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TRANSVESTIA

TRANSVESTIA



NO. 15 - 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.

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"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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TRANSVESTIA

The Facts of My Life

by Lee (32-B-3)

My story will probably strike a responsive chord in many other TVs because I find it difficult to pinpoint an explanation as to why this phenomenon exists in me. It simply grew like Topsy, with no identifiable beginning. It was suddenly very much a part of my life and I suffered the familiar pangs of guilt over a period of many years before I ultimately was able to understand its nature and enjoy its fulfillment.

I was raised in a completely normal environment and enjoyed an average, pleasant childhood, the youngest child in a family which was made up of another brother and two sisters. I was neither "petticoat punished" nor ever put into dresses by my older sisters. My earliest recollection of desire for things feminine was at the age of about eight years when my curiosity became aroused. It was simply a matter of seeing little girls in dresses and yearning to experience the pleasurable feelings they must surely know when dressed in their silken underclothes and soft skirts.

The next few years found my desires confined to fantasy until a memorable day at about the age of thirteen. The scene was a familiar one. I was alone in the house with time on my hands. Having just finished showering, I was returning to my room and going by my sister's door. My eye caught a delectable-looking piece of lingerie peeking out of one of her dresser drawers. The years of fantasy and pent-up curiosity could no longer be suppressed. I had to find out by actual experience whether this dormant urge of mine did, in fact, have any validity.

I pulled out the drawer with tingling excitement to reveal an array of soft, delicate slips, nighties, bras and hose. I was immediately drawn to a luxurious pink, silk-satin, lavishly laced nightgown. When I pulled it out and realized it was a full length gown my excitement redoubled. I crushed it to my body and realized that my heart was pumping at an abnormal rate and, as my blood surged within me, that I must be blushing like a bride on her wedding night.

With great care I slipped the gown over my head and, as it slowly undulated down my naked body, I experienced a sensuous caressing

feeling unlike anything I had ever known. I luxuriated in this new found pleasure as long as I dared, fearing that someone would return to the house and discover me. It was only for about fifteen minutes; and then I carefully folded the gown and returned it to its place. I knew then that this was to be the first act in a long series of similar experiments in dressing. From that time on I hungrily looked forward to the opportunity for more such experiments, each time familiarizing myself with as many other feminine garments as time would permit.)

By the time I reached high school my sisters had moved out of the house to homes of their own, and my experiences became limited to the wearing of a slip and nightgown of my own which was carefully hidden from my mother. During this period of my life I found myself very much occupied in such masculine activities as football, wrestling, and gymnastics, and out-of-school time consumed by working at odd jobs to supplement the family income which had been drastically curtailed by my father's death when I was sixteen. My TV activities had all but disappeared, and once again became relegated to a fantasy world.

Then the war in Korea broke out. I was shipped to the Orient and found myself in a world far removed from the one which my fantasies conjured. The endless days of filth and danger seemed only to accentuate the desirability of feminine clothing and living. There was, of course, no opportunity to fulfill this gnawing urge. The consolation lay in the realization that, should I survive, and I could return to and once more participate in the softness, cleanliness and fragrance of a feminine world.

Shortly after returning home, my mother remarried and I started living alone for the first time. I gradually acquired a small wardrobe, limited largely because of my embarrassment in going into stores and purchasing feminine clothing. The largest segment of this wardrobe was a collection of nightgowns in which I could luxuriate every night of my life.

The inevitable finally happened. I discovered my first issue of TVia and learned about the Chevalier D'Eon. I was soon in contact with Marie and purchased my first wig and a collection of cosmetics. Until this time my activities had been confined simply to dressing. I was now eagerly anticipating my first complete transformation into a feminine personality. The accomplishment of this transformation was to a large degree made possible by my meeting



LEE, the LADY
of LEISURE

with Marie and Susanna. My natural fears and apprehensions were quickly dispelled by the outgoing generosity and kindness of this wonderful couple. Fears gave way to a sense of "belonging" as I was made to realize that I was by no means alone in my desires. I also met a few other TVs who dropped in and easily fell in with the natural conversation about clothing, cosmetics, mutual problems and exchanges in experiences. At the same time I learned there was to be a Halloween party at the resort three weeks hence.

It was during this period that Lee emerged. Endless hours were devoted to learning in three weeks what many women never seem to learn in a lifetime. Every evening was devoted to experiments in making up-I would carefully complete the job, detect a flaw, remove all of it and start again. This process continued until I finally satisfied myself that I had achieved the best possible result for me.

Halloween night at the resort finally arrived. Never before had I ever appeared before others and, despite the knowledge that I was among understanding and sympathetic TVs, I could not suppress my nervousness. My misgivings about the quality of the transformation were soon dispelled by the extremely complimentary remarks which were made, and I shortly relaxed into a friendly and satisfying atmosphere. Everyone present seemed to go out of her way to be pleasant and put me at ease, and I particularly recall Virginia's interest and her helpful suggestions to me about my carriage, mannerisms and other important facets of femininity. After an afternoon of a type of relaxation I had never before known, attired in a full-skirted white daytime dress, white high-heeled shoes and gold jewelry, I returned to my room to freshen up for the evening. I changed to a blue lace over taffeta sheath with full sleeves, black pumps and rhinestone jewels. For this first evening at an "all-girl" party I decided to change my make-up to create a more dramatic effect. It was a glorious evening and a complete success.

My next experience at the resort was an entirely different one. The season was over for the TV crowd, but I had been invited with Vicky to help care for a group of hunters coming for the weekend. Although I had packed for my feminine counterpart, I had no serious plans to dress among "outsiders". Because of my considerable experience with firearms I soon became quite friendly with the hunters and spent some time with them discussing ballistics, muzzle energy, velocities and other technical aspects in the use of weapons. At this point I found myself in a terrible conflict between the consum-

SISTER ACT
LEE and GAIL (32-W-4)



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← Quote -- " WOW! " -- Unquote

ing urge to assume my feminine role and a strong repugnance to reveal myself as a TV to this decidedly masculine group. The only feasible solution seemed to be a hasty retreat and return to New York immediately since, by this time, I was no longer feeling physically well.

After discussing my problem with Vicky and Susanna, both of whom were completely understanding but unwilling to influence me either way, I returned to my room to think it all out with as much objectivity and calm as I could muster. When I reached my conclusion it was to toss caution to the winds and enjoy the experience I must certainly have wanted when I left on this trip. I did as careful a make-up job as I was capable of, dressed in a blue pleated skirt with a white blouse and, taking a deep breath, emerged to face the certain ridicule of the hunters. Their reaction was first one of complete nonrecognition until I was introduced by Susanna. At this point I can only recall that their shock was second only to mine. Their disbelief vanished when I spoke, and I then faced a barrage of questions which I parried as best I could but which seemed to me to be received with disbelief. The immediate shock began to fade and once again I basked in the relaxed character I was learning each time to enjoy more and more. I noted the pleased expressions on Susanna and Vicky's faces (See "Susanna Says" TVia #14). My initiation in meeting non-TVs as Lee was behind me and served as a prelude to a far more exciting experience.

The highlight of Lee's TV life to date occurred on New Year's Eve, 1961. Gail and I received a gracious invitation to attend a party in Pennsylvania and to spend the weekend with Gloria and her lovely wife, Colleen. We arrived at their beautiful home on Friday evening and hastened to transform ourselves into our preferred roles. It was not until the following afternoon that we became aware that what we believed was to be a costume party would not be. It took only a brief consultation between us to decide that we would not have brought our beautiful evening gowns in vain--we were most certainly going to appear as Lee and Gail.

Late the next afternoon I donned a custom-made, full-length clinging black sheath with organza kick-skirt set off by 3-inch pendant rhinestone earrings with matching bracelet and necklace, a highly theatrical make-up job and a beautiful white fox furpiece generously contributed by Gloria. Gail wore a low-cut, full-skirted long white chiffon-over-taffeta evening gown with blue rhinestone accessories.

We left for the party which was held at a new luxurious supper club owned by Gloria and which was attended by over a hundred patrons. As we entered a hush descended in the room principally because we were the only "girls" wearing evening gowns--and very sexy ones at that. We "passed" beautifully. After a few hours of basking in the admiring glances of men and women alike, refusing the proffered invitations to dance in a most demure fashion, it became necessary to leave. Gail was beginning to suffer as a result of my having taped her bosom for greater cleavage effect.

Gail made an unobtrusive exit, but due to the restriction of my extremely narrow skirts I was compelled to mince seductively from the center of the room where we had enjoyed "ringside" seats at the dance floor to the exit on the far side of the room. As I made my way between tables a rising tide of admiration developed in my wake. Low whistles and light applause grew into piercing whistles and loud approbation. As I reached the door, I could not resist the temptation to turn about, grace the admiring crowd with a big smile and blow them a farewell kiss. The deception was not only perfect, but it was an outstanding personal success. I must, in all fairness, add that Gail does not share in this opinion although we wholeheartedly agreed that we enjoyed an exceptionally wonderful experience.

A few months ago it would have seemed fantastic for me to "dress" and sally forth in public. This is something that TV fantasies are made of. Yet here it was--quite real. Are the things I think impossible or improbable today such as living as a woman for a short period of time--to become a reality in my future?

Sincerely,

"Lee"

.....
ALL BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA ARE AVAILABLE.

Some of you new girls may not know that we have reprinted all back issues so that you can catch up to those who have been in the family since the beginning. You'll be interested in the progress made and in the various articles and history of our activities. #s 1 & 2 are in quarter size pages at \$2.50 but 3-14 are all full size and regular price...while they last!

TAX TIME

by Betty (5-D-1)

I walked into the building and looked around. The crowd was small and I was glad, as I hate to have to wait in crowded rooms. I took the small card with the number on it and sat down. After lighting a cigarette I noticed that the number I had was 26. Then I heard the man call out, "Number 24" and I knew I wouldn't have long to wait.

I had a large envelope with all the information and other material I needed in it. I looked it over and arranged it so that I could have a clear picture in my mind when I went over it with the man behind the counter. I suddenly realized that someone was calling, "Number 26" so I got up and went toward the counter. As I approached it I noticed that he was quite a nice looking man, and looked like he would be able to understand my problem.

I laid the Government Form sheet in front of him and then I tried to explain to him that although I am not married and have no children, that I can't understand why I can't take an exemption for two people.

He replied, "But there is only you and that is only one exemption."

I said, "You really don't understand, Sir. If you will look in the Instruction Sheet you will see that it says very clearly--if you provide more than \$500 per year or half the support for someone else, then you can claim them as an exemption. Now since I pay for all of Tom's--"

He interrupted, "Who is Tom?"

"Tom is ME!" I told him.

"How can you be Tom, I thought you said this was your name--" pointing to the name on the form, he said, looking puzzled.

"That is what I am trying to tell you" I continued. "You see Tom and I are the same person--that is we use the same body but we are different persons, if you see what I mean."

He bobbed his head in a sort of circle. I didn't know if that

meant Yes or No.

"Well, let me try to explain from the beginning. When I was a little girl...I mean boy...I felt I should have been a girl. What I mean is, I liked to dress like a girl and feel that I was a girl. Do you understand?"

Again he bobbed his head as before. So I went on.

"As I grew up I sort of became two people in one. Maybe it would help you if I call one the brother and the other the sister. Now, my brother would go to work and leave me home in the closet. He would come home from work and then he let me live because he would go into the closet and I would come out. Is that clear so far?"

"No", he said, "but go on and maybe it will clear up for me."

I continued, "As I said, I am two people in one body so we take turns living, and using this body. What I wanted to find out is why I can't claim two exemptions since the two of us use the income equally?"

He stood there and said, "Look lady, the law won't allow you to claim two exemptions if you are only one person!"

Well, if he is going to get obstinant I can too, so I just told him, "well, you just read your old law and you will see that I am right. You men think that women don't know anything at all, can't you see right here where it says I can claim an exemption if I pay out \$500 for the support of another person! Or if a person receives half of their support from someone then that someone can claim them as an exemption! Well, little man here are the bills for dresses, lingerie, jewelry, fur coats, shoes, nylons and other things. You will see that they add up to more than \$500! Now you interpret your law and tell me I am wrong!" I never saw anyone so confused over something so simple. He took all the forms and bills, etc., and went into the Director's office and they were going over them one by one. After a while he asked me to come into the office.

Well, I won't repeat myself but I had to explain it all over to this other man. Golly, it is so simple to me and to any other FP that I just can't see how two grown men can be so stupid about something as simple as this. After all they made the law not me.. About a half hour later they couldn't come to any real decision so it was decided that I fill it out with two exemptions as I have it and let it go on to the head office and let them make the decision.

I did just that, and actually I am sorry that I even bothered

to try to get help from them as they only confused me and upset me.

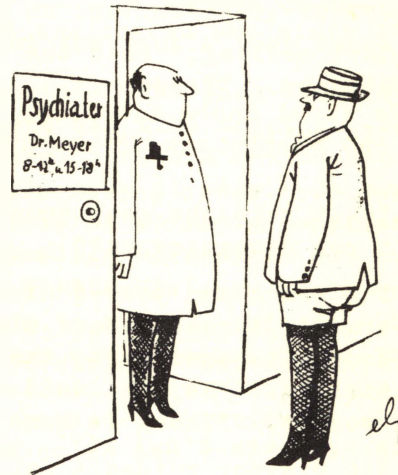
I waited about a month and finally found a letter in the mail from the Tax Bureau. Just as I thought--the head office could understand what I meant, because there was my refund check for \$926.40. I am so glad that some of the men that work for that branch of the government have some understanding.

Let me see now. What shall I get with this money???? That nice fur stole I saw last week, and these cute shoes with the rhinestones across the arch, and.....

Betty



"Surprise! I'm the man in my life. Now you tell me how to keep him out!"



"And then Dad said to me--'I just can't understand you young fellows today. The Hasty Pudding Show has been over only 2 weeks and you tell me you're rehearsing for next year!'"

FAIR TRADE

by Joane (5-T-3)

An altogether presentable young man was packing his books one morning (He had just been evicted from his apartment for activities new to the experience of the landlord but for which--as it was no one's business but his own--the young man was loathe to apologize.) when someone rapped at his door.

"Good morning," said the young man.

"Yes it is," said a saturnine gentleman in evening clothes.

"I'm afraid," said the young man, "that whatever you're selling I cannot afford."

"Not selling," said the stranger swirling a black cape up and over his arm. "Trading."

"No matter. I don't think I have anything you'd be interested in."

"Oh," said the gentleman with a faintly sulphurous grin.

"Don't you recognize me?"

The young man peered at the sardonically smiling profile which the stranger turned toward him. He studied the excellent nose, the sharply tapered ears, the suggestively evil widow's peak of the hairline. "No," he said slowly, lifting a cigarette out of his shirt pocket. "There is something vaguely familiar but--"

His visitor raised a delicate forefinger and pressed it against the tip of the young man's cigarette. The cigarette caught fire at the touch. "Now do you know?"

"So that's who you are!" said the young man. "My, this IS refreshing! I had begun to think that all of the old values were gone forever."

"Not at all. I'm surprised you didn't recognize me more quickly. It isn't everyone who can afford to dress like this in the morning, you know."

"I take it you're new out here," the young man said. "You'll have to dress much more spectacularly than that if you want to

attract any attention in Southern California."

"Oh?" the stranger said looking somewhat crestfallen. "Perhaps that's why I haven't been getting on as fast as I hoped I would."

"If you'd like a suggestion, you might take up the bongos and get in with the beach crowd. I think you'd do very well with them."

"No, thank you," said the Visitor. "I'm much too old for that sort of thing. Anyway, it's you I've come to talk about."

"You said you wanted to trade."

"Surely you are aware of our standing offer?"

"Oh that," replied the young man with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "You certainly don't think people are so naive anymore as to trade their souls for something as intrinsically useless as money and power, do you? At least, not the people that count?"

"Wait," the Diabolic Trader protested. "We know that power and tension and the circulatory diseases are all tied together. Why, the mere mention of the word 'cholesterol' sends a novice dictator into a panic. And money! We can hardly give it away. As soon as we say anything at all about it people throw up their hands and shout, 'go away, my tax picture's impossible already!' No, our trading in those areas is pretty well washed up."

"I'm surprised you got away with it as long as you did." The young man smiled as though at an errant child. "But now, what is it you imagine you can trade me?"

"Well," said the Stygian Stranger. "It isn't everyone who wants to be a girl."

The young man was quite surprised. "I didn't know you'd make THAT sort of trade!"

"We'll trade you anything you like."

"You had better come in," said the young man contemplating the possibilities just laid before him, and as the Visitor seated himself asked, "What do you propose to do for me?"

"It strikes me," said the demonic Guest, "that you are in rather bad straights just now. You're being evicted, you have some trouble holding a job, and what with your expensive tastes in cloth-

ing--well, I don't think I even need to comment."

