he was arrayed only in his shorts. He felt glad that they were made of nylon and "Were rather nice you know" but Jill put an end to this thought when she said that they were not very suitable and picking up a dainty trifle from the pile of clothing, handed it to him saying, "I'll leave the room while

you put these on." She then opened up the dainty piece of lacy material and he saw they were delectable pale blue panties. A blush suffused his face but there was no one to notice it as Jill had returned to her bedroom. In some trepidation but in some excitement (in fact the excitement seemed to be growing) he put on the panties. As they slid over his white legs a new excitement almost overcame him--what softness, what smoothness! He then began to examine the rest of the very feminine garments. A lacy bra filled to shape a lovely breast, soft nylon stockings and, a very beautiful negligee. As he was putting on the negligee Jill poked her head round the bedroom door and seeing what he was doing, came over to help him put it on.

She then took his hand and led him into her bedroom where she seated him before her mirror. "You look sweet", she said but added that she thought she ought to do something about his hair. Fortunately, for some reason, probably unconscious, he wore it rather long. Jill managed to make it look more appropriate to a girl and, as Jack watched, he saw her, with the aid of makeup, transform him into a really lovely person, a girl, not a young man. His excitement and feeling of strange contentment banished his fears and uncertainty. Suddenly Jill's arms were about his neck and she hugged him from behind and then told him to go back to the other room and wait for her.

He did so but did not sit down. He stood before a large mirror on the wall, admiring himself. Now he could account for some of the feelings he had had before this strange metamorphosis took place. Now he realized why he had not had a crew cut. He knew that his personality had a strong feminine side. This must have been with him longer than he had realized. It must have been seeking expression for many years. Now he knew why he liked to look at the very feminine things in the shops, why he always sized up women when in their presence and why sometimes he wanted to tell a girl that she was wearing the wrong purse for her outfit or the wrong jewelry. He sank into a chair and his mind continued its reverie. Suddenly he recalled several happenings during his childhood years. These made it clear to him that he had for a long time liked pretty feminine things and it flashed across his mind at times when a little boy, he had wished desperately that he might be dressed as a girl. He recalled how his mother often used to mention that she missed having had a daughter and how, on Hallowe'en she always suggested that he dress as a girl and somehow--now it came to him--he

had never objected. She had never explained how she always happened to have clothes that would fit him but somehow or other, every year at Hallowe'en and on some other special occasions, pretty girlish garments appeared from somewhere and now, as he thought back, he could feel a little, some of those excited feelings he had had on those occasions.

His train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Jill, But no, that couldn't be Jill, who was it? He, yes, it was a man or young man about his own age. Where was the pretty girl he had taken out to dinner? Here stood in attractive but unmistakably man's shirt, trousers and dressing gown, Jill. His surprise gave way to understanding as he noted that her hair which had always been rather short, had been arranged so that she presented a quite masculine appearance. Her breasts had mysteriously disappeared and later on he was to find out why.

She did not seem to be embarrassed but sat beside him and told him that when she first met him she had felt intuitively that he was in some way, part woman and for herself, she knew that she had often wished she were a man. Both had two sides to their personalities and this should enable them to be good and understanding friends.

Then, before he could say anything, Jill took Jack quite forcibly in her (his?) arms and kissed him hard. Then he knew that he could enjoy his new role and would continue to do so.

For a long time they talked of their other selves and made plans to continue their friendship, foreseeing a chance for both sides in each of them to have their sway.

Whether they will marry I do not know but if they do they should get along well since each should be able to understand the other intimately.

Some months later I read an announcement in the daily paper which began:

The marriage of Miss Jill K--- to Mr. Jack L---

What wasn't announced was that in their going away luggage Jill took her male clothes while Jack took some lovely feminine garments. It really was fortunate that their baggage was locked and the keys were not available when fun-seeking friends sought to put rice among their clothing.

Winfie, Calif.

60 Years A Transvestite

by Barbara--England

(Notes from the case history of a heterosexual transvestist originally prepared in 1931 for the late Dr. Havelock Ellis and Dr. Norman Haire, with additional notes in 1947, 1958 and 1961.)

My name is "S" (in private life Barbara). I am a journalist and author and was, in 1931, aged 47. I am a man of considerable energies and width of interest. I have edited and written technical and historical works on a considerable scale including such subjects as physical science, electricity, wireless, prehistory, history of medicine, etc. My "History of Medicine and Hygiene" published in this country and U. S. A. as "Sixty Centuries of Health and Physic" was well received by the medical profession. I am a fair handicraftsman, a keen walker and a motorist and have various other hobbies.

I was of a dominant driving character, at home, in local affairs and in my editorial office. These particulars are given, not in a boasting spirit but to rebut, as usual, the obvious charge of effeminacy.

I have a very early memory of being in the bedroom with my mother and father and seeing them with laughter dressing up in each other's clothes. A picture that stands out is of my father clasping on my mother's corsets. This and other fragments of memory indicate an early and fixed interest in female undies.

This interest in girl's clothes, especially underclothes, early became a desire. When about 11, I was staying in my grandmother's house in Wales. She was a small lady and when I found in the bedroom some of her white starched embroidered under clothes--combinations, drawers, petticoats (I can't remember corsets)--I put them on before dressing in the morning. One morning grandmother caught me in a black satin dress over these underclothes. My excuse that I had my own clothes underneath (not true, of course) seemed to satisfy her.

Later, when rare opportunities offered, such as home charades and plays where I was cast for a girl's part, if at all possible,

I put on girl's underclothes under the dress. Whenever I was left alone in the house my first thought was to go to my mother's or the maid's bedroom and look at the underclothes and, if there was time and it was safe, to undress and try them on. I never put on corsets for I didn't dare to let out the laces lest it should be noticed they had been tampered with, but I clearly remember the unsatisfied thrill of clasping them round my chemise-clad body.

There was, too, the rare delight of the sight of a girl's or woman's underclothes, whether freshly clean and starched from the laundry, or better, on her person. A glimpse of a white lace petticoat gave a lasting thrill but such opportunities were very few and far between.

Partly through lack of opportunity and partly due to the variety of interests and activities, Eonist tendencies remained dormant or, at least, undeveloped in the years following adolescence, though I was always ready to play voyeur if opportunity offered.

I became sub-editor on a technical paper and later assistant editor on popular educational publications of wide circulations. Hard work--I worked up to 18 hours a day 5 days a week and wrote over 100,000 words on technical subjects for popular presentation--left little room or opportunity for repressed desires...Then, as now, desire was completely heterosexual. There has never been any thought of abnormal sexual practices--I have never discovered any homosexual tendency in myself.

During the first World War I served as an infantry officer in Ireland, France (wounded on the Somme) and Germany. During the War, I married a lady with whom I had been close friends for a number of years. She soon discovered that my keen interest in her lingerie was partly personal to myself and when after the war we came to live in London I explained my secret desire to her. I had always thought that such desires were entirely peculiar to myself. I could not imagine there was another man so absurd as to wish to wear women's clothes and I could not believe that anyone who discovered it would think anything but that I was an effeminate fool. But ours was a marriage so happy that complete mutual confidence was easy and when she saw, as she did in a fairly short time, that it was not a passing fancy, she helped me in every way, particularly, I think, because I did not fail her as a man, a husband and a lover.

After the War, persistent stomach trouble (bad enough to

qualify for a two-year pension) seemed to require abdominal support. I tried a pair of my wife's corsets with the laces let out and these proved so comfortable (naturally for I had always wanted to wear corsets) that my kind wife bought me a pair of ladies corsets of the proper size. I have worn corsets, with rare exceptions, ever since. At first I wore my wife's combinations and stockings and at weekends dressed in her underclothes, skirt and blouse. This made me so happy that she helped me to obtain a complete feminine wardrobe. I still keep as a souvenir the first lace chemise she bought for me. She used to make for me first chemises and then embroidery nightdresses to sleep in. My feminine outfit became quite extensive-silk and lace-trimmed underclothes of every kind, skirts, knitted costumes, frocks of silk, velvet and voile, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes and costume jewelry. I always wore corsets and ladies underclothes, unless I was away from home and might have to undress among other men. When we were dining alone and no one was coming in I dressed for dinner by slipping out of my men's clothes and putting on a petticoat and frock. I nearly always breakfasted as a woman.

Apart from two Eonist friends and my wife's step sister no one at that time knew of my womanly habits. Caution or luck, plus my wife's effective protection, have saved me from being caught. If anyone comes in I slip upstairs while my wife engages them in conversation and in 2 or 3 minutes I appear in men's clothes. My wife's sister was headmistress of a girl's school with twelve mistresses but she is quite reasonable about my "kink". She sees no reason why people should not enjoy themselves in their own way provided it causes no hurt to others. She sometimes gives me pieces of lingerie or a bit of jewelry.

I seldom go out dressed as a woman except occasionally after dark in Sussex where we had a holiday home. I do not wish to act as a female impersonator and I only use moderate make-up as my wife does not like anything "exotic" and because she does not really like it I only wear a wig on special occasions. Though dressed as a woman I do not "act" the part. I like doing woman's work, such as cooking or sewing but only if "properly" dressed.

