

TRANSVESTISTIA

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***** THE INTENT AND PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE *****

From time to time persons other than Transvestites will come across this magazine. For their benefit as well as for its regular subscribers, it is desirable to set forth clearly and concisely its aims and purposes.

TRANSVESTIA is published by, for and about Transvestites for the purpose of providing a center about which people interested in this field may gather. Its pages provide opportunity for expression of opinion both lay and professional, for discussion, and for sharing ideas and experiences, all of which lead to a better understanding of this particular 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 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 Transvestites in large enough numbers nor of selecting persons reasonably well adjusted to their problem and uncomplicated by other psycho-social behaviour patterns, to form any well considered opinions about this phenomenon. The magazine can provide much research material through the cooperation of its readers to further the understanding of this problem by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers and jurists, and police officials.

It is the firm belief of the Editor of TRANSVESTIA that HAPPINESS is rooted in KNOWLEDGE of oneself and one's world because KNOWLEDGE is the beginning of UNDERSTANDING, which is the beginning of ACCEPTANCE, which is the beginning of PEACE OF MIND, which is the essence of a happy and well-adjusted life. Unhappiness, loneliness and fear have too long been the lot of Transvestites. It is to be hoped that TRANSVESTIA can help to convert these into peace, togetherness and relaxation.

**** THE QUESTION ****

This magazine has filled a real need in the lives of what one of our doctor friends calls "poor harried souls"--that has been my intent. I have given plentifully of my time and energy in the conception of the magazine and the publishing of it. I have given my leisure time, my heart and to a greater extent than most of you know, my personal freedom and reputation.

Whether the magazine continues depends not only upon me, but on YOU and UNCLE SAM. The Post Office believes that a few unscrupulous persons make use of the PERSON TO PERSON section of the magazine to make contacts with others with whom they then exchange obscene mail. They are inclined to hold the magazine responsible for this, and they would like to have me close out these columns or, for that matter, the whole magazine. They have found nothing obscene in any issue of TRANSVESTIA (nor are they likely to) but they apparently operate on the theory that 100 good people should be deprived of a useful, pleasureable and harmless opportunity than that one bad person should be enabled to use that opportunity for undesirable ends. This violates all conceptions of American rights and freedom.

I have tried to tell various authorities that the Transvestite has no motivation or need to write obscene letters to another, that this is just not a part of transvestism. I have explained that the loneliness and isolation that a transvestite finds himself in is a very corroding thing to his peace of mind. Many subscribers to TRANSVESTIA have never laid eyes on or corresponded with another person of similar interests in their lives---many felt, until they came across this magazine, that they were the only persons in the world with what they considered their very unique problem. Only upon learning that the need to express and "live" ALL of one's personality is a much more common thing than they had thought, do they begin to settle down, view their own feelings more objectively and thus obtain some peace of mind and a better adjustment to life.

Dr. Alfred Eyres (Dis. Nerv. Sys. 21, 52 Jan '60) says, "Effective therapy, formidable and difficult in any of the personality disorders, is, in this particular entity (transvestism) practically impossible. ANY therapeutic approach relieving symptoms, tension, and discomfort and PROMOTING BETTER ADJUSTMENT certainly is in order." (Emphasis mine.) Clearly understanding is basic to adjustment.

Drs. Bowman and Engle in an article entitled, "Medico-legal Aspects of Transvestism (Amer. J. Psych. 113, 581 (1957) say, "It is generally agreed that all types of psychotherapy are a failure (as a cure for transvestism). So far there are no reported successfully treated cases". Drs. Walker and Fletcher in the book, "SEX AND SOCIETY" state, "When doctors are able to do as little for patients as we doctors manage to do for these cases of transvestism, it would be better for us perhaps to make efforts in another direction. Instead of treating the patients themselves, we might treat with more profit the society which makes it so difficult for these unfortunate people to live." If these quotations represent current medical opinion on the subject, surely a publication like TRANSVESTIA is entirely proper and needed.

YOU come into the future of the magazine, not just by way of financial support and contributions of material, but by being a watchdog too. If ANY of you get mail from another subscriber which is in any way obscene, pornographic or questionable, I WANT IT REPORTED TO ME! I will cut that person off our roles and refund any money due him. We need subscribers, but not so badly that we can afford to condemn the whole publication and the whole public understanding of our position for the benefit of a few rotten apples. I personally would not continue to put myself in jeopardy with the authorities if I thought that such activities as the Post Office alleges were taking place.

WE must keep our own house clean and above reproach. We all know that the world confuses transvestism and homosexuality and when there is a campaign against the latter we are caught in the crossfire. I think the opportunity to contact others is important and should be maintained, but it can't be if such activities go on. The QUESTION is can we prove to them that we are clean? Charles Prince--Editor

COVER GIRL from "DOWN UNDER"
by JOAN of AUSTRALIA

Two nights ago, correctly and quietly dressed in my dinner suit, I squired a girl to a formal ball; tonight I start typing the story of my transvestism, and I am wearing a pale blue twinset, straight white skirt and white high heeled court shoes. My feet are tucked femininely under the chair in a way that I would never affect when dressed as a man, and I can feel the nylon hem of my slip caressing the finer nylon of my stockings. I am wearing little makeup, just pancake foundation, powder and lipstick and my long brown hair is loosely held in place with a white ribbon. If I were writing this for any audience other than the readers of TRANSVESTIA all this would require far more explanation, far more defensive forestalling of the "wrong ideas" and would still stand very little chance of a sympathetic hearing. Writing as I am for people whose experiences must parallel mine extensively I am freer to explore the motives and results of my delight in feminine clothing.

It started when I was very young indeed, around four, but then it simply took the form of a wish that I could be a girl and wear pretty frocks, a wish that probably started with my sister's dressing me in her frocks much as she dressed her dolls. Again, it may have been due to the fact that my father was often away from home and the only company I had was that of my mother and sister (we lived very isolated).