"You're correct, of course," the young man said with a rueful smile. "It's that lack of masculine aggressiveness, I don't seem to do well in any sort of competition. And taste! Why, do you know what best dressed women have in their wardrobes on the average? Sixteen or eighteen pair of panties and two dozen slips at least, never mind half slips and petticoats! Three dozen of bras and girdles, five dozen pairs of stockings--I don't begin to have anything like that! It's pretty desolating, I can tell you."

"Then we must correct that by all means."

"The reasons are clear enough; you don't have to convince me. Just tell me what you have to offer."

"For the usual consideration," the Vice Tempter coughed discreetly. "I will turn you into a female of any age or form you desire for as long as you wish. There will be plenty of clothing, of course, and enough money to see you--her--through for quite awhile."

"I knew there must be a catch to anything that sounds that good," the young man sighed. "No, that wouldn't work at all. You see, the theory and practice of my condition is not that I dislike the body I have and want it changed but rather, that I want to be LIKE a woman which is quite a different thing, though I don't blame you for being mixed up. Most people are."

"I was afraid you would object to that," said the Visitor. "I'm not really mixed up. As a matter of fact, I'm quite well read."

"You are?"

"Yes, what do you imagine happens to the ashes of burned books?"

"I never thought of that," said the young man.

"And so I've decided to go a little further in your case. I realize that FP's are somewhat special."

"You certainly ARE well read."

"Since you do not want to be changed into a woman I am prepared to give you another body of any shape and age you desire and I will teach you how to disengage your soul from the body you now have so that you may jump back and forth and assume whatever shape

suits your mood and convenience."

"That sounds delightful," said the young man with a soft and distinctly feminine sigh. "But I didn't know that was possible, I mean for the soul to be free before someone dies."

"Well, it's not generally known to be sure. It's frowned on High and Low. After all, what kind of shape would the universe be in with a lot of free souls wandering about!"

"I see what you mean."

"And I'll get the very Devil--if you'll pardon the expression--if news of this trade ever gets back to you know where, so I'll have to ask you to be very discreet. VERY discreet!"

"Depend on me," said the young man. "But what will you do if I'm off in the girl's body when--"

"I have an idea that you FP's are quite narcissistic and I don't think you'll stay gone forever. You'll have to come back to eat, for instance, and when the time comes I'll be there waiting. Otherwise I wouldn't dare make this trade. Now then, is it a deal?"

"Tell me," said the young man with seeming irrelevance. "Do you handle the whole state by yourself?"

"Oh, no. There are several other agents here. A friend of mine is quite active in a place called San Francisco, if you know where that is."

The young man pondered this information for a moment and then said, "Very well, it's a deal."

"All right, you may go to--" and the infernal Guest named an outrageously expensive hotel "--and you will find the penthouse rented for some years in advance and on the bed will be the creature you most desire to look like and in the closets will be all the clothes you could wish for. Now, if you will turn around, I will show you how to slip your soul out through your ear."

The young man was delighted with the ease with which he was able to slip in and out of his body and when he was sure he had mastered the trick he described to the Visitor how he would most like to look.

The Visitor stood up and said, "Well, that's about it. I may

drop in once in awhile to see how you're getting on. Good luck and all that." And as he spoke these final words he vanished in a puff of acrid and phosphoric smoke which, since it blended so well with the atmosphere of the city, was soon as invisible as the Gentleman from whom it had emanated.

The young man after carefully depositing his body in a comfortable chair, floated out over the city and thence in the window of the penthouse named in the recent compact.

It was a quite elaborate place; so much so in fact that the young man thought for a moment that he must have floated in the wrong window. But as soon as he spied, with an ectoplasmic gasp, the creature on the bed in whose shape he would most like to be cast he knew he was in the right place. He buzzed about the body and then easily nipped in through the ear. He was quite agreeably surprised a moment later to feel himself lying full length upon the bed, unclothed save for a gorgeous dressing gown spread open beneath him. Yet it was not himself that he felt and he sat up feeling weak and pliable.

The first thing he noticed were his breasts--how could he help it! Had he been, perhaps, a shade TOO vulgar? They were impossibly large and firm. He looked across the room and saw, reflected in a large mirror, an adorable creature sitting nude on the edge of a bed and staring at him in shocked surprise as her fingers modestly sought to pull a diaphanous dressing gown across her ivory thighs. "Oh, pardon me," he said with a surprising and liquid trill in his voice, thinking himself to be in the inner chambers of an unnamed goddess. And he promptly fainted at the sound of his silken voice.

Awaking a moment later he knew that the girl's circulatory system was no proof against his elated emotions and his next peek in the mirror was, therefore, somewhat more circumspect. He did not faint this time but he did experience an exquisite vertigo. The creature was perfectly formed. Her waist, quite small, blossomed with quick fullness to pear-firm hips and then to languorously long thighs and legs. Her skin had not only the texture and tactility of satin but nearly the sheen as well. Her lips were wide and full in a perfect--if amazed--face and her long blonde hair was suitably thick and lustrous.

He stood up and hastily drew the pale sheerness of the gown about himself with that strange modesty he had never before felt.

He moved about the apartment feeling somewhat delicately unbalanced, furtively exploring all the pneumatic recesses of his new self while singing softly in that delectable voice of watered silk. The girl's eyes did not work quite so well as his other ones although they did make everything seem soft and colorful; but his hearing was much more acute (something he had long suspected as being true of all women). The ultimate thrill came as he inspected his new wardrobe. The Old Boy had certainly not lacked for imagination. The closets were so full of clothing that it was difficult to remove anything without pushing the neighboring garments roughly aside to free it. He could not, for instance, take down and inspect a fringed cocktail dress without pushing back lace and satin formals on the one hand and a shower of chiffon and brocade on the other; he found it hard to slip a mink off its hanger before disengaging it from the crowded clutch of the sables and ermines.

Jewelry was distinguished by color and lustre--value was hardly at issue. The sapphire was bluer, the jade cooler, the diamond more brilliant.

A complete corner of the bedroom was given over to lingerie. Not only did the intricately carved dressers and boudoir chests contain a dozen of each possible style of panties, but a dozen of each possible color in each style and every pair was matched and intermatched to the rest of the wardrobe. Closets hung with bouquets of petticoats. Splendid examples of corsetry crammed endless rows of satin lined drawers. Only one rather large chest remained at last to be looked into. The young man waited until he was dressed in a sheath that caressed his every movement and proclaimed those movements with a silken sibilance--and then he looked. The chest was stacked right to the top with banknotes of excellent character and inspiring denomination. A note reposed with them. I hope (it read) you like everything. Here's a little extra as I know you "girls" just love to shop. Yours, warmly,--and there was a small singed spot at the bottom of the note.

The young man sat at his dressing table crossing and uncrossing the sleek silken lengths of his legs and feeling his breasts strain at the fluffily firm confines of his bra; feeling secure in the grip of tightly stretched satin, warmed by the sleek kiss of nylon and silk.

There was one slight--oh, very very slight!--matter to be attended to before complete and enduring happiness might reign.

That business of the soul. That would certainly be an anticlimatic end to things, he reflected, to have to give all this up eventually; and if he were to avert any such fate he had better be about it. Time did get on. As an impressario friend of his had it: no matter how long the run, it's certain/there'll always be a final curtain.

It was with this sobering thought in mind that an entirely voluptuous blonde entrained for San Francisco. (After, of course, spending the most delightful two weeks of her young life in noted specialty shops and cocktail lounges.)

It was in the taxi that the devastating blonde leaned back and with all the décolleté emotion she could muster, began her campaign. "Dear me," she sighed in that watered silk voice. "It must be positively thrilling to be a cab driver. I certainly wish I were a man so that I could do some thrilling work like this."

The driver in the best didactic style of all cabbies, turned around and said, "Wow, are you nuts, lady! If I looked like you I wouldn't be pushin' no hack."

And in her hotel she announced to the bellboy, "Oh, if only I were a man. It must be romantic to have a job like a bellboy in a large and cosmopolitan hotel."

The bellboy staring at the expensive velvet smoothed over hips of swelling magnificence said, with all the poise of disgruntled romantics everywhere, "Wow, are you nuts, lady? If I looked like you I wouldn't be hoppin' no bells!"

And in all the eateries and nighteries, all low dens and high, this beautiful blonde, this creature of gilt and satin, made the same comment: "I wish I was a man."

In one establishment she did not even stay for a drink. The One whom she sought would never be found in such a place as it appeared the patrons were already damned. As she left an epicene young gentleman in a mauve sweatshirt lazily lifted the face of his wrist watch to Antares and said, "I'm glad SHE'S leaving! If I looked like THAT I'd shoot myself!"

Finally, in a saloon to which everyone sooner or later came she kept a morose vigil at the bar sighing constantly, "Gee, I wish I was a man."

The bartender, with a dyspeptic scowl, said, "You nuts, lady? If I looked like you I wouldn't be tendin' no bars!" And since

everyone did eventually come to this imbibery and since, also, everyone had heard of the wish of the most beautiful blonde in town to be a man, the Person whom she had been seeking made his appearance, after buying her three martinis in the rough, made the offer for which she had been waiting.

"Ooo!" she cooed. "You mean to say you can make me into a man? Are you one of those doctors from Tanageria or like that?"

"No," he smirked. "I'm afraid I come from quite a bit further off than the place you mentioned, wherever that might be." And he lit her cigarette without using any matches which is a favorite, if slightly hackneyed, trick of his kind.

"Oh, now I know. You'll trade me a man's body just for my little ol' soul?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll turn you into any kind of a shape you want although if I looked like you, lady...well, never mind."

"No," she said aghast. "I couldn't give up the body I have now!"

"I thought that's what you wanted?"

"I do. I mean, I'd like to be a man and all that but a girl does have to eat. Even if she's a man, I mean. If you know what I mean?"

"That would entail another body," the Dark Person said. "And a free soul, I suppose. No, that's impossible."

"Jeez, you ain't so much, fella! I thought you were a trader. You better get lost."

"Now, don't be impetuous, miss."

"G'wan, take a hike!"

"Alright! Alright!" He held up his hands placatingly. "Another body then. And I'll teach you how to float your soul back and forth."

"Oh, goody!"

"But we'll have to keep this quiet. Very quiet! Why, do you know what would happen to me if the news got out--" He peered at her with sharp scrutiny. "No, I don't suppose you do."

"You think I'd tell anybody?" she said archly.

"Can you describe how you want to look?"

She opened the emerald clasp of her satin evening bag and withdrew a picture of her other self, the young man. "Can you make the other body look like this?"

"Very well," He said wearily. "I'll send it along to your hotel and it'll be there when you get home. If it's a deal."

"It's a deal," the blonde said clicking her spike heels on the bar rail. "Only don't run right off. I'll let you buy me another drink."

Time passing (as the poet said) it came round to the year when debts of this sort were collected. The first Saturnine Gentleman-who's name was Fortesque-located his young man in that same penthouse, limply lounging on the bed. The whole place was now somewhat stale and dusty. Since the young man did not respond Fortesque assumed that he was off in the girl's body and settled down to wait. As he waited he scanned the streets of the city (devils have excellent eyes). He did not spy the blonde or any free floating souls but he did notice, after several days, his colleague from the north, roaming the streets of the city with a worried and abstracted expression. "I say," Fortesque shouted. "Montague, old friend. Up here!"

Montague Devil, seeing his friend in the penthouse, leaped up immediately. "Fortesque," he said, "it certainly is good to see a familiar face!"

"What on earth is the matter, Montague? You look positively harried, old boy."

"I can't understand it, Fortesque. I'm trying to collect a rather stupid blonde and I've been all over the state. I can't find her anywhere."

"Do you ask all the blondes you see?"

"Of course I ask them. 'Where are you going,' I say, 'when you die?' And they're all going the same place. 'In a handbasket,' they say. Whatever that means. I ask you, Fortesque, is there no innocence left!"

"Every blonde?"

"Everyone," Montague shook his head sadly. "To make matters worse," he continued in a mournful voice, "I had to--you must keep

this strictly confidential, Fortesque--free her soul. That's the only way I could make the trade!"

"Oh, don't feel so bad, Montague. She'll turn up. Why, nobody lives forever you know." He laughed.

"Spare me the levity, Fortesque,"

"You should have taken the proper precautions, Monty. Why, I don't see any harm in confessing that I made a similar trade, and my young man here--" he gestured at the figure on the bed.

Montague Devil jumped up as though he had been impaled on a trident. "Oh, blasphemy!" he shouted. "That's her, I mean--that's him, it!"

"Calm yourself, Monty."

"Fortesque, I tell you that is the body I traded to the blonde. I'd know it anywhere."

"Nonsense, Montague! This is the body of my young man to whom I traded....oh, dear me! I feel suddenly faint."

"You traded for a blonde, didn't you, Fortesque? Oh, drat! We've been duped!"

"You've been duped, Monty. This young man--this FP--is so shy, so sensitive. He was as real as you and I."

"No you don't, Fortesque, That young man of yours was a fake."

"Impossible! That blonde--"

"That blonde was the original article. Don't you think I know blondes!"

Fortesque paused for a moment and considered. "Monty, it's no good our arguing about it. If it ever comes out that we let a free soul--"

"I won't say anything if you don't," said Fortesque Devil shuddering.

"Mum's the word?"

"Right you are. You know, he--or she--has probably been working this dodge for years."

"For centuries, you mean," said Fortesque. "Staying one ahead. Oh, how immoral! But what will we do, Monty? We can't go

down empty handed."

"Take your young man from the bed," said Montague, and we'll steal a soul someplace."

"I guess that will work," said Fortesque and they shot down to the nearest street corner and stood there holding a rather rubbery young man between them.

They had stood there only a moment when the president of a large and very influential school board came by and paused at the corner. He was debating with himself whether or not to approve the construction of an auxiliary indoor tennis court. He knew that this would mean the sacrifice of six English teachers and a library but with a flash of the miraculous insight unique to his kind, he decided that a library full of books of English would be quite useless without teachers to teach English and, conversely, why would anyone learn all about books that didn't exist; if there were no library teachers were certainly superfluous. He decided on the tennis court.

The Devils found no trouble in slipping this gentleman's soul out from beneath his coat tails and jamming it into the gelatinous shape of the young man. The president of the school board did not miss his soul as he had never had occasion to use it and did not know it was gone. He walked jauntily off across the street, against the lights. The Devils with their ersatz prize disappeared down the nearest laundry chute. "Remember," Fortesque's voice came back through a sulphurous fog, "Mum's the word!"

"And stay away from FP's in the future," said Monty.

In New York at about this time the nominations for the country's best dressed women were taking place. The people who decide such things gave first place, as usual, to an extravagantly gorgeous blonde who was said to be the most charming and feminine woman in the city (even if her breasts were slightly large and vulgar). Not only did she command first place but, in deference to her magnificent wardrobe, she was given the next three places on the list as well.

Little was known about this lady's origins or family except that she did have a rather shy and sensitive brother who made an occasional appearance on Friday afternoons when he was wont to shoot a game of rotation with the boys, and enjoy a long cigar.



Louise (5-L-7)



BETTY (32-S-9)



JEANETTE & DIANE ↑
JUST CLUB WOMEN AT TEA
BARBARA JEAN & APRIL
←

PATRICK BECOMES PATRICIA

by Elvira (FE-G-1)

I was born in 1905, my mother's last child. She was then well over 40 and had two sons born in her early married life and a daughter four years older than myself. My mother had, in the way that every woman does, made up her mind that her last child was going to be a daughter. My brothers had left home and were, in fact, so much older than I was that I hardly knew them. My father owned a small-town business--draper and general store--and he had made a good income out of it, so that we were, for those days, quite well off.

My mother was a very feminine woman, but of strong character. What she set her heart on she usually got with but little resistance from my father. She was disappointed in me, but, having set her mind on having a little girl, she consoled herself by treating me in my early years as if I were a girl. I was, according to old photos, a pretty boy, with curly golden hair, long eyelashes and a girlish expression. So she dressed me in pretty frocks and the lacy petticoats and knickers of the girls of Edwardian days. I was called Pat, and my sister, Nell, accepted me as her little sister. An old photo shows me with long curls down to my shoulders, dressed in a white muslin frock with little puff sleeves tied up with blue ribbons, and a blue sash. There were little lace frills on the bodice and a lace flounce on the skirt. There was a glimpse of a frilly petticoat and even lace-trimmed knickers. Altogether a charming picture of a pretty little girl, quite as attractive as my sister seated beside me.

My father had not, apparently, resisted my mother's treatment of his third son, though, my sister told me a little later on, he had protested more than once in a mild sort of way. But when I was seven years old, he put his foot down firmly, and, to the puzzled surprise of my sister and myself, accompanied by storms of tears from me, my pretty frocks and petticoats were taken away, my lovely curls cut off and horrid boys' clothes forced on me. My mother was very upset, and it took me a long while to realize that I was

in fact a boy and not a girl. As can be imagined, the next few years of my life were not particularly happy, although, with the resilience of childhood and a habit of living in the present moment, I soon grew accustomed and reconciled to my new life. I never quite forgot my frocks and petticoats, however, and often looked jealously at girls my own age in their dainty things. In the children's section of my father's shop I would sometimes gaze with envy on the young girl's dresses and underthings, and wish I could do more than just look and touch.