There is no change in personality yet I am best satisfied if I am wearing well-made, dainty and thoroughly feminine clothes. When I am dressed in my nicest clothes it provides an added joy if my wife says (as she has) "What a pretty frock".

Yet I am a man dressed in women's clothes and my wife says I would be a failure if I attempted to pass myself off as a woman. She says I am too broad in the shoulders and too tall.

When I am dressed as a woman I do not adopt particularly feminine ways, though I find some amusement in doing certain women's work--I insist on repairing my own lingerie.

There is undoubtedly a large sexual component in the pleasure experienced in wearing corsets, petticoats and frocks. When I am unwell, overtired or worried the desire is greatly reduced. It may go so far in the other direction as to appear a mere foolishness. During a severe illness of my wife's, when a nurse was in the house for over two months, it did not occur to me that I was missing a wanted pleasure--and comfort. By habit I continued to wear corsets, stockings, etc., and to sleep in a nightdress when male pajamas were no longer essential, but I took little interest in them.

The desire is, however, directly connected with the sex urge. When life and energy are at a high level and normal sexual intercourse is very desirable and pleasing (I repeat that I find in myself no trace of anything but the heterosexual and I think I am highly sexed) it is then that dressing in dainty silk and lace and smart frocks provide the greatest thrills. I delight in the firm comfortable pressure of well-fitting corsets, the soft contact of silk underclothes, the sensuous kiss of petticoat and skirt on silk-stockinged legs.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to perform any degree of self analysis without finding something of what one expects or unconsciously hopes to find. This is a serious attempt to keep a detached, unbiased attitude in describing my own history as an Eonist. In all that experience I find no trace of fetishism or homosexuality. Although the sexual instinct is (i.e. was) aroused by the sight of feminine underclothes--and by wearing them in special circumstances--it is in no way dependent upon them. There is a strong element of voyeurism. When I was a boy all signs of feminine underclothing were prudishly kept from the male; it was not "nice" that he should even be given a glimpse of laundry. So, of course, I was all the more anxious to get secret glimpses. And when I was able to wear them myself, I found, as Havelock Ellis notes in the "Eonism" volume of his masterly "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", if one cannot see pretty underclothes on women

it is nearly as good to see them on oneself. I delight in "showing off" in dainty clothes to other women, particularly in the intimate impropriety of appearing in dainty and lacey undies to them, though that is an experience limited to my dear wife and her sister and my own sister; and also, of course, to my transvestist "lady" friends.

Over and above the sexual factor I am thoroughly at home and most comfortable in petticoats and frocks and definitely prefer them to male garb. Yet my personality is unchanged and I do not feel feminine in myself. If it were practicable I would wear nothing but women's clothes. I do all kinds of male work in skirts--carpentry, mechanical work, electrical and household repairs. At our country bungalow, where I can wear frocks most of the time, I once spent three days in summer frocks collating papers on Assyrian medical tablets. (Now, in 1961, a forgotten dream.)

My ideal has always been to live in a world so sensible that I could go about my ordinary work in town and village dressed in charming women's clothes, accepted without comment as a man-woman with a nice taste in dress.

Additional Notes, 1947.

There is nothing to alter in the previous notes. I have been continuously wearing women's outer and under-clothes for 27 years and in all that time my loving wife has been my encouragement and protection. Now in my 63rd year and though sexual capacity has disappeared and sexual excitement of the kind suggested earlier is much weakened, yet the satisfaction in and the desire for frocks and frills most definitely remain, despite the War and clothing restrictions I have quite a full wardrobe including georgette, silk, marocain and velvet evening frocks and a good supply of day frocks. The most exciting dress is a ball gown bought in the West End during the War as a bargain. A real ball gown in rustling stiff silk taffeta with yards and yards of skirt trimmed with self ruffles and off-the-shoulder Victorian bodice with ruffled shoulder straps. It was altered to fit me (not in person, of course) at a cost of L410s., probably worth 25 guineas. Under it goes an ankle length flounced taffeta petticoat.

I cannot think that the long years of indulgence have caused harm to me or anyone else. I have never been caught, there has been no scandal, and I do not think it has in any way affected my

wife adversely. Through the war years my business life has been one of increasing success. In other directions my life has been extremely busy--I am chairman of six or more committees (I was twice decorated by King George for public work) and yet I have time for the "hobby".

Further Notes in 1958.

Over 10 years later, near my 74th year, I note the truth of Havelock Ellis's statement that the Eonist does not lose the desire for feminine clothes with increasing age. I still delight in wearing every day all feminine underclothes and with the coming of nylon at reasonable costs practical difficulties are slight. Nylon undies are so easy to wash (I do my own myself and often my wife's) that I am always dainty underneath. My corsets of white nylon satin trimmed with nylon lace (made to measure by a male London corsettiere) are a permanent delight and comfort (waist is now 36" but no middle-aged spread thanks to over 36 years of wearing corsets).

Among my 14 dresses are up-to-date nylon, cotton and silk frocks, terylene pleated skirts and nylon waist and princess petticoats. I rarely wear a wig or use much make-up as my wife prefers me without. To her I owe more than I can say for affectionate cooperation and encouragement in my feminine ways. My two sisters, my wife's step-sister and a niece are all acquainted with Barbara and so are two doctors--One--my wife's--often comes when Barbara is dressed. None of them show any dislike.

Having read widely on the subject and having a considerable collection of photos of transvestits and being possessed of a good deal of relevant literature I am fully convinced that this harmless "deviation" entirely heterosexual, is immensely more common in this country (England), the U. S. A. and in Europe than the ordinary person can conceive.

Now it is 1961 and despite great sorrow and illness I am still an ardent transvestist. My beloved wife died last year and I live alone with a part-time housekeeper. My wardrobe is little changed except for new underclothes, especially frilly nylon petticoats (as I type this I am wearing under my terylene skirt what dear Virginia calls "oodles of bouffant petticoats"--five each with under flounces. Being alone I'm a little nervous about wearing frocks in daytime, lest I have a caller.

I simply dote on our ever-delightful "TRANSVESTIA" and read and re-read it. I only wish I could come to America and meet some of the 'sisters' and show off my frocks to them. Our debt to the self-sacrificing Virginia is immense and can never be repaid.

BARBARA Surrey, England

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DEATH AND THE FP!

This is an unpleasant topic to write about, but it appears necessary to do so for two reasons. Several weeks ago one of our readers wrote me to the effect that we should have some sort of a post mortem notice that could be left with our clothes, books, etc. so that in case of death relatives coming upon our things would be able to have some sort of idea what it was all about rather than be left to draw their own invariably wrong conclusions. This was a good idea and timely, but one which I could not get to in time. Shortly afterwards one of our members did pass away and his brother wrote and appraised us of the fact asking us to discontinue the magazine and refund any unused money. We took care of this, but Barbara also wrote him a note attempting to explain a bit of the nature of the dead brother's life which the survivors were unaware of.

I would like to know whether the readers of this magazine would like to have such a piece composed and printed so that they could have something to explain in death what they were not able to explain in life to their loved ones. Please let me have your views.

Ed.

The other thing I would like to speak about has to do with wills. As you will read elsewhere in this issue, it is planned to incorporate a non-profit corporation to be known as the FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION. This will be done in the next month or so. It may be that once there is some sort of official organization which is attempting to do something in the field of FemmePersonation that some of our readers would like to leave a few dollars to help out that work. This would have to be done by a will, of course, and that is why I call your attention to it, so that you could have a codacil written to your present will. Of course, gifts to this same cause during life will serve a very useful purpose too. I hope some of our better off readers will look favorably on this idea. It takes money to accomplish things....Editor.

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

Hello.- Little by little our little world of perfume, jewelry and fashion seems to spring open new doors towards sociability and experience-sharing events. And like so many other human endeavors it shows up the good and bad, the strength and frailty of its members. I have often been asked: how do you "weed out" curiosity seekers, fakes and otherwise undesirable elements from the standpoint of our group. In other words, how do I know that the person who writes or simply shows up at my apartment is the real thing and not a "plant" who might conceivably be harmful to the rest of the group. If I said outright that I have learned to rely a great deal on my feminine intuition I would certainly be accused of putting on airs of superiority. If I said that I can "smell" a fake a mile away there would be those who would shake their heads and say that I consider myself a privileged character and that I am indulging in wishful thinking. The truth is that there is a bit of instinct at play in this "weeding out" process, plus the conclusions you instinctively learn to draw from having met many dozens of girls. So far, I have not been wrong in my judgement. Almost everyone I've met and consented in introducing to the rest of the girls has turned out to be the real thing. This does not mean to imply that I have not had attempts made by fakes to enter the circle.

