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TRANSVESTIA



NO. 17-1962

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

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

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

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

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

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

*** **

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

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

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

TRANSVESTIA NO. 17

VIRGINIA PRINCE
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TRANSVESTIA

Vol. III No. 17

October 1962

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many readers have suggested that Virginia should be a Cover Girl. I don't think that it is seemly that she should. On the other hand, it is natural for the readers of TRANSVESTIA to want to know something about the person responsible for this magazine and the other activities of Chevalier Publications. So, since this is the end of a full 2 years of Cover Girls, this issue carries a composite cover of 12 livin' dolls, and the space for the cover story is devoted to giving you.....

The How and the Why of Virginia

by Herself

I am Virginia, but I was not so always. I used to be Muriel, but I was not that always either. Before that I was, you guessed it, a boy. Today I am 49 years old, 5'8" tall, weigh about 155 lbs. have brown eyes and greying hair, wear a size 18 dress and an 8B shoe, but these are the vital statistics today, lets go back and start at the beginning where all good autobiographies should start.

To begin with, may I say that I suffered none of the experiences that psychiatry feel cause TVism. My parents are still together today, they didn't drink or fight, I was never punished by being made to wear dresses, nor did they want a girl (I've checked this with them). I was always a boy. When I was 4 a sister arrived and that was all. The beginnings of my interest in attire are shrouded in mystery. My first interest was in high heeled shoes. The only reason I can think for this interest was that my mother never wore them. She was not dowdy, but she did not dress as fussily feminine as many women and she was proud of her feet and was not about to "deform" them with such monstrosities as high heels. By comparison, a boyhood chum of mine who lived across the street, had a mother who was always dressed in the heighth of fashion and with heels, of course. She appeared to present a better picture of feminine motherhood to me. Anyway, if we ever had lady guests in the house who wore heels I would be sure to visit her room on an "inspection" tour. I also began at this time to cut out pictures of high heeled shoes from magazines and newspapers and made a scrapbook of them. Since some nice pictures of shoes also involved lingerie shots, I began to cut out these too. Although I cannot date the beginnings, it must have been around 12 that I took to visiting my mother's bureau in her absence and dressing in her lingerie. Of course, like everyone else who did this, I was most careful to put things back just as they were found.

The first specific date that I have been able to remember was

when I was 16 and we went to Europe. The last night on the ship was the Captain's dinner which was followed by a masquerade. A lady friend of my parents wanted to dress me as a girl which I indignantly refused while all the time I would have loved nothing more. Since I remember this so clearly at the age of 16, it is evident that activities of a TV nature must have been going on for the preceeding 2 or 3 years. Anyway, as I got older I got bolder, went down to the poorer part of town and bought things of my own, including shoes with heels. I can still feel the combined embarrassment and thrill when I went into a shoe store the first time to "buy a pair for my "sister" who had been bedridden and was now getting about and needed some new shoes." How fortunate it was that "her" feet were exactly the same size as mine. I nearly blew apart during the sale, but I remember the thrill of knowing that I had my very own first pair of high heels under my arm as I left the store.

I progressed to dressing completely. If my parents were to be gone long I'd walk around the block. Later I would get on a street car and ride a couple of miles, get off and return the same way. I well remember one Sunday afternoon when I got attired in a dark green velvet skirt and light green silk blouse of mother's, plus a sheer garden party type of hat with a wide brim and appliqued flowers. Thus dressed, I ventured out of the house in the afternoon sun and walked a few blocks to a main street and along it for several blocks and then home. Joy of joys and thrill of thrills, I was a LADY on a Sunday afternoon stroll and the whole world saw me and knew I was a lady. Any TV will know what I mean. As I grew older I bought more of my own things, began to go to cafeterias for meals and to shows at night and generally to do more venturesome things.

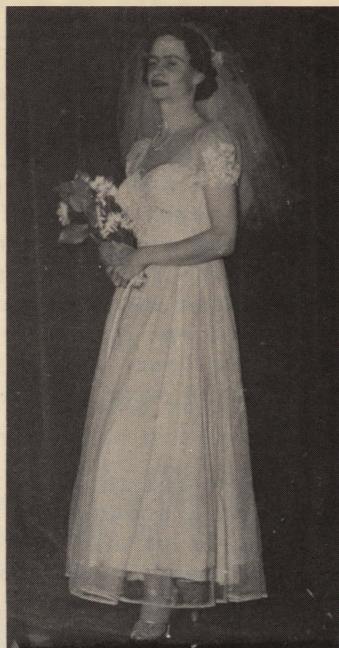
All during college and post graduate days I had some feminine things with me and on vacations home I continued my excursions downtown when things were clear. I was never caught by my parents or anyone else. After getting out of college I became active in a young peoples church group, and whenever they would have a Halloween or New Years Eve party, I would turn up in some sort of feminine get up so I became rather known for this sort of thing.

Inevitably I fell in love and eventually married. The day before the event I burned or disposed of all my clothes under the happy misapprehension that marriage would end all this silly stuff. I had imagined that being rather shy with the girls I had created a "girl" for myself using my own body and therefore, since I was now going to have a real girl all my own, I would have no need of such artificiality. Many of those who will read this will recognize the feeling and also the error of it. No, marriage didn't cure me--it slowed me down for



Miss No Name
(In Those Days)

1930 Age 18
Dressed for a
Church Masquerade



1941 Age 29
The Bride at
The Inevitable
Mock Wedding



1951
My First Silver Slippers



1951
First Commercial Picture
in My Own Easter Outfit



Bathing Beauty (?) 1951



Muriel's New Dress for a
New Year's Party 1951



1953 Virginia's First Formal



Muriel at Home in
Her Own Apt. 1952

awhile, but whenever my wife was away I was right back into it again. Finally, one Halloween about 3 years after we were married and had moved back to the same town where we had been active in the church, things just got too much. I had decided to go to the party with a "half man half woman" costume. By turning one pants leg and one shirt and coat sleeve into the other a half suit could be made. This meant putting on the dress first and then the coat and pants on one side and pinning the outfit together. Of course, it required a dress rehearsal the night before the party. When I had finished proving that the costume would work, I just stayed in the dress and heels and came out and lay down on the sofa to read. My wife nagged me about 6 times to "get up and take those clothes off". I hadn't had an opportunity for a long time and I wasn't about to get out of them. However, her nagging finally got to me and I sat up and said, "I'm not going to take them off, I enjoy wearing them." Her look was incredulous and I told her I wouldn't bother to explain things that night but I would after the party, and I did--giving her the whole bit.

This resulted in my being permitted to wear things around the house every couple of weeks. On these occasions she would go to bed. Being left alone was almost worse than being denied the opportunity because it made one feel despicable and unfit for company. However, this went on for several years..

One day I had the shock of my life and a turning point was reached. I had gone to another city about 400 miles away. There I paid a visit to an older TV whom I had known, and met his understanding girlfriend. The TV had to go to a meeting this night and suggested that Muriel (the name I used in those days) and his girlfriend should go window shopping downtown, which we did. We talked and talked girl talk, went into one of the hotels and had a drink, rebuffed a couple of friendly marines and eventually went home. When I got back to the hotel and began to undress I also began to cry. I went to bed and cried. Cried like my heart would break and did so in fits and starts all night. The odd thing about it was that I didn't really know what I was crying about.

I completed my work in this city and took the train home. Both the work and the ride home were difficult because every time I would have a moment to myself, without either talking to someone or reading, my eyes would fill with tears. I have never been so completely miserable in my life before or since. It took me about 4 days to get over the jag and all the time I was thinking and analyzing my feelings to see what brought this depression on. Finally, after several days, it came to me. For the first time in my life (I was about 33 then),

I had been treated by another human as a girl, without pretense or strain. This woman and I had had a woman's evening together. This had proved such a terrific contrast to all my previous life that it just broke the barriers that night in the hotel.

My growth started from that experience. The first thing that became evident to me was that I had been blackmailing MYSELF through fear of discovery. I asked myself who in the world did I least want to know about my TVism and the answer was my father. I therefore determined to tell him and thereby break the blackmail. I did. I met him as Muriel and told him all about it. It was tough on him and tougher on me, but it helped because I had killed this fear and I no longer had to worry about it.

Several years later I was divorced. My wife had gone on a trip and while away had consulted a psychiatrist who, on the basis of what she alone had said to him, told her that I was undoubtedly a homosexual and that she should get a divorce. This was hard to take. 1) I didn't want the divorce, 2) I was not a homosexual, 3) she took my son, house, and everything else, and 4) she was unwilling to even try to work things out with professional help. So my life was wrecked, but that didn't stop her. About 2 years later she went to court to try to deny me any visitation or weekend custody rights with my son. The grounds were, of course, that I was an unfit father and should not be allowed to have my own son with me unchaperoned. Of course, the whole TV bit came out in the papers--picture and all, but the judge was one of the few wise ones and ruled in my favor. I was permitted to continue to have weekend custody. This too was a horrible experience, but I grew because of it. Again public exposure was the thing that I had feared the most, but it had brought upon me, so I could now afford the luxury of not worrying about it anymore. It had been done.

I forced myself to do another difficult task at this point. I was going with my present wife at the time, in fact she stood with me all during this trial. But the day after it we went back to the weekly dance at the church where I had appeared so many times at parties. Many of my friends had read the papers and seen my picture, but I appeared anyway and brazened it out. This too gave me strength. You know, they temper metal by fire and cold water. Intense fear, emotion, and release tempers people too.

Well, to cut a long story short, I married my present wife with her having full knowledge about the whole TV bit. She had not always understood, in the early days before our marriage we talked a lot



1954



VIRGINIA AT HOME
1961



"WEEK END WIFE"
(See TVia #8)



VIRGINIA TODAY



AT THREE DIFFERENT MEETINGS OF PHI PI EPSILON SORORITY

about the subject. Although she went along with me she didn't really understand. Then one morning about 4 A. M. I was awakened by a phone call. It was she and the first thing she said was, "I understand!" Being half a sleep I neither knew or much cared what it was she understood, but she had lain awake for a long time and suddenly a light had burst on her and she knew that this TV-feminine expression was as much a part of me as brown eyes--that it was an inherent part of my personality. She has staunchly maintained that position ever since.

She didn't like the name Muriel, though, so Virginia has been my name ever since. She has helped make a lady out of me and I'm grateful. We have gone on trips together as two women and to many shows, dinners and shopping trips. Our marriage is a very happy one since it is based on a complete understanding. I have a rather large feminine wardrobe which is kept in a special room designed for the purpose when we built our house. I dress exactly as I like on weekends and in evenings. Because of such complete acceptance I have been able to grow out of the "I must wear a dress and heels or nothing" stage. I have several pairs of capris girl's slacks suits, etc., which I wear together with flats and slippers--running about with or without wig, makeup, jewelry, etc. as fits my mood. I find that now that I can be accepted by her I have also learned to completely accept myself and as a girl I'm interested in feminine relaxation and comfort as she is.