One day, when I was twelve, my sister asked me quite suddenly whether I recalled having been dressed as a girl. "Rather," I said, and just stopped myself from saying I wished I could again. To my surprise, she said, "Would you like to be in girl's clothes again? It would be rather fun to dress you up and see what sort of girl you would make now." She seemed to mean it, and, after hesitating, I replied, "Yes, it would be fun. I'd like to, but we can't do it. Father would be annoyed." "But," said Nell, "he'd never know. We'd do it in my room when and mother were out. Come on, let's try it now. They won't be home until a late supper."

This was exciting. Nell and I fairly ran up to her room. Once inside she said, "You've got to do it properly, or I shan't play. All your dull boy's things must come off, and you must have only girl's things underneath. You can have a set of my undies and I'll lace you into a young lady's corsets. If you like it and it's successful, I'll get hold of some corsets and underclothes from the shop downstairs and we can keep them up here, so that you can dress up in them whenever we get a chance."

I was delighted and so excited that I could hardly keep still enough to undress. Nell got out a lace-trimmed soft silken vest and told me to put it on while she got together some other things. She clasped a little corset round my waist and pulled in the laces tight. It was a little irksome at first, but I soon got to like it and quite girlishly ran my hands over my new figure. Soon I was completely dressed in a pale-blue silk frock of Nell's with frilly petticoats and lacy knickers underneath. I felt quite grown-up and got a lovely thrill as she smoothed a pair of long silk stockings up my legs and attached them to the little suspenders inside my knickers. I loved the look and the feel of these, my first, long

stockings, and particularly the feeling of "pull" of the suspenders. Neat shoes were slipped on my feet--the result, all girlish and quite delightful. I felt very conscious of my looks, but Nell was highly pleased, lamenting only my short hair. How she did it I don't know, but she got hold of some long hair cuttings, mounted them on a hairnet, so that, pinned into place among my own hair (which we conspired to keep rather long), the appearance was of girl's hair down to my shoulders and falling round my ears and face, so that it needed to be tied back with a hair ribbon.

So, during the next year, I often dressed in Nell's room, sometimes with her as my helper, and sometimes by myself. I got thoroughly used to girl's clothes and to being a girl, but it always gave me a thrill and a sense of satisfaction when I completed my transformation, and I never merely got used to my pretty things or in any way took them for granted. Nell always seemed to be so pleased to turn me into a girl--her sister. I hardly ever dared to go out of her room when changed over, even when we knew that the house was empty, for I had a fear that someone might appear suddenly and inevitably bring an end to my clandestine pleasures.

One evening I was dressed in an especially pretty frock--a party dress in green silk and white lace--with my corsets well laced in and my hair nicely done. Nell was out of the room, when the door opened and, thinking it was Nell, I said in an excited way, "Don't I look nice in this frock?" A voice said, "Yes, but what on earth are you doing in it?" Horror of horrors! It was my mother, returned much earlier than expected. I flushed with shame, when Nell came in and started to explain. There was much excited talk, but Mother couldn't, or wouldn't be convinced that it was a special, isolated occasion. She lifted up my skirt and involuntarily said, "What pretty legs you've got!" Then she exclaimed, "That's not a petticoat of Nell's, neither are those knickers!"

Presently we all calmed down. Nell confessed what we had been doing and how I'd often been dressed as a girl, how much she and I liked it and how we had kept it all a secret. She reminded Mother how much she had wanted me to be a girl when I was younger, and added that, as we all three liked it, why shouldn't I continue dressing as a girl when it was possible and safe. At last Mother agreed and accepted me as Pat, another daughter, but said firmly that Father must never know.

She agreed to help by getting me some pretty things from the shop when I needed them. Then she became quite excited herself at my girlish appearance and lovingly drew me down into her arms to kiss and caress this new daughter of hers. She approved Nell's experiment with my hair and said she would help undress me later, so that she could see how my corsets fitted and how I looked in my dainty undies and long silken stockings. Then, very happy, I went downstairs in my new frock with its swinging skirt, there to pass a delightful hour or two in the sitting-room as the new daughter.

Mother laughed affectionately at me as I came down the stairs deliberately holding out my skirt to show off my pretty legs and lacy undies. With both Mother and Nell to protect me from surprise discovery, I felt safe and could luxuriate in my feminine delights. Many a time was I now able to take pleasure and delight in the sensation of soft silks next to my body, the satisfying tightness and support of well-laced, well-fitted corsets, the special feeling of walking on girlish high heels and the swing and caress of skirts and petticoats on silk-sheathed legs. Nell loved to dress me up and to help me to become a well-dressed, dainty and even pretty girl. She got a wig of fair curls for a young girl, and she taught me simple make-up to match the appearance of the girls of those days. So for a couple of years, I lived a happy and frequently feminine life and felt myself to be more a girl than a boy. Even when I went out and had to put on boy's clothes, I often wore girl's undies, provided I wasn't going to school or elsewhere where they might have proved embarrassing. I even wore special straight corsets that were not so laced as to emphasize a girlish waist and figure. Mother seemed quite happy with her new daughter, and when my father went away I would be for a week at a time in petticoats every evening at least.

When I was nearly fourteen, I had a new and exciting experience. Two boys, who were on a theatrical tour with their mother, came to my school while they were in our town. What was exciting was that they had long, beautiful curly hair, and even in their boy's clothes they looked really very girlish. I soon discovered that they were just that. They were twins--Bobbie and Leslie Anderson--and they appeared nightly in the local theatre in song and dance turns as twin girls. In school, it was soon as much as anyone dared do to chaff them, for they had plenty of spirit. Nat-

urally, I made friends with them quite soon and I went to see their show as often as I could. They made two lovely young girls and were a great success.

Their mother brought them from their hotel ready dressed and made up, and no one not in the know could possibly have guessed the two chic and vivacious companions of the smart lady were really transformed boys, so pretty was their face, so slim their waist and girlish their figure, so shapely their silk-stockinged legs and so naturally did they walk on their very high heels. One Sunday I was invited to their hotel to see a short rehearsal, which was a sheer delight to me. I had hardly dreamed that any other boy would be dressed openly as a girl--certainly I never expected to see one. Yet here were two perfectly charming girl-boys in the prettiest of silken flowered frocks, showing glimpses of lacy petticoats and, with saucy glances during their dancing, dainty white silken knickers topping long silk-clad legs. They wore necklaces and earrings (their ears were pierced), long white gloves, smart high-heeled shoes and picture hats. I was entranced. They were quite unspoiled and showed themselves pleased with my admiration of their dainty girlishness. As a side thought it had occurred to me that they could quite undetected have gone to a girl's school.

Presently their mother went out, suggesting that I should help Leslie and Bobbie change out of their girl's clothes. I had great pleasure in undoing their pretty frocks at the back, and when they took them off, they were most alluring in dainty white lacy petticoats in filmy silk. Fancy garters high up their silk-sheathed legs gleamed through the lace and thin silk, completing their utter girlishness. Obviously their mother had spared no expense on their chic and most dainty attire, as I realized more than ever when the petticoats came off and they stood laughing in their frilly white knickers, with blue ribbons inserted into the flounces. Their lace-trimmed chemises were similarly be-ribboned. Their little corsets were pale-blue broché trimmed with fine white embroidery and lace, and they were tightly laced and gave the twins very definitely girlish waists. Under their lace-trimmed chemise they had little soft pads which enhanced their young girl's figures.

I was delighted, thrilled and trembling with excitement, to

their very real amusement. Leslie jokingly suggested dressing me as a girl as I was so interested, and Bobbie agreed. My pretense at protest was too feeble to convince. A delightful session followed in which I inevitably betrayed that I was experienced in these things. But, as the girlishly undressed twins acted as my maids and assisted me in my transformation, neither of them said anything, and soon I was completely changed into a happy girl with excited eyes and quite at home on my high heels. Half-an-hour went like five minutes, and I thought I ought to change back. I had taken off my silk frock and was admiring myself in the mirror in a lacy petticoat which I held up to show my dainty undies and shapely legs in their long silk stockings and chic garters, making the twins laugh as I postured this way and that, when suddenly the boy's mother came back earlier than expected. My hair showed her at once that I was the boy she had left in the room with her sons, but, as she looked me over, she showed no annoyance, only amusement and surprise, saying I ought to have been a girl. She dispelled my shyness by taking me on her knee and giving me a kiss, feeling my waist through the corsets I was wearing and stroking my silk-clad thighs--treating me, in fact, as if I were a daughter or niece needing comfort. I told her something of my old longings to dress as a girl and how Nell had helped me and encouraged me to be happy in lacy petticoats during the last three years or so, and with my mother's knowledge. She was most sympathetic and convinced me that she thought none the worse of me for my love of girlish things.

The following day, Nell and I were invited there for an evening party, as the twins and their mother were shortly leaving for another engagement elsewhere. When we entered the room the twins were in their pretty party-frocks--pale-blue silk, with frilly skirts and lace-trimmed bodices. Beautifully made-up, acting as daughters and not in the least as sons, they were not only quite at home in their dainty attire, but obviously happy in them.

Nell went out of the room with the twins' mother, and I was left to indulge my admiration and open envy. After a while Leslie held up the skirt of his dainty frock, the prettiest I had ever seen, so that I could admire his exquisite befrilled white silken knickers under his lace-flounced petticoat. I went down on one knee before the smiling Leslie, the better to appreciate the soft

texture of his pretty undies, which, by putting one silken leg forward a little, he invited me to feel. I was touching the delicious soft knickers, thrilled with their sheer femininity, when Nell and Mrs. Anderson came back quietly into the room. A little confused at the attitude I had been found in, I got up as Leslie's mother smilingly asked whether my interest had been girlish or boyish. Leslie laughed and reddened a little under his makeup, as he patted his silken knickers and petticoat and lowered his skirts to a more decorous and ladylike position. For my part, I could do nothing but blush furiously at the question.

"Yes, you are quite right, Nell," said Mrs. Anderson, "he should have been a girl. Let's make him into one, and do it properly, not half-and-half as they did yesterday." Then began almost the most thrilling two hours of my girl-life, since that exciting day when Nell and my mother had dressed me and I was accepted as a second daughter. I was given a very dainty lace and embroidery chemise and sent into the next room to take off all my boy's clothes and also my own girlish undies.

As I was putting on the pretty chemise, Leslie came in with a little triangular pink silk garment, no bigger than a girl's handkerchief, with long silk ribbons attached. He said it was a cache-sex and that it would give me a girlish line by completely concealing my male parts, in the same way as his own were hidden. As he said this, he smilingly lifted his skirt and petticoat right up, thus revealing to me the full length of his silk-stockinged legs, topped by pretty garters and tiny, close-fitting knickers, and it was at the latter that my eyes were staring, for, where one would have expected to see a decided bulge, it was quite flat, a fact he emphasized by passing a hand over his girlish-looking crotch and pulling the silk of the knickers even tauter across his body. Leslie laughed and dropped his rustling skirts and then told me to raise my chemise. He then showed me how to put on this diminutive foundation garment, so that in a trice all signs of my being a boy were hidden back between my thigh-tops and held there by this little piece of pink silk and its retaining ribbons, which Leslie tied firmly round my waist. I was delighted to see how my real sex had been effectively hidden. Then, slipping into a pair of pretty high-heeled bedroom slippers, I returned with just the filmy chemise and

the tight little pink silk cache-sex concealing my masculinity, to be greeted with smiles by the others.

The twins, looking as lovely as a pair of girls as ever, sat back and laughed as they watched their mother and Nell transforming me into quite a pretty girl. First I was laced into a smart pair of lace-trimmed peach satin corsets with tiny frilled suspenders, and, as my waist was being pulled in, they took pleasure in kneeling before me to ease some lovely long silk stockings over my feet and up my legs, thrilling me as they smoothed them into place and straightened the long back seams before pulling them taut by the little suspenders. I was given a very smart satin bust bodice and I saw with almost a shock of surprised delight--it had flesh-coloured pads imitating perfectly a girl's breasts. When it was hooked up behind, I really did feel like a girl, and, as I ran my hands lightly over my soft breasts, Nell said with a naughty smile, "Now you have really got a girl's figure, to say nothing of your slim waist and lovely legs!"

With every step my delicious effemination became more complete--wide, frilly white silken knickers, a flounced white muslin and lacy petticoat with blue-ribbon insertions to match those in my knickers, extra-high-heeled shoes in black velvet--and there I was in front of two conspiring ladies and two most charming girl-boys, more fully a girl that I had ever been all the time that Nell had been dressing me in petticoats and frocks. As I posed this way and that before the glass in my frilly petticoats, flicking the skirt to show glimpses of my dainty knickers and noting with added pleasure how my nipple-tipped girlish breasts showed distinctly through the filmy silk covering them, I experienced a sublime thrill of delight in all my being. I became aware then how definite an element of sexual pleasure I was experiencing in being a girl, dressed in caressingly soft silken garments, openly worn and freely displayed. The twins said together, "What a lovely girl he makes! What a pity he hasn't got long hair like us!"

A pretty georgette scarf over my head reduced this, the only, disability. Then a great discussion took place as to which frock I was to wear. The twins' mother brought out several from their wardrobe, and, after trying on two or three of the girl-boy's

pretty things, in itself a great thrill, it was decided I should look best in a blue voile patterned dress with puff sleeves ending in lacy frills, the neck of the bodice softened with lace, a pale-blue satin sash tied at the side and hanging down below the waist. The skirt was wide and Mrs. Anderson said it needed another petticoat to hold it out. So a stiff blue taffeta one, with quite grown-up ruched flounces, was brought out. Then the twins, with much amusement, held up my dress and white lace petticoat, so that I could step into the taffeta underskirt and let Nell fasten it round my laced-in waist. Now I could rustle as I walked, and I felt the complete young lady. Never had I felt so convincingly feminine and so grown-up. The twins were undisguised in their admiration, and their mother clapped her hands with glee at the success of my transformation. She and Nell had really made me into a girl! "We have done it properly, and doesn't the minx enjoy it!" And didn't I just! They touched up my face with a little makeup and added some clip-on earrings.

We had a very happy hour or so. The twins and I played at girls for all we were worth, comparing corsetted waists, showing off our deliciously feminine undies, our silk-sheathed legs, our high heels and our girlish bosoms, while the ladies looked on indulgently. I experienced thrill after thrill. Nell said afterwards that she had never seen me looking so thoroughly girlish.

Then, alas, time was up and my finery and dainties had to come off. The twins once more delighted in acting as my maids, this time to undress me, passing complimentary remarks as they revealed more and more of my hidden girlish things--my petticoats, my knickers, my corsets, my long silk stockings and my padded bust bodice. For a moment, I was naked before them, except for the concealing cache-sex, and then my own corsets and undies were put on. They left me to put on my boyish exterior alone, saying it wouldn't be right for two girls to help a boy to dress! As a souvenir of this delightful visit, I was given the silken cache-sex and the bust bodice with its artificial, but quite convincing, breasts inside.

Soon after that the charming wonder twins and their mother went away, and eventually I lost touch with them. I could only hope that they would not only continue to be a success, but would meet others like Nell and myself, who could really appreciate as

petticoat lovers their charming and delightful impersonations.

The next development was the introduction of another girl into our secrets. Nell had a friend, Barbara, who had seen the Anderson twins and openly admired them. One afternoon she had told Nell she was going to see their show, for somehow she had always delighted in the idea of seeing pretty boys dressed as even prettier girls. Nell had said nothing then, but when, after the twins had left, Babs (Barbara) told Nell how disappointed she was and how she would love to see a boy-girl and would get a thrill by actually watching "her" dressing, Nell was tempted to tell her friend about her brother-sister. She didn't, though, for she couldn't break confidence without first talking it over with me. When she had convinced me that Babs was genuinely interested and could be well trusted, I agreed to her being let into our secret.

Nell invited Babs home to tea one day, telling her only that she had something exciting to tell her about boy-girls. Babs came, intrigued, wearing one of her prettiest frocks. I was in one of my dainty afternoon frocks, in patterned blue and white voile, with a full skirt, moderately high heels, well-defined waist and bosom, blue necklace and earrings, feeling nice but nervous. There were just the three of us, and Nell introduced me as her cousin, Patricia. I was so convincing a girl, and I had on more makeup than usual, that Babs didn't guess who I really was. We had tea and talked of the things that girls do talk of. Babs was pleasant, but she clearly had something on her mind, and, when tea was over and Nell had asked her to go to her room with her, she jumped up quite eagerly. I remained alone, awaiting developments, once again nervous of the outcome. A few minutes later, there was excitement outside, and then Babs fairly burst into the room.

"You lovely fraud, you!" she exclaimed. "I'd never have guessed. How charming you look! This is delicious! Now I must hear all about it, how Nell transformed her quite ordinary brother into such a pretty, daintily-dressed girl. I love that frock you are wearing, and I can see that you're well corsetted underneath, too." Then came a long account by me of how Nell had discovered that I wanted to wear girl's clothes, and of how she had wanted to make me into a girl, her sister. Babs seemed entranced and made me quite happy that here was another young woman who loved to see me,

a boy, in feminine things, and who'd take part in our secret and not give us away.