But it was not a continuous and consistent desire. Later in my childhood I forgot the desire to be a girl, and lived a perfectly ordinary, rough and tumble, tree-climbing boyhood. It was not until I was fourteen or so that I started once more to feel a desire to dress as a girl. At that time I had no opportunity to do more than slip my sister's shoes on, or pose in a skirt in front of a mirror for a moment. Nor had I the money for cosmetics, so would paint my lips with water paint.

Much of my dressing at this time centered around a pair of high heeled silver sandals of my sister's and I would put

these on at any opportunity, often teaming them incongruously with a green linen suit or a floral summer frock.

The first occasion on which I came into the open remains one of the most exciting memories of my TV career. Out of the blue I said to my sister and mother I'd like to spend the evening dressed as a girl to see how I'd look. They were presumably surprised, but they humoured me. At that time I was fifteen and a half or so and slim, with better legs and ankles than I have now, and a smoother complexion. My sister let me wear her best evening gown (pale blue moire taffeta) over white satin lingerie, and the beloved silver sandals. With my face made up and my hair arranged I made a pretty if boyish young lady. I was trembling with excitement and hated it when I had to take off the things.

The next occasion was very similar to the first in my mode of gaining my desires...I simply asked and was allowed. On this occasion I wore a red 2-piece suit, rather sophisticated and on the cocktail side, and again the same sandals. This time I spent the evening dressed and the family accepted me for the evening as a girl. We played cards, I remember, but I don't think my mind was on the game. My father was surprised at the good looks I displayed, thanks to my sister's grooming, and remarked that it showed how much of glamour was owed to cosmetics. I don't think he liked to think that a son of his might be pretty in his own right.

All this time I was dressing frequently in secret, and I definitely wished to be a girl. I would indulge in fantasies and day dreams in which I was abducted and forced to wear female clothing, or actually turned into a girl by some painless glamourising process. I should add here that I am now quite definitely cured of any wish to change sex, except as far as my wardrobe goes. I have too much fun as a man not to prefer to be both man and woman as I wish.

I have sometimes wondered if the secrecy of my cross-dressing was a genuine secret or merely a secret by agreement. Maybe my sister and/or mother guessed or knew far more than they said, but were tactful enough to turn a blind eye. I base these thoughts on two things...first, as I grew



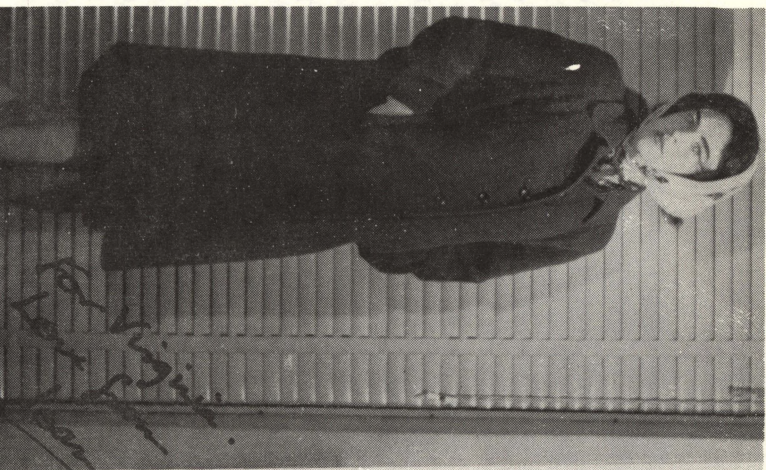
JOAN of Australia



A GIRL OF MANY POSES







older and had more money to spend I accumulated a few frocks and cosmetics, and it has occurred to me that it would be odd if my mother never came across them though they were kept out of sight as far as was possible in a small bedroom. Secondly the unexplained generosity of my sister, who, unasked, presented me with a white satin strapless bra (for my theatricals, she said) and, glorious day, with the silver sandals which symbolized TV for me. If they did know they were kind beyond words not to mock me or try to talk me out of it.

At this time I was letting off a lot of steam in amateur theatricals, taking female parts in college revues, and singing and dancing and acting material I wrote for these revues.

As far as I knew I was the only person of my kind in the world. I knew about homosexuals and knew I was not one. I knew of female impersonators and went to their shows avidly but didn't know if they were what I was or were completely different with a common trait. It was not until my college years, when I read widely in psychology and discovered Ellis and Hirschfeld that I realized there were TVs in every country, culture, and age. I knew I was no longer alone, but I also knew I had to give up impersonation on the stage. I was getting too old to escape the rumours and social censure attached to a young man in women's clothes. Australia seems to be less tolerant than America over this, and I knew one fellow whose reputation never recovered in his college career, because he did a Charleston in flapper costume in one revue. Why I never became the victim of such rumours I don't know. Perhaps I pulled out and went back to dressing privately just in time.

I have known, and still know, many gay people. I don't mind their eccentricity but I don't tell them of mine. Too many gay people won't believe TV's need not be gay, and none of the gay types I know are very discreet anyway. One, in particular, though he has never known (and will never know) I am a TV, has tried for years to persuade me that I am gay. I owe him one thing only...he gave me my feminine name. He always referred to me as Joan, little knowing the pleasure it gave me. One night he poured a bottle of Chanel down my back and I received odd looks for a week.

Now I live alone, in a city which is not my home town, and have much more freedom to cook, live and sleep in feminine clothing. I have driven my car hundreds of miles wearing skirt and jumper (carefully observing the law) and now that I have found a TV pen friend in the U.S., and he has guided me to TVia, I am reasonably content.

In general I prefer simple skirt, and jumper combinations, or frocks and heels, to exotic evening gowns. If I am dressing for an evening of photography, or if I wish to let my hair down (literally) and experiment with make-up, then I have ballerinas and three floor length evening gowns to wear, and an assortment of heels in various colors. Where first I preferred bizarre, strapless satin gowns, and the highest of heels with ankle straps to emphasize the turn of an ankle, I have quieted down in my taste and can spend my happiest hours in something cool, loose, and pretty (rather than exotic) and with a minimum of makeup. I would like to know more about makeup and do wish I were in the States to visit Susanna at the Resort, but meanwhile I am happy in my TVism and glad to be able to correspond with other TV's on the other side of the Pacific. It's a great life, and I wouldn't be any other way if I had the choice, neither all male nor all female. For the record, I am 25, unmarried, 5'8", 140# wear a a 16 dress and an 8 shoe.