This happened just a few nights ago. My twin brother and his wife had just arrived home after a long working day. They had barely sat down to relax when the door bell rang. A chap, well dressed stands at the door and says: "May I see Susanna Valenti?" My twin brother--without hesitation extends his hand and says: "I'm Susanna, please come in." I spoke through him from that moment on. I apologized for not being properly dressed and led him to our living room. There we sat. He was not nervous, but seemed to be a bit uncomfortable....How did you find out about Susanna?...A magazine I bought on 42nd St....What issue?...I don't remember.. there's a blonde in a garden-like on the cover....That's number 14. Any other issues?....No.....I assume you are one of us...Well, yes. Do you indulge often?....Not too often...I assume you want to find

out about the resort...Yes, where is it?...In the Catskill mountains about 130 miles from New York...And what goes on there?... We are ourselves, quietly, peacefully, in a friendly atmosphere. Impromptu advice when needed, impromptu entertainment. Nothing planned, just freedom in privacy...Do you have girls there?...Our-selves of course and occasionally wives or understanding girlfriends....I see....Tell me do you have a wardrobe?...Not too much. What for instance...Well, just a few items...Do you have any preferences, style, color, materials?...Well, not particularly...I see, and how are you fixed for hair?...I have something, but tell me, where is this place?...I told you..in the mountains. It's a 3 hour ride from New York. Do you drive?...Yes...Do you think you'll have the chance to visit the place?...I guess so....Do you have any makeup problems?...Not particularly....What eye-shadow do you prefer?...Well....How do you handle the padding problem?... Well...And by the way, what size dress do you take?...I..I don't know....When did you get started..I mean when did you first find out about yourself....What do you mean?...I mean the feeling, the realization...I don't exactly know, but tell me, are there many TV's in New York?...Yes....How do you go about meeting them.... Well, you've met me. The others will come later...if you are a TV. If not, forget it. If you are fishing for names and phone numbers you've come to the wrong place. Anonymity is our motto. I never ask a TV his real name, occupation or address. I don't want to know, I'm not interested. If they want to call me, they have my phone number and address. I don't contact them. They contact me. I'm not interested one bit in their male personalities.. it's the hidden girl we all want to know and meet. Don't you agree? Yes, I guess so...Well, my friend...now you've met me...you are most welcome to drop in...if there's any advice you need, I'll be glad to help: shopping, makeup, you know...Anything else?...No, I don't think so...I guess I'd better be going...Nice meeting you.. bye...Bye.

And there, my friends was a fake if I ever saw one. He gave all the wrong answers. His reactions were not those of a TV. Whatever his purpose was in calling, it most certainly was not transvestism. Even the most shy TV will perk up when you lead the conversation toward frocks and makeup; there's a gleam in his eyes that no fake can possibly imitate.

So you weed them out. You know that those you've accepted are sister souls. But the weeding does not stop there. Not all

of the girls meet the basic standards for the group. What are the standards? And who are you, Susanna Valenti, to set up standards? I don't set them up arbitrarily, my friends. They are simply the basic tenets of human behaviour that come into play when you are in the company of others. You can be a real TV, but that alone does not make you a nice person to be with. You can even be the quiet type but still be friendly, show interest in others, forget a bit about yourself...don't drive everybody crazy by repeating ad nauseam your "fabulous" adventures. Be helpful without being condescending. Don't set yourself up as a perfect example that should be imitated by everybody else. This is especially important when you are talking to a girl who has just come out of her locked room. She's naturally timid, even the thought of being seen by others is still rather horrifying...it is your duty to go easy, respect whatever physical or social or family limitations she must endure and don't try to force your pattern onto others. Be delicate and tactful. Don't pull out a notebook after a few minutes of conversation on your first meeting and request name, address, phone number and occupation. That's none of your TV business!!! If, as it often happens, after a few meetings, you find that you consider each other good friends and you do need a place to mail a picture or perhaps a note, ask tactfully if she has any address you could write to and if there's any name you could address the letter to. There are many TV's who just don't want to take the chance of having their name and address in somebody else's little notebook. It might fall into the wrong hands even if the owner is sincere and means no harm. So, respect that desire for anonymity and don't insist. Anyway, who cares about the fellow! He's usually a pretty common and rather boring entity. It's the girl within that's fun to know.

Those TV's who are more active should be extremely tactful and not try to push new and inexperienced ones onto adventures (going out I mean) without adequate practice, or supervision. A TV should, above all be realistic. Most of the time the gorgeous image of our own selves within our own minds is far from being so gorgeous. There is a great deal of self deception that must be checked before it's too late. Personally I have been at fault along these lines quite often. After a few successful trips into the outer world I thought that I was as safe as Marilyn Monroe in a studio set. Perhaps I have mellowed with time, or perhaps I've taken a better look in the mirror, but my daytime outings have entirely ceased. Only evenings or nighttime. Not until, and if, I

go through electrolysis will I carelessly defy the sunshine, unless I'm in the privacy of the resort.

After observing dozens of girls in action I've come to the conclusion that the thing that must be watched most carefully is the walk. It is not enough to think that just by shortening your step you've solved the problem. No indeed. High heels will shorten it automatically, anyway....There's more than that....A woman walks from the hips, she does not give the initial impetus for the step from the knee as men do. Just observe carefully the women you see walking on the street and you'll confirm this fact. Men propel themselves along using their shoulders...women don't. The arm movement while walking is also a dead giveaway in many cases.

But coming back to the matter of behavior in a group, it is heartbreaking to see a girl making a pest of herself with the rest of the group. The type that grabs a lipstick without asking permission from the owner...the kind who wants to be the center of attraction at all times...or the kind who never has a gracious, kind compliment for others and still expects everybody to flatter her every minute of the day. To say nothing of those who find refreshment purchased by others and simply monopolizes the container and the contents without even a pretense of a "may I?" These girls weed themselves right out of the group before they know what's happened. Nobody likes them and the circle doors begin to close. Then, mysteriously Susanna is going to be terribly busy...any meetings in prospect? No my dear...nothing for the time being...I would like to come to the resort this weekend.---Gee, I'm sorry...we are having other people there this time. I wouldn't advise you to come....And so it goes. No more invitations to stay overnight in NY...etc...and out she goes. To like to dress is not enough. I've just re-read all of the above and it certainly sounds catty. But it isn't. It's just a friendly bit of advice to the new girls (and to some of the old ones).--

Irene, Giselle & Fiona...what a beautiful trio of Canadian sweetness! People you like almost on sight. It was a lovely weekend with them at the resort. Roberta was the life of the party.. wonderful sense of humor that helped break the ice for the shy, new ones...Louise from Maine, quiet and nice..a real lady. So was Robin who walks about as if she were floating on a cloud of radiant happiness. Elaine, finally we met after many letters and phone calls. The kind you instinctively know is going to be a wonderful

friend. And then, the old timers..no need to flatter them because they know I'm a liar...Lee stunning as usual...Dorothea, good company, a good mixer...sometimes I think she pioneered in the "invention of transvestism"...looks much better now that she lost many, many pounds...Bea from the Carolinas on the other hand could do with a few more pounds...she's got good taste and carries out her part with a tremendous eagerness for perfection. Buff, just as gorgeous as usual...please, smile more often dear...you look too serious... and Gail, well...this is the end of the article...sorry I can't find words to flatter her and finally...our best wishes to Edith...she has just taken the most interesting trip of her life and is living a real dream...good luck.

Susanna Valenti

+++++TVia IS FOR YOU--SO YOUR CO-OPERATION PLEASE+++++

PICTURE ISSUE: TVia #17 will be a photographic issue. We have some pics on hand for it. If we don't have your best or most recent send them in by Sept. 1st so that they can be organized and arranged properly--one or two of each person, probably only one, so make it a good one.

I. MY MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCE AS A FEMMEPERSONATOR:

This topic should bring forth a lot of interesting true life happenings. True experience rated high in the Preference Poll, so do your share and send in yours. Don't make it too long, a page or two, but make it interesting.

II. METHODS OF PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF FEMMEPERSONATION:

Many readers have found means of publicly acceptable expression, such as minstrel shows, mock weddings, singing to records, lectures etc. Let others know about your experiences. Write it up so that someone else might learn enough to arrange a similar outlet for himself.