Three years ago, I started to publish TRANSVESTIA because in thinking back over my life I saw all the pain and heartache I'd been through and how much of it could have been avoided if I'd known myself better and if my first wife and parents had known more about the TV matter too. Thus I decided that the very tempering experiences that hurt me so much had given me the growth, the freedom, and the guts, if you will, to start doing something about it for others, in the hope that they might be spared some of what I had been through.

So it is one of the biggest satisfactions of my life when I get letters from many of you indicating that my own heartaches, which lead imperceptibly toward my present activities, have not been in vain. Your letters of appreciation tell me so every day.

Yours,

VIRGINIA

From Husband To Housewife

by Ruth (9-C-2 FPE) concluded

"I can hardly wait to hear how you and Ruth got along," Penny said, "and whether you enjoyed your vacation as sisters."

We had a lovely time," Mary replied, "and Ruth was a perfect lady, and the sweetest sister. We both had a much better time then we would have had otherwise."

"And how did you like being Mary's sister?" Penny asked me, "Did you ever regret it?"

"I must confess that I loved every minute of it," I replied, "and I think we are both really going to regret the necessity for my changing back."

Penny did not reply, but looked at us both.

After dinner we sat in the living room sipping our liquers. I had changed into my prettiest informal cocktail dress, and Mary had on her red satin sheath which she always said was her 'Temptress' dress, and it certainly could not be denied that she was a most alluring figure in it. Penny again opened the subject of the future.

"What is to become of Ruth now?" she inquired of no one in particular.

"I have thought about it," Mary replied, "but I don't know what to do. I would prefer, if it could be arranged, that she go on as "Ruth", but I don't see how we could arrange it very well."

"What do you say, Ruth?" Penny asked.

"I feel the same as Mary does," I replied, "but I am not at all sure that I could go back to work as Ruth. I am quite accustomed to my new role, but I am afraid I could not carry it off day after day in the close association which would be required in the office although I might some time in the future."

"Well, I don't know what you both will do, but I know exactly what I would do," Penny announced.

"What?" Mary and I asked in unison.

"Just this," said Penny, "does Ruth absolutely have to go back to the store to work?"

"I don't know what else I could do," I replied, "of course, I could get a position elsewhere, or even open my own office as an accountant, but even so, my certificate as an accountant is in my masculine name, and I doubt that I could get it changed into my feminine name, and of course, I could not work as an accountant without having a certificate."

"Oh, I wouldn't want Ruth to work anywhere else," Mary said, "that is no solution at all."

"Well, if I were you, I would let Ruth become the housewife," Penny declared, "it would be much better than her going back to work at the store."

"Do you mean that I should stay home all day and keep house?" I asked.

"Why not?" Penny demanded, "You or Mary ought to keep house, and since Mary runs the whole store, and is very important in that position, why wouldn't it be better and more practical for you to take care of the housekeeping?"

"Ruth, Penny is right about that," Mary replied, "and it would be nicer to have someone to keep house for us both than both of us going to the office every day. After all," She continued, "the work you did in the office is being taken care of nicely now, and it really isn't essential that you go back to the office."

"Why don't you try it for a while?" Penny asked, "You can always change back later if you don't like it."

"Do we have to decide now?" I asked.

"Certainly not," Mary replied, "let's think about it, but for my part I think it is a wonderful idea."

Nothing more was said about it until we got home, but I felt sure in my own mind that if Mary wanted me to try being the housewife that it would do for me, so I brought the matter up myself.

"Darling, if you want me to take over the housekeeping I will do it," I announced.

"My dear," she replied, "I'm so glad you feel that way, and I

really do want you to do it, for a while, at least. We can always change back if we don't like it."

"Frankly, I don't see how housekeeping can take up a person's full time," I protested, "and then too, what are we going to do with Janet, who will be back to work on Monday morning?"

"Darling, don't worry about Janet," she replied, "I think you are entitled to a maid to help with the housework, and we have had her a long time, so that she would be better than anyone else we could get. I'll take care of her, so don't worry about Janet," she concluded. "As for housekeeping not being a full time job, I promise you that you will find that your new life as a woman will take up all of your time. In fact," she said, "I will prepare a daily schedule for you tomorrow, so that on Monday morning you will be all ready to begin your new career."

The next morning being Sunday, I arose first as usual, and put on one of my maid's uniforms, and after fixing breakfast, called Mary. During breakfast Mary worked out a daily schedule for me to follow beginning the next day. According to the schedule, I was expected to arise every morning at 7:00, and fix breakfast, taking that duty over from Janet, who was to draw Mary's morning bath, and straighten up the bedroom, and take care of our clothes, seeing that all were put away in our closets and made ready to go to the laundry. After breakfast, while Janet was washing the breakfast dishes, and straightening up the kitchen, I was to make out my grocery list, and generally inspect Janet's work. That being finished, I was to change into a street dress, and go first to the beauty parlor where I was to have a daily early (9:00 A.M.) appointment until my feminization had been completed. Next, I was expected to go shopping for groceries and other household needs, which was to occupy my time until noon at least. From 12:00 noon until 2:00 P.M. I was free, either to return home for lunch, or to meet Mary down town, after which I was to return home and plan the menu for the following day, and practice my feminine training which Panny had begun so effectively, and take a nap for at least an hour, after which I was to supervise the preparation of the evening meal, and then drive down and pick Mary up at the store, or freshen myself up for her return home if she took her car.

"This is not a schedule which must be kept every day," Mary assured me, "except your appointments at the beauty parlor; those you must keep every day. The rest of the day you can change things around to suit yourself, but I am certain you will not find time heavy on your hands."

The next morning I was already up and dressed in my uniform when Janet arrived for work.

"Good morning, Miss Ruth," she greeted me, "Miss Mary explained the new arrangements to me on the telephone yesterday," she announced. Mary came out to the breakfast a little later, and we ate, and my first day as a housewife began.

After breakfast, I made out the shopping list with a few suggestions from Janet, and after changing into a blue sheath, and putting on a light coat, I started out on my daily duties. I arrived at the beauty parlor promptly at 9:00, and found that Mme. Marie was to be my operator. First, she took off my hair piece, and combed out my hair, which by that time had grown long enough to take a permanent, and put it up in tight little curls all over my head.

"You might as well get used to it now," she explained, "it looks nice and really, looks better than your hair piece, so I would suggest that you not wear your hair piece unless an occasion arises when it seems more desirable to do so. For your daily activities, I think your new hair-do is most appropriate," she explained.

She then gave me an electrolysis treatment, and a manicure, and I was ready to continue on my round of daily activities.

"An electrolysis three times a week, followed by a facial, will eventually eliminate the necessity for shaving, but how long it will require is doubtful," she explained, "and you must be very careful when shaving because it will make your skin very tender."

My next stop was at a super market. I chose one where we had not traded before, and only a few minutes were required for my day's shopping. I left my pink ensemble and Mary's blue suit at the dry-cleaners and went home, where Janet was just about ready to serve lunch. I looked the house over, and discussed dinner with



KAREN 22-S-2 FPE

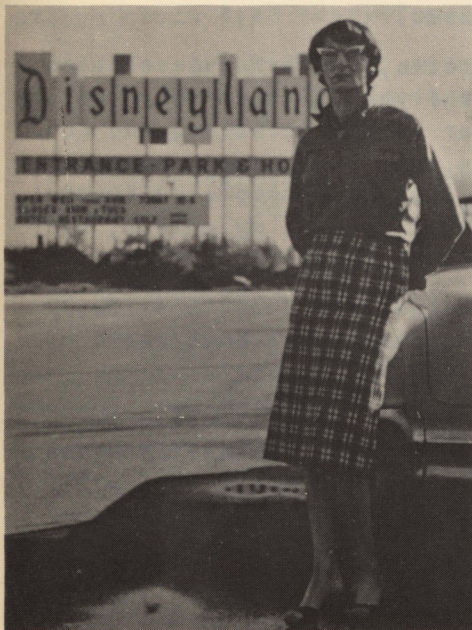


DONNA
38-J-3





CAROL 49-S-4 FPE



A TEXAS TOURIST
LORRETA 43-Z-1 FPE

Janet and after lunch went in and took a nap for about an hour. When I got up from my nap I took a quick bath, and dressed for the afternoon. I put on a lovely informal dress, and after I finished putting on fresh makeup I went out to the kitchen and put on an apron and helped Janet prepare dinner. I had definitely decided to learn to cook as soon as possible, so that I could, if I wanted to, keep house all by myself. I made the salad, the iced tea, and set the table while Janet fixed the main part of the dinner.

About 5:00 o'clock, Mary called:

"Ruth dear," she said, "I'm bringing Dr. Welsh home with me for dinner, so be a good girl, and set an extra plate, and have cocktails ready by 5:30, won't you?"

"Certainly, darling," I replied, "everything will be ready when you arrive."

"And darling," she continued, "I want you to look your prettiest tonight."

"I will," I promised, "so hurry home."

Dr. Arlene Welsh was Mary's physician, but I had never been introduced to her, so when I hung up the phone I hurriedly went in and put on my prettiest sheath in honor of the occasion, and got everything ready to make the cocktails, and rearranged the table, setting another place for our guest. Just as I completed these last minute arrangements and took a quick look at my makeup, Mary arrived, and I ran to the door to greet her.

"Darling!" Mary exclaimed, as I opened the door, how lovely you look! This is Dr. Welsh," she continued, "you have heard me speak of her, I'm sure."

"Yes," I replied, "I remember Dr. Welsh, and its nice to meet you at last, doctor. Mary has spoken of you many times, and I almost feel like I know you. Please come in, and if you will go out to the porch, and make yourself at home, I will join you in a moment."

I slipped on one of my lacy aprons, and went out to serve cocktails.

"How has your first day as a housewife been?" Mary inquired, "have you managed to keep busy?"

"It has been a lovely, and exciting day," I replied, "and everything has gone exactly as it should."

After a couple of cocktails, and a little light conversation, we had dinner, which Janet served to perfection. After dinner, Dr. Welsh announced that she must go, as she had to stop and make a call on her way home.

"Ruth dear," Mary said, "Dr. Welsh is going to start you on hormone therapy, and you are to have an injection twice a week for a while."

We went into the bedroom, and Dr. Welsh gave me an injection of female sex hormones in my right arm.

"Next time we will give the injection in your left arm, and alternate," she explained. "Injections are better than pills, so for a while we will continue the injections, so please come to the office about 4:45 every Tuesday and Thursday," she concluded.

After Dr. Welsh had departed, Mary and I went back out to the front porch until Janet had the kitchen work done, and everything put away.

"You understand that the injections are to aid in your feminization, don't you?" Mary asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I understand, but when will the effects become noticeable?" I asked.

"That is difficult to say," Mary replied, "you really should have an operation, she explained to me, in order to get the best and earliest results."

"What did you tell her about that?" I inquired.

"I told her we were not ready for anything like that just yet, and I did not know for sure, when we would be, or even whether we ever would want that," she replied.