My best to all
JOAN--Australia

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"I'm having a lot of trouble placing my client at one of the studios," moaned a Hollywood agent.

"What's the client like," asked another agent.

"Got a build like Jayne Mansfield, sings like Judy Garland and can act like Anna Magnani", was the reply.

"You shouldn't have any trouble placing her", he was told.

"Her?" exploded the agent. "It's not a her, its a HIM!"

CONSIDERED OPINION

by LIL

Achilles (so the legend goes)
 In youth was saved from murd'rous foes
 by being hidden in a school
 for girls of noble birth. No fool,
 He fell into it, lock, stock and barrel
 Thus avoiding imminent peril
 By setting quite a heated pace
 In learning there, the ways of grace.

Those lovely years! Beloved, admired
 By his schoolmates who aspired
 To emulate his queenly poise,
 His loose high-breasted pride; the joys
 Of loveliness in what he wore
 (That classic Grecian drape!)...and more
 His long, dark, pleated swinging hair,
 His sensually, graceful dancing there...
 All womanhood, in every phase
 He knew and had in those dear days.

Then came the time (the legend goes)
 That high-born kinsman, in the throes
 of War, besought him. None could tell
 Which maid was he. So it befell
 They laid out gowns...and warlike arms.
 The maids ignored the swords. The charms
 Of fabric won. But one slim maiden
 Left...for where the floor was laden
 With tools of war.

Thus found, the boy
 Became a man.....and died at Troy.

The more I think of his sad choice
 That made him turn from comely lass
 To man...the more I feel that I must voice
 Just this.....

Achilles surely was an ass.

A CHEVALIER D'EON WEEKEND or A DREAM COME TRUE
BY MARILYN

The Chevalier d'Eon Resort provided me one of the most memorable weekends of my life. I am writing this in the sincere hope that others will be encouraged to visit this wonderful place and thus experience the same thrilling moments as did I.

Of course my first knowledge of the Resort was from an Ad in an early issue of TRANSVESTIA. It sounded wonderful but a little more than one could really believe possible. But soon thereafter I was in New York on business. I was in need of a good wig so stopped at Marie's of Fifth Avenue. Marie was most kind and considerate. I soon had a beautiful blonde wig, the perfection of which I could not hope to adequately describe to you. In the course of my fitting I learned that she was the wife of our N.Y. correspondent Susanna.

Marie supplied me with a brochure on the Chevalier d'Eon and told me of the good things it offered to a TV. She really sold me on a future trip to the resort. I was planning another trip to N.Y. in August so I set my mind on combining a trip to the Catskills at the same time as my N.Y. visit.

Preparations were somewhat extended. While I have a very complete wardrobe of feminine attire and all the things necessary to the well-groomed girl, still there are always a few new items to obtain. Thus I busily shopped for several weeks and put together my traveling outfits. I had one suitcase for my feminine things and one for the necessary male items. Actually, like most girls I took more than I really needed for my stay of two nights and one day. In addition to the usual but lovely incidentals and accessories, I used just one cocktail dress and one cotton dress. Both had full skirts. The cocktail dress has only small straps and is of black taffeta. The cotton dress has a square neckline, slightly broader straps, sleeveless, and has large black and white horizontal stripes. I love both of them.

I must admit that, while anxious to experience the unrestricted wearing of female attire, I was considerably apprehensive over what I might be getting involved in. It was to be a new experience. I wondered if it was wise to do. Would I be laughed at? A number of questions arose as the weekend approached--small problems but sometimes they loom large in one's mind. I soon found they were baseless.

On arrival in New York I stopped in at Marie's to obtain some instruction on the care of my wig. I mentioned when I was planning to leave by bus for the Resort. In the generous spirit of the Valenti's, Marie promptly suggested that I ride up with them. The invitation was quickly accepted. Much of the previous apprehension had been erased by this act of friendliness.

Friday afternoon arrived and after some frantic last minute shopping for a purse and sweater, I knocked at the apartment door of the Valenti's. Susanna answered the door in male attire. She immediately won my confidence by her warm friendship and sincere personality. We talked for awhile and soon we were joined by two of the female impersonators, Angie and Terry. Susanna described their acts beautifully in TVia # 5. I can tell you that two finer persons could not be found anywhere. They are modest but very personable. They were most friendly and very helpful to me throughout the weekend.

After a very rainy and stormy drive we arrived about 9PM. The Resort covers many acres of land and is 3 or 4 blocks from the main highway. It was of course dark on arrival so I could not explore its wonders till next day. After meeting Chris, another very nice TV and the friendly caretaker, and after enjoying a warm and tasty meal, Marie showed me to my large pleasant room. I then began my transformation. I was soon the girl I had always sought to be and best of all I did not have to hide from anyone or have fear of being discovered. What a wonderful feeling.

There was to be no performance of the Chevalier Revue that evening but the others had gone over to the neighboring building where the performances of the Revue are held.

Susanna and the others intended to rehearse a little that evening. Soon I came over and got my first glimpse of the Club Chevalier d'Eon. I was thrilled by it. Not luxurious but very professional appearing, neat and very nice. The dressing room was spaciouly mirrored and well lighted. A dance floor area in front of a small stage is also used by the impersonators. There are a number of tables and chairs for customers on the first floor and there are more of the same on a cute little balcony at the rear of the room

When I first walked into the room I noticed seated at one of the tables what I immediately assumed was a "real" girl. However, I soon met her and found that it was Edith who, it will be recalled, told of her trip to Washington D.C. in TVia #3. A very friendly person and very feminine appearing. It was quickly apparent to me how she could carry out her public ventures without detection.