III. CHILDREN AND THE FEMMEPERSONATOR IN THE HOME:

Here is a subject which is very important and about which we get many requests for information. The usual thing is to keep the subject from children. However, various of our readers have told their children. It would be instructive to others if those who have done so would elaborate on what they told the kids, how they told them, what age and circumstances were involved and what their reactions were and are.

in the darkroom of my own office crew...their comments are balm indeed. "Introduce me, willya," and "Where'd you find her?"...to which my only retort, por supuesto, is "Go find your own". If you have never experienced it, find a dress requiring hoops...they cannot be worn, they must be managed, and managing them is pure delight...the cover picture is of such a dress, and the evening that I wore it, Elsie wore a similar one, short-sleeved, we went traipsing through the city like princesses, ogled and whistled at by the fellows and ogled and sighed over by the girls, it was nothing short of marvelous. Too much hair on my forearms bothered me for awhile, until I started pulling it out with a pair of pliers, there is no real pain, and you can leave enough to look natural. What remains can be bleached, rendering it almost invisible, I like this way far better than shaving or using depilatories, for there is a succession of growth that forestalls questioning. If your ears protrude like mine, and if your 'crowning glory' comes down far enough, don't hesitate, tape the offending organs back with scotch tape, and let your hair hide it, one piece from ear to ear does the trick. Of all the loveliness of feminine clothes, furs are the most....I desire them above the laces and satins, the velvets and silks. Finding those you can afford is helped by first learning what constitutes a good fur, then shopping through the same second hand shops I have described before. Any reliable furrier will usually go overboard in helping you understand how to choose a good pelt. Do not hesitate to remodel furs according to your needs. The lynx coat in the pictures has been ripped up and made into cuffs and collars, and there is enough left over for a muff...all it takes is the ability to sew...I believe in fur collars that can be moved from costume to costume...the white fox collar appearing in four of the photos was originally on a tan wool coat...when the fabric deteriorated (I was clumsy, and a cigarette took its toll), the collar was saved for better use...As to hats, the same idea of remodeling will pay lovely dividends...add a brim, subtract a brim...add fur, or flowers, or veiling, bend them, twist them, adapt them to yourself, and be repaid with individuality..I have made hats from the feathers of pheasants and grouse that I have personally killed, and it is a real thrill to receive compliments on them...Enough for now...except for the sincere wish that all of you will somehow come upon the ecstasy that is mine.

Love to all,

Eileen



EILEEN THE VERSATILE

**READY FOR ANY
OCCASION**



Hints and Helps

We are readying a catalog of "where to buy it" featuring the names of stores and persons that can provide items needed by FPs. If you have made any good contacts by mail or in person please send them to us so that we can compose such a catalog in the near future.

Gloria (38-A-1) suggests that for those with larger necks who have trouble finding necklaces of the proper length it is a good idea to buy an extra necklace or a matching bracelet and then restring the two to your own needs. Restringing nylon can be had at the dime store. Watch bands are also often a problem. These can often be joined to get the right size. Round shoe laces can be used to extend the cord type.

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For those enjoying bloomers, Linda (56-H-1) informs us that EATON'S a large Canadian mail order house (address not supplied but probably could be reached by just Eatons, Quebec, Canada) has some nice ones made in Italy and some from England for \$1.99 and 3.99. Try writing for their catalog.

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Felicity, (32-M-4 FPE) has a solution for the glasses problem. She just took her prescription plus a bunch of photos of herself in costume to an oculist in another town. She frankly told him (that is he was there at the time) what was wanted and why without hesitation or embarrassment. Several frames were shown and one selected. On calling back to pick up the finished glasses the oculist was very polite and much interested in the whole thing. As Felicity says, "I simply told him that I did amateur female impersonations which is perfectly true. Its as simple as that, so why make a Federal case out of it"! Good girl, I say. Its much simpler to deal frankly with the truth than to hedge around with false explanations of things. They never really sound convincing you know.

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There is a Tall Girls Council at 465 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 17 Dept B.F. which has free bulletins relating to the dressing problems of tall girls. Why dont some of you taller FPs write for what information you can get--might solve a lot of problems easily.

Many of you complain about the difficulties of getting dresses and other things of the right size. The large mail order houses such as Sears and Montgomery Ward have very accurate size charts in their catalogs and tell you exactly how to order. I suggest your getting a catalog, picking out some inexpensive item and measuring for it as directed. Naturally the general cut is for a feminine figure, so make the measurements over the necessary padding. If it results in a dress that fits you will thereafter know your size and can go into a store personally to purchase. If it misses the boat here and there try again with an inexpensive item with modifications based on the first results. Such trial and error methods will be less expensive than buying better dresses and not getting a proper fit.

--**--

WIGS....There are several drawbacks and problems with wigs. (1) Be sure that the hair is dressed low enough in the back to cover your own hairline. To help make sure keep your neck shaved yourself between visits to the barber. You can cut a pattern out of flexible plastic that goes from ear to ear and shaped the way you want the neck hair to be. By holding this in place with one hand you can shave the rest even if you cant see it without getting a ragged and uneven effect. (2) You can cover the junction of wig and scalp if you can comb a few of your own hairs out in front of the wig and then back into the wig hair. This can only be done if your own hair is reasonably the same color as the wig or is greying at the temples which is not only natural but fashionable. On the sides these hairs will mix with curls on the forehead this method can only be used with special hairstyles. In either case it is well to wet the hair and dry it into a pin curl beforehand so that it will not be straight. (3) Wigs tend to slide back on the head. Most wig shops have special little fine tooth combs about $1\frac{1}{4}$ in wide which can be sewed into the front of the hairpiece. If you then place a strip of adhesive tape (the clear plastic kind is best) about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in wide parallel with the forehead and about $1/2$ to $3/4$ in back from the hairline, the comb can be slipped under this and is really held firmly. (4) Dont be bashful about combing your piece, just dont snag the comb in the foundation net and tear it. Hairpieces are much better for combing and brushing but it is much easier to do this and to keep the hairpiece in condition and shape if you have a wig block to do it on. (5) A tiny amount of hair creme spread between the palms and sparingly patted onto the hair will give a more natural lustre to the hair. Too much will result in "comb marks" so be careful.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia:

A few years before World War I, a child was born to a husband and wife. The child was placed in the dresses worn by both sexes, which were used until it was about a year old. A head of beautiful blond curls adorned its head until it was $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old. Everyone said, "What a beautiful child! My what lovely curls".

Gorgeous children are seen many times, but this one with the blond curls, a clear perfectly featured face, and oh yes, a red velvet suit with a frilly shirt waist, knee length skirt, white stockings and patent leather buttoned shoes was taken at $4\frac{1}{2}$ to the barber shop. While mother let a small waterfall of tears stream down her face, the man in charge of the young one went snip, snip snip and the curls fell to the floor. It was funny the way the hair left on the head no longer had any curl at all. One lone curl was picked up and saved by the tearful mother and the little one was shown that curl many times as long as 15 years later.

Home she went with her offspring and changed the clothes of the child. The little one still played with its dolls and doll clothes for the rest of the year--until Christmas when the dolls were taken away and new clothes given. I forgot to say one thing: The new clothes were a suit of plain white shirt, tie and knee length pants. As you see it was now a BOY, with the destiny to grow up to a man.

A few years have passed, and now "Sonny Boy" is 10 years old. Someone invited "Sonny Boy" and mother to a halloween party, and now for the first time since the year the culs were cut, mother gave the boy a girl's outfit and a wig made from mother's switch. This was the costume for the party. The boy loved that party, and to this day 41 years later can remember everything that happened that Halloween eve. The boy felt reborn and since that time I have always been a TV.....

Sincerely. LUCIE (32-B-4)

000+++000

Dear Editor:

TRANSVESTIA has been a going concern for a couple of years now, and I want you to know how glad I am that I have been a subscriber

starting with the first issue. You have done such a very fine job with the magazine and I shall be forever grateful that its many benefits have been available to me from the first.

You have accomplished an awful lot in this short time and I think the magazine has progressed amazingly well from a very good start. For all that it has to offer, I think it is one of the best investments I ever made and the pleasure and enlightenment I have enjoyed in its contents have been priceless. Please keep up the good work--I can't praise your efforts too much and I want to say thanks from the bottom of my heart.....

Sincerely, C.W. (13-W-1)

ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

.....Only since I have read your magazine have I realized that although my enjoyment of wearing feminine attire makes me a member of a minority group, I am not "queer". I know that this could never be shared with my wife, but it has certainly made me realize many things and has helped to ease an inner conflict that has bothered me for years. For this I thank you, Virginia, and all the other girls that have contributed their stories.....

A loyal reader GLO (21-B-1)

Letters like these are very gratifying as they show that my hopeful purpose in starting TVia was not in vain and that we have been able to relieve guilt and point a new way....Ed.

ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

The life of a transvestite is not an easy one no matter how you look at it. The many moments of despair, fear, guilt and longing are not always overshadowed by the wonderful thrill of dressing in our beloved feminine things. For those of us that are married and have children and are trying to provide for a decent future by building a good career, our roles in society are perhaps even more demanding than for the single TV. To satisfy our needs in the necessary habit we pursue and to still maintain a balance in our personalities is truly a constant struggle.

During this past year something happened in my life that has helped lift the burden I had carried for many years. I gathered

enough strength to tell my wife about my TV problem, which meant that for the first time in my life someone else shared what I thought was the most terrible thing that could ever happen to anyone on this earth. Through the eyes of my wonderful wife I began to look at my desires in a different light because her understanding of something that she did not know existed was that of an intelligent and mature person.

Not long after I had first told my wife about my secret desire I luckily came across a magazine named TRANSVESTIA that has helped me in a great many ways to gain a better understanding of transvestism. It perhaps helped me most of all in finding that I was not unique in my desires. I learned that many married men had similar problems and were working them out and that the need to dress up is an important outlet for emotional frustrations that is necessary for the well being of the true TV.

So, in reflecting on the events that composed my life this past year I find that two people have played an important part in lifting what was formerly an insurmountable barrier...one was, of course, the girl that I married and the other is Virginia Prince. Through your efforts, Ginnie, you have made a magazine available that brings knowledge and expression to a group of men that can really use your leadership. I wish to thank you, Ginnie, for your wonderful efforts in making my life a more liveable one.