So, the next afternoon that was free, Babs came into my room just as Nell was finishing lacing me up into my little peach-satin corsets. She was clearly excited and expressed warm admiration of the corsets and the figure that they gave me, particularly when a matching lace-trimmed brassiere, realistically padded, was added. Both the corsets and the brassiere were rather old for a girl of sixteen--my age then--but Babs had told Nell that she wanted to see me in grown-up young lady's things, with a well-developed bust. The rest of my dressing, changing into a fashionable girl, pleased her greatly, as it did me. When I had my frock fastened up, she thrilled me by lifting first the skirt and then the petticoat to see my frilly knickers with their wide legs. While she held up my petticoat, she pulled up her own, exclaiming that her own best French knickers were no smarter than mine.

That was the first of many delightful sessions with the two girls, who so delighted in changing me from a not-very-noticeable boy into a happy, pretty girl, girlish in every outward respect. This was helped by the fact that my masculine characteristics were not developing. I remained slim, with a slight tendency to a feminine form, even without the skilled aid of my sister and her friend.

I had half-realized that there was a sexual element in dressing in girl's clothes, especially the soft undies and tight corsets and the pleasure of swinging petticoats and frocks caressing silk-clad legs. It was, in fact, the thrill of the forbidden, the impropriety of a boy seeing a girl's underclothes and even wearing them. Now, too, there was another girl, not just a sister, who took a real delight in dressing me and lacing me in. That thrilling sense of the forbidden gave me acute pleasure in the reflection of my girlish appearance in the mirror--almost a Narcissistic self-love--and I loved to see the approving look in the girl's eyes. They used to encourage my love of posing, seeming not to notice how this excited me.

Babs once bought me a pair of saucy green garters and insisted on putting them on me herself. Laughingly Nell handed me up on to the table, making quite a business of lifting my neat skirt and petticoat above my waist, where I had to hold them. Camiknickers

had recently come into fashion, so I, as a supposedly older girl, had on a lovely pair in pale-blue crepe-de-chine, with deep lace trimmings on the bodice and brief legs. I was as much excited by the reflected picture I saw in the mirror as by the actual touch of Babs' fingers on my silk-covered legs, as she slipped the garters up high above my knees in line with the lacy camiknicker legs, through which they showed so delightfully. The two girls stood and applauded me as I posed there before them, and, having been handed down again, I gave them each a girlish kiss of thanks.

Shortly after this came a break in my girlish life, for the time had come for me to go away to college. Still, whenever I came home for a holiday, Patricia came into her own again, always aided by Nell and Babs. During one vacation, the girls planned another entrancing experience for me. They were both due to play in a hockey match at a ground some fifteen miles away. Nell had a bad cold and couldn't go, so Babs suggested I should go--as a girl, of course. They worked out the details, and I found myself that morning transformed into a games girl. I was dressed in Nell's things--a corselet, brassiere and pads to increase the size of my nascent breasts, hip-length black silk stockings, tiny black satin panties with elastic on the short legs (again my tight cache-sex was essential), a white silk blouse and a school-girl's skimpy gym-frock. This was quite an unexpected thrill, and though I was nervous at the idea of playing as a girl in a girl's team, it promised to be good fun. My hair, rather long for a boy, was loosely waved, and Babs fixed it with a silk bandeau, so that I looked like an Eton-cropped, slightly boyish, girl. Babs said saucily, "He makes quite a good top-form school-girl!" I had become accustomed to petticoats and longer skirts, so that now I felt all legs. Still, I did like the reflection of my long, silk-sheathed legs, visible in their entirety. With a blazer, silk scarf and hockey-stick, I was ready.

Shortly, Babs joined me, dressed exactly like myself, and we set off in her little sports car. On the way, she proved quite adept at one-hand driving, for her other hand was from time to time naughtily stroking my long legs. Not that I objected, nor did I when she allowed one of her legs to rub against my own, for the sensation of silk against silk was a new thrill for me..Just before



PAULINE (32-H-3)

we got to our destination, we stopped for a moment to touch up our makeup and adjust our frocks.

When we arrived, Babs and I found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of girls in hockey clothes, and we were welcomed with warmth. We went with the others to the dressing-room to change our silk stockings for black lisle for the game. It gave me quite a thrill to be among so many girls as I felt up inside my little satin panties for my suspenders. I unfastened my silk stockings and soon replaced them by the coarser, but stronger, lisle ones. As I was groping again for the suspenders, Babs came over to help me, whispering to me that none of the girls there had such pretty legs as I had. As I looked around, I wasn't sure that I agreed, but her compliment did something to lessen my growing nervousness.

Soon we were out on the field. Not only was the game exciting, but I had the inner thrill of being a boy playing in girl's clothes, obviously looking so convincing that no one ever suspected anything. I became so confident and so free in my short skirt and tiny panties that I played quite a good game and came in for warm congratulations as we walked off the field. In the dressing-room again, I soon got my lisle stockings off, and I was just easing the silk ones up my legs, when there was a sudden chattering among some of the girls and I looked up to see them staring at me. Then I saw that the mischievous Babs was among them, so I knew my secret was out. I didn't know what to do, and I suddenly felt shy and tried to pull down my skimpy skirt over my panties and thighs. To my relief and surprise, they all seemed amused and a little excited. They crowded round me and told me what a fine girl I made, how natural I appeared and what good fun it all was. Anyway I had saved the game for them, for their captain said that without me they would surely have lost. It certainly was fun being petted by this group of smiling girls, and they all laughed when I lifted my short skirt to feel in the little pocket of the panties for my powder-compact. Two rather full-breasted girls did my makeup for me. "What a good bosom she's got," said one. Then, catching me unawares she slipped a hand quickly inside my silk blouse and prodded my padded brassiere, laughingly adding, "What a fraud!" Before we left, all the girls kissed me, so that they had to touch up my lips again.

On the way home, Babs showed quite openly what I had for some time begun to suspect, namely that she was in love with me. She had always been so good to me that I wondered if I wasn't feeling the same towards her. She stopped the car and, taking the initiative, pulled me to her and gave me a long, passionate kiss, calling me her "own darling girl-boy!" I loved all this, but, as I still wasn't sure how I really felt towards Babs, I resisted her further attentions when she began to caress me all over my effeminized form. As an excuse, I pulled apart and said, "Babs, darling, do let's get on home. I want to take off these hockey things and get into real corsets, undies, smart shoes and a nice frock." She smiled at me and drove off, my mind in a whirl at this not unexpected development. As I drove back to college after the weekend I couldn't help smiling to myself as I thought what my friends there would have felt towards me had they seen me playing hockey as a girl, in a skimpy gym-slip and tiny games panties!

As at school, so at college, my obvious aptitude for feminine parts, strictly secret though my real feminine life and desires were, soon resulted in my being called upon to perform as a girl in college plays and revues. To be able to move about in public completely dressed as a girl was an added thrill to my girl-life, and to be admired for the charm and effectiveness of my role as a female was a deep satisfaction. In fact, I proved once more that I was naturally feminine in my inner self and that the desire and sexual thrill and enjoyment of wearing girl's clothes would never leave me.

For one of the shows, the assistant producer was a tall, big-built girl of twenty, named Gwynneth. She came from a well-to-do family living near the college. Having had some professional experience on the variety stage, she was asked by the producer to take in hand those of us who were destined for female roles--and I was one! It was amazing what wigs, makeup, jewelry, padding, frocks, silk stockings and high heels could make of a line of Rugger players, for the chorus was made up of these burly fellows. I was being born in mind for a main role not requiring burlesque, and as such I would require more training--or so everyone thought! Gwynneth had been attached for a time to the wardrobe department of the local amateur operatic society, and, having more time on her

hands than most of the others, had asked for and been given carte blanche in preparing and training the "girls". From the first, despite her youthfulness, she was a hard taskmistress, who made us put forth every effort to attain perfection, and she soon dispelled any feeling of bashfulness that any of us may have had at being with her in our skimpy, girlish attire. She supervised our making up, our dancing and our acting, and also our general appearance, never hesitating to draw the attention of one or other of us to misplaced padding, a not-slim-enough waist, crooked stocking-seams, etc., things she usually put to rights herself. I wonder if any of the others did like I did, and deliberately saw to it that my seams were crooked! I couldn't help noticing, however, that her interest in boys in skirts was based on something deeper. I don't think any of the others noticed this, and it wasn't long before an affinity seemed to be growing up between Gwynneth and myself. I wasn't at all surprised when she invited me to her house one day, but, when we settled in her drawingroom, she quite took my breath away with her directness.

"I'm sure, Pat, that you've worn girl's clothes before and that you like doing it very much. I've noticed how natural you seem in them and how happy and comfortable you are in skirts. Also how you attend to little details, even if"--with a smile--"the seams of your long silk stockings did need frequent attention from me!" I flushed a little at the suggestion behind her words, and I tried to evade the question, but she persisted and soon I was telling her of my delightful times over the last four or five years in skirts. It was even more exciting when Gwynneth added that her brother, now away on National Service, was just like me and loved to dress as a girl. She loved to help him, and it was being without him that had led her to try and seek out another girl-boy for her to treat as a girl. She hastened to add, fearing that I might be thinking the worst of her, that there was no other ulterior motive--she just loved taking a boy in hand and effeminizing him as much as possible; she couldn't explain it, but there it was. Quite openly she said I had nothing to fear from her in the way of being seduced by her, and that I'd go home to my Babs--I had told her all about Babs, whom I had come to sense deeper feelings for--with nothing but gratitude for the opportunity she was giving him of being able to dress as a girl there. If I had any

qualms, I could withdraw forthwith, and she would say nothing to anyone about it. If not, well we could be good girlfriends together. I was amazed at this piece of good fortune, for I had come to long for my pretty things at home, and the dressing up for the theatricals, though helping to allay my feelings, did not completely satisfy me--far from it. So I just sat there and nodded to Gwynneth, who then said, as if it were the most natural thing to do, "Right, let's try it now! I'd very much like to dress you as a girl myself in some of my clothes, for we are just the same size, I fancy. I'm sure my things would fit you".

This was wonderful! I needed no persuading then. She took me up to her bedroom and showed me her wardrobe full of pretty frocks, hats and shoes, and the drawers full of undies, stockings, and accessories. From the first, she insisted on helping me to dress. The only privacy she allowed me was to let me undress alone and to slip on a tight-fitting pair of tiny silk panties--her brother had used them--to serve as a cache-sex. Indeed, it was so close-fitting that I had great difficulty in slipping it on, and it then fitted me like a second skin, giving me a smooth girlish front. When I had the skimpy foundation garment in place, I went blushing in to her, to be smilingly told that I already looked a girl! Then, in quite a matter-of-fact way, she laced me into a small corset (on later visits, this was progressively tightened), put on long black stockings, smoothing them up and fastening them to the little beribboned suspenders, chafing me again about having already shown how much I liked her doing this! She then let me choose the undies I'd like to wear, and I selected a figure-fitting pair of white satin, lace-trimmed camiknickers, inside which she slipped a padded brassiere. Even shoes were no trouble, for she had a pair of 3-inch heels that I had no real difficulty in wearing. A blouse and a neat pleated skirt finished my dressing, and then she made me up, using all her theatrical skill to produce the result that almost startled me, for a truly pretty girl smiled back at me from the mirror. A blonde wig used by her brother was slipped on my head, and then, with a little jewelry, there was I once again converted into a girl. We went down and had tea together, sitting and chatting as any two girls would have done. So began a new era in my femininity!

No one knew of our "fun and games", with the exception of a

bosom friend of her's. Dora, whom she asked to be allowed into our secret, and who was therefore present on two occasions when I was "en femme". Dora was a strange girl, affecting a semi-mannish way of life. She wore a close-fitting jacket, shirt-blouse and tie, though she was decidedly feminine below, for she had on a short, divided skirt, hip-length black silken hose, very much in view and very high heels. I fancy there was something more than an ordinary friendship between those two girls, though I never saw anything to confirm these suspicions. On the occasion of her second visit when I was there (there were no more, due, I felt, to a sense of jealousy on Dora's part!), I was dressed as a chic French maid, in a tight little black satin frock, barely reaching to mid-thigh, that Gwynneth had once used at a fancy-dress dance. I loved the fustling of my several little white petticoats which showed at every step I took on my pencil-heels, and the frequent opportunities I had of "unconsciously" showing my little white silken panties, my sheer black opera-length stockings and saucy diamante garters right at the top of my legs. It was heavenly to serve tea to those two girls and listen to them enumerating my girlish points--my pretty face, my curvaceous figure, my slim waist, my swaying hips, my shapely legs and my trim ankles. I flushed when Dora added that a celibate monk would fall heavily for such an alluring piece of femininity, especially as she seemed to mean it!

Among my friends at college was a young man, Phillip Travers, to whom I was particularly attracted. Pleasant and friendly, I was a little puzzled why he had declined the invitation to join the dramatic society. With his slight figure, small hands and feet and hid good looks, he would obviously have made, with little tuition, a very good girl. But he kept out of the "mumming", as he called it in rather a disparaging way.

He lived within easy motoring distance and went home every weekend. One evening, after one of our shows, he came to me and suggested a visit to his home, saying his sister, Jean, would very much like to see me off the stage. I took it as an ordinary invitation and had no thought of dressing up.

Two weekends later, I drove over in my car to their large, isolated country home, Phillip having gone over the night before. As my car pulled up at the foot of the steps at the end of the drive,

I got out and was greeted by a pretty girl standing at the top of the steps. She was obviously Phillip's sister, Jean, for I could see a slight likeness to him. She was dressed in a short, summery frock in flowered crepe-de-chine, revealing a lovely figure and a very slim waist, pretty legs in fine silken hose, very high heels, her face made up and her fair curls around her shoulders. She smiled a welcome, saying Phillip would not put in an appearance till later. Then she turned to lead me into the house, walking with an alluring lilt and leaving a waft of lovely perfume behind her.

In the hall, she called "Yvonne!" and an ultra-smart French maid put in an appearance. My hostess asked me to excuse her for awhile, as she was going down to the paddock to see the horses. In the meantime, Yvonne would take me to my room, where I could unpack and wash. As Yvonne bent to take up my bag, I caught a saucy wink from her. Then I followed her up the wide staircase, my eyes glued on the thin heels before me, above which the long, slim legs were sheathed in sheer black silk with a fine seam going up the back. Her swinging diminutive black satin skirt revealed masses of frothy white frillies, making the brief black skirt stand out like a ballet dancer's. I followed her into an obviously girl's bedroom, and she said in broken English that it was Mademoiselle's, but that I was to use it for the weekend, as the guestroom was being decorated. I protested, but I soon found it was no good arguing. She brushed against me as she made for the door, and I caught hold of her, chucked her under the chin, snatched a kiss from those ruby lips and promised myself I was in for a good time. As she went out, she said I'd probably be on my own for about an hour, but, if I wanted anything, I was just to ring. Then, with a seductive swinging of the hips, she went out.

I opened a cupboard to put my things in and found it to be full of lovely girlish things. I just could not resist looking through them. In the set of drawers, I also found masses of feminine things,--undies, stockings, corsets, accessories, etc. As I stood handling a frail garment, Yvonne tapped and came in, asking if I had rung the bell. Before I had time to answer, and before I could put down the garment I was admiring, she looked around at the open cupboard and drawers, and then wagged a finger

at me, saying with a smile, "Ah, monsieur likes those things, so chic!" She took the filmy camiknickers from me and playfully held them up against me, saying, "Monsieur would look so joli in these--Monsieur would make a lovely mademoiselle--would Monsieur like to try? There will be ample time, and I will keep Monsieur's secret. After all, it will not be the first time I have helped to change a pretty monsieur into a ravissante demoiselle, for lots of boys do so in Paris. It is obvious how much Monsieur is suited to such things, and it is also clear how much Monsieur is attracted by them."

I had no chance to interrupt, so quickly did she chatter on, but, before she had finished, I knew I had succumbed. I promised her a nice present if she would help me, and also keep her eyes open for anyone's approach, and then I agreed. Smilingly she said she wanted no reward but to see me changed into a pretty girl. She produced a tiny pink silk cache-sex and a fine silk vest from one of the drawers, gave them to me and said she'd be back in five minutes, by which time I should have the two items on. I had the greatest difficulty in pulling the cache-sex into place without tearing it, but with careful manipulation I succeeded, and I was modestly and girlishly flat-fronted when Yvonne returned.