Since the usual mistress of ceremonies was unable to be present that weekend, Susanna asked me to take her place. It was thrilling to me to be asked and I accepted quickly.

Another impersonator, Toni Monroe, also arrived that evening. She is also a lot of fun and, as Susanna described, does a wonderful impersonation of Marilyn Monroe.

We were in bed at a late hour so did not arise until late in the morning. Then I first saw the beauty and spacioussness of this marvelous resort. I only wish my descriptive powers were such that I might adequately describe it to you. A background of the Catskills, a foreground of open field where a variety of entertainment might be found, including a swimming pool (yet to be completed). Best of all however, was the opportunity to roam freely about the grounds in feminine attire with no concern over what others might be thinking. A Glorious feeling.

((Ed. Note: All the outside shots of Denise, Cover Girl in TVia #7 were taken at the Resort by Edith. In them you can get an idea of the size and freedom of the place.))

We rehearsed all afternoon, had dinner and at 8:30 began preparations for the evening show. After dressing ex-

cept for my cocktail dress, I received expert makeup assistance from Terry and Susanna. Their suggestions were most helpful in eliminating any shadow of beard, feminizing the eyebrows and otherwise preparing for stage presentation. I was amazed at the improvement in my feminine appearance.

It was soon time to go on with the show and I was very excited as I made my appearance through the beautiful stage curtain. The audience seemed to accept me and I was happy. Susanna has beautifully described (in an earlier issue of TVia) the acts of the four very professional impersonators: Angie, Terry, Toni and Susanna herself, so I will not repeat the details. I do want to say, however, that each of them is truly perfect in their acts, very feminine and realistic. I mean it most sincerely when I say that it was a great honor and a never to be forgotten thrill to be a small part of their great show.

Again we did not get into bed till late as after the show and after the public had left, Angie, Toni, Terry and Susanna practiced new numbers. It was fun to watch. Even I had an opportunity to amateurishly I must say, perform. Morning came all too soon and by 8AM I was on a bus for New York as my travel commitments required me to be there by noon. Marie prepared me a breakfast and Edith drove me to the bus. I hated to leave particularly since a trip to New York can be made so infrequently.

I left the Resort with my highest anticipations realized, my apprehensions proven false and my heart and mind filled with joy and contentment. I sincerely hope that my experience at the Chevalier d'Eon will encourage many more TVs to go there. Susanna and Marie are providing us the facilities, the opportunity we've all dreamed about. We should show our appreciation by making maximum use of this marvelous Resort.

(For Information about the Resort and the 1961 Season, write Susanna Valenti 875 West End Ave #8E New York 25, N.Y.)

LEAP THE BARRIER
by "LORI"
(A Fictionalized True Story.)

Elaine tossed the sheaf of typed pages on my desk. "Your technique is fine, as always, but...well, your girl character, Lori, just doesn't swing. She fails to come alive to me. Know what I mean, honey?"

I'm a writer and Elaine, my wife, is at once my secretary and my sincere, constructive critic. And I knew what she meant by her comments on my latest manuscript. Usually I've written male-interest adventure stuff, but now I'd embarked on a novelette which, by its very nature, demanded to be told from a woman's point of view. My heroine, my Lori was giving me a hard time. I just couldn't seem to make her sound convincingly feminine.

"This thing's got me licked," I told Elaine. "Maybe I'd better ditch the whole project and go back to the hard-boiled action stuff."

"I don't know but what there may be a way out for you", she mused. "Remember when you were doing those waterfront stories? You took a job as a longshoreman to get the right background for them. And that trip you took on a tramp steamer in search of authentic atmosphere?"

"Sure I remember. But Elaine, I can't very well get inside this Lori the way I could if she were a simple uncomplicated male. My imagination falls short of that. In order to think, feel and react like a girl, I guess you have to be one."

"That's exactly my point," she enthused. "We'll have to let you be a girl. Temporarily, that is."

"Now, wait a minute....".

"Don't you see, dear", she continued. "We'll transform you from the skin out. You'll learn to wear dainty nylon undies and things, you'll use make-up and perfumes, and we'll even redecorate your workroom to create a feminine atmosphere. Then, first thing you know...!"

"Elaine, this is ridiculous."

"It isn't, darling. I'll help you and no one need ever know about our little experiment. Even if it fails to work, what have you got to lose?"

After considerable discussion, I finally agreed to give Elaine's somewhat fantastic idea a whirl. I was content to leave all the arrangements to her. What else could I do? After all, my knowledge of feminine frills and fancies had been limited to observation...a far different proposition than assuming an active female role and living it. Fortunately, I'm small-framed and Elaine decided we could make do with some of her clothing. However she compiled a long shopping list and the next day she plunged into the task of outfitting me properly; a head to toe task that kept her away from the apartment most of the day. On her return we held a try-on session that lasted until nearly midnight. Everything was complete, even to a blonde wig.

Next morning Elaine found herself saddled with another job...that of personal maid..."Here, darling," she laughed, "they don't fasten like that. Let me show you. There! And your stockings, you don't tug on them by main force. Watch me put mine on, as you have a hundred times and you'll see how it's done. You just never did observe it, did you."

I had to admit that I'd been more entranced by the graceful curves of her body than by the superficial garments which convention demands the well-groomed woman must wear. But now the art of dressing was the number one subject on my new curriculum. After that was mastered, Elaine coached me further on the delicate, intimate details of female deportment.

"Don't slouch like that," she teased. "Sit erect and throw your shoulders back. See? It accentuates your bosom. Mmm...those falsies really do things for you! Here, don't cross your legs that way, man-fashion. Remember you have to be both graceful and modest in every pose and gesture."

I imagine I was a rather awkward pupil at first. With Elaine's constant stream of suggestions, I began to get into

the spirit of our project, though it took several days to smooth off the rough edges. She was patient and persistent and before the week was out her treatment showed results. By dressing as a girl, I had, perforce, to act like one. And by acting like one, I soon discovered I could feel like one, think like one and experience most if not all of a girl's sensory reactions. Suddenly things began to smell, sound and taste differently to me. Things that had formerly passed unnoticed assumed a new importance, a fresh perspective. I was, in effect, becoming oriented to a woman's view.