Very sincerely FRAN (49-C-1)

And I in turn thank you Fran, that is a very heart warming letter. I am glad too that you told your wife and that she proved understanding. Perhaps it will lend more courage to some of our girls who are fearful of telling wives.....Ed.

ooo---ooo

Dear Charles:

.....The least interesting reading I find (in the magazine) is the quasi-professional articles about TVism. There was a time when I was interested, but it hasn't answered the problem nor provided a solution...how to be at one with the world and be a TV as well. How desirable it would be to be accepted as a TV by the world. But the quasi-clinical treatises can only tell us that we won't be, but we know that. What we all would like to know is what can we do about it? How to achieve and fulfill our dreams and desires? That is

what all of us are concerned about and until we do find the solution we turn to fantasies and dreams. Thus we resort to the all-time favorite of mankind...making up stories with heroes and heroines being one and the same.

That is why the stories you insert into the magazine are so welcomed...we lap it up with an unquenching thirst for more. We care not whether true or not and if true, highlighted and embellished with exaggeration. Such accounts are pardonable because all of us are prone to exaggerate. But true or not please continue to publish the stories even if they are so-called diaries or personal accounts. We all love them because we transfer our own selves into those accounts and feel we are experiencing these same adventures.

Respectfully yours S.S. (49-S-2)

ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

Thanks again for the wonderful work you are doing to promote a better understanding of TVs.....My own opinion of what I would like to see in the magazine would be more fiction written by TVs. Of course, I like everything about it, especially letters from readers but it would seem to me since a TV's life is generally only a small fraction lived as a female, due to our social structure and normal family life, we work off a lot of our girlish steam in a dream world of our own imagination. So there is a need for fiction, fairy tales, yarns, call them what you will. But depicting life and living not as it is, but as we would dream of having it. Scientists read murder mysteries, housewives read sugary romances, and I as an engineer am a science fiction fan. So why not escapism literature for TV's?

Sincerely, PHYLLIS (37-G-1)
ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for your prompt reply to my recent order for a copy of your publication. I enjoyed it and would like to order the next issue. I would like to commend you for your good taste, humor, and lack of vulgarity. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to find a publication of your calibre.....

Very truly yours CAROLINE (32-S-7)

Dear Virginia:

Please pardon my use of "Virginia" as you signed your note as Charles. However, your inner self projects into the pages of the magazine. Your other self, the Charles, is steadfast, demanding, and quite wonderful. Your ability to gather and lead shows thru to me. But courage is your crowning glory. My god, Virginia, I was a marine in W.W. II and Korea and I have had to face up quite often when the chips were really down in the masculine sense of the word. I have met it and done the job that was expected of me. But your editorial on facing up to being a TV (in #6) if the mail people should confront one during a routine investigation is quite a request. I have never been faced with this, but one of us, if he has spent his life being and proving masculinity would surely need courage. Virginia, I'm sure I have what it takes and would stand as a TV rather than betray my inner self under pressure. But, dear God, perish the thought!

Sincerely, C.N. (22-N-1)

Ed. Note: I do not publish this letter because of the kind words expressed about me, but because it illustrates a problem we all face. Having kept our secret so close for so long the idea of saying it out loud to someone else appears to us as an insoluble problem. It isn't really. Every time you tell it to people it becomes easier. I've been through some pretty rough and embarrassing situations that hurt me pretty badly at the time. But in retrospect I find that I profited by them considerably. Having been "exposed" one no longer has to fear exposure and so I found that it was easier to tell others because of what had been done involuntarily to me. What C,N. refers to as courage is really not that, it is just a realization that truth is truth and facts are facts and if you are a TV stop being ashamed of it and speak the truth....neither with fear nor with bragadoccio but just as a fact. The world will not cave in on you, On the contrary you will be much the better for having broken the secrecy barrier. Ask the man who's done it!

ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

As I promised a few days ago, here is the letter telling how my wife has accepted "Janice". We have been married for nine years, and she did not know of my cross dressing habits until

about a year ago--just very shortly before I became a subscriber to TVia--as I was afraid to tell her. She caught me in feminine apparel one day, and we had a real long talk about it with the outcome being that she wouldn't see me when I did "those things". Then I started TVia with her permission. I really believe that our magazine has done more to help her understand and accept my TV habits than any other single factor I can think of.

Now I am very sorry that I had not told her in the first place because I not only missed out on almost eight years of pleasant moments, but caused a very wonderful girl to be hurt and puzzled by hiding something from her. As things are now, she helps me with my clothing and make up, offers constructive criticism and has grown quite fond of Janice. Several times she has made skirts, blouses and sweaters for me, and on one occasion accompanied me in Public. That was on Mardi Gras day when we went to the My-O-My Club in New Orleans.....

Sincerely, JANICE (18-W-1)

Proving again that wives can understand if it is presented right. Practice on someone who doesn't count first so as to relieve some of the guilt before trying it on your wife...ED.

ooo---ooo

Dear Virginia:

I've just finished reading some of the "Little Blue Books" on TVism. For the most part I found them interesting, but in some "true cases" a bit unbelievable. I did find one statement very thought provoking though. A TV who had attended gatherings with other TVs said that TVs as a group could not get along together. At first I found this hard to believe, but upon further reflection I thought he was probably right.

TVism has in the past been a lonely practice and as such it has been hard for a TV to face the prospect of meeting other people even if the others are TVs. Also, as I said before, the written experiences of some TVs seem a bit unbelievable. If these TVs were to meet others it would be their own personalities they would have to rely on, not the one they are in their dreams. In writing of themselves they are usually beautiful, have divine figures and own extensive wardrobes. In truth they are probably more like many of us who are a bit tall, muscular, hairy, and maybe even downright

ugly. To get together with others would, of course, mean leaving their fantasies behind.

There is also the type who has not been able to accept himself as a TV. He believes TVism is a perversion and as such is sinful and legally immoral. He will not get together with others because this would mean accepting TVism as harmless.

Another point that would inhibit a gathering would be the different types. Masochists, sadists, fetishists, transexuals, and the true TVs. Each would feel his desires the most important and failing to make his point would probably become sullen or even antagonistic. With most of these people their deviation is their only concern. Once they have achieved an outlet for their desires they lose interest in other persons and would just as soon be left alone.

The only group that could get along together for any length of time would be the true TVs. With some groups, the act or the apparel is an end in itself. With a true TV I believe the apparel is secondary. The first aim is in becoming another personality. I don't disclaim a passion for pretty dresses, the thrill of a soft slip against my skin or a compliment on how pretty I look, but then these are things a real woman enjoys. As a man I have many interests and I feel I can enjoy these interests just as well when dressed as a woman. When dining, seeing a movie or dancing, the clothing doesn't detract from the event itself. The point I am trying to make is that the true TVs should get together more, but with their own kind. They should learn to accept themselves for what they are. Get out of your dream world and work harder toward developing a personality based on what you are.

I don't believe I'm what could be called beautiful, but I do try to make myself as pretty as possible when I dress up. When all dolled up I wouldn't be ashamed to meet other TVs. This isn't meant to be a denunciation of the other groups, but rather a clarification of interests and an appeal to TVs to come out of their holes--to meet others of their kind. In the end this could help immensely in finding future happiness.

Sincerely, (unsigned letter)

Separation of TVs from the other groups named has been the purpose of TVia. Providing a means to meet the same kind has been the purpose of FPE. Real TVs can get along as proved in our Alpha chapter each month....15 or 20 TVs and 6-10-wives get on fine and enjoy it.
...ED.



HOW TO GET PRETTIER AS YOU GET OLDER

1945

Evelyn 5-H-8

1962



NORMA 35-B-3



LINDA 43-P-1

News and Notes

As an indication of the times it is interesting to note two recent events. The State of Illinois became the first state to adopt the model penal code developed by the American Bar Association. This code has one thing in it of importance to us. This is the section that legalizes all forms of sexual behavior between consenting adults, in private. This has no direct bearing on TVs, being of interest principally to homosexuals, but it is a sign of a more understanding and tolerant point of view in contrast to the biggotted, Victorian prudery which enslaves so much of American culture.

Another event was the failure of the U. S. Supreme Court to uphold the Post Office's ban on sending several homosexual books through the mails. Again it is a victory for the Gay set from which we are attempting to distinguish ourselves, but it is a victory for all minority groups in that it strikes down one more case of Administrative Censorship. This hydra-headed monster will, however, have to be cut down on a lot more fronts before we will live in a culture that will allow an intelligent adult human being to choose his own literature, movies, magazines and personal expressions on the basis of his own preferences with the one important limitation that in doing so he not impose on the rights and privileges of others.

Late in August we will receive from England a shipment of a new paperback booklet entitled "REVERSE SEX". This is the personal autobiography of Coccinelle printed in England. It is 127 pages long and has 64 full page illustrations of this famous impersonator. As many of you know Coccinelle was married to her manager a couple of months ago after a visit to Casablanca for a sex-change operation. This is the first complete biographical write up she has permitted.