I quickly settled into the daily routine of a housewife, and to my surprise, I found that I really did enjoy it. Every Monday,



ELLEN 13-M-6 FPE



BOBBIE 13-D-2 FPE
Pres. Chicago Chap. FPE





GLO 35-B-2 FPE



JOAN 30-L-1 FPE



Wednesday and Friday, I went to the beauty parlor for my electrolysis, and every Tuesday and Thursday to Dr. Welsh for hormone therapy, and soon I realized that the combined effects of both were becoming quite noticeable. Mary bought me a nice new car, which was registered in my new name, and managed also to obtain for me a driver's license. She also opened a bank account for me, and a charge account in my name at the store. About six months after I had become a housewife, a man from the Salvation Army came to the house soliciting clothing, and at first I told him I had nothing to give, but then I suddenly thought of all my masculine wearing apparel which had been moved to a storage closet, and I hurriedly called him back, and gave him every stitch of it. When I saw his truck pulling away, and realized that every article of masculine apparel I possessed was in it, I really felt that I had burned my bridges behind me, and had unconsciously made a decision as to my future. When I told Mary what I had done she was very pleased.

"Darling," she explained, "I am glad you made that decision for yourself, indeed, I hoped that we would both come to the conclusion that you are not to go back to your old life. I thoroughly approve."

A little over three years have passed since I became a housewife, and neither Mary nor I have ever regretted the change. We were always close to each other, but today, our relations are much, much closer than ever before, and certainly more satisfactory in every way. I have a beautiful wardrobe, and a wonderful mink coat, and appropriate jewelry to wear on every possible occasion. My appearance, of course, has changed very greatly. I have lost some weight due to dieting under the direction of Dr. Welsh, so that now, Mary and I are approximately the same weight, about 130 pounds. The contour of my face has softened, and all facial hair has disappeared, thanks to the combination of the electrolysis treatments and the hormone therapy, which still goes on by the use of pills rather than injections. My brows have been plucked and shaped into a thin line, and my ears have been pierced so that I may wear the jewelry which both of us prefer.

Shortly after I became a housewife, Mary and I began to take lessons in ballroom dancing. Mary of course, did not really need

lessons, but she went along to keep me company. We both realized that I would need instruction in dancing due to my new position, and at the same time, it would enable me to practice the essential feminine graces and mannerisms, and form new friends. It has worked out wonderfully for both of us, and now we usually are invited out to dances at least twice or three times every month. Through Dr. Welsh we became acquainted with another couple in which the 'husband' is undergoing feminization, and they visit us, and we visit at their home frequently and exchange experiences, Mary has set up a trust fund for me, and in my name, which will always provide me with a liberal income in the event anything should happen to her, and both of us are very happy in our new relationship.

It is possible that many other couples have changed their lives for the better as we and our two friends, Alice and Aleen have. If so we would love to make their acquaintance, and extend to them, or to any who may be interested, a sincere invitation to call upon us for any information and advice which we may be able to give. We often wonder what might have happened if Mary had not bought me those lovely night gowns while we were on our honeymoon, but one thing is certain: we are both glad she did so, and that since we became sisters both of our lives have been sweeter, happier, and more satisfactory in every way, and we would never change back now, even if we could.

The End.



"SURPRIZE! I'M THE MAN IN MY LIFE. NOW YOU TELL ME HOW TO KEEP HIM OUT!"



"GEORGE IS THE MOST CONCEITED TV I KNOW."



BARBARA JEAN
5-B-5 FPE

(Illustrator
of Fated for
Femininity)



RITA
5-F-4
FPE

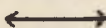




CAROL
32-Q-1
FPE



VICKI
32-G-2



Allegory of the Erring Aspects

by Virginia

"Ah, my children," said the Administrator of ALL THINGS, "Where have you been lately, I have missed you all. The other ASPECTS of LIFE have been living and playing in harmony but you have not been present. Pray account for your time." "You first, FEAR, what have you to say?"

"Well, honored Sir, I have been hiding myself away from all lest they should find out the truth," replied that ASPECT of LIFE known as FEAR.

"And what truth is that, pray tell, and why should the others not find it out?" the Administrator of ALL THINGS asked.

"In accordance with the Great Book of the Order of Things," said FEAR, everyone expects me to be strong, aggressive, firm, handsome and decisive in my dealings with others. They expect to see such a person garbed in a uniform or at least in trim, tailored, dark-colored, severe clothing without frills, decorations or such frivolous manifestations. The truth is that while I can act this way and wear this type of "uniform" part of the time, I have a secret yearning not to do so. Sometimes I am overcome with a desire NOT to be strong, aggressive and decisive, I want to let someone else carry the load, make the decisions and instead of pushing I want to sit back and relax. Furthermore, I am not handsome, but I long to be "pretty", to conform to my own ideal of attractiveness. When I get these spells I do not feel right in my usual "uniform" of dark, heavy, wooly clothing, of heavy shoes, and saggy socks. I feel that I can express myself more completely in soft, flowing, colorful and beautiful fabrics; I like to decorate myself with other manifestations of beauty such as jewels, perfume and cosmetics even as the peacock and the primitive chiefs and warriors did. So you see, I do not, at these times

conform to the ideas that others have about me and so I am afraid and I have been hiding from them lest they should discover my secret and declare me an outcast. I am in a terrible state of "nerves" because I only feel like they think I should part of the time and then I enjoy being as they are. At other times I feel differently and I cannot share this with them for they would not understand."

"I see," said the Administrator. "It appears that you do not have the courage of your convictions nor the strength to support them. Perhaps you need some deeper understanding of yourself and of the rest of the world so as to see yourself in a proper light. We will see what we can do about that after I hear from the rest," and he turned to SHAME.

"And what have you to say for yourself, SHAME?"

"Oh, Sir," replied SHAME, "I have been sitting off by myself under the trees at the edge of the meadow watching all the other ASPECTS of LIFE playing and enjoying themselves. I have done this because I have not felt good enough to be a part of them. I have had ideas, thoughts, desires that my experience with the rest of the ASPECTS of LIFE tells me I should not have had. These feelings are different from the prescribed ideas, thoughts, and desires as set down in the GREAT BOOK of the ORDER of THINGS. I feel very badly that these things keep coming to my mind. It makes me feel as though I were a traitor to myself. I was brought up like all the other ASPECTS to have great regard and respect for the BOOK of the ORDER of THINGS and for you, Sir, its Administrator. When I find these subversive things creeping into my mind I do not feel good enough to take part in and enjoy the freedom and happiness of the other ASPECTS, so I sit off to one side and let them have their fun and freedom uncontaminated by such as I."

"My child," said the Administrator, "you have many things to learn about me, about the GREAT BOOK of the ORDER of THINGS and about your fellow ASPECTS. Things are not as bad

as they seem to you, but we will take that up in a few minutes. Then he walked over to where GUILT sat alone, head in his hands wearing only a pair of trunks; his bent back showed the red marks of many lashes.

"Oh, my child," said the Administrator, "what has happened to you, and why do you sit so disconsolately head in hands without looking up?"

GUILT spoke from his bent over position unable to look the Administrator in the eye.

"I have been punishing myself, your honor, for I too have thought wrong thoughts, behaved in manners not prescribed, and envisioned times and conditions which are not. I know that these matters are not set forth in the GREAT BOOK and I have thereby violated its spirit and purpose and I should be punished for this. I have, therefore, made a contract with one of the EVIL SPIRITS who was at the moment unemployed. Because of the high level of happiness and contentment presently being expressed by the other ASPECTS of LIFE he could find no one over whom he could cast a pall of gloom, so we reached an agreement between us. I allowed him to cast his pall over me and to beat me with lashes. This satisfied him as he was getting bored with nothing to do. And as for me, I began to feel much better after he wrapped me in his cloak of darkness and when I felt the bite of the lash, for now I knew I was being properly chastised for my infractions of the Spirit. As a matter of fact, Sir, I found that under the not very tender ministrations of the Evil Spirit I really became quite contented and...well, you know, Sir, kind of morally vindicated. I didn't miss the play and fun of the other ASPECTS because I knew I was getting what I deserved and this filled me with great satisfaction. 'I wonder if you recognize the name of the Evil Spirit with whom I have been dealing and who invaded my soul so to speak...it was a sort of Hungarian name. Began with an M... Maso...ism, or something like that. All EVIL SPIRITS names end in '-ism', you know. Oh yes, I remember now, it was MASO-

CHISM. I must say he certainly knows his business. I was depressed before he took over but when he was done I was really quite at ease with myself, almost elated you might say. And look at these welts on my back, didn't he do a proper job though?" And GUILT rather proudly twisted around so that the Administrator could get a better view of his back.

The Administrator, walked back and forth silently for a bit, stroking his beard in deep concentration, trying to arrange his thoughts so he could put these three erring ASPECTS of LIFE back into their proper place in the order of things. Finally he stopped and faced them.

"My Children," he said, "all three of you have explained where you have been and why you were not out enjoying life in the meadow with the rest of the Aspects. And you have all given some explanation for your peculiar behaviour. Doubtless the explanation you have given makes sense to you, else you would not have done as you did, but they do not make sense to me and I doubt they would make sense to the rest of the ASPECTS. Each of you has referred to the GREAT BOOK of the ORDER of THINGS as the source of your behaviour. FEAR is afraid of his inability to live up to the expectations others have about him; SHAME has felt "different" from the rest because he has had ideas and feelings that he feels are not in accord with the teachings of the GREAT BOOK; GUILT has undertaken to be the prosecuting attorney, the judge and the jury in convicting himself of imagined violations and then punishing himself accordingly. He now feels so virtuous as a result of his self inflicted punishment that he is on the verge of an even worse condition brought on by his contract with the EVIL SPIRIT, wherein he will continue to have ideas and desires which he feels he should not have in order that he can be punished for them so that he can feel even more virtuous for having "taken his medicine." This is the side of the contract with the EVIL SPIRIT known as Masochism which he has not considered. Remember, all of you, that when you make a contract with one of the EVIL SPIRITS there is always some fine print--usually written in invisible ink--whereby the EVIL SPIRIT

not only gives you what you want or think you want at the moment, but whereby he will have you signed up for a long term mortgage on your peace of mind, long after the little matter that brought about the contract has been settled. EVIL SPIRITS do not plan on being the victims of technological unemployment so they always have a union security clause in their contracts."

"In a more general way, each of you three, FEAR, SHAME, AND GUILT are very closely related, more than most of the other ASPECTS of LIFE and more than you realize yourselves. You are, in fact, offspring of the same parents. One of your parents is known among the other ASPECTS as "Awareness of Self", and the other is called "Relation to Others". I hate to tell you this, but you three are all little bastards, born out of wedlock before your parents had been properly joined in the ceremony of the RIGHT PERSPECTIVE of LIFE. You were the result of an assignation that took place on Halloween eve which, as everyone knows, is the night when the EVIL SPIRITS are rampant. They evidently pushed your parents into this act and you three were the result. You were named FEAR, SHAME AND GUILT at the time of your birth because you were the living embodiment of the emotions of your parents concerning the circumstances of your conception."