Strangely enough, I discovered I enjoyed it. Whereas earlier I'd felt reluctant and somehow out of place in female attire I realized that now I looked forward to each new girl-day and the exciting zest it would bring. My story progressed at a rapid pace. Each night Elaine would go over my daily wordage and find it worthy of fullest approval.

"It's terrific," she'd exclaim. "You're right inside of Lori now and she's projecting for you. You've made her a woman, not a cardboard figure. Your readers will love her! She's real, dearest..real. I knew once I could persuade you to leap over the sex barrier, you'd be able to make her sing!"

There was one thing that worried me not a little, Here I was, twelve or fourteen hours a day, dressed in girl-ish creations, living the life of a typical young girl in all but fact. If I allowed it to continue indefinitely, might it not become so deeply rooted in my subconscious as to affect the normal sex life that I enjoyed with Elaine? Hesitantly, I voiced my fears to her but she wasn't alarmed.

"There's been no spell cast upon you," she explained. "You get into character each morning the same as an actor preparing for a performance. Once the play is ended and the curtain falls the influence of your impersonation may hold you in character for a little while, but given a different stimulus, you'll quickly revert to your accustomed male status...all the way."

"I know. It's been that way so far, but I was wondering?"

"Stop fretting, dear," she purred. "I'll see that you are provided with the necessary enticements to resume your male position in matters that affect us...and quickly. Like this...and this...and...."

Elaine's words were reassuring, her actions even more so. Minutes later I was firmly convinced. "Love me...love me," she'd crooned. And later, with a delicious sigh, "are you happier now?" At that moment there was no need to answer.

All during the time our experiment was in progress, Elaine had managed to fend off such visitors as had come to the apartment during my girl-hours. The privacy of my work-room had been secure at all times. At last I had my story ready for the final draft. Elaine typed it for me and it sold to the intended market, incidentally a very profitable one, in a remarkably short time. I thought then to discard further thoughts of my unique impersonation, at least until I had need of it again. I was entitled to a vacation from the alternate self I'd created, aided and abetted by Elaine. But she had a different idea.

"You mustn't abandon it completely," she cautioned. "You must keep in training so to speak, for you never know when you'll have another girl character to portray in a story. You should get into your glamour-attire at least once a week so you won't lose that feminine touch."

I didn't argue the point. In fact, I was rather glad that she felt that way about it. "I like you as Lori," she said to me. "You're a superb girl chum, even if you are a creature of my own creation. I mean, I talked you into it. But, as a man, I love you. Can't you see? It's like having a virile, devoted husband and a lovely female friend all at the same time. And who but I will ever know?"

I was content to let it go at that for the arrangement was highly satisfactory. I had become aware of many facets of Elaine's personality I'd never noticed in my strictly male days. They intrigued me, they pleased me, and gave me a much deeper understanding and appreciation of her. It has been my custom to take a three or four day breather

after completing a story assignment and before getting down to serious work on the next one scheduled. It was at this relaxed time that Elaine suggested a prank which had probably been incubating in her fertile brain for days.

"Let's go out on the town, dear, and ball around for awhile. You've earned it and we have been living a sort of secluded life these past weeks." I agreed willingly.

"All right," she said, "but let's make it a real adventure, shall we?"

"As you wish, my treasure," I responded.

"Marvelous! I'll be Elaine and you'll go as Lori"

I stared at her in amazement.

"I mean it," she chattered. "It would be a lark."

"See here," I objected. "I never had a childhood compulsion to don feminine attire nor did my mother ever insist of making a 'little girl' of me. Our masquerade is simply a matter of literary convenience. To that extent, it's effective, but this frolic you suggest is mad."

I held out against her rash proposal for a time, but ultimately her powers of persuasion swayed me into acquiescence. Even though I knew it was against my better judgment, I was curious to see how our whimsical caper would work out. The risk, so far as I could see would be slight. With care, we wouldn't find ourselves in difficulties.

Elaine proceeded to brief me on our excursion. "We will be two business girls out for a mild fling. We flirt a little, but we don't get involved in anything we can't readily get out of. We'll go some place on the other side of the city where we won't encounter anyone who knows me. You they'd never recognize in a million years. Just one thing: Remember I'm just your girl friend, not your wife on this occasion. If you let your jealousy show we'll be ruined, understand?"

I hadn't thought of that angle. Would it make for complications? It might unless I subordinated my normal

reactions and clung to my girl friend role. I was determined that I'd make the effort in the interest of research if nothing else. I had no reason to distrust Elaine's discretion, indeed I had every reason to rely on it completely.

Our night out was a notable success. There were drinks bought for us by admiring men, but we were careful to space these far enough apart to keep within the limits of moderation. We were invited to go to a boy's apartment to "listen to my hi-fi" as he put it, but obviously he and his companion had further ideas that they didn't mention outright. We didn't linger too long in any one entertainment spot, but kept on the move, seeking fresh encounters. Yes we were accepted everywhere as two sexy-sophisticated girls out for a few harmless laughs...but nice girls not available for quick and easy conquest. There were the inevitable requests for a phone number, a date at some time when we were free; all the usual tentative passes a man will make at the chastity of a girl who just might be a possibility.

Best of all, I was elated to find myself experiencing all the shy-modest reactions a girl must feel when a man makes an overt bid for her intimate favors. I was so thoroughly absorbed in my Lori-self that my emotions were stirred and responsive even as a true Lori's might be. Yet, at the same time, I was wholly aware of the deception I was practicing...somewhat like having a dream, knowing it is a dream, yet savoring every minute of it till it fades out. Back home at a very late--or early--hour, Elaine and I undressed and hung away our party raiment.

"Have fun?" she asked

"Exquisite!"

"Loved it? And shall we do it again--soon?"

"Dreamy!"