We have ordered only a limited number of these books, so if you want one please reserve now and shipment will be made upon arrival. Price, first class postage included, is \$2.00. Order directly from:

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

Box 36091

Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Phi Pi Epsilon

PHI PI EPSILON has been a going concern now for some months. These months have brought forth enthusiasm and disapproval, acceptance and rejection of the idea, willingness to join and help and also reluctance and fear--in short a variety of attitudes ranging from whole-hearted co-operation down to indifference. Many comments and suggestions have been made about it. Some of this counsel was good and has been taken to heart and some of it was motivated by either fear, ignorance of the purposes, or antagonism and was therefore rejected. But experience is the best teacher and from the experiences of these past months much has been learned and the path ahead is clearer for having learned it.

Before relating plans for the future it is only fair that some of the opposing arguments be given and reply made in order to clear the air for those who are undecided. Those opposing FPE make four assertions principally: (1) FPE is a private clique organized by Virginia for her own purposes and dominated by her and is undemocratic and dictatorial; (2) Virginia and/or Chevalier uses the money paid in; (3) It is dangerous to put your right name on the application as it could get you in trouble; and (4) What's in it for the member anyway? Now some replies.

As the Editor and Publisher of TRANSVESTIA, which you will all agree is the only magazine of its kind, I naturally have access to mere information, mere names, mere histories, mere problems, mere hopes expressed, mere fears revealed than anybody else in the field and probably in the world. This being the case, I, more than most anyone else, saw the need for self acceptance on the one hand and public enlightenment on the other. This, together with access to the names from the subscription list made me the logical one to try to put together a national organization. Whoever organizes anything is the one to be shot at by others simply because he or she is at the top of the pile and in the most vulnerable position. I have observed that the human race can be divided into leaders, followers and a middle group. This middle group is made up of people who have enough knowledge and intelligence to understand

the aims and purposes of the leaders, but not enough courage, drive energy or ambition as the case might be to do it themselves. At the same time they are not willing to sit back and lend personal moral and financial support to the leaders. This type of person is always critical of what the leadership is doing but seldom makes constructive suggestions or gets into the swim and carries part of the load himself.

Now the first objection...If you organize something, figure out the problems and set it before others, you, of necessity, having conceived of most of the ideas, are open to the accusation of domination. But wait...this particular organization has one problem that very few others have. Namely the need for security. If this were not true it could be a lot more democratic, but under the circumstances procedures had to be developed which would protect ALL to the best of our ability. That is the reason for the questionnaire in the application. It is the reason for asking the applicant to be open and fair and give his real name. We cannot guarantee the integrity of anybody but it is reasonable to assume that a person sufficiently developed and self accepting to give his name is less likely to be a far out extremist or to do something that would endanger those who become associated with him in a local group. Persons unaware of some of the complications and threats to their own, the organizations and TRANSESTIA'S existence would if given more democratic freedom, make decisions on things in a most impractical way and to the detriment of all. Thus I am not attempting to dominate but cannot escape the accusation if it by virtue of being the organizer, and secondly, the movement cannot, at this stage be democratic and have a measure of security at the same time.

Next, it is claimed that I derive financial gain from the dues paid in. The first semi-annual report on FPE will be mailed to members soon, and when it appears it will be evident that neither Chevalier Publications, Virginia Prince, nor Barbara and Bob Stevens have taken any money at all out of the funds paid in to FPE. To the contrary we have contributed great amounts of time and energy toward the whole project. Thirdly, the matter of names on a list. This is rather silly for most people insofar as most readers use their true names in subscribing to TVia and thus their names are already on this list. But the applications sent in are given the additional protection of being put in a safe deposit box in a bank.

Finally, the question is asked, "What's in it for those who join?" No pot of gold at the end of the rainbow surely, but the psychological satisfactions of feeling that you belong to an organization of similar minded people, the possibility of contacting others in person with a little more security about them than would have been the case from just writing a letter, and finally the satisfaction of knowing that financially you are supporting the only efforts that have EVER been made by anyone (with the possible exception of Dr. Hirschfeld in Germany in the early 1900s) to bring the behavior of FPatation out in the open, to study it, to acquaint lay and professional people with it, and to help provide understanding to wives, parents, public and for that matter the TV himself. All of us bewail the fact that society takes the attitude it does, but as Mark Twain said about the weather, nobody does anything about it. We try. So there are my answers to the principle objectives, now let us proceed to discuss a new development.

I have consulted my attorney and have been advised that it would provide several advantages to incorporate FPE into a nonprofit corporation. One of these advantages would be the protection of names since it would take a very unusual court action to force them to be revealed--much less likely than when they are under private and individual sponsorship in which the integrity of the individual is actually the only protection. Another is that moneys have to be accounted for since tax returns have to be made. Over the past few months it has become evident that some people do not like the idea of a "sorority" for men. They feel it labels us, that it is undignified and that we cannot do the best educational job under this banner. I have come to agree with this point of view and can therefore see the need of a change particularly from the public point of view. It seems, therefore, to be in the best interests of everyone and of the overall purposes of the organization to incorporate under the name of the "FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION". That is a long and impressive sounding name but note that its initials are still FPE. Critics might also note that I, Virginia, have made this decision and this, of course, will be taken as further evidence of domination and undemocratic actions. But who else is to make this decision? Are any of those who accuse me of domination willing to come forward and have THEIR true names appear on the incorporation papers of this Foundation? If so, please contact me at once, as I need others willing to put themselves on the public record for the good of the cause.

The stated purpose of the Foundation will be to support research into various modes of personality expression, to publish and distribute information on the subject and the results of research, to encourage public consideration of the rights of the individual to express all of himself as long as he does not infringe on the rights and privileges of others, to support changes of the law to bring about equality of expression between the sexes and in general to educate the public to realize that varying expressions of inner personality traits are not necessarily related to the sex of the individual nor to his sexual orientation. The program of the Foundation will be worked out and presented to the membership later but it will be designed along these lines.

Now what change does this make? (1) Those who are interested in helping the work financially but who do not wish to reveal themselves in an application or who do not care about socializing with others can now contribute money directly as a gift to the work without forms or anything but a receipt. (2) Those who are interested in meeting others and expressing themselves socially may ask for the application form as in the past, fill it out, be accepted, pay the dues and fee and become members of PHI PI EPSILON. The money so paid in will go to the same Foundation purposes as that donated anonymously. (3) Those who are presently members and have paid their fees undergo no change of status, the money collected to date will simply be turned over to the Foundation and used for its purposes.

It can be seen therefore that the Foundation gives us the public dignity, responsibility, and respectability that we need. It will permit of support from persons not necessarily FPs themselves, i.e. we should be able to elicit the help of some doctors, psychologists, ministers, etc. as members of an Advisory Board to help us in the planning and performance of a program. No one who claims to be a TV or FP could reasonably refuse to support financially the efforts of the Foundation since they can do so without any forms, applications, risks or responsibilities. I hope that those of you who have not joined FPE under its preceding status will now come forward and lend a hand to the project.

On the social side, those who wish to form groups may do so. However, we will not assist in bringing people together who have not filled out an application and been accepted into FPE. Our reasons are clear and simple. We have no way of knowing anything about any of you who wish to make contact with others except through

your application form. We cannot and specifically do not guarantee
ner vouch for anybody else, but we do hope that screening through
the application form and pledge will go far to eliminate those who
do not properly belong to our group. It is further hoped that as
local groups get underway that they will undertake some serious con-
tributions to the total effort and this is another reason for lim-
iting our social efforts to those who show a real interest, desire
and sincerity in furthering the whole field as well as in having a
good time themselves. I hope that under this new two-sided arrange-
ment that we can draw all FPs into a co-operating unit under one
aspect or the other. United we can do something, separately...no-
thing.

The first FPE action aimed at education is going out this
month in the form of a reprint of Virginia's article from SEXOLOGY,
a beautiful bit of biographical writing by one of us and which will
appear in TVia seen, a particularly expressive letter recently re-
ceived from a new reader, together with a covering and explanatory
letter. All this is being mailed to over 1300 Psychiatric Clinics
around the country. It is hoped it will stimulate awareness of the
field and more interest on the part of Psychiatrists. The costs
of this project have come from the membership fees paid by those
joining FPE. Other projects for the enlightenment of the legal as
well as the medical profession are in the works. All educational
effort takes money, so I make a frank solicitation for your finan-
cial support of the FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION, its
your battle too!

I would like to give public recognition and thanks to one who
has really done her part in this work. You will all remember Alice
(5-H-3FPE) as the "Leopard Girl in TVia #6. Alice works at a job
that normally does not pay a lot of money. She also had a fire
last year that wiped out her whole wardrobe. Yet in spite of both
of these matters she has become the first one to be a BENEFACTOR
MEMBER of FPE with her contribution of \$100 to its work. This evi-
dence of confidence in the purposes of the organization and token
of appreciation of what TVia has meant to her is wonderful and
speaking for the whole group, I'd like to extend our deep thanks
to Alice for her generosity. This gift has made the formation of
the non-profit corporation possible now instead of later. If oth-
ers feel the same enthusiasm as Alice, even though not in 3 fig-
ures, we will soon have an organization to be proud of. Other min-
orities have organized to study, publicize and educate, why should-
n't we?