"However, it is recognized by all thinking ASPECTS, that illegitimate children should not have to go through life bearing the stigma of the illegitimate acts of their parents, but should have an opportunity to make a useful place for themselves in life without any handicaps from past events. Now, since the parentage of children is usually indicated by the names the children bear, it is difficult for such stigmatized children to escape from parental identification. Therefore, I am going to rechristen you with new names so that you can use your undoubtedly valuable abilities in making your proper contribution to the total activities of the other ASPECTS of LIFE.

"But," the Administrator continued as he paced back and

forth before the erring three, before I give you your new names I want to give you a little different outlook on the matter of the GREAT BOOK OF THE ORDER OF THINGS. This world changes continuously! If it did not there would be nothing for me to Administer. Everything would be the same from day to day; no new problems to solve, no new ideas, no improvement or anything. It would be just one big STATUS QUO and not much fun or opportunity for anyone. Therefore, the GREAT BOOK is like a large road map. It gives general information and guidance about how to get from one place to another, or from one goal to another, but it cannot and does not show each and every little step along the way nor give you every little piece of information about everything, you will experience as you go. It is for you to take the GREAT BOOK and its teachings as a general map and guide. You must remember that the GREAT BOOK is only a compilation of the discoveries of things and principles made by the ASPECTS of old as they journeyed through life. It is a book of wisdom, not of detailed procedures. Thus you may be guided by it, but must not consider that you are ordered by it.

It is right and proper for all of you to experiment with new ideas, conceptions, thoughts and desires, even if they are not shared with the other ASPECTS, and you should neither hide as FEAR did, retire to the sidelines as SHAME did, nor scourge yourselves as GUILT did for having these differences. Rather you should be proud that you have the ability to look at life in a somewhat broader way, to experience it on a broader front, and to contribute to it new attitudes and ideas. Life, and the GREAT BOOK with it, grows as new problems are met and solved, new approaches are investigated, and new values found. These activities I commend to you with but one word of caution. PERSPECTIVE is the great guiding star of life. It is the ability to see a thing in its proper relationship to other things and to give it it's proper importance. One must learn to evaluate all events, desires, thoughts, and activities with this in mind. For when you see things in their right relationship to everything else, there will be no need for FEAR, SHAME or GUILT anymore. So for

this reason, and knowing that from here on you will study **PERSPECTIVE** and apply it, I am going to do away with **FEAR**, **SHAME** and **GUILT** forever and give you three new names.

"You, who were previously known as **FEAR**, will hereafter be called **SELF-LIMITATION**. You will use your talents in conjunction with **PERSPECTIVE** to so control the activities of life whatever they may be, whether mentioned in the **GREAT BOOK** or discovered new along the way, that they do not get out of hand, do not impose on the rights of others and in short do not allow situations to develop wherein fear can again arise. With **SELF-LIMITATION** one need not be concerned at having different views or of doing different things, from what others do, so long as that view and those activities have a reasonable background, are undertaken with **PERSPECTIVE** and do not injure others or their rights."

"And you that has been known as **SHAME**, will from henceforth be known as **SELF-IMPROVEMENT**. You need never feel at odds or on the outs with other **ASPECTS** of **LIFE** for having thoughts and desires that are new to you. As I have said, the **GREAT BOOK** does not prescribe life in detail only in outline, so the limitations you place on your own thoughts and activities should be guided only in general terms by the writings in the **GREAT BOOK**. You should never feel badly for wanting to go off on a new tack and look into new things, provided again, that such investigations be undertaken with **PERSPECTIVE**. Stand back and see how they look in comparison not only with the teachings in the books, but with your own relationships and experiences in life. Do not feel different in the sense of being odd, feel yourself as simply being distinct from and not one of the crowd. For this you can feel thankful--even proud. By investigating away from the herd you will **IMPROVE** your **SELF** by the new outlooks and experiences you will have. There will be no need to feel badly for past acts if those acts were undertaken in sincerity and with reason. Thus **SHAME** need never be present again. One may make mistakes and investigate deadends and unsuccessful pathways; one may

waste time and substance in such excursions; but if they are undertaken with honesty and sincerity and with a reason behind them they will not be shameful.

Turning to the last of the erring ASPECTS, the Administrator of ALL THINGS said, "finally, oh my child of the scourged back, who until now, has been called GUILT, I hereby renounce and cancel your contract with the EVIL SPIRIT known as Masochism. Since this contract was signed by GUILT, it is only enforceable against GUILT, and GUILT is dead as from now and you are free. From this day forward you shall be called SELF-EVALUATION. Your job in life is to use the same talents you had previously to weigh one thing against the other, to evaluate thoughts and activities, desires and ideas, for their potential value and usefulness on the one hand against their dangerous and destructive possibilities on the other. If you do your job with the help of the cardinal principle of PERSPECTIVE you will not allow circumstances to come to pass, activities to be undertaken or desires to be expressed that are dishonest, insincere, damaging to others or extreme in any way. Thus there will be no need for GUILT and its name shall remain banished from the ASPECTS of LIFE forever. Moreover, with no guilt there is no need for self punishment and no opportunity for the false pleasure and false virtue of 'Pleasure in Pain' to arise again. This will put the EVIL SPIRIT known as Masochism on the list of permanently unemployed SPIRITS. And is not the swelling of the ranks of such unemployable EVIL SPIRITS one of the main goals of all of the ASPECTS of LIFE?"

"So go now my children," the Administrator of ALL THINGS said, "bear your new names proudly and make your valued and helpful contribution to the work of the other ASPECTS of LIFE. Remember to use PERSPECTIVE AND 'MODERATION IN ALL THINGS", as Confuscious said, and never again shall you be known as, nor think of yourselves as FEAR, SHAME OR GUILT."

The Administrator of ALL THINGS touched each of the ASPECTS lightly as he gave them their new names. As he lifted his hand from



GLORIA 38-A-1 Dresses by John Aaron-Hairpiece by Marie



MADEMOISELLE ANITA 38-K-1 (Cover Girl on TVia No. 9)



RUTH 9-C-2 FPE



JEAN 9-C-3 FPE



RUTH DARLENE 9-C-1



(DRESS BY JOHN AARON)



FATHER AND SON BECOME
TWO SISTERS
DONNA & WILMA 55-N-1



PATRICIA 56-W-1



NORMA 35-B-3



JEAN 55-G-1



DOROTHY

The Advent of April

by April (5-B-6FPE)

The April of my life has been 32 years in coming. She's my new person. She has owned the name a scant six months but loves it far more than the other "handle" which still must remain for reasons of utility. I'm having such fun living in the person of April--discovering the newly practical aspects of being feminine--feminine beyond the shadow of a doubt before my peers (those who are women by chance). Converting fancy to fact is a labor of love which all TV's necessarily perform in varying degrees depending on endowment, artfulness and incentive. I must still perform the precious tasks painstakingly. In many cases such as care of the wig, feminine posture and poise, modulated voice, etc. I'm still a tyro but simple desire has sharpened my eye and I'll soon step daintily from the ranks of the beginners. When that is possible the advent of April will have come full turn.

I'm a big girl, 6' 2" tall, 170 lbs. 37, 29 (it's a cinch), 38. I can manage a tall size 16 dress and I'm happy to say that I shop avidly for them in any and all of the dozen or so retail outlets in the immediate area. I'm the first to admit that it is a most unusual phenomenon to see a man frequently shopping for women's clothes. For a while it bothered me and I used to catch myself blushing before a salesgirl, but not any more. I've decided that in the event of a remark or a question from any of them who have come to know me, I'm going to answer simply and honestly. I've always been friendly and courteous to them and I'm sure that if they felt familiar enough to inquire about my business they would be friendly and courteous in receiving my answer.

But a story such as this should be told from the beginning. I was born into a Catholic family the first of four children (three boys and one girl). My mother is a college graduate and a grade school teacher. My father is also a college graduate and a civil engineer. During my early years my father was away from home a great deal because of his work and my mother frequently knew periods of loneliness. I'm afraid my younger brother and I were no great comfort during these periods. We were always up to some sort of mischief--guaranteed to scare the wits out of the unwary.

However, when Dad was home he was the personification of kindness. He never quarreled with mother in front of us, so if they did have differences we never knew of them. He was quiet always, told many funny stories at the dinner table, and never punished us until we absolutely forced him beyond endurance. He always had some project going around the house on which to exercise his drive toward perfection, which was quite considerable.

My mother was always a very active person. She was strong and handy and vital. She introduced us early to household chores and she insisted that they be done right. Under her tutelage I was a willing worker and I cherish to this day some of the compliments I received from her (I could never seem to get a valuable compliment from Dad--he was just too much the perfectionist). I was always quite close to my mother, more so than the other kids, and I still regard her opinion highly. In most respects I consider my childhood to be quite normal with the usual number of cuts, bruises, fights and broken windows. Nonetheless, I can recall some particulars from childhood which may be significant. My favorite pasttime was playing "clowns". My brother and I were the youngest kids on a block of 22 boys--and no girls. I "hated" girls from the time I was 5 until I was 10--partly I think because Dad kidded me about them when ever he got a chance. I didn't like to fight and avoided it whenever I could. I used to lose more fights than I won. I was always tall and thin for my age and wore glasses from the age of 6 years. Finally, there was a kid across the street from us whom I never saw but heard about from the other boys. The fellows said he wore velvet suits and lace underwear. They said the father was a postman and the mother had cancer and it was her wish that he be kept this way. According to the story he showed up at Public School dressed this way ready to start the first grade but was taken home at noon. I was always intrigued by this story and wanted to meet the boy but never did. Whether any of this is pertinent to the development of an incipient TV is a moot point because I recall first experience with femme clothes at about the age of four or five.

My mother was extremely modest and used to dress behind her door. I was intrigued by this mysterious procedure and one day went into her room, took some pink rayon underclothes from her drawer and imitated her. But she must have heard me and I was discovered much to my chagrin. That day I took a nap and woke up when it was about time for dinner. Dad was home. He and mother were sitting on the livingroom davenport when I came downstairs. Dad asked me about my



PHYLLIS 14-K-1



BEATRICE 32-B-2 FPE



ROSANA
4-S-1





JEAN 38-0-1 FPE

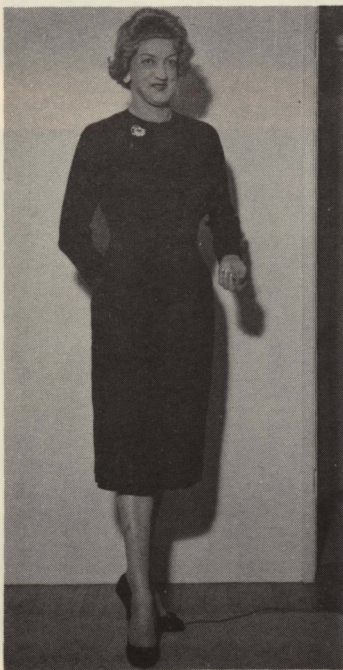


BARBARA 5-M-6





APRIL 5-B-6 FPE
Pres. L.A. Chap. FPE



MARY 5-N-1 FPE



BETTY 5-D-1 FPE



ANNETTE 12-F-1
(COVER GIRL ON TVia NO. 5)

BETTY 20-H-1 FPE

wearing Mother's underclothes and suggested that I could be dressed in girl's clothes if I wanted it. I was ashamed and frightened about the reactions of the kids on the block. That's when I decided I hated girls--primarily for my Dad's benefit. Needless to say I was still mightily fascinated.