"Hey, now," she exclaimed. "Get off the Lori kick. We're back home, and I'm me and you're you---my man."

"Sorry, Elaine. The mood lingered. Give me a minute to get back to my male environment."

"Okay, but don't take too long. I have plans....and they include you, but not HER!"

Several months have passed since Elaine first voiced her helpful suggestion. I may say that I've taken advantage of the "Lori" technique we evolved in writing other stories. However, I find that now I can appreciate the physical and emotional stresses which my girl characters endure much more strongly than at the outset of the experiment. First, I've learned to select the costuming to fit the character, be she a starry eyed ingenue type or a bold adventuress. Then it's merely a question of letting "her" engulf me completely in much the same manner that a system actor becomes at one with the character he or she is about to portray.

I draw no conclusions, I make no claims. I haven't the slightest idea whether a similar experiment would produce these effective results for anyone else, nor am I particularly interested. All I can say for sure is that it worked for me. As for Elaine and myself, our relationship has flowered beautifully in every possible respect. It has brought about a mutual understanding between us that could hardly be possible under any other conditions ---and we adore it. Our success grows and we are supremely happy. What else need there be?

*** THOUGHT ***

I'm awfully glad that girls and boys

Dress differently...What fun

Would being female be for boys

If they can't dress like one?

Lil



HURRY, HEMAY!

Oh hurry, hurry, hurry home
The weekend's here. I'm free!
No more gray-flannel office pose.
Now home - and to be ME!

I've got a weekend date. She's cute.
She's giddy. And she's built!
Soft breasts, soft scarlet lips,
soft hair,
A girl right to the hilt.

She dances gay and free. She flows!
She dresses for my pleasure
In pretty tossing, good-fun clothes
To please my weekend leisure.

Not jealous. Neither she nor I
She welcomes every caller
With a dance and a fervent kiss.
She loves it when he's taller.

Nor, not averse to her own sex,
She will share her lips
And other portions, girl-to-girl,
- and she has mobile hips!

So hurry, hurry, hurry. Run!
My date waits there for me,
In pretty clothes, fresh-crisp laid out.
My date, you see, is ME!



DAMES

***** THE ENGLISH PANTOMIME *****

Each year, starting just before Christmas and often running on into March, occurs that peculiarly English phenomenon of the theater, the pantomime. A vehicle for fun, glitter, music, burlesque and dancing, pantomime is a unique form of seasonal entertainment which traces a heredity back to the Italian Clown tradition. Intended primarily for children, it is loved and laughed at by all.

The loose plot is based on such fairy tales as Cinderella, Alladin, Mother Goose and the Queen of Hearts. The hero, or "principle boy" is played by a striding, shapely girl in tights and short tunic, while the "principle girl" IS a girl, customarily a feminine, pretty, soprano voiced creature. The principle comedian is the "dame" played by a man, and "she" is usually the mother of one of the other two leading characters.

The dame comedian is normally loud-voiced, brassy and rather unattractive from the feminine standpoint, with outrageous clothes and a grotesque wig. However, there is often a scene midway in the proceedings where the dame meets good fortune via the ministrations of a good fairy and is transformed into an elegant woman wearing chic, attractive feminine clothing abetted by a good girdle and a shapely bosom, flattering make-up, smart shoes, tasteful jewelry and a good wig. Depending on the particular comedian, the result can be quite stunning. The metamorphosis may then be sustained by various changes of costume, to the end of the show, or terminated by a reverse of fortune to bring the dame back to ill-fitting dresses etc.

But in every case, the finale features the dame stunningly got up in an evening or a ball gown, sequins, furs, and flashy jewelry rampant. Very full, sweeping skirts, often requiring a page or two to support the train, are the vogue here--even vast hoop skirts with voluminous crinolines beneath. He always makes a grand entrance, beaming, or smiling lasciviously, as he swirls down the

stairway, and takes his place with the other principals for a last song, a curtsy and then the curtain.

The Dame is a demanding and arduous role for any man, but many comedians play it every year in the major theaters. Some make good women, or others are sheer burlesque in their approach. It is at the small town and amateur level of pantomime that TV's have their chance, though it is a fact that a number of the big names have TV tendencies and for this reason accept the role every year. But the amateur is in many ways in a better situation, for he enjoys the ministrations of amateur wardrobe mistresses in contrast to the cold eye of theater professionals, and is feminized by local women with their clothes and accessories.

I have had the good fortune to see several amateur performances and to know people responsible for production and direction, and as a TV myself have always been particularly interested in the Dame. One I saw obviously loved his role for he had a good figure and could move in that fluid way most men in women's things find difficult. In a bedroom scene, to loud laughter from the audience, he changed from a dress into a blouse and suit with great style and grace, revealing a very pretty blue silk slip in the process, and donning stockings with much skirt-raising and provocative bending of the knees. (Many dames, amateur and pro, wear elastic leg knickers, or bloomers, partly as a sure laugh getter and partly as a protection during frequent exposure of the legs during the knockabout comedy that is a feature of pantomime.) Very clearly, this fellow greatly enjoyed wearing skirts, and was, moreover, a great hit with the audience, especially the women.

And once, when I was very young, I can clearly remember my elder sister lending her clothes to a neighbor who was playing the Dame part. They were collected by, presumably the wardrobe mistress, but later, before the actual production, he came round fully dressed in the things as a courtesy to my sister whose clothes fitted him perfectly. My sister was, and is, 5'9½" tall. I had just gone to bed but was attracted by feminine shrieks and giggles from the

living room. I could see little from the top of the stairs but could hear well, and snatches of conversation remain fixed in my memory. "Do the undies fit?" (through suppressed laughter) excited me particularly, though at the time I surely did not comprehend why. "How are you managing in the heels?" "You make a very good woman,--" and so on. Then my mother sister and their visitor made for the door, and I saw the object of their mirthful interest, wearing a long black frock of some heavy material, a brunette wig, make-up and gold or silver evening slippers. He also had very long pendant earrings, a huge bracelet, and a fur stole over his shoulders. I felt a peculiar excitement within me, a warm flushing all over mingled with a fierce curiosity as to how a man could look so much like a lady. I did not see this particular pantomime but the women of the house did and were very thrilled by it judging by their animated chatter about it.