ELLA 32-W-9 FPE



EVELYN 5-H-8



JANICE & JOYCE
37-W-1 37-L-1



JEAN 9-C-3 FPE



DIANNA LOUISE 32-H-4



BILLIE 16-B-2

Wisdom ... Moderation ... Perspective

by Virginia

Having been through a great deal of pain, fear, guilt, loneliness and frustration in my life I wanted to help others avoid or conquer these feelings. My tool for doing this has been TRANSVESTIA. Daily I have the satisfaction of knowing from the letters we receive that my efforts, and of recent months Barbara's efforts too, are accomplishing these purposes. Each mail brings letters in which several of you clearly indicate that since you discovered this magazine a new world has opened up for you and you now have a better, cleaner and finer view of yourself and of our mutual joy, femmedressing. For this I am glad. A vast amount of work goes into the activities of Chevalier Publications most of it unseen and not obvious to those of you who just see the finished product. But all of this is worthwhile when we get letters indicating that we have accomplished our purpose and have freed some of you from the bonds of guilt, shame and loneliness and helped you toward more self understanding and self acceptance. However, we now begin to sense a new problem in some of the letters crossing our desks and it is with this problem that this column is concerned.

According to Webster; Wisdom is "the ability to judge soundly, or to perceive the best ends and the best means", Moderation means "keeping within bounds, observing reasonable limits, and not going to extremes," Perspective is the "capacity to view things in their true relations or relative importance". Consider these terms in relation to our field of interest. Before discovering TRANSVESTIA one of us expresses only behind locked doors, feels very guilty after each occasion of dressing, lives in fear of being discovered and "shamed", thinks of the act of femmedressing as being dirty or degrading--something that should not be done by any self respecting male, and usually thinks he is one of a very few with this desire. Then in one way or another the magazine gets into his hands. He reads that there are many many others like himself...he finds their feelings about themselves were like his own...he reads their histories and in many ways it is like reading his own autobiography. As one recent letter put it.."I read and re-read my own thoughts and feelings over and over but now they come from the minds of others."

He studies the Cover Girls (who are particularly selected for their authentic appearance and the impression of our field that they will make on the non-FP reader) and feels a desire to be as attractive as they are. He reads of the experiences of some of the more ad-

venturous types and envies them. He learns that it is possible to take hormones, reads about sex-change surgery, etc. In short, he bursts out of his confinement of many years into a rather blinding light of realization that he is not alone, he is not a pervert, not something to be ashamed of, and on the positive side that his awareness of his own femininity can be an advantage and something to use and be proud of if handled correctly. Now this is all fine provided he remembers the three words WISDOM, MODERATION and PERSPECTIVE. Unfortunately some do not.

When these words are not remembered and applied, there is no problem for Barbara and myself nor for TRANSVESTIA except indirectly. The problems are for the individual. He reads that others have been taking hormones so there is nothing for it but that he should do likewise. If he is married this may prove very costly in domestic relations. To do so under these conditions is not WISE. Some tend to go overboard in other ways and do not recognize their own limitations. Perhaps they do not make up too authentically, but they read of others going out so they have to go out too. This is not using MODERATION. Some who have been frustrated all their lives and now find the world opening up before them, forget to view their transvestic activities in their proper relationship to their domestic situation, their business and social relations and in other ways do not apply PERSPECTIVE. That is, they do not evaluate things properly and consider their relative importance.

The purpose of this article is to try to remind some of you of the importance of making wise judgements, of following Confucius' dictum of "Moderation in all things", and of weighing your TV desires against the other aspects of your life so as to see them in a proper relationship. Neither Barbara nor I want to feel that because we have worked hard at breaking down locked doors, at destroying guilt feelings, at providing opportunities for meeting others and establishing contacts, and at encouraging TVs and FPs to learn more about the phenomenon and to accept themselves without shame, that we are encouraging foolish and unwise acts, impractical and improbable impersonations, and disturbed domestic relations.

In this magazine we have encouraged you to "tell somebody" about your TV because it is good for your own peace of mind to do so. We do NOT necessarily recommend that you tell your parents or your wives unless they have been properly prepared and unless YOU are properly prepared to tell them, which you can't be until you are rid of much of the guilt usually carried by TVs.

We have mentioned female hormones and suggested that this might be a good thing both for the internal emotional satisfaction of the individual and because it would probably help to cool off the more compulsive aspects of his transvestism. (This same theory is followed by some psychiatrists). We do NOT suggest, however, that any one of you should attempt to achieve a B-cup bust. That would be very foolish.

We select as attractive Girls for the covers of TVia as we can find and we know that you all enjoy and appreciate them. We do NOT expect that you can all emulate them and we do not urge you to try, unless you are endowed by nature with similar attributes. We cannot all be Marilyn Monroe, let's face it.

We print true life adventures of our readers when they are submitted because we know that others can vicariously live these adventures themselves. We do not necessarily either condone nor recommend some of these activities as a matter of policy of the magazine. We do NOT print them as examples for any and all to follow.

In short we give these items of information and print these pictures and stories for enjoyment and for help in achieving greater understanding of the whole field in general and of yourselves in particular. We have to hope that you will all employ wisdom in making your judgements about what you personally can, and should, undertake; that you will use moderation in whatever you do...not being extreme in dress, in frequency of femmedressing, or in imposing on other persons who try to understand; and that you will try to employ perspective in seeing FemmePersonation as an adjunct to your masculine personality, not a substitute for it. We were all born male, trained in masculinity, and have acquired most of our experience in that role. Thus we are expected by society and by our loved ones to function adequately in that role. TRANSVESTIA does not exist for the purpose of impairing or destroying the masculine but rather to allow those who are aware of their feminine side to extract the full benefits from it. We can experience some of the feminine side of life, express part of our personality that way, and be better persons and citizens for it IF we utilize these abilities and express our desires with WISDOM; in MODERATION; and apply PERSPECTIVE to keep the whole matter in balance and under control.

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

I am going to devote my Editorial space this time to placing some cards on the table with you, my readers, and I hope my friends, and to show you some of the problems of being an Editor.

I should like to start out by a brief restatement of purpose and intent--older readers know these things, but newer ones may not. TRANSVESTIA was not begun and is not continuing as a commercial venture for the purpose of making money. This should be obvious from the tone of it as compared to other publications on the market. It was started as a result of my own personal heartaches and problems and my awareness that there were thousands more like me. I felt then and do now that a lot of peace of mind could be provided to a lot of people by the awareness that there were others like themselves, that their desires were not perverse or debased, that they served a real purpose in the personality, and that becoming aware of these things they could rid themselves of the guilt, fear and loneliness that had dominated their lives. I get many letters that prove I was right in this. Such letters are the big source of satisfaction that keeps the wheels turning. Fortunately they are in the majority, but there are some letters that come in which are quite upsetting--for example:

Several weeks ago we went through our cards which had not been active for a couple of issues and sent out a notice asking why we had not heard from them recently and should we keep their names on the mailing list or what? This of course reminded a lot of people who sent in subscriptions, others whose names had gotten on our lists from other lists we had purchased and who really did not belong there wrote asking to have their name removed. Then there was the following note written by a person who had been with us for sometime and who had even contributed material to past issues:

"You haven't heard from me because I detest your commercialistic way of handling TVism and your exploitation of TVs; your dictatorial, undemocratic way of doing things and your terrible treatment of particular TVs--especially of late. I for one, have no need for you or others like you!"

Now that is a charming letter I think you will agree, especially as it came scribbled on the back of a strip torn from the form we had mailed out. I, of course, answered it and asked that if the writer was so concerned with democratic processes that he apply one of the basic rules of American democracy and confront the accused with the details of the charge. So far he has not designed to reply.