During the summers we used to go to Chicago to visit my Grandfather and my two aunts (who both taught school). I adored the younger of my aunts. She was so pretty, so friendly, so talented. She was the most fun in my young life. I used to look forward to visiting Grandpa's apartment months ahead of the visit. During one of these visits, on a Sunday afternoon, I was in my aunt's room watching her and Mom makeup for the afternoon's round of visits. I begged them to make me up too. My aunt, who was playful and artistic (she had a hobby of making beautiful hats for her friends) made me up--much to our amusement--hers and mine. I was surprised and embarrassed when my grown cousin Jim made fun of me in front of a room full of the relatives I'd come to see. Later I heard my aunt tell him that his ridicule wasn't kind or gentlemanly.

On another occasion I got up early in the morning and on my way to the kitchen saw that my aunt was up. I went into her room and talked to her while she dressed--with benefit of dressing gown. I was sitting on the bed when presently she came over and sat on the bed to put on her silk stockings. It's quite an enchanting spectacle to see a lovely lady gracefully smoothing silk stockings up her legs and I was fascinated. We were conversing all the while and at my question she explained as she rolled her stockings on how it was the best method to avoid runners--which ruined silk hose. I remember explaining this new found knowledge to my Mother. She was upset by it and advised me (in my innocence) to allow my aunt to dress in privacy.

To further emphasize how deep the roots of my TV proclivity do go back into my childhood, on another occasion of these early visits to my Grandfather's apartment I was at nap one afternoon when the rest of the family decided to step across the hall to visit the neighbors. Since they did not intend to be gone long I could just go on napping--. While they were away I went to the bathroom and then into my aunt's room. I was drawn like a magnet to her dresser and the lingerie drawers. I was thrilled to feel the soft silken garments on my body and though they did not fit well that wasn't any great disappointment. I paraded around and then disrobed, being

fearful of discovery. I was replacing the garments as neatly as I could when I heard noises. I got scared and rushed in putting the remaining garments back, then I ran naked down the hall to my bed. Even today I blush because when I was turning the corner and looked back it was my favorite aunt who was standing in the hall watching my disorderly retreat. Strangely though, not a word was said to me about the incident though I feel in my heart that she must have added the whole business together and arrived at the truth years before I did. My aunt along with her other virtues was meticulous in her habits so I'm sure she must have noted something out of place--particularly in a drawer of carefully laid in lingerie.

Once a behavior pattern which is pleasurable has been established I believe it tends to repeat. At the age of 10 years, we moved to Buffalo and were temporarily residents in an apartment hotel. One day I came across one of my Mother's pink elastic and rayon panty girdles which had a detachable crotch. I tried it on much to my erotic delight. I tried it on again at infrequent intervals until we moved to our new home. I was quite disappointed when I discovered that my Mother's continued use of the garment stretched and puckered the elastic making it particularly loose and ill fitting on my slim body.

At about this time, when we became established in our new home I discovered that one drawer in the linen closet and a trunk in the attic were bonanzas of feminine apparel stored for future use. I was elated at the time (and far more intrigued today) to find both a pink rayon elastic corselet and a panty girdle in the drawer. These garments were decidedly more suitable to the size I was than to my Mother's size. Did she know? Did a sensitive love provide these comforts to a tortured fascinated young boy? I wish I could know without risking a hurt to an aging lady. I haven't yet thanked her and I know I must if it is at all possible. After a period of perhaps 2½ years the panty (which I wore once in a while when out playing) became puckered and was quietly removed--I know not how or when.

Also, during this period I investigated with relish my Mother's closet and drawers. I tried on her shoes, slippers, foundations, etc. etc. I discovered where she dumped her orphaned silk stockings and I must I had lots of fun with them--even as shoulder length gloves. Our house had a maid's room and bath on the third floor and for a period of about a year I was permitted to have it as my own room. This assisted me in my endeavors in femme clothes.



EARLENE 5-B-15



MARIE
14-K-2 FPE





LINDA 5-F-5 FPE



JOAN
32-F-5



HILTA
44-C-1
FPE



During adolescence age 10--16 I had boyfriends and girlfriends. I was good at sports--though not varsity material. Even then I was more comfortable in the company of girls. They have always been my favorite people. But I have on occasion been accused of placing them on uncomfortable pedestals.

At 14 I acquired a corset by nefarious means and managed to build a "vest pocket" wardrobe. These things were discovered by my Dad one Sunday afternoon when he was cleaning out a storage area. I'm sure my explanation was unsatisfactory but I heard about it only once.

My youth from 14 to 18 was very stormy. My inconsiderate behavior in the questionable goal of maturing rapidly still revolts me. I know for a fact that I precipitated most of the grey hair my mother bears today. I had my intermittant TV, midnight driving lessons, sans license, several mad passionate love affairs and a number of decent part time jobs.

After one false start I went to college and got a degree in Mechanical Engineering. At college I kept my "ruffles" in my laundry bag. Of course I've had periods of violent recriminations and resolutions but to no avail. (I was 28 years old when I finally resolved to live at peace with TV.) While at college, shortly before entering military service, I met my future wife. From this point until after our wedding two years later I was almost immune to my TV drive. I kidded myself into believing that marriage would erase the desire. Well, it's pretty common knowledge now, that this is highly unlikely, and that the smarter course would have been a frank discussion before marriage.

Early in our marriage (6 mo.) the desire revived in full force and I frequented "Goodwill" Stores accumulating clothes to be secreted in our apartment. After three years of secret dressing I decided to tell my wife and ask for her understanding rather than risk untoward discovery. I'm afraid that my explanation was blurted out haltingly and guiltily and got only the frosty reception I really expected.

For four miserable years after that we waged a losing battle for the psychological and spiritual success of our marriage. We went steadily downhill until at our darkest moment, when we were at a final turning point, I told my wife that I loved her, that there would be no divorce (I would fight any and all actions) and, should I lose her, I would rot in jail before paying one cent of alimony.

I'm a stubborn person in certain matters and I'm sure my wife recognized the stark truth. At this very time my constant searching brought me to "Transvestia" and Virginia. It was the first ray of hope--a single fragile thread of light in a long dark tunnel of stony melancholy. My wife came to realize that I meant it when I had foresworn all other futures but the one I had with her. She saw that our future was one with the experiences and attitudes of each of us. We both had to contribute, and part of my contribution has to be my FP experiences. She agreed to take a look at the FP psyche with an open mind in search of harmonies that could be ours.

Before the October '61 meeting of The Hose and Heels Club I suggested that she would gain a great deal of understanding by attending the club meetings. However, she was pregnant and she gave many reasons why she could not attend. I'll admit that some of them were valid but the strongest one was never voiced, i.e. fear of the unknown. She feared that she might not be able to accept what she saw and, therefore, she would have to reject me. It was just too great a risk entering into such a decisive situation equipped with the little bit of knowledge she then had (she had never met my femmeseif). As time went on and she saw a radiantly happy person come home from each successive club meeting, our conversations in the wee small hours got progressively longer, and more precious details were related.

For some reason not entirely clear to me she became particularly sympathetic towards me and/or my TV activities early in December '61. So that when Charles and his wife offered to join us for an evening of conversation in order to answer any questions which might be troubling us about TV, I accepted at once. I knew that I was too emotionally wound up to present a good case for TV and in retrospect it proved to be the best possible course of action, to have a well modulated "third party" present the problem in the right light. It was an act of true charity which prompted Charles and his wife to spend a long rewarding evening with us radiating a knowledge, compassion, and love that has brought us closer together than we have ever in our lives been before. We owe them a great deal.

Things have happened since that meeting on December 27, '61. My wife has met April. We had a very pleasant visit one evening after the kids were bedded down for the night. We have a new baby girl at our house. And finally, we have a new more relaxed atmosphere in which to raise her. I am more considerate of my wife and

generally more helpful around the house. In turn, I now have a more understanding wife who says that she enjoys a new feeling of importance since I've become more openly demonstrative in appreciation of her feminine qualities. Very soon she will attend her first club meeting. She's ready now, and I feel confident that from this point on our love can only grow greater.

*** **

Editor's Note: Some months have passed since this was written. During this time April's wife has been to a number of dress up affairs and has become a strong supporter of what the local FPE chapter is trying to do. This shows the change which can come about in a wife's attitude when the subject is presented clearly and without guilt and shame.

April, for her part has developed markedly also--to such an extent that she was elected First Lady of the Alpha Chapter of FPE. Her picture appears on page 42 of this issue.

*** ANOTHER "DRESS OF THE MONTH" BY JOHN AARON ***

Many readers of TRANSVESTIA have purchased the catalog of Custom Made dresses by John Aaron, and a good many have ordered dresses from it. However, individual made-to-measure dresses are of necessity expensive so many others have not been able to avail themselves of John's beautiful designs.

In an effort to remedy this situation John has designed a simple yet lovely little dress which, because it is offered in the standard dress sizes and in selected fabrics only can be offered at ONLY \$19.95. Seldom can one get a really nice dress worth wearing for less than this. It is the hope of both John Aaron and your Editor that this little dress will ring a bell (belle) with lots of you girls and that you will be sending in orders. If this offering meets with enough interest John promises to work up some more inexpensive items for us.

Remember that this dress is offered in standard sizes so please specify when ordering. If you have some particular figure problem not adaptable to standard sizes write John about it. He may be able to revise the pattern to accommodate you. There would have to be an extra charge for such individual modifications but he will quote them upon request. Do not order from Chevalier but directly from JOHN AARON 6766 Wedgewood Dr. Hollywood 28, California.

Style of the Month

A most delightful dress for those who want to be femme, femme, femme. Designed to soften the shoulders and upper arms and really minimize the waist which shows off the gently flowing skirt. A small detail of self covered buttons and belt makes this dress a front closer and very easily gotten on and off.

Available in sizes 12 to 20

Please state Regular or Tall.

Fabrics--a really big choice!

Floral printed taffeta

Wide choice of colors and
of large or small prints
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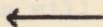
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ing on request.



L.T.--New Jersey



GAIL
7-S-1
FPE



FRANCES
5-M-5





BILLIE MAE 28-P-1



BARBARA 7-H-1



Results of Occupation and Religion Poll

In TVia #12 there was an auxilliary questionnaire which a good many were good enough to fill out and return. Report was not made on this sooner partly because of space and partly to allow time for more returns to come in. Below are the results on 100 responses.