Later on in life, when I was about 16, I went with my parents to a backstage party after the last show, and the cast still had on their costumes and make up. I was fascinated by the Dame, a small, "woman's half size" man who was the more restrained type and made a very passable if matronly, female. A member of one of the town's wealthiest families, his wig and clothes were of fashionable and, for the women there, enviable quality. Most of the time he was surrounded by giggling women but I did see him close up once or twice. He had on a blonde wig, and a white cock-tail frock of fine silk or chiffon with a single halter strap. Through the thin material I was thrilled to see the white shoulder straps of two articles of lingerie, bra and slip no doubt. His big bust must have called for a "C" cup bra. The skirt was straight cut but not tight and when he moved I was sure I glimpsed the garters holding up his stockings. He had on elbow length white gloves, and white high heel, ankle strap shoes. I saw that his stocking seams were perfectly straight and that his legs were smooth, slim and hairless. So stimulated was I that I felt myself blushing and looked away for awhile. No man, I've since realized, could be fitted so perfectly in female clothing and be so obviously at ease and not be a TV. He was retaining feminine mannerisms and stance without a paying audience.

Later, standing at the stage door with my girl friend, I saw him leave with two women and drive off in the car of one of them. He was still playing the part of a woman, and I remember staring rather rudely as he swung his hips sideways and lower himself gracefully into the front seat lift his legs inside and demurely smooth his skirt down over his knees. He was straightening the fur coat he had donned and patting his hair as they drove away. My girl friend was, I remember, quite stunned by it all, and turned to say to me quite earnestly, "He should have been a girl!" Then her mood changed, she giggled, and whispered conspiratorily, and with a wicked twinkle in her pretty eyes, "I'll bet he's got ladies' undies on!" I said don't be silly," or something like that and we went back to find my parents.

I have since wondered where my idol was going with his two companions. Perhaps just home to get changed. In such amateur shows, the Dame often makes up and gets dressed at home or at the house of the person lending him his outfits, as he takes longer than the other players.

Which of our readers would like to join a society for the establishment and development of English-style pantomime in North America?

Linda--Canada

In a discussion of women's styles on a quiz show, an elderly man was one of the contestants. He was asked:

"I suppose you are old enough to remember wasp waists?"

"Remember 'em!" he exclaimed bitterly, "That's when I got stung!"

(Alternative answer: "Remember 'em, I wore 'em.")

You've heard of the meteorologist who was so good at his profession that he could look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.....?

A SHERRY DATE WITH VIRGINIA

By Cleatia

Oh happy day--today was the date with my new girl friend Virginia, We had met a short time ago and today was the first time we were both off the same day.

I prepared my bath fragrant with bubble bath and soon was relaxing in the scented bubbles, Shaving my body was next and all the hair was removed. Now at last the body was ready to be treated to body powder and perfume. Then the beauty of lace and padding covered the white smooth skin. With the back corset lace tied to the door I easily drew my figure in to a perfect 16--36,25,37. Now I was ready for my facial, relaxing a few minutes with the face clay and eye pads. I cleaned my face and was ready for the pan stick make up and then a heavy coating of blush powder--pressed on, allowed to set a few minutes, and the excess brushed off. A dab of cake rouge blushed the cheek bones. I transformed my eyes into their feminine beauty with a black eyebrow pencil, navy blue mascara, royal blue eye liner and lighter blue eyeshadow. My mouth I outlined with a pencil and filled it in with Rosy Future lipstick.

My nails I filed to proper feminine proportions and lacquered red with Rosy Future polish. When they dried it was my hairs turn. I wore it in a medium length page boy with a spit curl and upsweeping bang curls. I combed it out so the curls fell softly in place about my face.

Now I must dress---evening sheer seamless hose over the painted toenails, accented by the golden slave chain on the left ankle, the tops firmly held by the beribboned supporters of the pink satin and baby blue lace corset. Then came lace trimmed panties and a beautiful lace and satin slip that accented each of the feminine curves. I took a moment to admire the girl I saw reflected in the full length mirror. I found her very pretty.

I slipped on my shoes--champagne silk pumps with the new empire heels so tall and thin and a standing rhine-

stone buckle that accented the needle toe. I stepped gracefully toward the closet where my dream cocktail suit was hanging. Made of cream colored cotton brocade, the sheath skirt accented the hips as it clasped the 24 in. waist. The cropped jacket with it's portiat neckline revealed the created valley and accented the points of my breasts and their cleavage.

Around my neck I clasped a heavy old gold chain from which hung a beautiful jade and pearl pendent. A matching set of earrings came next. I picked up and fastened a gold and jade bracelet around my wrist and slipped an emerald dinner ring on my right hand. I had picked out a special champagne satin evening bag for this outfit and I slipped into it my gold vanity and matching lipstick, cigarette case and lighter and a dainty, lacy hanky pleasantly scented with Zortel. Lastly a billfold with my "mad money" and my 8-button champagne kidskin gloves joined the other items in the bag.

My darling little cocktail hat came out of its box and found a place on my head. It matches the purse in color and has feathers and brilliants on it. I pulled the veil down and fluffed the curls out just right. I made a last check in the mirror as I drew on my beautiful gloves, and taking my bag I started for the car listening to the little clicks of the champagne stilt heels on the pavement as I walked.

The exciting adventure of being a woman began as I drove to her house to keep my sherry date with Virginia.

Want ad in a Wisconsin paper:
 Woman, 21, wants job as elevator operator
 in office building. Has no experience and
 would like to start in low building

**** MY T V EXPERIENCES IN JAPAN ****

by ANN RANDALL--FLORIDA

I was in Japan as a part of the U.S. Air Force team and was stationed in Ashiya, in Kyusu, the southernmost island of the chain. The year was 1953, and I was 20 years old--a veteran of 17 combat air missions. The Korean War was over and I had a year and a half to spend in Japan.