Then she became the perfect lady's maid, even if her fingers were a little more caressing than would be usual in a maid. She quickly padded a brassiere and put it on me, smilingly saying I almost didn't need it with my form. She laced me into a little corset, put on the filmy camiknickers I had been holding, then a crepe-de-chine petticoat, followed by long silken hose, high-heeled shoes, saucy ruched ruched ribbon garters, brief little frock, bandeau, earrings, necklace, bracelets and makeup, and then I saw myself in the mirror, with the kneeling Yvonne smilingly adjusting the hem of my frock. She jumped up and danced round me, paying me compliments and patting and caressing me. I caught her to me and gave her a long kiss, to which I felt her respond, as her arms went round me and I felt her press her silk-clad form against my own. Suddenly she went to the door, opened it and in a normal English voice called out, "Phil, come here!" As I stood amazed, in walked, as I thought, Jean, who stood smiling at my discomfiture at being caught in her pretty things. Then I had a further great surprise as Jean spoke, for I found a boyish voice

coming from her mouth.

"Ah!" said the pretty girl (Jean, as I thought), "we were right, Jean. Not only does Pat make a delightful girl on the stage, but he very clearly likes being dressed as a girl in private, too. How lovely! We shall have a truly feminine weekend." "Yes," said the pseudo-maid, laughing mischievously with a saucy flick of her little skirt, "it was the easiest thing ever to get him into corsets and camiknickers. If you'd seen the longing on his face when I came in and caught him fondling your undies, you'd have known that I was right when I said that Pat was born to be a girl-boy like you."

Quickly the whole set-up was explained to me. Yvonne didn't really exist, but the maid was actually Jean dressed up as a typically saucy French maid. The "girl" I had taken for Jean was really Phillip converted into a charming Phyllis, which he did almost every weekend at their home, there. They had wanted me to come there for a weekend, dressed as a girl, having taken a fancy to me on the stage, but, not being sure whether I'd like to dress as a girl off the stage, they had planned this trick to try to find out whether I had any real interest in girlish things in real life, that is to say, whether I was a true girl-boy, as Phil himself was.

Phil had no interest in dressing up for dramatics and hence had not shown his inclinations at college, even though I had rightly thought what a perfect girl he would make. Now I could see that I was right. Smilingly they asked whether they were forgiven for their trick, and I laughingly told them that of course they were, whereupon they both kissed me at the same time, and we were a smiling trio of girls together.

Jean went off to change into something more suitable, while Phil stayed and chatted with me. I heard his story, which was long and most absorbing. He told me of Jean's delight in having such a girlish brother, and of course I had to tell him about Nell. I complimented him on his appearance and learned that his waist taped 22 inches and that his breasts were his own and not merely pads. This he showed me by slipping off shoulder-straps and bringing forth a perfectly-shaped female breast, with a prominent red

nipple. For this touch of ultra-femininity he had to thank Jean, who had undertaken to put him through a course of training, consisting of injections, the use of a vacuum suction-pump and regular massaging. At his invitation I reached out a hand and touched one of them, and I found that the nipple responded as would that of a girl, by becoming hard and out-jutting, causing him to become restless--a truly girlish reaction. I told him I was quite envious of him, and he promised to get Jean to talk to my sister about it, so that I might try to get a similar result on my own nascent mounds.

Presently Jean came back, dressed in a pretty afternoon frock in flounced georgette, its wide skirt held out entrancingly by two petticoats, one of which I saw later was a pale-blue taffeta with ruched lace flounces. Phil--the dainty Phyllis--told Jean how Nell had first got me into petticoats, which I had now come to love so much. She said we must get together for the weekend, so they sent a telegram, asking her to come and join three "girls" and bring two or three of Pat's frocks. From that she would understand that we should all be girls.

Jean and Phyllis drove down to the station in smart coats and hats to meet Nell. I stayed behind, amusing myself, at their suggestion, by investigating both Phyl's and Jean's wardrobes of lovely dresses and undies. There was one especially exciting evening frock of Jean's in stiff blue silk and a low-cut bodice, that I was encouraged to wear myself the following evening. What a lovely weekend that was! From the Saturday to the Tuesday we were just four happy girls together. We slept in silk and lacy nighties, running in and out of each other's rooms in our frilly and filmy undies. We kissed and caressed each other as naturally as if we were girls who had long been the closest of friends. Phyl and I shared one room, and Jean and Nell the other.

To complete my girlish appearance in my long and clinging nightdress, I not only wore a tight pink silk cache-sex to hide my masculinity, but also a filmy bra with my realistic nipple-tipped pads, that Nell had so thoughtfully brought with her, the self-same pads that the attractive Anderson twins had given me some time before. I was amused to notice that Phyl, whose nightdress was a most frivolous affair in pale-green crepe-de-chine and lace, wore a dressing-gown open down the front, when we sat down to breakfast,

so that the nightie and beautiful, well-developed breasts could be clearly seen. As he laughingly said, "What's the good of having good girlish points and then hiding them!"

On subsequent weekends, when Nell was not there, Jean took the greatest pleasure in increasing my femininity to the utmost, and in particular she perfected my actions and mannerisms, so that, as she put it, "Not even a panel of matrons could ever discern the boy behind the girlish exterior." As a severe test, she loved to try out my femininity on unknowing males, whom she invited to the house, so that I could "seduce" them. She herself would play the part of a "voyeuse" from behind a curtain, always breaking in at the critical moment, when it seemed that an errant hand must surely discover my secret. I used to get quite a kick out of such episodes, for they proved to me so conclusively that I was clearly acceptable as a girl, and as an alluring girl at that!

Soon after I left college, Phillip had to go to Australia, and Jean decided to go with him, so Nell and I lost touch once again with some delightful friends. What happened to "Phyllis" and whether "she" continued to enjoy a feminine life I never did know.

Of course, that did not end my feminine life, only changed it back to earlier days. I had not forgotten dear Babs, though she thought she had lost me, when she knew that Nell and I were going away for weekends and that we were clearly going as "girls", with Pat getting new frocks and frillies. I found that, after the almost feverish excitement of time spent with Jean and Phyllis, it was restful and refreshing to return to the love and affection of my dear Babs. She was a kind girl and never openly reproached me. We were soon therefore, on our old footing again, though opportunities for petticoats were not quite so many and free as before. I had left college and had to earn a living. Much as I was tempted, I did not really want to go into the family business and be a sort of shopwalker. My mother was now a widow, and we decided to sell the business, and this we managed quite well.

There was also the underlying motive that I now knew I wanted to marry my darling, naughty Babs, though it was pretty certain I should then be to a large extent a "prisoner of the petticoats"--a rather attractive idea from many points of view. So I got a job in

a London office, proposed a little nervously to Babs that we should regularize our "rather sinful" lives, and set up a pretty feminine house together.

Dear Babs! I had put on one of my prettiest new frocks, a long-skirted evening gown in deep rose taffeta with low-cut bodice, diamante shoulder-straps and a stiff, rustling taffeta petticoat, brocade high-heeled shoes to match the frock, and rather elaborate jewelry. She said I looked so sweet and so entrancing that she couldn't resist me, though I deserved to be punished for leaving her alone for so long. But she fully forgave me and countered by proposing to me herself, drawing me into her arms and kissing me long and passionately on my painted lips.

So we set up life together in a little house just outside London, with a secluded garden in which two "ladies" could promenade freely and without being spied on. We were married in a registry office, with my mother and Nell as witnesses, and an old college friend, Donald, as best man. (Don had played opposite me in theatricals, and, while almost ignoring me as a male, loved flirting with me as a girl, and now, at the wedding, Babs pretended to be jealous when he laughingly showed everyone the saucy garters I had given him as a parting gift!) The wedding was an exciting affair, for not only was I wearing dainty feminine fripperies under my morning suit, but it had been decided that, at the very private reception afterwards, I would dress in my going-away frock, which meant that Babs and I felt safe enough to go away as two girls. It was completely successful and a delicious though brief experience.

We were ecstatically happy in our joint feminine life. I always kept feminine undies under my suits, and, as soon as I got home in the early evening, I got into a frock, high-heeled shoes and accessories--both for my own satisfaction and for Babs' pleasure. We both decided firmly that, if we had a child, it must be a girl, even if it be physically a male. And so it was. To end this rather long story, let it be said that Evelyn never knew till he was nearly twelve that he wasn't really a girl. But, with our fullest approval and pleasure, he has firmly decided that he wanted to be and would continue to be a girl. It is to be hoped that our pretty, long-haired Evie may one day be as lucky as I have been and find an understanding companion.

My Story

by Rosemary (FHK-L-1)

My wife has gone to bed because she has to feed the baby at some unearthly hour tomorrow morning, and as I was still not very tired I put on my brown flecked suit and a pair of light brown high heeled shoes over the undies and nylons I had been wearing all evening--and thought I would try and give my little bit to Transvestia which in the last few months has given me so much pleasure and contentment. I felt that as I had enjoyed reading other people's life histories mine might also be of interest particularly as I am one of the few Englishmen who have found the magazine.

I come from a fairly well to do family and am one of three boys and to the best of my knowledge was not kept in dresses as a child, nor was I subjugated to petticoat punishment, but I have since found out that my parents would have liked a girl and it is possible that this subconscious desire had some effect on me. Personally I feel the basic reason lies in my temperament--of this more later.

I went to boarding school at the ripe age of 8 and I feel that the seeds were sown there for I have been told that I was a very trusting child and also on the shy side which I can assure you is a fatal combination for the rough and tumble of an all boy's school. I very soon discovered, however, that the easiest way of stopping anyone teasing me was to beat him up. In this way I obtained the necessary peace and quiet, but I did develop a habit of escaping from the harsh realities of life by day dreaming and I came to the conclusion that a girl's life was easier and more pleasant than a boy's, so I started practicing TVism.

I found that some little used trunks in my home contained a wonderful selection of my mother's clothes which although a little on the large side were capable of being worn by me, so I rummaged through the trunks and borrowed the clothes which appealed to me. To this day I remember a pink dress which was styled as for the thirties when indeed it was probably bought and this, together with a few undies, I hid in a box in the basement and when the opportunity arose I would dress up.

As to be expected, after a period of time my mother found me

on one occasion fully dressed. I was about 11 at the time and then the trouble started for, my parents were quite frankly horrified and although I was not punished my father warned me of the horrors of homosexuality. He told me that if I carried on in that vein I would be sure to end up in gaol. They also said that they felt that I should go to a psychologist to see if he could help me: this prospect filled me with terror and I begged them not to send me to one and they agreed provided I didn't do it again. It perhaps would have been a good idea had my parents carried out this intention for if I had gone to a psychologist then the problem might have been solved, and I might no longer be a T.V. However that was not to be.

At school I soon discovered where the theatrical cupboard was, a deserted room in the basement, and I used to go down there, from time to time to borrow some of the costumes and array myself. I remember on one occasion I took a pair of silver slippers and went into the countryside which surrounded the school, put them on and walked around. I also acquired some red water color paint with which I painted my lips. I feel I should add at this point that although the school regularly put on a theatrical show where of necessity the girl's parts were filled by boys I was never chosen to fill such a part--because to all appearances I was all boy, though I always envied those who had been chosen.

As time passed I left my primary school and went to secondary school, and although I still retained my desire to dress up the life was very communal so it was more or less impossible to have any pieces of feminine finery without being found out. I did, however, continue to dress up during the holidays at home, and I did, however, to my great delight, find I was more or less the same size as my mother so I borrowed her clothes and shoes whenever I could though the opportunities were few. About this time I realized that homosexuality was not going to be my problem as I developed a healthy interest in girls and pinups and all the other things that adolescent boys do. This interest was mostly theoretical as I was at an all boy's secondary school and parties at home were few and far between because England in 1947 and 1948 was in the depths of the post-war austerity and everything was rationed from potatoes to clothes, and parties were consequently out. Again, the absence of girls at a time when I was beginning to be interested in them caused me to be exceedingly shy with them and may well have caused the seeds of TV-ism to germinate and take firm root.

I left school and within three months was called up for my National Service (Draft). During my basic training I was selected for an officer's training school and duly went to "Mons Officer Cadet School". While I was there I began looking into my desires and in a public library over 30 miles away I found a copy of Havelock Ellis' "Psychology of Sex" and read of "Eonism" and from that I gradually learned that there were others like myself and that I was not a homosexual. Incidentally since that day I have always gone to every public library in any large town I have been in to see if there are any books on Eonism which I have not read.

In due course I was commissioned and posted to active service. Just before I left I found a copy of Havelock Ellis' "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and bought it. For the next year I read and re-read the various cases which were discussed in the book. After I had been overseas about six months the urge came back to me with increased strength and I went out and purchased my first article of clothing--a pink nylon slip, and in the months that followed I bought a pink vest, a pair of high heeled shoes, a bra and a rubber bust form. These I would put on whenever the opportunity arose.

After two years I was demobilized and started learning my profession. To begin with I lived at home and travelled up to London for my studies, but it soon became obvious to my parents and myself that this was impractical as we lived too far out, so I moved into digs in London.

After I had been living in London for a few months I plucked up enough courage to go to a ladies dress shop to purchase a dress for a "girlfriend". Over the next few months I acquired the basic fundamentals of my wardrobe: high heeled shoes, panties, a grey skirt and pink blouse, all of which except the high heeled shoes I now realize were in terrible taste, but as I had no one to help me I had to work these things out for myself.

About this time I had my first really serious affair with a girl. I had previously naturally taken various girls out but this was "it" and I resolved then to give up TVism. I put all my clothes away and for a period of about six months I did not once dress up; but the urge came back and one evening I couldn't resist trying on my panties and nylons and from then on I was back in my old habits again.

I now decided that if I was going to dress up as a girl I had

better learn all there was to learn and from then on I always read and still do read the fashion parts of the newspaper. I also read a vast number of periodicals on makeup and other allied subjects and I realized that if my dresses were to fit me it was essential that I try them on in the shop where I bought them. The trouble was to find a shop which was not outrageously expensive or too large and where the assistants were helpful. This I discovered was impossible except when the sales were on. I eventually found a dress shop which had a lovely blue satin cocktail dress in the window for only L2 (\$6 U.S.) and I walked in and told the woman assistant I had been bet a certain sum of money that I could not go to a party dressed as a girl. I told her that I had accepted the bet and was now looking for appropriate clothes and was much taken by the dress in the window. She asked me how large I was and I said I didn't know but I thought I should be able to reduce my waist to 26" and my hips were slim and around 34". I was then told that the dress I liked was a 24" waist but they had a similar one in white with a 26" waist. I asked if I could try it on--was allowed to and found it fit. It was a lovely dress and I only finally threw it away a few months ago, because I had reluctantly convinced myself that I could never have a 26" waist again.

Ever since I reached adulthood I had always wanted to meet someone like myself but I soon found out that trying to find another TV was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Although over a period of many years I visited a large number of clubs in "Soho" some of which were well known for their homosexual background I only met a handful of people like myself. The average homosexual was not interested in impersonation and I wasn't interested in homosexuality. I prefer girls!

Of the TV's I did meet I found that we had one big thing in common--we were ashamed of our desires and terrified in case we were blackmailed, so I always deliberately gave the wrong name and as I couldn't afford a correspondence address we soon lost contact. There was however, on exception, an ex-naval officer who had a family of 3 girls (and one of the bluest beards I have ever seen), from all appearances a most unlikely man to be a TV. He was a charming person and as he had as much to lose from exposure as myself I gave him my true name and to this day we are in contact, but his job takes him all over England so I do lose touch with him from time to time. He did however give me one piece of advice which I did not act on and that was: "tell your wife before you marry because if she loves

you she won't mind, but if she does object you will have saved yourself and your future wife a great deal of unhappiness." He was only too right, so if any of you are contemplating marriage do tell her first. I know from my own experience how difficult it is to tell someone you love of your other half but you may not be as lucky as I am to have such a wonderful and understanding wife.

In due course I qualified and started work. I moved into my own flat which I shared with a friend who was and still is unaware of my TV habits and I know would be horrified if he knew for I once discussed the "Roberta Cowell" case with him. I again decided to try and break myself of the habit so I locked all my things in a suitcase and threw the key away.

However, this attempt to give up TVism was as unsuccessful as the others. After a few months I opened the suitcase by bursting open the locks, so the only effect of my maneuver was to damage a suitcase! I now became bolder and used to buy my clothes by going into shops which I thought were likely and saying I was a female impersonator. I usually wore the appropriate padding and under garments so I could see if the dress fit. My measurements now as Rosemary and appropriately padded and corseted are 37"--28"--38". I weigh around 142 lbs, am 5' 8½" in my nylons and take a size 100 (American fitting) in shoes. I would like to say at this stage how helpful the majority of women shop assistants were, nothing seemed too much trouble, but I had to pick my shops. I also found at this time a shop which specialized in shoes at very reasonable cost for amateur female impersonators, and if any of your readers are in London the name is: "The Continental Shoe Shop", Edgeward Road. They make both Theatrical shoes with heels up to 7" high and ordinary shoes. The pleasant feature about this shop is that you can try on your high heels when dressed as a man and all the shop assistants are most helpful.