RELIGION:

Catholic	33%	Misc. Protestant denominations	12%
"Protestant"	12	Unitarian	4
Methodist	12	Jewish	2
Lutheran	11	Atheist & Agnostic	4
Episcopalian	6	Others	4

AGE:

21--30	25%
31--40	37
41--50	23
51--60	12
61--up	3

EDUCATION:

Not High School Grads	8%	Post Grad. Work	14%
High School	31	Incl'd'g. M. A.	7
Junior College	12	Ph.D. degree	2
College	23	Unstated	11

OCCUPATION:

Professional	30%	Architects, Ministers, Chemists, Engineers, Lawyers, Editors, Teachers, Airline Pilots, Doctors.
Business	14	Contractor, Insurance Sales, Bus. Owners, Travel Agent, Advertising, Manager.
Skilled labor	19	Plumber, Draftsman, Electrician, Machinist, Bookkeeper.
Unskilled "	31	Repairman, Clerk, Sales, Farmer, Postman, Radio Announcer, Student, Truck Driver, Laborer
Arts	6	Musician, Librarian, Artist, Social Work, Writer.

SIGNIFICANCE OF RESULTS: 100 cases is not enough to prove anything conclusively, but several interesting things do turn up. Most interesting is the fact that the U.S. Census shows 28% Catholics and 3.6% Jews in the population. These results indicate slightly more Catholic TVs and slightly fewer Jewish than in the population at large. Is there a good reason for this? Personally I think that

there is.

Of all religions the Catholic religion pays the most homage and respect to a feminine deity. This means that Catholics are more able to relate beauty, femininity and divinity to each other than are members of other religious groups. Thus the urge to express some of this grace and beauty has an easier route because psychologically femininity too is divine. Guilt is probably somewhat less because the robes, stoles, surplices, and other accoutrement of the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, etc. are of themselves of a more feminine cut, design and beauty. The idea of male persons attiring themselves in gowns, satins, lace, brilliant colors, etc. is part of their experience since early childhood and would appear to make the contrast between masculine and feminine clothing less stark. Thus I would expect that it would be somewhat easier for a Catholic boy to cross the line and become a TV than for those of various protestant sects. The difference between 28 and 33% is not great but I feel that it is significant and would be born out in a larger sample. There was no way in which any section of the country or group of TVs was favored in this poll. I just took the first 100 returned questionnaires.

On the other side is the somewhat lower percentage of Jewish TVs than the population. In the Jewish faith there are many things that the young Jewish boy must do in the course of the family rituals and ceremonies that a daughter cannot do. He becomes therefore to have greater regard for masculinity because it is important in a religious way. For those who do not know, it takes 10 Jews to form a Synagogue, but all 10 must be males, females do not count. At the same time when the young Jewish boy reaches the age of 13 he goes through the ceremony of Bar Mitzvah which is the ceremony celebrating his arrival at the age of responsibility and of religious obligations. Since these obligations and duties in rituals are only carried on by males, the Bar Mitzvah is more or less equivalent to the boy's admission into manhood. It serves, in a sense, as a graduation ceremony from childhood and society awards him a figurative diploma certifying that he is now a man. Thus even a boy who has difficulties in role identification in his own mind, would in effect be certified by society as being a man. This relatively greater importance and responsibility of the male and the relatively secondary position of the female combine, I believe, to diminish the motivations leading to TVism in other groups and accounts for the lower incidence of the phenomenon in the Jewish community.

The survey shows 23% as having attended college, the census

The survey shows 23% as having attended college, the census gives only 15.5%. This would appear significant. Added to this is the relatively large professional and business groups which together comprise almost half of the total. These facts would seem to indicate a rather high intellectual and cultural potential of persons with femmepersonating interests. This is not meant to cast any discredit on those FPs who have not had the educational opportunities that others have had. Lowered educational attainments usually tend to result in lower employment brackets too, but neither of these measures potential only accomplishment and there are a great many barriers economic and otherwise which may prevent an otherwise intelligent and sensitive person from achieving the educational and therefore employment level that he actually capable of.

++++THE NEW FEMMEMIRROR++++

Up to the Sept. issue, the FemmeMirror was a gossip and chit-chat sheet with a few serious matters thrown in. It was largely the brainchild of Barbara Elin. Since she is no longer with Chevalier Publications the format has had to be altered. Joyce and Virginia cannot boast the same brand of easy going humor which Barbara could dispense. Thus we are modifying the Mirror somewhat. We will print fashion and grooming tips, articles and things not quite appropriate for the Clipsheet or for which there is no space in TRANSVESTIA. We will spice it up a bit with cartoons, gossip, and general news and will retain the two editorial sections by Joyce and Virginia. There are many short things that will be appropriate in the Mirror so send them along.

Under the new set up the Mirror will be a more completely complementary publication to TRANSVESTIA, so those of you who do not at present subscribe to it might well consider doing so. It is a monthly and we can get material into it easier than into TRANSVESTIA.

***** *** *** *** *** *** *** *** *****

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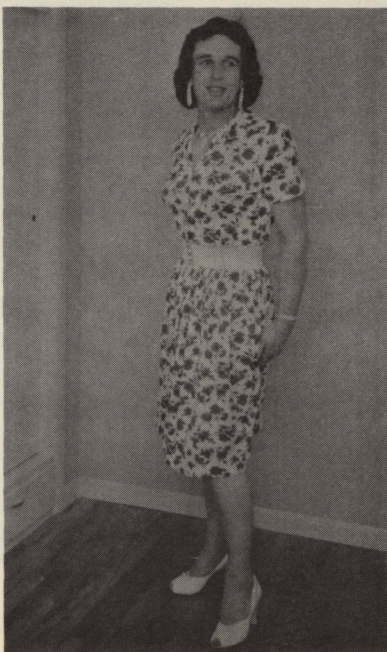
*** CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, Calif. **
 *** ***



JACKIE 13-C-3 FPE

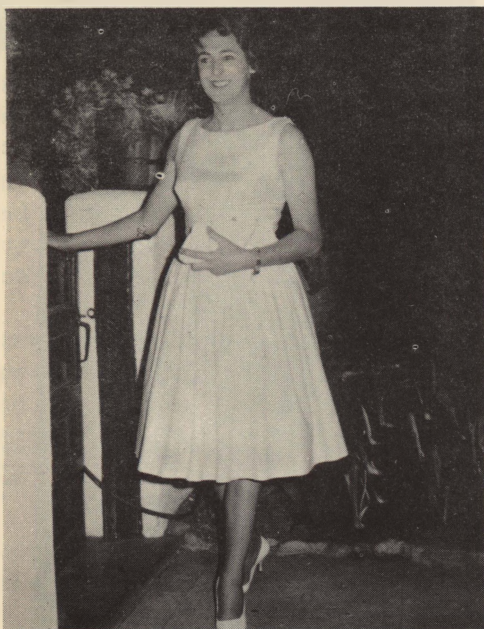


JEANNE
37-B-1





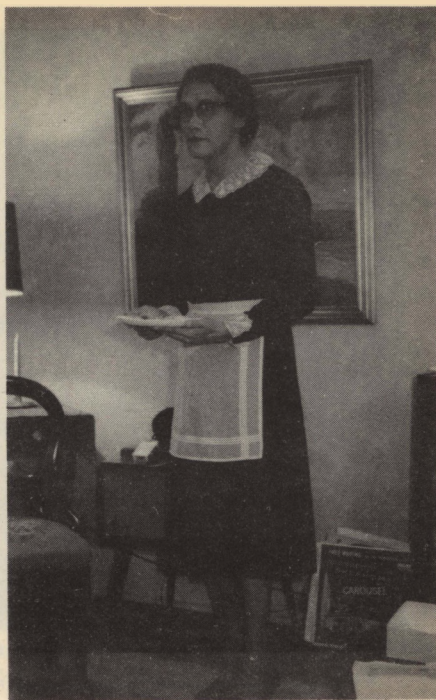
ROSE 9-S-2



DIANE 5-B-3 FPE



MRS. GOTROCKS (KATHY 5-H-5 FPE)
MRS. GOTROCK'S MAID



ROSEMARY FHK-L-1



SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE



PHYLLIS 5-W-2

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

Scene: The porch in the main house at the Chevalier D'Eon--our resort in the Catskill Mountains. The time: about 4 o'clock in the morning as Labor Day is ready to awaken in the distant darkness. The cast, four girls just making small talk and getting to know each other. Jacqueline, a superb blonde who has recently left the locked room stage and is now beginning to enjoy the company of others like herself. She is happily married and we all agree that those two make a wonderful couple...there's understanding, tolerance and wholesome enjoyment of life as it is. We all agree that it'd be nice if there were more wives like Bonnie. She has just gone to bed, dead tired...it's been a strenuous day for everybody...but we are greedy...we don't want to say goodnight yet...and we squeeze a few more hours from a day that's already gone...it's dark in the porch...just a row of lights illuminate part of the property at intervals...perhaps a bit chilly in those 2,400 feet of altitude, but we don't seem to care...bare shoulders, bare arms...the feel of that long hair that strangely has become part of our own selves...an occasional flame lighting a cigarette throws a glow on feminine faces...smiling, serene, relaxed, happy faces...Jessica, a new friend, is with us...another Spanish speaking girl to team up with Susanna...we discover that Spanish should be made the official language for all TVs...why? It enhances, underscores, punctuates in every sentence the feminine personality of the speaker...let's try a sample: "I'm happy" or "What a silly fool I am!" two sentences which don't tell anything about the gender of the speaker...if a man says them, or a woman says them...they are still the very same, identical expressions. Let's turn them into Spanish (and for that matter into a few other Romance Languages) and what do we get? A man has to say: "Estoy contento" or "Que tonto soy!")--a woman must say; "Estoy contenta" or "Que tonta soy!" Spanish adjectives (most of them) change endings according to the speaker's gender. So we talk...every phrase is a reminder (as if we needed a reminder!) that it is girls speaking...the language itself has changed to conform to our feminine personality, now openly herself, openly on her own. Jessica smiles with a mysterious smile--the enigmatic smile of the sophisticated woman, who has traveled in foreign lands, who has learned the value of being coquettish and ladylike at the same time...of the woman who knows her charms without being condescending to others...we like her company...and we hope she'll be a faithful friend..With her looks she could go wild, but she seems too smart for that..we

read discretion and, as Virginia says: wisdom..moderation.. and perspective. Alyce completes the foursome..This is her first time out in social life. Marie did the purchasing for her weekend wardrobe.. from head to toe..Alyce is bubbling with happiness..obviously an extrovert..we feel the tension snapping within like a broken chain, vanishing in a cascade of laughter and acceptance..She is thinking of the careful job of makeup we did some hours ago..it is dark in the porch but she feels the new face..the new expression of pencilled lips and eyes..there's no need of a mirror..our silhouettes and the invisible bond that weaves a pattern of dreams come true are enough..Our joy is contagious..it's a warm net that keeps away the chill of the night from bare arms and shoulders..Three other girls have already retired for the night: Siobhan.. who had everybody a bit envious because she travelled by bus from New York..dressed!..A childhood of fantasies and daydreams..like so many of us..final acceptance and the determination to live her own life..convincing and bold within her many pounds..sternly determined to keep on losing weight..the "girl-within" is fully awake now and has a lot to say for the present and the future.. and Ella, from upstate, her first visit..her first experience face to face with the inner reality of others like herself. Two lives..two personalities..What a wonderful feeling it is, Ella, to be able to talk and talk to others, isn't it? To pour out your very heart after years and years of silence, of hiding, of incomplete transformations, of frustrating suppression..And there was Kathy..silent, reserved--for a while, just to open up a smile bit by bit..as if the unbelievable reality of acceptance could be too much to bear..Kathy, also full of dreams and the hidden knowledge that there's a cross-roads somewhere ahead..when the paths go in opposite directions and only one can be followed..I wish you all the happiness in the world, Kathy, no matter what road you decide to take..the seeds of friendship are all around you just waiting to be watered..