Now, on the theory that if one person can feel this way there may be others, I have felt it worthwhile to print the accusation and a word of rebuttal for the benefit of those who may share his feelings. So, (1) Commercialization--I don't know what can be referred to here unless it is the price of \$4. As many of you know the magazine has been selling on the stands for \$5 to \$8, so \$4 can hardly be out of line. If he refers to selling other things, since he also used the word "exploitation", I can only say that we have tried to obtain and make available items and publications which we felt were a service to TVs. The Clipsheet for instance, provides those in smaller cities with a look at things they would not otherwise see; stories are printed for their interest and I'm frank enough to say that I don't mind making an honest dollar that way. I'm sure there were many more pages for the \$5 charged for "Fated for Femininity" than were obtainable at that price anywhere else. Falsies, wig blocks, clamps etc. are all offered because there is a need for all of these items by TVs. Is it exploitation to offer people what they want and perhaps cannot get elsewhere? (2) It seems I am "dictatorial and undemocratic". This strikes me as pretty ridiculous. Whose neck is furthest out? Who has paid the price I have paid to keep TVia going? Who has access to more information about the dangers inherent in letting the wrong kind of person utilize our services? Who has the responsibility of protecting the security of those who have entrusted their secrets, names, confessions etc. to my care? Who has gone furthest in developing plans for the general betterment of the position of the TV in our society and bringing them into being? Just plain little old me, Virginia, that's who! And this being the case who has a greater right, nay a greater responsibility than I to lay down some of the rules by which we shall proceed? I don't say the above out of conceit nor by way of asking for acclamation, but it does make me a little teed off to think that somebody would make accusations like this with so little appreciation of the problems involved. I am guilty (3) of "terrible treatment of particular TVs": I have no idea who he has in mind and if anyone feels that he has been treated

terribly I certainly hope he will let me know about it so that things can be straightened out. The only thing I can think of that might be behind this remark is the fact that we turned down ads in Person to Person for some who had bought back copies of TVia off the newsstands in New York because they had not registered with us according to the new procedure. This may have been annoying to the new subscriber, but this regulation became necessary for the protection of all of you. Perhaps this writer felt that the \$5 registration fee charged was a graft. Had he read far enough he would have found that this \$5 is applicable against ads and answers at the same rate as before. We make nothing extra out of it. We do however, go to extra printing and mailing expense and trouble to administer it, but it is done in the interest of the security of all. How do we know what type of person buys the mag. on a stand and then writes a letter to YOU? When you get a letter through CONTACT you are likely to feel a certain security because we passed it through. When we only had mail order subscribers we knew a little about all of you and felt that we could safely relay letters. But with newstand sale anybody can get in the act and we can no longer offer any protection. So this "terrible treatment" and "exploitation" of TVs turns out to be done for the benefit of all readers and I hope that this column will clarify the matter to any of you who have been put out by having ads returned or by the imposition of the registration rule.

Let me finish off this defense by this gen. statement. I work long and hard and so does Barbara on the various aspects of our activities, TVia, Clipsheet, FemmeMirror, editing stories, setting up the Sorority, (now to become the Foundation, see article in this issue), and other unsung and unknown tasks. If we get to the point where we can say that we make a profit over our expenses (which includes compensation for labor) we will surely have earned it like any other business. Profits are nothing to be ashamed of. However, TVia wasn't started, nor is it continued for that purpose, so charges of commercialism are either plain stupidity or massive ignorance and non-understanding or both. I am trying to give you what you want, teach those who are willing to learn, guide those who seek direction, and do everything I can to bring the pattern of TVism and FPatation into better focus and broader understanding. And if for this critical friend "has no need for me and others like me", it can only be because he has found others who have done more in the past and offer more in the future than I have been able to do with all my efforts and good intentions. If he has not found such a source of moral support I can only wish him luck in his splendid isolation! Your embattled Editor.

Goods and Services

SECRET MAIL ADDRESS. If you don't want to give your own address use mine. Letters remailed to you immediately in strong plain envelopes. Mail handled with utmost care and confidence. Monthly rates, you supply stamps. Write today for full details

HEDGEPEETH--Mail Agent 406 So. 2nd St. Alhambra, Calif.

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WIGS CLEANED AND DRESSED BY A BEAUTICIAN.

To look their best wigs must be cleaned and dressed. Send yours to me in a strong box together with a picture or description of the style desired. Wig will be returned postpaid and insured within one week. Send \$8 with order and include clear address.

ANN RAE 1006 N. Gardner St. Hollywood 28, Calif.

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"IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT 'UP FRONT'--YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT!"

This you must have for personal satisfaction and for authentic appearance to others. If you haven't worn a pair of Chevalier's falsies with natural weight, softness, bounce, (and if you're able, cleavage) you just haven't lived, girl. Kit consists of an inflatable type bra with inserts, ingredients for making the jelly for the inside, and complete instructions.

Bra and inserts \$5 Jelly ingredients \$5

Bra inserts are removable and can be worn in bra of your own choice.

SERVICE DEPT. CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS BOX 36091 Los Angeles 36.

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DON'T BE A "SQUAREHEAD"

You can't keep your hairpiece in a box and have it look like anything. It takes the square shape of the box. You also can't comb and arrange it without something "head-shaped" to put it on. We offer a plastic mannequin type headblock for hairpieces-----\$5

To mount the block, to hold it still and at a convenient angle requires a special clamp with spike to hold block also-----\$5

SERVICE DEPT. CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS BOX 36091 Los Angeles 36



Person to Person

NOTICE: For the protection of all those seeking the use of Person to Person it has become necessary to request registration for its use both as to ads and answers. Please see inside back cover for details. Send any letters to be remailed in stamped, unsealed envelopes to "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif. Do NOT send them to Chevalier Publications at Box 36091 Los Angeles 36.

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5-G-1 FPE Married FP, early 40's, undrstng. wife, corres. & meet other sincere FP's on West Coast. Will answer all. JEANETTE

=====

13-H-1 FPE Married FP who passes well desires corres., will answer letters. Good undrstng. of gen. probs. Glad to help when asked. MARGE

=====

9-C-3 FPE FP of many years. Divorced, 42, engineer. Corres. other FP's & marriageable, undrstng. women. All letters answered. JEAN

=====

35-G-1 FPE Cleveland FP wishes contact others this area, partic. members FPE. Like to start group here. FRAN

=====

32-W-9 FP Married, 50, upper N.Y. Like corres. or meet reserved FP's in this area, perhaps form a group. ELLA

=====

37-P-1 Married FP, Portland Ore., wishes contact others this area interested join local group, must be member FPE. OLIVIA

FOR SALE: Blond wig excellent condition, freshly cleaned and dressed. Same one worn by Cover Girl Nancy in TVia #14 (she's now a brunette). This item is a good buy at \$125. Send check with order, money back if not satisfied. Chev. Pubs. Service Box 36091 L. A. 36.

*** ITEMS AND PRICES ***

TRANSVESTIA is published about the 1st of even-numbered months at \$4 per copy. ALL back issues are available. Nos. 1 and 2 are in 1/4 page photoreductions at reduced prices. All others \$4 each

TV"CLIPSHEET" is published the 1st of each odd-numbered month and consists of reproductions of newspaper and magazine clippings both old and new sent in by readers. Its purpose is to provide material for scrap books that might not otherwise be available. Price \$1 an issue or \$5 per year of 6 issues.

The FEMMEMIRROR is published monthly on the 15th and consists principally of excerpts from letters, suggestions, discussion of questions of interest, news notes etc. It is a newsletter for FemmePersonators. Price \$1 an issue or \$10 per year of 12 issues.

NOTE: As an inducement to save a lot of record keeping, those who wish a full year of each of the 3 publications above and will pay for them all at once will receive one issue of TVia free. Price of 6 TVias, 6 Clipsheets and 12 Femmemirrors--\$35. Save \$7 over regular price. This offer applies only for 1 year IN ADVANCE. Back issues available at regular prices as given above.

DRESS CATALOG: A catalog of all types of dresses, skirts, blouses, lounging wear and lingerie all custom made to your own measurements. Full information on prices, measurements etc. \$1.00

"FATED FOR FEMININITY": A separate full length story about a boy who only wants to be a cheer leader but ends up as a beauty queen and as the bride of a beautiful woman. A wonderful TV story \$5.

NAME _____	CODE NO. _____		
TRANSVESTIA #s 1 & 2 (Photoreductions 1/4 size		\$2.50 ea	\$ _____
TRANSVESTIA all other issues from #3 on		\$4.00 ea	\$ _____
TV CLIPSHEET Issues No. _____		\$1 ea. \$5/ yr. (6)	\$ _____
FEMMEMIRROR Issues No. _____		\$1 ea \$10/ yr. (12)	\$ _____
PACKAGE DEAL: 1 year of all three in advance		\$35.00	\$ _____
"FATED FOR FEMININITY" Book length story		\$5.00	\$ _____
CUSTOM MADE DRESS CATALOG		\$1.00	\$ _____
REALISTIC FALSIES: Special bra with plastic inserts		\$5	\$ _____
Special jelly for filling inserts		\$5	\$ _____
PLASTIC "HEAD" WIG BLOCK		\$5	\$ _____
SWIVEL CLAMP FOR HOLDING WIG BLOCK		\$5	\$ _____

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Case histories, true experiences, fictional stories, articles of opinion, poems and pictures are welcome. The greater variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited on this basis:

1. Material is offered for publication without compensation and for the benefit of all.
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off color material will not be published and therefore should not be submitted.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES:

For the protection of the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it has become necessary to limit the ads and answers service of the magazine to those who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for a free personal information form. Fill out and return with \$5 registration fee. When accepted this money may be applied against ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. If not accepted it will be returned.

Members of PHI PI EPSILON are free to advertise and to reply to ads without further application and at regular rates.

RATES: \$2 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies \$1.

No replies or other material intended for remailing should be sent to Chevalier Publications or to TRANSVESTIA itself. Address all such mail to "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Los Angeles 19.

GOODS AND SERVICES ADS also accepted, rates upon request.



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