I decided that a wig was necessary as I wanted to go out, so I purchased one but it looked terrible! I blamed the wig but this was unjustified as since I've been married I have discovered how to manage long hair and the wig is now excellent. Perhaps it was just as well that I couldn't handle the wig as it discouraged me from going out dressed as a woman. I am certain that had I managed to solve the wig problem I would have gone out dressed frequently which might have had disastrous results. On the few times I did go out I must have looked like a prostitute as I was often accosted, but this may

well have been the area I was in and not my appearance. However, as I said earlier homosexuality was not my failing so I moved away quickly.

On one fortuitous evening around this time I met my future wife and over the next couple of years I fell deeply in love with her but, I was very reluctant to marry her because I did not know whether I could give her the happiness she deserved due to my TV habits and I found I was unable to summon enough courage to tell her: when you have kept a secret to yourself for over 15 years it takes more courage than I possessed to tell her of Rosemary. However she gave me an ultimatum one evening as a result of which I proposed and we were married.

Soon after I married I applied for and was given a post with a company which has contacts throughout the Far East and was posted to Hong Kong. I had on my wedding day packed away all my clothes and resolved to have nothing more to do with being a TV.

When I had been overseas some months I found that I was back in my old ways again, so I summoned every ounce of courage I possessed and told my wife of Rosemary. I had always used this name but quite out of the blue my wife decided that my feminine half should be called Rosemary--one of the curious coincidences of life that can never be explained. She had lived in a very broad community and although she had never met one face to face she knew what Transvestism was. Although I hesitate to say she was happy about it she understood far more than I could ever have hoped for.

The next great step in Rosemary's life was the discovery of "Transvestia" and the fact that there were hundreds of other people who had lived with this and had had perfectly happy and productive lives. Soon after I obtained my first copies I showed them to my wife. She read them and I think they helped her although she is, she tells me still frightened that I shall become more and more Rosemary and less and less my masculine self, until as she said she would have a most peculiar person left as a husband. I have tried to convince her that I have no intention of either changing my sex or living permanently as a woman, though I realize that Rosemary will be with me for the rest of my life. I feel that now she is out in the open she will trouble me less and allow my masculine life more freedom which has definitely been the case over the last few months.

That is my life story to date-what will happen in the future I

know not except that the bond between my wife and me is now built on the sure foundation of no secrets and I hope and pray that I am able to repay her for the love and understanding which she has shown since I told her of Rosemary.

I hope I haven't bored you and I would like to say that if any of you cross the Pacific and find yourself here in Hong Kong, I hope we can meet and discuss mutual interests.

Sincerely,

Rosemary



BACKSTAGE AT THE JEWEL BOX REVUE

by Linda (5-F-5)

Virginia asked me to do a rundown on some professional impersonators, so as soon as the Jewel Box Revue arrived in our town, I hid myself thither. There's not much to see back stage at the Jewel Box when they first arrive in a new town. Any show on the road as they are looks exactly the same. The big wardrobe trunks, the props, the extra curtains, they all lay unceremoniously at the back of a bare stage, waiting to be unwrapped.

The cast members weren't present the first night I arrived to interview the producer, Danny Brown. He's been producing impersonator shows for over thirty years.

"I can tell if a man will make a good-looking girl just by looking at his face," he told me. I suppose after that many years he ought to be able to.

"Out and out homosexuals, the effeminate males that mince and prance, they aren't any good. They overdo it."

At first I found this hard to believe but the next afternoon I saw it was true. There were members of the cast all over the theater, rehearsing dance routines and blocking out their stage movements on solos. They all wore pants when the rehearsal started out, but as I watched parts of male attire would disappear and in their places tights, high heels, even a wig showed on one crewcut head. But there was no sign of the feminine perfection I had been led to believe existed in this group. They looked like a group of college boys getting ready for an annual show.

They were of different heights, many of them quite tall. They had one factor definitely in their favor and that was weight. They all seemed very trim. Even at that the show had to carry its own seamstress.

"Men are built differently," Danny Brown explained. "We have to take the difference into consideration in their costumes."

All the members I saw being fitted upstairs in the costume room wore Frederick's girdles with the padded hips. Later I watched some of them dressing for the opening night and some didn't bother with the hip pads, but at least half of them do.

I got to know several of the "girls", and I was amazed to find out the variety of backgrounds they claimed. One had been an airline pilot, another worked in a factory. Several claimed to have wives and girl friends on the way to our city to be with them, but I never saw any of these in evidence during the interviews.

Watching them rehearse in their working clothes and then seeing the change into costume was fascinating. Professionals have one distinct advantage over the amateur in female impersonation: up there on the stage they are protected by lighting and distance from close scrutiny. Their makeup is naturally heavier and their wigs can be of an inferior quality.

Their wigs were well-done and certainly expensive, but up close they didn't look as completely realistic as they would have to if they were going out on the street in them.

Most of them dressed would fool me, and I pride myself on a TV-discerning eye. They saved the wigs for last, though, and therein lies an even more intriguing tale.

They start preparing themselves the day before the dress rehearsal. Most of them have to shave all over, and this is evidently a time-consuming problem. So they shave the day before, saving the make-up and costuming for the day of the opening, in this case the opening for friends and press was dress rehearsal. I watched them troup in to get ready, two and a half hours before the curtain was scheduled to go up. They sat down in front of mirrors in their male underwear and started to make up.

The first thing they do is put on a heavy base. Then they start shadowing much as you or I. But they take great pains to bring the contours of the face in line with their femme ideal. They work to make the lower face appear rounder and wider than it is. This they feel is a feminine characteristic. They cover the eyebrows with make-up base, pencil in newer, higher ones. Their lipstick is heavier than it would be for streetwear. Their nails are polished but poorly manicured, I thought. I've seen amateur TV's with greater care taken on their nails. Perhaps the pros have to have stubbier nails to work the zippers and hooks they are involved with on costume changes. One of the Jewel Box stars has something like eleven changes, each of them into a new wig as well as a new costume.

To return to the magic of the hairpiece: I watched the faces

in the dressing room become more and more feminine, and the mannerisms too. The gender gradually becomes feminine in conversation, also, and the wrists relax in gesticulation. It's great fun watching them make the transformation, because they let themselves go as they submerge their maleness and the feminine sides come through.

When the eyes and lips and complexions are all in order, then they slip the elaborate hairpieces on. Suddenly they become beautiful, wondrously beautiful. Even before a bra is on a bare chest, the face and hair present too overwhelming a portrait of femininity to be contradicted.

Most of the gowns have falsies sewn in for quick-change convenience. In this respect the pro is not as adequate as his amateur counterpart. He doesn't indulge, onstage at least, in lovely lingerie. They all wear tights and briefs over them. If you want to be revulsed, think of a beautiful pair of legs in black tights and high heels, beautifully made up face, black waist cincher and padded bra, beautiful full wig to top it all off and what is his final piece of attire before climbing into a satin and sequin gown: Jockey shorts! Ugh!

The appearance onstage is devastating, and you have to pinch yourself at times to remember they're not real girls up there. Even during the costume changes backstage during the show I was amazed. The boys that I'd been talking to for two days while doing the story were suddenly glamorous girls and I was nervous about approaching them as they shrugged out of tight-fitting gowns.

All in all, it's a rare and wonderful treat to watch them prepare, and the secrets that are theirs in becoming women for an evening on the stage would make for several volumes. One important fact struck me, and it should gladden TV's everywhere: despite loud protestations that it was all "only a job", I found in every instance a distinct pride in feminine appearance.

Don't let anyone ever tell you differently, pro impersonators are just as happy to feel those skirts around their legs as you are. I know they're all underpaid, and it's obvious why: they love the job. They're so happy dancing across that stage in those lovely silks and satins, made up to beat the band, why they'd pay to be part of that show.

It's not surprising, really, wouldn't you?

Linda

A BRAND FOR THE BURNING

by Doris (32-G-4)

Unlike so many, to me the discovery of TRANSVESTIA was a traumatic experience I would not want to undergo again. I am one in whom the old desire has lain smouldering but well banked for years, ever since the earliest days of adolescence. Now and then a bit of flare-up, now and then a pang, and as the years went on never dying, waxing stronger. In the past two or three years flaming out here and there, intruding, scrabbling at my mind. Let my eye stray to a lingerie shop as I passed, and the sudden burning flame scorched my heart and soul in one stinging flare as the eye lingered a moment too long on some pink bit of nylon and lace, on a baby doll delectably displayed or a pair of lacy panties or a petticoat. I would walk on, with a twisting pain wrenching at me and bear with it and in a few minutes it would pass and I could continue.

But again and again...and then I saw in a magazine shop near Times Square a magazine wrapped in cellophane: Transvestia No. 11. I looked, I didn't know what was in it, the price was exorbitant (\$8.00)--a pig in a poke and one had been stung before. I passed it up. But the next day I thought of it and the next, and finally I went and bought it--and issue #12.

As I read them, my hands trembled, I felt burning and weak. I felt the banked fires raging around me. I sweated and gasped for breath and my mind said--these are the people--they're good--they're good--they're not fakes--they're on your side--they see as you see. And I couldn't bear it.

It was agony and it opened a month of agony. I was due to go to the West Coast on business a month from then. I must see these people. I must talk with them--and I cannot in New York, I dare not, I have not the place nor the opportunity. But out there I can and I must. But how do I do this? I wrote them, a cautious letter--too cautious for I had only my business office to use, not my home. And I waited. And I agonized.

The burning was nearly constant. On the subway going to work, I would feel it hot inside me. On the subway going home, it would twist and writhe and blaze away until I felt almost faint and wanted

to scream. On the streets during lunch, I walked breathless, feeling the surge, the fires--I must know, I must meet, I must talk. And I could not. At work, I held it down--at least I have that control. But at night it was worst.

I have work I do at night--certain assignments I must fulfill--and I could do nothing. Sit down at the typewriter and I could not concentrate. Nothing could I think of but imaginary conversations, imaginary meetings, those pages of TVia always posing so many other angles and queries and ideas. And always the thought--was I wrong, would I find these people strange, repugnant? Perhaps--who could tell, but I had to know.

For a month my work at home was totally disrupted. I found excuses, I claimed to be stumped for data, but the truth was I couldn't concentrate for the agony in my soul.

I wrote a second letter, a little less cautious, a little more open. I had to take the chance, I had to make contact. And still the days went by and no answer, until at last just a brief pink note that said Virginia would call me at my motel in Los Angeles. And the pang died down, just a bit, it became bearable. But not much more than that, for now it was marking time. And what, my mind hinted, if the TVia people never made good, if we failed to contact. That stay would be a horror...a burning, agonizing horror.

Understand--I am no practicing TV. This has been a controlled caged urge--some slight locked-room occasions dotting the years--but never a real dress-up and never likely either. And now this flame, out of control, burning me up, against logic, against caution, against sense. But all on TVia, a magazine whose sincerity seemed deep and real. A torch that fired the coals of hell for me.

I have met Virginia and I have broken bread with her and her brother and her wife and her friends. I am at ease, my heart is calm, my soul is cool. They are good people and I say this in all sincerity, I know not what the future will bring nor what new fires may blaze out. Whether I will ever practice cross-dressing I do not know now any more than I did before. Possibly no more than ever before--but I know where I stand. I have an iron will and I have things to defend which perhaps may outweigh any desire to join you fully. But I am on your side and I want to know more of you.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia,

.....Feeling broken-hearted and miserable over Christmas '60, I thought I wanted to be with a fellow TV, so I wrote to Susanna. Susanna replied in a very friendly manner and I went to visit her and her wife, Marie, in NYC. They are very charming and human people. Susanna told me that she knows you so that is how I am coming to look upon you as a friend. In NYC I had the opportunity to meet one or two other very open TVs. We talked freely and I had a very fine experience. Having been dressed up in front of only one or two people before in my life, I was rather nervous meeting TV strangers in dress. This nervousness, however, wore off and very soon I was just like the rest of the girls and was even singing and dancing and loving every minute of it. Somehow, now I don't feel so nervous and afraid of TV and will find it a lot easier to break it to a future wife.

Now I wouldn't mind it if you printed all or part of the following.

News to fellow TVs: especially to the nervous, inexperienced ones. Everything depends on just what you're used to.

Let me give examples: Driving in a luxurious limosine may be a thrill for you, but if you owned one for 6 months, you'd begin to regard it as just a mode of transportation. Nude bodies may be disturbing to your composure, but swimming in the nude in a YMCA pool or spending a holiday at a nudist camp would prove to you that it doesn't mean a thing after a few hours. It's as if you had been doing it all your life.

Now I was rehearsing with a group of boys and girls for a show where I was to headline one act, impersonating a girl singer. I was willingly offered black spike-heeled shoes from one girl, a sheath dress from another, a black lacy slip from another, lipstick and gloves. With a hired blonde wig, my ensemble was completed.

When I first appeared, dressed up for the rehearsal, the kids

had to laugh because, of course, they weren't used to it. But then, as I went through my act and we discussed how to improve on it the boys and girls alike were very serious and worked with me. You see? The magic had worked--they were used to my new appearance in just a few minutes. A note here: the more care you take in your appearance, the more fully and quickly you are accepted. The girls were actually curious of how attractive my legs looked in stockings and high heels--they weren't ridiculing me any more. And when they spoke of my act after the show, it was referring to how good I looked. So girls, take pains in your dress and makeup.

I suppose triumph went a little to my head and it wasn't long after that that I borrowed a girl's fur coat and walked a few blocks alone, this time in a dramatic black wig with below shoulder length hair. I received two whistles, and a young man in a car stopped, wanting to take me for a ride. Maybe it was the teetering 4" red heels, my legs, or my hair, I don't know, but a minute later as I had coffee in a restaurant another man asked me to join his table and have a meal with him.

To all these offers I shook my head and smiled sweetly and successfully warded these wolves off. But inside me I was scared in case I was picked up against my will. This feeling was stronger than the warm feeling of being flattered. Men are such wolves! A nice girl can't even go out alone without being bothered by some types.

Irene-Canada



Dear Editor:

This morning I received my first copy of TRANSVESTIA, which happened to be #5. Thank you for your prompt attention to my order. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed reading and rereading this wonderful magazine. My only regret is that my attention was not brought to it long before last week.

What pleasure and satisfaction I derived from reading the expressions of ideas which are akin to mine and which I have never dared to reveal to a living soul. As soon as is feasible I fully intend to avail myself of the services offered in your magazine. I wish I could wax eloquent as do some of your correspondents in extolling the virtues of your thrilling publication. For the moment, however, I hasten to enclose my check for TVia #6.

yours truly R.R.--Iowa

Dear Virginia:

I cannot relate a cause for me. I think it is a personality quirk or emotional and physical drive we get through environment or fate, such as even temperament, talkativeness or likes and dislikes of certain foods.

My outlet has been pantomiming records to entertain various clubs and organizations, and even though it is infrequent I can seemingly practice often enough to withhold frustrations in marriage. I get paid for these shows and have been asked more and more by friends to do the bit for gatherings and parties and no one as far as I can detect objects to my "hobby" or refers to me as gay, queer, or repulsive. What they say about me after I leave I don't know but couldn't care less. They still appear as good friends to my face so I'm satisfied.

I run from one extreme to the other in TV. As a man I am ambitious and responsible, for I hold down several jobs as sources of income.....my hobbies are masculine--hunting, fishing, mountain climbing with water color and oil painting when I have time. When at the other extreme in female dress, I'm not happy or in the mood unless its complete. Body hair, padding, false nails, careful make-up, etc. I am quieter in manner when dressed and

overly concious of my appearance and impression, when not, I go unshaven, in old clothes and am quite aggressive and outspoken. Its something I have learned to live with and hope someday society will do the same. I consider myself normal and happy. Too bad it's difficult for social mores to allow others this goal also.

Undoubtedly this self-catharsis is a step to solving one's problems and probably why so many TVs enjoy writing you. The most I have received from your magazine concerns education of one's wife and family towards understanding. In the early years of marriage it is accepted but as the polish of the marriage wears away, a wife can lose her respect for her husband and TV soon becomes irritating. I can't speak from experience as I have only been married 10 months and my wife does not know or understand I am a full fledged transvestite. She does know and has seen me in dress, but it was for a show or party and didn't appear to be just for self satisfaction even though it was. Best wishes for a successful year.

Sincerely, Fritzi--Nev.

My Dear Virginia:

My ad in TVia payed off handsomely. Have met three sisters, clicked with two and am corresponding with two others. Takes up quite a little time but am so plased that I do not begrudge it.....

Virginia, I am most grateful to you, for without you and your magazine I would never have had the pleasure and opportunity to meet others who are like me and to enjoy their company. I can never thank you enough.....

Sincerely, Marcelle--Calif.

Ed's Reply: These are the kind of letters that give me a lot of satisfaction and make all the work etc. worth it---to know that this publication is bringing not just entertainment but help to lonely people, and enlightenment to those close to them. In spite of what the post office people may think, the presence of the Person to Person column in this magazine is a very important and useful part of it and worth the fight.

Dear Virginia:

Your prompt reply to my request for information about TRANSVESTIA is greatly appreciated--as is your thoughtfulness in enclosing a personal note. The fact that there is such an organization as yours has done wonders for my morale. Your kind words have also helped considerably, in that they represent the first contact of any kind I have ever had with someone who can really understand what it means to be a transvestite.