Suddenly the lights of a car, two giant eyes, turn into our driveway..a traveler and his wife in distress..4 o'clock in the morning.. can't find a place to sleep..everything closed in the area at this time of night..Susanna goes inside to get the keys to a bungalow..The traveler walks to the porch..waiting..the three girls have mysteriously become silent..not a peep..they just sit there quietly..he is friendly tries to make small talk.."Beautiful night isn't it? -- A few seconds of silence, and then, a timid whisper desperately trying to sound feminine: "Yes". Then silence..The arrival of the keys and Susanna break the stillness--the bungalow is rented for the night..The porch is once more ours..and we giggle..and laugh..just a weekend at the resort..hours in which we know ourselves a little better by seeing our image reflected in new colors and a new perspective through the lives

of new friends.

Halloween time is fast approaching.. so far the only time of the year in which the law won't frown..most of you have by now heard of our planned get-together..on Oct. 27-28..Dr. Pomeroy of the Kinsey Institute has just notified me he's accepting my invitation to meet all of us..his letter says in part "...It sounds fascinating and I am looking forward to the opportunity of meeting so many TVs all in one place." Dr. Harry Benjamin has promised he'll shorten his European tour in order to attend with his wife. They'll both be our guests of honor. We are striving for TV unity..mend broken threads and close seams that leave unsightly gaps (I never saw a dress that didn't need a bit of stitching along the seams every so often.) We hope to meet delegations from the Middle West (right Bobbie?) the West Coast, some from the South and quite a few from this North East area of the U.S.A., plus a group of Canadian gals. A few lines and a small deposit as reservation should reach me not later than the middle of Oct. Must prepare rooms, heating, hire cook, etc....lots of work. I do want to underscore the fact that it is not the purpose of this get-together to force anybody to follow any specific plan or line of action unless they want to..we all know that there are, however, things we can do, no matter how tiny they may seem, within our usually limited field of action..This we'll discuss (those who want to) .those who won't or feel they can't, will just have the pleasure of meeting others..and enjoy a relaxed weekend..There'll be a Halloween stage show with plenty of surprises and laughs..The presence of Dr. Pomeroy will certainly give us the opportunity to help our cause. The Institute is engaged in a systematic plan of research on the subject of Transvestism and a book on the matter is being planned for the future..Here's something concrete we should all contribute to with whatever information the Institute may need. This is a scientific, serious effort to disseminate understanding to the public at large on the nature of TVism. Once such a book is published I hope we can see to it that every law enforcement officer in the U.S.A. gets to read it, along with judges, psychiatrists, wives, ministers, school teachers, etc.

The fee for the weekend has been cut down to the bone..\$20..just enough to cover the rather large expenses involved. Let's hope the weather will be kind to us!!!

GOSSIP TIDBITS: Bobbie of Chicago suggests that N.Y. TVs volunteer for policy duty..this, she says, is our chance to be accepted.. Gail says she'll do it IF they assign one dozen plainclothesmen as HER protection...Lucille from Detroit has come up with the "most" in femininity : satin sheets!! Anita has stopped telling others about her



THE
SEÑORITA
SUSANNA
(COVER GIRL ON
TVia NO. 12)

escapades...seems that a lot of starry-eyed TVs have been trying to imitate her, with sorry and disastrous results...Marie is sub-naming her wig establishment: TV REPAIR SHOP... Last minute information: Kathy has just started THE big experiment...will try to live as a girl for six months...and see what happens...we wish her loads of luck...total electrolysis and a safe job have made this possible...so...excuse the brevity of this column, but... honestly...I'm having just too much non-TV work and have not been able to do half of what I would love to do...even my social life is shot to pieces so long for now...and hope to see many of you at our Halloween party.

Susanna Valenti



JEANETTE 5-G-1 FPE



NANCY 5-W-3 FPE (COVER GIRL ON TVia NO. 14)

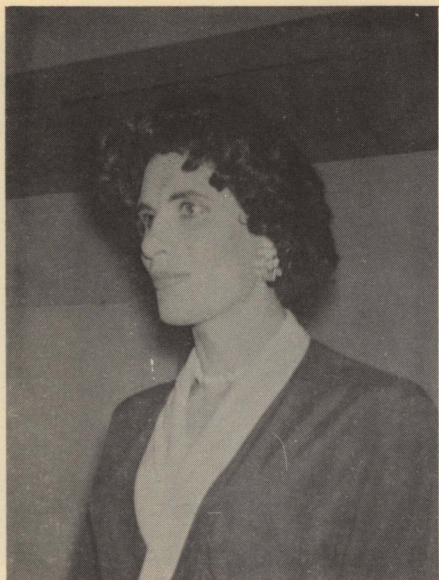


MARILYN 47-I-1 FPE (COVER GIRL ON TVia NO. 13)



JOAN
8-T-1





IRIS 52-L-1 FPE (PUERTO RICO)

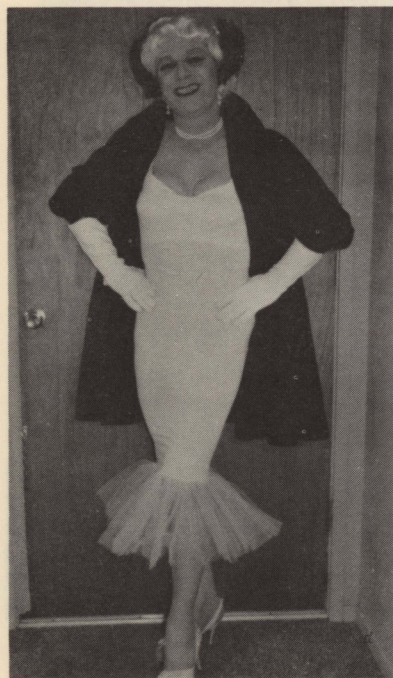


IRENE 55-S-1 FPE



DENISE 5-B-7 FPE

(GOWNS BY JOHN AARON)



JAN 5-L-3

THE CONFUSION BETWEEN PERSONS AND PURPOSES

There are really only two facts about human existence that man cannot change or modify in some way, and these are birth and death. Between these two extremes lies a lifetime, be it long or short, happy or sad, fruitful or wasted. How that life is lived is, in large measure, shaped by the individual himself on a conscious, or unconscious level, but in very significant ways the actions, thoughts, motives, feelings, and attitudes of other individuals as well as the rules and customs of society influence or direct his own inner feelings and external behaviour.

Thus an individual comes to want certain things, to believe in particular things, to set up special goals and to feel in specific ways about various matters. As a result he tends to ally himself with others who share in some measure the same wants, beliefs and goals. These associations, being made up of human beings, soon tend to segregate into layers, leaders, middle men, and followers and right here is the source of more human trouble than practically anything else but sex and religion. All members of a given group are, in the beginning, drawn together by one common idea or need. They tend to gather around the person who first dares to make his voice heard in the crowd. The group grows by drawing unto itself new members as they learn about it. These persons associate themselves because the group serves their needs too. Quite soon, in the course of this growth, there will appear persons other than the original leader who do not go along with him completely and who begin to oppose his actions at first and subsequently, having attracted some followers of their own from the main audience, will set themselves up in opposition to the original leader, the one who first exposed, expressed and activated the buried strivings of the membership.

This process has taken place since the beginning of human social living. It appears in politics, statecraft, religion, education, medicine, law, you name it. It would be stupid to claim that this aspect of human social behavior is valueless and destructive. Many really great leaders in many fields have arisen out of a group which had originally gathered about someone who voiced common goals. However, human beings are creatures of emotion as well as reason, and they are easily swayed by appeals to the former when they should have used

the latter. One of the emotional drives existant in some degree in all of us is selfishness and desire for personal advantage whether it be monetary gain, social prestige, intellectual position, or some other form of ego satisfaction. This being the case, for every time in history that a really great leader arose out of a previously organized group of people there are probably 10 examples of little leaders who arose from the group largely motivated by personal advantage of one sort or another and who gathered around them a small portion of the original group by appeals to their emotions, their personal needs or by opposition to some acts or policies of the original leadership. When this happens the original group is seriously handicapped in its development due to the division of loyalties, dissipation of energies, and confusion of direction. The group may survive, but its growth and accomplishments are greatly slowed down and long-term, all inclusive interests may be set aside while time and energy are spent on more obvious but actually less important passing problems.

Thus the title of this piece- "Confusion of Persons and Purposes." If, in human activities a condition of affairs exists that is sufficiently important to enough people a leader, an initiator, a focal point will appear around which the needs and hopes of those particular people can crystallize. Having done so, the choice between selecting long range goals and working for them or frittering away time and energy on short-range, immediate problems and on interecine emotional conflicts between little internal sub-groups, is presented. If the "indians" begin to pay more attention to the appeals of various local "chiefs" than they do to the long range needs of the tribe they will soon cease to exist as a force of any consequence. Thus it is imperative that to accomplish anything really valuable and important both for the desires of the immediate members and for those who will come to it later, the eyes, thoughts, energies and activities be principally focused on those goals common to ALL members of a social group rather than being diverted to local problems and local persons. This latter procedure is certain to destroy the group as a whole and to preclude its accomplishing anything important. How long would the United States continue to exist as a world power, as a cultural leader, as a contributor to the world of tomorrow if the desires and aspirations of individual states or large cities and their local leaders were not subserviant to the overall needs and purposes of the Union as embodied in the Constitution and the Federal Government?

Now if you think I am indirectly referring to our own group and its problems you are right, that is exactly my purpose--to show that what has happened innumerable times before in history in uncounted little groups of persons with special interests can also and has in fact already been attempted. Fortunately far sightedness, loyalty and good sense prevailed and the incipient schism. If every reader of this article

would realize that the life problems faced by TVs and their ultimate solution are far more important than little local personality clashes, we will be able to maintain an organization intent on solutions and can put our united energies to work on them.

If, on the other hand, you think I am setting myself up as the "Great Leader" who can do no wrong and to whose dictates all should bow, I most certainly am NOT. I can make intellectual errors of judgment and get emotionally upset just like the rest of you. Although I have been referred to as a "dictator", every so-called dictation has been for the benefit of the group as a group not and has not benefited me personally either prestige-wise or financially. I am, however, in a position of leadership by virtue of having provided the type of focal point referred to earlier--one which FPs the world over can center their interests upon, participate in group activities, contribute talents, and, in general, do those things that promote their own long term hopes. But this is not an appeal for personal support. It IS an appeal to all of you to keep your eyes on the purposes and principles which have been enunciated in TVia for FPE, the Foundation and the magazine itself. Lets NOT mix things up by paying more attention to a person--any person, myself or any other--than we do to these purposes. It should be made clear that there is nothing that any other leader or any other group can do for the good of TVs of FPs anywhere that cannot be done within the framework of the organizations already set up. The form is there waiting to be used--and it is there regardless of any one person's leadership. Anyone who feels it necessary or desirable to set up a secondary organization can be doing so only for motives of personal prestige or gain as any others are capable of being fulfilled within the limits of the present Foundation. Don't misunderstand! I am not saying that nothing could be done better than I have proposed doing it, but I am saying that anything worth doing for the general good can be done within the present setup without resorting to another organization which would only split loyalties, efforts and support.

We now have the Foundation, it is being incorporated as a non-profit California corporation as you read these lines. Let us take this framework and mold it to serve our purposes. If others are willing to shoulder some of the work involved and if they have different ideas than those already propounded let them come forward and be judged by the membership, but let them not try to assert themselves for selfish reasons in independent activities. I shall be happy to print ideas and contributions to the work of the Foundation so if you don't agree with me let's have it in writing and in due course it will get before the membership. Everyone of you does not agree with me in all respects, and that is as it should be, but, I feel sure, EVERYONE of you is in agreement with the long range goals and hopes that have been put forward. If you do, stick to the goals and purposes and support them. Don't be divided and diverted into local personality cliques in various

areas. United we can perhaps do something, splintered into fragments we are right back where we started from.

The administration of the FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION is not intended to rest solely in my hands. A board of Professional Advisors from the outside and a Board of Directors on the inside have been part of the plan from its inception, but they had to await the proper stage of development. You can't very well have a Board of Advisors until you have an organization to advise. We now have an organization composed of those who have joined FPE and those who have joined the Foundation. Now the problems of what to do and how shall we do it arise. Efforts will be underway shortly to try to find answers to both. Leadership is not THE problem, defining goals and deciding on what steps to take are. Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and see if we can't get it turning our way.

To proceed with any plans at all requires finances. Present finances have come from FPE memberships. Some don't want to join in the social aspect of expression. If you are one of these, fine, but this doesn't prevent you from helping by making a donation to the Foundation (\$10 like FPE members--or more). This money will all be accounted for--remember the Foundation is set up as a corporation. It is unrelated financially to Chevalier Publications and must stand on its own. There are a lot of cities in which the number of subscribers to TVia indicates a possibility of a social group, but this cannot be organized until these readers join FPE and make a chapter feasible.

So if YOU feel that TRANSVESTIA has been of help as well as entertainment to you, pay the debt by helping those programs designed to help others like yourself to find themselves. Don't be a free loader make a contribution of self and/or money--join FPE if you are interested in social expression with your own kind, or help the Foundation with a monetary gift if you are not, but lend a hand somewhere.



SALLY
32-B-7
FPE



FELICITY
32-M-4 FPE



DIANA JOYCE
32-H-4



LEANORE



IRENE
5-S-2



KAREN



ROBIN





FRAN 35-G-1 FPE



R.A. 22-P-2

Editorial Emanations

I. CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS ATTENTION: We are getting more and more canadian sisters on our roles. Due to the recent currency changes \$4 Canadian does not come out as \$4 U.S. I have not penalized any one because I know how anxious you are for the publications. But receiving only 90% of the subscription fee is rather rough. It would be appreciated if you would make this allowance when paying.

II. NOW ITS JOYCE AND VIRGINIA: Bob-Barbara Elin, is no longer with Chevalier Publications, having left us for more fertile economic fields about a month ago. As many couples have before them and in spite of the good wishes of all of you, Bob and Joyce discovered many incompatibilities between them and have gone their separate ways. That TVism was not the cause is evident from the fact that Joyce remains with us, assuming most of Bob's former activities. Where we were 2½ people before we are only 2 now and the work load increases with our activities. Although Joyce works full time for Chevalier, Virginia's brother Charles must hold down a full time job elsewhere so that he only allows her evenings, before breakfast and parts of weekends to do her bit for the cause. This is mentioned because some of you are evidently under the impression that Chevalier is a full-time project of Virginia's. It is not and it will be a long time before its income equals that of Charles' job. So when you dont get letters answered or other things done that you feel or have asked Virginia to do for you please understand how it is. Both Joyce and I will do our best, but there is a mountain of work here, and much of it voluntary, gratuitous and merely helpful to the cause in general and in many cases to individuals personally.

III. YOU CAN HELP THE FIGHT: A Judge in Orange, Texas by the name of Sid Caillavet recently sentenced several young boys 8-12 years old to wear dresses for a month and threatened court action against the parents if they did not enforce the order. I took time out to write the Judge and also the town's newspaper, The Leader, objecting to this kind of punishment pointing out the troubled life it could lead to. I also pointed out the contradiction between a court ordering a boy into dresses at age 10 and then when he is caught

in dresses at age 18 or after he is arrested and sentenced by the same court for the same offense he was ordered to commit while he was still a boy. This kind of thing must be stopped by education. I suggest that many of you should write to the Judge and the News paper and express your own feelings, sign it or dont, but take some action on a personal level. The Judge can be reached by name at the Municipal Court, Orange, Texas. An opposite situation recently occurred in Chicago where a Judge was faced with a young man who had been picked up in femmeattire a number of times. After hearing his story the Judge gave him several months in which to raise the money to have a sex-change operation. Although the man in question was picked up for soliciting, and might well have been a homosexual, this is beside the point. The Judge who handled the case was sufficiently advanced in knowledge to know about, approve (for certain cases) and allow the operation. He should be complimented for his awareness and attitude. With more judges like this we might have a judiciary that would take cognisance of human feelings and motivations and not act solely on the letter of impersonal law. I suggest that you write this Judge too, complimenting him on his action. Write to Judge James Geroulis % Chicago Municipal Court, Chicago Ill.

IV. MALE MOVIE ACTRESS: This story was mentioned in the Mirror some months ago and many of you have asked about it and some have paid for it. Please don't be discouraged, its on the way. It was discovered after about half of it had been typed that the story just stopped, that is it did not end in the proper sense. So considerable time was lost in trying to find someone who could complete it. One of the girls who has written several other things for us has agreed to do it and is now working on it. This, plus delays for other more important matters, is what has prevented its appearance. As indicated in Section II. above, we are only two with a lot to do.

V. LEGAL NOTE: A recent Appellate Court ruling in California made it clear that where the state law covers an action it takes precedence over any local ordinances purporting to cover the same "crime". Thus a San Francisco ordinance dealing with masquerading in the garments of the opposite sex was rendered ineffective by virtue of the state law dealing with the same offense. The state law is somewhat more lenient. This might be something for the legal eagles among us to check up on in their states. Any comments our lady lawyers would like to make on this score will be gladly published for the benefit of all.

VI. MIXED TYPING: In this and possibly Nos. 18 and 19 you will find articles in two perhaps three different styles of type. This is not desirable, but for a period necessary. The reason is that articles, stories etc. which are suitable for TVia are typed in advance and then assembled into the magazine when an issue is being made up. We experimented with an old, large type IBM on a few things, such as the Allegory appearing in this issue. The type is too big and space consuming however, so we have bought a newer, smaller type IBM. At the same time some of the typing is done on my Facit machine at home (what you are now reading) This means some variation in typing which should become standardized again as soon as the present pre-typed manuscripts are used up in the next couple of issues.

VII. REFUSAL OF ADS: Some readers have been annoyed and hurt that ads submitted by them have been refused. This has usually been because they have bought one of the pirated back issues on the newstands and were therefore not aware of the new arrangements for CONTACT. These arrangements have been set up for the mutual protection of everybody, the advertizer, the one who answers, and the magazine itself. Please bear this in mind. We cannot accept ads from just anyone who picks up the magazine off of a stand as we have no knowledge about that person, his honesty, sincerity etc. We cannot do a 100% screening job in any case, but our rules are for the purpose of gaining as much security as we can for all. So please bear with us, its for the common good

VIII. PICTURES: This, as anyone can plainly see is a picture album issue, and I hope you like it. I squeezed in all the pics that got here in time. I would like to say a word about pics for some of you however. There are those that suggest that we print more cheesecake and lingerie-type shots. I dont print this kind because I dont want to arouse the P.O. who might take a real dim view of this type of pic, and in addition the purpose of this magazine is to uplift and give a little status to the practice of FemmePersonation, not to downgrade it. Those who are after erotica exclusively have not grown enough for us and there are enough other purveyors of various kinds of that. I'm not prissy, I can enjoy such shots like anyone else, but I dont think it is at all wise. After all, many people besides TVs see this effort and I want them to have the best opinion possible.

IX. ARE PIRATES STILL AT IT?: Has anyone seen pirated copies of #16? Pirated copies are bound by "saddle stitching" like a magazine, not book stitched like this one. If such is found please loan it to me I want to see one. I have #14 & 15, but want to see #16. EDITOR



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

=====

32-D-3 Single FP age 38 wishes meet and marry sincere, undrstdng. girl. Also corres. other FPs, all answered. BETTY ANN

=====

5-W-9 Single FP, 31, desires corres. others about same age, also with undrstdng. women. L. A. area. NANCY

=====

20-H-1 FPE like to meet FPs in Baltimore, Md. area, hope to form local chap. FPE. All corres. welcome & answered. BETTY

=====

21-D-1 FPE Wish contact other FPs in Mass. desirous of forming a Chap. of FPE here. All letters answered. LOIS

=====

43-P-1 FPE Married FP desires contact others Dallas-Ft. Worth area perhaps form local group. LINDA

=====

7-C-2 FPE FP in New Britain-Hartford area wishes meet & corres. with others. Am married, and 38 years. CAROLL

=====

5-B-15 FP, Married, 31. Like corres. and meet other FPs. I travel all No. Calif. All letters answered. EARLENE

=====

39-F-1 Like to meet FPs in Boston area and corres, with others in New England. E.F.

32-W-8 FP, 40, varied background and int. wishes corres. meet
others, partic. in N. Y. area. All answered. KATHY

=====

55-R-1 FP 81, Widower. Very lonely, no exper. meeting others.
please write, espec. from Canada. Have corset history thru
centuries but want more info & pics from those who wore cor-
sets & dresses as boys. Pay cost. MAJORIE

=====

9-K-1 FPE Enthusiastic FP wants corres. and meet other FPs in
Florida. Wishes form local FPE. MARY KAY

=====

21-R-1 Single FP, 47 like to corres. meet others. MAURENE

=====

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=====

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One is in excellent condition a \$200 piece----- \$125

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within a week. Chev. Pubs. Service Dept. Box 36091 Los Angeles 36

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.

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