A few days after I wrote my original letter to Chevalier Publications, I happened to pick up a copy of SEXOLOGY in which your article was featured. Ordinarily, I don't usually bother to buy SEXOLOGY, since whatever it prints on the subject of transvestism is usually either so clinical as to be unrecognizable or one of those "As I write this, I am wearing..." sort of articles which are unique the first time one reads them, but a bit dull after a couple of repetitions.

Your article was the first really important thing that SEXOLOGY has printed on the subject, and I congratulate both your courage (in avoiding the non-de-plume approach) and your convictions, which were expressed in a particularly intelligent blend of science and subjectivity. Scientists might disagree that science and subjectivity can be blended with any validity, but I feel that when one discusses the human condition, both are essential.

Being now 33 years old, I feel it's about time I learned to accept myself and come to terms with my transvestic desires. Actually, I have made some progress toward that goal, although a much better adjustment is still to be sought. The one large obstacle in this kind of self-realization is loneliness, which is probably true of the majority of transvestites. Transvestism, more than any other configuration of the human psyche, tends to isolate the individual from society. If he mingles with society while dressed in female attire, he can be clapped into jail. If he stays to himself, with no contact with the world, he disintegrates slowly and painfully. Homosexuals, at least, have come to be accepted by society as a concomitant evil, and very little action is taken against them, so long as they observe the same restraints as heterosexuals are expected to observe in their sexual relations.

While I am not a person who must conform in every way to society neither am I a person who enjoys isolation. I would like to have the freedom to choose the worthwhile things in society and conform to them

(for then it is no longer conformity but a voluntary act) and to reject those things in society to which I cannot conform, by my very nature.

All this is very involved and difficult to describe, but what it all boils down to is this: I would like to see a social order evolve in which every individual can think the way he likes, dress the way he likes, and act the way he likes--just so long as he does not interfere with other people's rights.

Thus it is I salute your attempts to create an island of understanding for the transvestite in the sea of indifference and hostility which surrounds him (and often engulfs him if he goes too near the water). Isolated and insular, the transvestite runs a grave danger of losing himself and his individuality in the depths of neurosis and eventual disintegration.

Sincerely,

Fred

Dear Virginia & Barbara:

I feel it very appropriate at this time for me to write a few words of congratulations on the second anniversary of TV'ia with #13, as it is also an anniversary for me. It was Feb. 27, 1961 when I first learned of TV'ia, and also the happiest day of my life to learn that I really wasn't such an "Odd Ball" after all. Until that day I really thought I was sick or crazy to want to don feminine garb, make up and the works, I thought I was alone and the only one in the world with such a desire. Always with such a guilty feeling, and hiding all the time, taking advantage of every opportunity whenever the house was empty, (I'm sure all you know how nerve racking it can be) but now that I know what I am and that I'm not alone, its not so bad after all, some people collect butterflies, others rocks, we have our pretty clothes, so what? Does that make us so different from others? I'll always be very thankful to TV'a for what it has done for me.

It was very enlightening news to hear that a dream has come true in the forming of "PHI PI EPSILON". Please send me the pamphlet and full information as to how I can join and the requirements for acceptance. Thank you.

Very sincerely yours,

Jan

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

One of the greatest worries that assails everyone of us is the thought that we may be thought of as "gay". We go to great lengths trying to impress upon those we happen to meet outside our little world of finery that we definitely are not what we seem to be. Some of the girls carry this fear to such extremes that after they get dressed, they act even more manly than they would do in their male clothes. No attempt is made to endow their girl-image with the gestures and mannerisms that are considered feminine by society. Somehow they are afraid that by acting feminine, if they ever get caught or "read", such mannerisms will have pegged them as gay. Hence we observe the rather grotesque spectacle of a man who is dressed in women clothes who is properly made up, but who stops at that point and spends all possible effort in projecting as masculine a personality as he can. I have come upon such cases--and like so many other facets of the transvestic world--can't find the right answer. There are only two possible explanations: one is the above mentioned fear, the other is another fear: to release the feminine part of the personality and to discover that she is stronger than the masculine self. Obviously we are in the presence of a struggle prompted by a double fear: social & psychological.

It is interesting however to observe how inconsistent we can be in our behaviour. We all agree that we should do our best to draw a sharp line between the transvestic world and the gay world. We go so far as to suggest an entirely new set of terms to describe ourselves. And still we eagerly doll up to attend a masquerade ball knowing perfectly well that the public is well aware of one thing: that it is a "drag" ball where the "queens" go to display their fabulous gowns. We know this but we shut our eyes to the inescapable fact that no one soul in that affair will believe in a million years that there is a difference between us and the rest of the be-gowned and be-jewelled "boys". We have become--in the eyes of the public--exactly what we loudly proclaim we are not. And believe me, girls I'm not trying to point an accusing finger at anybody for the simple reason that I am one of the worst offenders in this category. I just love to attend these balls and when I cross the lines of cur-

ious spectators who gather outside to watch the "queens", I know what they are thinking of me but somehow I don't care. I imagine this could be caused by an overwhelming attack of narcissism.

I wanted to check the reaction of some of the girls who went to the March ball at the Manhattan Center in N.Y. and I requested Lorraine (32-C-5) to contribute to this column with her impressions. It was particularly interesting inasmuch as this was the first time that she went to one of these affairs and she has often contributed with articles to expand our meager be-skirted literature.

Here is what Lorraine wrote:

"I don't know what the astrologers had to say about Friday March 30th, but I know that during the evening, Susanna, Marie, Gail, Karen, Lee, Vicki, Gloria, Colleen, Betty & I had a wonderful time.

The reason? We enjoyed the dancing, the music of a good band and the meeting of Anita (Cover Girl TVia #9) and several other acquaintances--at the National Variety Artists Ball which took place at the Manhattan Center in New York City. Vicki, who makes a fabulous transformation by the way, shot a number of pictures, and most likely you will see some of them in future issues of this magazine.

Although all the members of our group qualified for participating in the costume contest that was held, Susanna was the only one who entered it. In a rose and green Oriental sheath (created by Helen Lancaster) with a high slit on the left side, and her skillfully applied, matching eye makeup, she was resplendent to say the least.

If you've ever been to one of these gatherings you can well understand the difficulty of selecting the winners from such a contest, for there must have been a hundred or more who wore gowns that were outstandingly beautiful.....

However, the most important and enduring kind of prize that we can win, is that of acceptance (albeit a temporary one).- The chance to express our feminine selves not in a locked room, but in large rooms full of all kinds of people, and even to extent outside, for you arrive, and leave these balls, in female attire. The chance to walk about, chat, dance--live and have fun, as a real woman can in every-day life. Those of us who went to this ball for the first time are still "floating on air"...it is an unforgettable experience. When you have a special opportunity--as this was--for releasing, in a tremendous manner, the woman within you, how can you convey the

inner joy--the excitement, the ecstasy, that you feel?"

Thus speaks Lorraine, Notice that in her "ecstasy" the last thing that could possibly disturb her mind was the thought of what the public might be thinking. Tag or no tag she was having a ball, and so did everybody else. Let me add here that I did not win any prize, that the people in the tables nearby thought we were impersonators (with whatever connotations that term may imply), that an overwhelming percentage of those in dresses were gay and that they talked to us as they talk to each other, and that people were incredulous when told that Marie and Colleen were the actual wives of two of us.

I simply bring this up to show what I call our inconsistent behaviour. If we stuck to strict logic we should never, never go to these affairs. And still we keep on going because it's fun. I guess logic is not a girl's forte.

As I pondered about this month's column, without being aware of what was happening, I fell into some kind of daydream which was so incredibly startling that I decided to share it with all of you. This is the dream: Following the pattern of that famous novel (made into a movie) TURNABOUT..there is a statue of a goddess (perhaps Venus Castina) who suddenly decides to grant the wishes of a lot of the girls who inhabit male bodies, and proceeds to turn all of us into bonafide, genetic women. Here we are, real women. Most of us--after the initial shock--decide that it feels pretty good, but to our dismay we discover that we have not gotten rid of our transvestic impulse!...and that our greatest desire now is to dress and act as men. What pains we take to play the man's role! We begin by cutting our hair as short as possible. Susanna's husband named Mario runs a wig shop and makes a fortune after inventing a toupee that can be worn over our short locks to give us that marvelous crewcut look. Mario goes so far as to sell a head-piece that gives you the bald spot. Several of the girls purchase these exciting transformations. Audrey is desperately trying to achieve the hairy look and falls into a trance when Mario designs a flesh color strip covered with curly hair to be glued to the arms, back of the hands and chest. Gail immediately takes advantage of these hairy strips and spends hours looking at herself in the mirror savoring at last a perfect mat of hair on her chest. The girls won't admit it but it becomes a matter of common knowledge that almost all of them are making furtive trips to see a doctor who has discovered a hormone which flattens the bust and will even, in some cases, grow

a faint beard and moustache. (Oh, the lucky ones!) Gloria creates a sensation at one of our meetings, she has found a place where they sell waist and shoulder padding guaranteed to give you a perfect he-man look. So we all go crazy ordering these pads. I am delighted to go from my normal 19 waist to a perfect 38!! We help each other with advice. Anita has discovered a cream that will give you face lines and pimples and gives us the address of a voice teacher--a very understanding fellow--who'll teach you to drop your voice. We all practice for a half hour at each meeting talking baritone. It is hard for the girls who have extremely high voices, but we figure that if Anita could do it, so can we. Lee walks in wearing a perfectly gorgeous dark grey flannel suit with white shirt and striped tie. Her disguise is so perfect that she has even added the white hankie showing just a teensy-bit on the breast pocket of her jacket. She seems taller now. The secret? She's wearing elevated shoes (Adler, I think). She shows us how to walk in a manly way and keeps insisting that we should never, never sit with our knees together, a habit that Gail just can't get rid of. Felicity has trouble taking long steps and just can't seem to get used to going around without a girdle. However she wins a round of applause when she tells us she has overcome her natural timidity. I feel like putting her to the test and (overcoming my normal squeamishness) I toss a live mouse into the living room. Felicity turns pale but refrains from jumping onto a chair and drowns the scream that threatened to leave her throat. Vickie surprises everybody when she walks in actually smoking a pipe!! Poor thing. She tries so hard to look and act like a man, but her femininity just keeps showing through despite the fact that her favorite outfit is a truck-driver's uniform. We all make a point of always tracking mud into the house and covering the rugs with ashes. We also agree to build a library for the group. We all chip in as a starter for a subscription to Popular Mechanics and a fascinating book entitled "The Care and Handling of Guns". Lorraine objects on the grounds that if we all start reading there won't be enough time for just talking. We point out to her that she must learn to hold her tongue. "Look Lorraine--says Karen--if you want to look and act like a man you must stop being the chatterbox you are." This irritates Lorraine no end and we have a great deal of difficulty trying to stop an incipient fight. Karen has forgotten to clench her fists and is waiting with nails ready to scratch. This despite the fact that it's part of the rules to keep our nails cut very short. Betty makes things worse by shouting: for heaven's sakes boys! cut it out! She knows very well that we frown upon the

use of such expressions while dressed in men's clothes.

At the resort we really let go. The boy-within (as I like to refer to my hidden self) is deliriously happy. There we can satisfy our pent-up emotions. We cut wood like mad. Some go for painting the walls of the bungalows. My friends have to stop me from overdoing the tremendous amount of physical activity I indulge in. Cutting grass, fixing furniture, and then, in the evenings we all get into our heavy boots and heavenly rough pair of hunter's pants for an hour or so of hiking up the mountain. Then there's the problem of going swimming wearing men's trunks. But Virginia and Barbara, who have come for a visit, bring the perfect solution: a flesh colored bandage tightly wrapped around the bust. After swimming we all spend a full hour of weight-lifting. This is terrific. Karen is beginning to have troubles with her biceps. She's overdoing it. She admits it. She tells us that when she goes on trips she forgets sometimes and finds herself picking up a heavy suitcase and just tossing it to the bell boy at the hotel. Evening at the casino. We are all wearing tuxedos. How lovely a time practicing how to lead on the dance floor. Since Janice and Beatrice have to leave that night, they have changed back to their regular frocks. You can see the sadness on their faces. Just wishing they could have stayed dressed in male attire for a little longer. They pluck disgustedly at their skirts, and in a gesture of defiance, they rip off their earrings and bracelets and drive away.

Just before we return to the city we suddenly remember we have not chosen a name for our group. Felicity suggests: The Motorized Brigade, but the name is voted down after Betty and Lorraine begin to pout and threaten to go into hysterics. They just don't like the title suggested. Finally the majority, at the suggestion of Irene who has made the trip all the way from Toronto just to cast in her vote, decide to establish the Socks and Shirt Club, despite the shrill protests of Judith who insists on something even more masculine like: Sweat and Grime Society. Me? I go along with the majority although I would have preferred something more inspiring like: the Brawn and Biceps Club.

Fortunately, at this point of the dream, the insistent ringing of the telephone brought me back to reality. It was a new girl wanting information about the resort. What clothes to wear, I almost said: why your tuxedo of course...almost...but not quite, thank heaven!

And as a last bit of information for this issue of TVia, must report that I'm definitely going pro on a few week-ends this year. I have even an agent who'll book me in a few spots around here in New York and in some resort areas starting next month. It'll be nice to get paid for dressing up.

Love to all from,
Susanna.

.....
*** IMPORTANT SUGGESTION ***

In case you hadn't thought about it, it is possible to tell who a person is corresponding with by keeping track of the return addresses on the mail he receives. Arrangements have been made to prevent this. Any mail written to or about TVs may be return addressed as follows. 406 So. Second St. Dept. C. Alhambra, Calif. If the mail is not delivered to the addressee it will be sent to this return address and in due course turned over to Chevalier Publications. We will open it, find out who wrote it and return it to you. This should help personal security considerably, but let us caution you again about sending questionable writing or photos through the mail. The consequences can be serious for sender and recipient and a reflection on all of us.

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*** PIRACY ***

Inasmuch as someone is stealing, photocopying and distributing forged copies of TRANSVESTIA and the FEMMEMIRROR it is necessary to contact possible newstand outlets directly ourselves. Therefore, we would appreciate the names and addresses of outlets in your city or others which might be interested in distributing this magazine. If you can give them a pitch and show them a copy in person it would doubtless help a lot and we'd appreciate the lead. Wider distribution means more subscribers, more and nearer friends, wider awareness of our field and opportunity to help more people.

Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

The PHI PI EPSILON page may not seem to be the place to make this announcement, but since it concerns one of the important persons in the Sorority I feel that it is in order.

Barbara Elin, whom you all know as the clever editor of the *FemmeMirror*, and the originator of the Operation Cupid idea and co-organizer of the Sorority has up and went and gone and done it. She got tired of waiting for enough people to take her up on Operation Cupid so she went out (in the person of Bob) and found THE girl. And quite a girl she is too. She not only accepted the whole FP idea immediately but has fallen right into the whole field of work. Her name is Joyce and she is real great... "a thing of beauty and a Joyce forever" as the poet said. Well, having found that all was well in the FP quarter they have proceeded in the time honored fashion, and probably before this edition hits your mailbox, Bob and Joyce will be married. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to tell you about this because it is so satisfying to observe the difference it makes in a person who is not only in love but who knows that he is FREE, that the whole person is involved in the love relationship, not just the socially acceptable part. It relieves inhibitions, frustrations, and guilts that have built up over the years. I can only hope that those of you still looking for understanding mates can be encouraged by Bob's success and good fortune. A year ago he would have been unable to tell Joyce about FP in a clear, guilt free manner and thus she might not have been able to accept it. But all of us grow and this includes Bob and I with the rest of you. Learning from and working with each other helps all of us and the rewards are great. So these love birds will probably be perched on their own nesting twig before long. Congratulations to them!

Joyce finds many advantages in an FP husband. She says that whenever she gets a bit put out about the masculine Bob she can tell him to go get Barbara and then she can deal with Barbara on her own feminine terms. This is the first time I've thought of FP as a sort of "doghouse" for erring boyfriends or husbands, but there are hidden

advantages to everything.

Phi Pi Epsilon had its third discussion group meeting May 4th. Present were 7 members, 3 prospects, 5 wives, 1 fiancée and 2 other women, 18 in all. In these discussion groups we are looking into the problem of femininity in the male in depth. We are fortunate in having a practicing psychologist sit in with us to give us his views on the group's contributions.

This is what sets the Sorority off as something new and vital rather than just a bunch of screwballs that like to wear dresses. These group meetings are the means of establishing respectability, giving purpose, and eventually some degree of acceptance as people who are looking into our own problems constructively and in a socially acceptable way.

Too many have the idea that the Sorority is just a dress-up organization and as such why should it be necessary. Haven't you all read newspaper reports of police in various cities raiding some home or club and finding a bunch of "guys as dolls"? What prevents our groups being looked upon the same way? Nothing at all....except PHI PI EPSILON...when we get it organized to the point where we have something to point to with some pride.

Many of you also think of transvestism as being limited just to wearing femmattire and it is, as long as you think of yourself as just a cross-dresser. But as you look deeper, experience more, and investigate further it gradually becomes evident that there is more to it than just TVing. That is why the term FemmePersonator was coined...to indicate that there was much more to it than that. PHI PI EPSILON is for those who have begun to perceive something beyond the novelty and "thrill" of putting on lingerie and a dress.

Actually we are, in the more developed stages, dealing with a psychological "way out" of a trap that the modern American male is caught in. The trap is the vague awareness that masculinity as it is called for in our culture is not enough to satisfy the whole psyche or "soul". Femininity is there also and it must come out. It does come out too, in many ways; in alcoholism, homosexuality, transsexuality, many psychosomatic complaints, various neuroses and probably some psychoses, as well as in the wearing of dresses and other feminine apparel. Ours is just the most reasonable and straightforward solution to a very complex problem. If we look at the matter from this broader point of view we can see our behaviour pattern in

a much more favorable light.

The Sorority is not just a new gadget dreamt up for purposes of prestige, finance, status and such. It is simply the next logical step in advancing the interests, purposes and needs of the FP. First, it was necessary to find you by publishing a magazine for you which you would find interesting enough to support. Then it was necessary to provide a means of interpersonal communication through CONTACT to bring some out of their shells and finally the Sorority is formed to weld the group together for common cause, for mutual security and for the sense of self respect which can be regained by knowing that (1) you aren't the only one in the world with these feelings, and (2) that since the others are also intelligent, straightforward and sincere types that you can be also.

Guilt, fear, and isolation have been, as I have often said, the handmaidens of the TV. It has been fascinating to sit at the Editor's desk reading the mail coming through and watching the growth take place. Two years ago so many were writing how fearful they were about admitting to being a TV and actually putting it on paper to me when subscribing. They grew a little after reading a few issues. Then they dared their first ad or their first answer, with fear and long indecision and trepidation. They learned to give and take a little and they grew some more. Next they found that they could express themselves in correspondence, in articles and histories submitted for publication and they began to see themselves in a new, less guilty light. They had grown to be FemmePersonators by recognizing the feminine within themselves and not being ashamed of her. Even a little pride in her is beginning to show through in many of us. All this is growth and the Sorority is merely the tool to induce it, extend it, and develop it socially. Try these on for size, those of you who have not applied for membership or who have been sceptical of its purposes!

VIRGINIA

SECRET MAIL ADDRESS

Confidential mail address assures privacy--nobody knows. Letters remailed to you promptly in strong plain envelopes. Your letters handled with utmost care. Monthly rates, you supply stamps. Write today for free details.

HEDGEPEETH--Mail Agent 406 So. Second St. Alhambra, Calif.

Person to Person

Since the inception of TRANSVESTIA the inclusion of a section for personal ads has been a must. That there be a way whereby persons interested in this field could make contact with each other has been one of its main concerns. Thus the section called PERSON TO PERSON has been a feature of each issue.

However, the whole field of activities of Chevalier Publications has broadened considerably so that new factors have had to be taken into consideration. For one thing, many of those who have found friends through the medium of TRANSVESTIA no longer feel the need of finding new ones and do not answer letters sent to them from ads in past issues. Others have proven not to be reliable in various ways and have gotten others in trouble because of it. So these factors together with the formation of the national sorority PHI PI EPSILON have necessitated a change in the operation of this section.

For the protection of the magazine itself and all of its subscribers it appears necessary to limit the use of these facilities to those who have been willing to give some pertinent personal information about themselves. This will be done by the use of a personal information form obtainable from Chev. Pubs. upon request. When this form is returned along with a registration fee of \$5, and the applicant cleared, this money may be applied against the costs of ads and answers at the regular rates (\$2 & \$1). If application is not accepted the money will be returned. Persons unwilling to play the game this way would be deprived of the privilege of contacts it is true, but sometimes the few have to be sacrificed for the good of the many and I am sure that for most of you the continued existence of TVia and its collateral publications is the most important thing.

Members of PHI PI EPSILON are free to use the Person to Person facilities at any time by simply paying the fee. They have shown their willingness to cooperate and their understanding of the long-term goals of our activities by joining FPE and have been adequately screened at the time of their application to the sorority.

Report on the Preference Poll

Enough returns have been sent in to give us a fairly good idea of what the readers of TVia want. To reduce the preferences indicated to percentages we counted all the "32", and all the "2"s and all the "1"s for each category. The numerical total for each was multiplied by the value to get a point total. Thus a composite value was arrived at from those who wanted a particular category a lot as well as those who liked it less. This point total was then divided by the total points there would have been if everybody had voted a #3" giving a percentage measurement of preference. The results are tabulated below.

True Experiences	95%	Readers Opinions	67%
Case Histories	89%	Medical Articles	59%
Pictures	84%	Cartoons	54%
Hints and Helps	79%	Fiction	54%
News and Notes	77%	Out of the Past	42%
Correspondence	75%		

For balanced issues rather than special ones overwhelmingly YES; conversely little desire for special issues on special months. Although special issues were rejected the choices listed were of the same order as listed above.

So, you have spoken and we will try to follow your preferences as far as possible considering certain factors. For one thing, you prefer true experiences and case histories, but I can't just invent them so you must send them in... The other observation I must make is that this is not a magazine of entertainment only, but also of education not only for active FPs but for non-FPs who see it. Therefore, medical and editorial material will continue to appear. Fiction gets a low vote, but it is much more available than true life adventures. We are all aware that there is a wide variety in the type of fiction available, however, and that which is used will adhere to the policies long established. I hope we can please the majority, but remember there must be satisfaction for all.

"VIRGIN VIEWS" — by VIRGINIA

THE "SEX CHANGE" OPERATION

In #14 I promised to discuss "the" operation in this issue. Before going into the mechanics of it, however, I feel that some other aspects should be discussed.

Wishful thinking is a very common failing among our group. This is not surprising since it is natural for anyone who wants something very strongly and cannot have it to compensate for the frustrations by dreams, imaginings and impractical schemes. Yearning as we all do to adequately express our femininity and to be able to do so without the constant nag of fear and guilt, we tend to lose our perspective and view the life of a woman out of all proportion to what it really is. It begins to appear to us as all a bed of roses, satin and perfume. By comparison, all the aspects of our current masculine life pale into insignificance and its advantages are completely forgotten. "If we could only wear our dresses freely, without hindrance then all would be right with the world, everything would be wonderful and we would have no more problems, this would be IT!"

So we start to plan how this could be accomplished. "Well, I could do this....no, that wouldn't work", or "I could go somewhere else and do that....no, that wouldn't work either. Let's see now! If only I could get rid of my male organs then nobody could object to my wearing dresses! Yes, that's it, I'll find a doctor to do it and then, glory be, I'll wear beautiful lingerie, pretty dresses and high heels the rest of my life. Won't that be wonderful?"

So begins the quest, and everytime we hear of someone who followed Christine's example our hearts beat a little faster...maybe it could happen to us. "And look at Coccinelle, isn't she pretty and feminine, and she just got married and all...." WHOA, now boy, just what IS in your mind? Is it that you envy Coccinelle her clothes, her beauty and her freedom to be feminine, or is it something more? That is a good question to ask and it ought to have some deep personal exploration done on it. Maybe there is more there than you think, and if there is you had better get it out and examine it, because the operation is not the solution to latent homosexuality any more than it is of transvestism. Homosexual men may sometimes like to see their "sweethearts" in skirts, but they want them to be men underneath or else they do not "qualify" for

their type of love. Normal men would certainly not go for an "ersatz" girl when there are so many of the genuine article around, so what is left? The ersatz life of the "in-between" who is condemned to continuous frustration in most cases since he/she cannot fulfill, either biologically or psychologically, all the functions of either sex.

This is not to say that there are not some people who are true transsexuals, who are simply not organized to be adequate males and for whom the feminine life is the only satisfactory one. To such persons I say fine, go ahead, and I am glad that there are surgeons in this world who have the courage to help these people. I have known of a few of these people who have made a good adjustment and a good woman's life for themselves and I admire them for it. But I've also known several whose only goal has been to become prostitutes, strip teasers, and to roll men for their money. Unfortunately, many of those clamouring for the operation and many of those who will achieve their goal will not be really better off and happier in their new life.

What many TVs and FPs don't realize is that it is their very maleness that makes them interested in the feminine world. Take away this drive and there is no motivation left. Soon a dress is just something to keep you warm and modest, it loses its glamour. (Changelings in general have less interest in their dress and appearance than a good FP does.) This also goes for the rest of the attributes of the feminine world which we now yearn for. Oh, don't get me wrong girls, I know how you feel...I have been there. My heart nearly stopped out of sheer envy that day years ago when Christine first hit the papers. Since then I've come to realize that hers is not the solution it seems, and I hope some of you contemplating such an operation will do some real objective thinking before you go ahead with it...its irreversible you know!

Now for the operation itself. In the first place this is not a 45 minute operation with 3 days in bed and a \$500 bill. The operation takes about 3 hours, requires hospitalization for about 2 weeks and further convalescence at home thereafter. As to cost, I couldn't say, but 2 weeks in a hospital is liable to run up towards \$750 and the medical bill will be \$3-5,000.

The first stage of the operation consists of placing the testicles inside the abdomen. Some doctors prefer a simple castration, others feel that since the patient came to his current status

with functioning testicles it is better to leave them as they can continue to manufacture hormones and other substances while implanted in the abdomen. Next, the erectile tissue of the penis is removed, including that which lies within the body in the perineum (the space between the legs). The urinary duct (urethra) is shortened and its orifice placed right at the body surface. The skin previously covering the penis is removed. Then a space is made in the perineum just in front of the rectal wall. This space is then lined with a skin graft taken from the thigh. The raw cut surface forms the outside of this new "vaginal" canal and it is formed around a mold which keeps the raw surfaces of the graft and of the receiving site in firm contact with each other so that the graft will "take" at all points. This mold must be worn continually for at least 6 weeks after the operation and intermittantly for 6 months in order to allow complete healing, prevent constriction and maintain position and shape. The inside of this canal being made of outside skin does not form mucous membrane as in a normal vagina. Consequently, there is no lubrication present. It is simply a blind-end pouch simulating the vaginal canal. Due to the anatomy of the male this pouch cannot be located exactly in the same place or take the same direction as the normal female vagina, but it does simulate it pretty well. Finally the scrotal sac is divided in half and cut and sewn so as to simulate the vaginal lips--the labia majora. It should be emphasized that since there are no functional nerve centers remaining to approximate the female clitoris, such sexual pleasure as may result in the future is entirely dependent on "psychic" sex---that is, the idea that "I am a woman."

The doctor whom I interviewed indicated that although the final appearance is a reasonable facsimile of the normal female genitals and, except for close inspection, would pass for same, almost invariably the patient is not pleased. "She" had an idealized conception in mind or she wants the area to look like "Mary's" or "Helen's" etc. This in itself indicates that in most such cases the absence of male genitals and the appearance of "female" structures is primarily a sort of "status" symbol.

I believe that FPs should realize that they have the best of two worlds and should consider the masculine advantages they would sacrifice as well as the feminine drawbacks economically and otherwise that they would acquire...unless, of course, they plan to make their living as prostitutes which they could only bring themselves to do if they had been homosexual to start.

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

I. TYPING: I have bought some 1200 names of Psychiatric Clinics across the country and have had 2000 reprints made of the article in SEXOLOGY. I am also going to have reprints made of a beautiful little article which will, I hope, appear as part of the Cover Girl story in a forthcoming issue. These, together with a covering letter, I propose to mail to each of the clinics in the hope that they may provide a little extra light on the subject to the Psychiatric profession. Possibly some other FPs who come to these doctors or clinics in the future may be given more understanding and help because of this or possibly some disturbed and non-understanding wife can be given a new outlook. Both such results will be worth the investment. However, 1200 is a lot of names to type on top of everything else, so I would like to have those of you who can type and are willing to help to let me know and I'll send you part of the list of names together with the address stickers and you can type and mail them back for me. It would be a great help and something that YOU can do for the cause.

II. SUGGESTIONS: Various ones of the girls have made suggestions about changes they would like to see in TVia and some of these are good and will be followed, TERRY (32-H-2), for example, has suggested that the nature of the article be indicated in the table of contents, and this will be done. However, she has also suggested that the magazine be printed in divided pages like the Readers Digest. This will not be done because it can't be. TVia is typed and then photo-offset printed. Large circulation magazines are typeset to begin with and this makes possible even righthand margins and no waste space. This cannot be done on a typewriter, however, and would make the typing much more work and the page raggedy. The answers to other suggestions are found in the Preference Poll report in this issue. Some want one thing and some another and we'll try to please all.

III. THE DIFFERENCE!! What distinguishes TRANSVESTIA from other magazines, even others like Bizarre, Fantasia, etc. is that I have tried to make it your magazine in that I try to integrate the readers ideas of what they want with my ideas of what they should get. Barbara and I have tried to devise schemes; (operation cupid) invent

products (the falsie kit); supply needs (hair piece and dress catalogs); provide contacts (Person to Person); gather and spread information about our kind of people through lectures, pamphlets, articles in other magazines, etc; conselled individual readers and/or their wives in helping them to resolve difficulties; in short done everything we could think of which would be helpful to you girls. During the 2½ years of TVia's existence we have watched our readership grow but also watched it maintain two classifications, (1) Those who write us letters, both congratulatory and constructive, who supply material for the magazine and who, in other ways, demonstrate their appreciation, interest and participation, and (2) those whose only words are on an order form—"Please send me No. 14, enclosed is \$4". These persons are valued for their financial support, but at the same time disappoimt me a little because I don't seem to be able to reach them with the idea. TVia is not just a commercial venture as most other magazines are, it certainly is neither written nor composed in such a way that all we want is your money, as so many other publications in the field are. It is true that \$4 an issue is not cheap, but considering how many places manage to sell it at \$7 or \$8 (and in England \$30-35) it isn't bad for what you get. The burden of this paragraph is that I'd like those of you who haven't in the past looked upon TVia as the Voice of TVism or FPation (for this purpose I don't care which you prefer) to examine it in this light and ask yourself what you can contribute to it in material, in ideas, in constructive criticism, in short how can you participate? How about it?

IV. PIRACY ON THE HIGH TVS: I suppose it was inevitable but some dirty character without brains enough to figure out an honest business for himself has made photo copies of TVia #14 (and maybe others I haven't seen) and put them on sale in N. Y. and elsewhere. Since the publisher's name, Chevalier Publications, the address, Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, and the price \$4 and issue all appear on the inside back cover he left it blank. He also omitted the name and address on the outside of the back cover. Such copies are forgeries. Please report the names and addresses of bookstores selling such. We will proceed against them legally.

V. LITERATURE: There is always interest in the literature on TVism both fact and fiction. Therefore, I have been collecting titles from various sources. I'd appreciate your submitting the names, publishers and dates of such books as you know of so that they can be added to the list. I will publish it in TVia when enough material is at hand.

VI. COVER GIRLS: This is an awkward problem, and sometimes I wish I'd never started it, but I thought you'd like it better that way. I'm cornered between asking for girls to submit pics and story for use...and I ask again right now...and the embarrassing necessity of having to turn down some whom I didn't think quite right for the cover. I've tried to explain my feelings to these few in personal letters and can only hope they understand, but I still have to ask for more if we are going to continue to grace our cover with lovely creatures.

VII. PERFUME: (This is not really an Editorial subject, but the Service Dept. (my other hat) wanted me to put it in) We all like nice perfume, but what with advertizing costs, ballyhoo, etc. that on the market is terribly expensive. It so happens that I have access to duplications of well known brands and to original fragrances at what might be termed practical prices. If you take advertising, fancy bottles, and several profit margins away, it is possible to provide some very fine fragrances very reasonably. I am considering doing just this for you girls. I haven't progressed as far as prices yet, but I'd like an expression from you as to whether you'd be interested to have me proceed with this. A $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bottle of full (20% oil) perfume, not cologne, could probably be sold at \$4-5 compared to \$10-25 for "name" products in fancy bottles. These would be sold in very plain containers and you could buy fancy perfume bottles for your own dressing tables. Lets have some reaction if you are interested?

VIII. NEW DEPARTMENT: Some of you who have never had the opportunity to talk to an FN (Femme Naturelle as distinct from Femme Personator) will be pleased to know that Bob's new wife JOYCE has expressed her willingness and interest in being a confidant for those of you who wish to write. She will try to help you on matters pertaining to wives, girlfriends, etc. Answers will appear from time to time in TVia and in the Mirror where questions are of general interest and by letter for more personal matters. She's a great gal and although she is already taken by Bob (of course, I'm next in line) she's willing to share her big heart and personality with you all in this way. We haven't settled on a name for her department yet, but we will.

*** 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. This offer may be applied to past as well as future orders so long as same quantities are ordered.

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 seperate 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.

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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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