Now that the war was over we all had much more free time and 3-day passes and leaves became more common. I had a steady girl friend, like most of the others, and we spent most of my free time together. Chieko did not know of my transvestic tendencies for the first few months of our relationship. In fact, with the war and flying I had almost forgotten about it myself, except now with more leisure time and seeing more silks and laces about it all came back.

I had seen the female impersonators on the Kabuki Stage and in cabarets and had also noticed that these people walked the streets in costume and in female street clothes at will. One day I asked Chieko about it.

"They are professional entertainers, and some boy-sans just like to wear girls clothes," she said matter of factly.

"Isn't there a law against this," I queried:

"Oh, no...they harm noone, and the professional people are held in high esteem."

I was elated, here was a country that would not ridicule a transvestite and excitement pulsed through my veins. I had to tell Chieko about my desires, and as I did I could see that she was not fully convinced that I was not joking.

"I'm serious, Chieko, I like to dress and act like a woman. I have done it many times before in the States and with your help I would like to do so her in Japan."

For some reason this intrigued her and she agreed to see how I looked and acted. In the U.S.A. I would not be

considered an extra big girl, but in Japan the average girl is between 4'8" and 5'2", consequently all ready made dresses are extra small sizes. This really applies to all clothing and shoes. However, custom dressmaking is a flowering art in Japan and labor and materials are very inexpensive.

So we began. Chieko knew a very good Mama-san friend who could be trusted with our secret. She in turn knew someone who worked in the PX and could get us the necessary undergarments, made in America. Soon I had 5 bras, 3 different girdles including an all-in-one. A half dozen slips nylon stockings and an assortment of American Cosmetics (which on the Japanese market were very scarce and expensive.) Then there was the problem of the wig. I was told that for 10,000 yen (\$180) I could have a brown wig made exactly to my head. The next weekend we went to Kokura, the second largest city on the island, and I spent most of the weekend getting measured and fitted. The old gentleman said the wig would take two weeks. That was alright because at the same time our seamstress had taken all my measurements and was making a dozen different creations for me. At this point may I state that at the age of 20 my measurements were as follows: Height 5'9", weight 130#, dress size 12, shoe size 8 and vital statistics 36-26-37 (with waist nipped and some padding in the derriere and hips.)

In a few weeks everything was ready. I took a 3-day pass and nervously began the transformation. Cheiko, the seamstress Mama-san, and myself were present in the apartment when I started. Everyone was serious and anxious to see what would happen. I have been a TV for as long as I can remember and have always been able to pass for what I seemed to be. They were amazed at the way I put on the underclothing and nylons. Chieko said, "You really know how to be a girl-san don't you." I smiled and felt more confident. After dressing (and the dress fitted like a glove, it was a cotton sheath and very becoming) I picked up the wig and set it in place and began to use the cosmetics. Just two hours after starting I was a beautiful young lady, dressed to perfection and ready to step out.



ANN RANDALL--Florida



Chieko and Mama-san were completely amazed. Even though they had seen the transformation with their own eyes, they still had a hard time believing it.

"You are absolutely pretty-san", they both chimed in, and began dancing around me and ohing and ahing. "No joke, you are real American Girl-san," said Mama-san. "I fix so you can go anywhere without trouble.!"

"What do you mean," I asked.

Chieko interrupted, "Mama-san know #1 high GI papa-san at Base who make American Dependent ID cards...she get one for you with your picture as girl-san on it. Then you can go anywhere without trouble, and I can be your maid-girl. Isn't that joto (wonderful)," she shrilled in excitement.

"Wonderful?" Wow...I hardly imagined anything like this. I was almost swooning with joy and happiness. Chieko and I went out that afternoon and went to Fukuoka the next morning. Fukuoka was the 3rd largest city in Kyushu and had the most department stores, and the best entertainment facilities on the island.

When we left our apartment, I carried a small suitcase with another day dress, some change of underclothes and an evening dress. I wore the same outfit I had had on the day before and I was completely sure of myself. Chieko did all the talking, which was not at all uncommon, for in Japan an American Dependent always takes her maid with her to interpret and act as a guide and handmaiden. So off we went by train. We sat in the 1st Class compartment and Chieko had thought to buy a cheap set of wedding and engagement rings so I would not be accosted by American soldiers looking for a pick-up.

In fukuoka we checked into a fine hotel and ate dinner. Then, we went shopping and spent the rest of the day as two girls should. After supper we went to the movies, walked about town for a bit and went back to the hotel for a much needed rest. We were both so excited that I looked so pretty and Chieko knew we would never be suspected of

being anything but an American Dependent Wife and her Japanese Maid anytime I was dressed as a woman. Those 3 days went like three hours for me. It was the first time in years that I had spend 3 full days as ANN.

We didn't do too much more of this for about two months. I got busy and flew a mission to the Phillipines and was gone for two weeks. And, we didn't want to take too much of a chance in Ashiya. It was a small fishing village and too many of my buddies knew Chieko. If she were seen too much with Ann, well there would be too many questions.

So it wasn't until I took a much deserved 30 day furlough that we really let Ann have her way. I had gotten my dependents ID Card and to boot Mama-san had even gotten me a Commissary Card and Japanese Identification Card. It amazed me how she could do it--but many things the Japanese did amazed me so I was just happy that she thought to do these things for me. With all my new ID cards and some new dresses, and a complete new feeling of confidence, Chieko and I decided to go to Tokyo for a month. I would not take any male clothing with me. We would spend the entire time as two women on a holiday.

The night before I carefully shaved my entire body, and took a hot perfumed bath to rid myself of all the GI in me. That night I slept in a satin negligee that Mama-san had presented to me a few days earlier. It was the softest and most exhilarating garment I have ever worn before or after. We awoke at 7 AM the next morning and I began dressing and making up. The train left at 11:30 AM and took 24 hours to make the trip from Ashiya to Tokyo, (going through a tunnel at one point to go from the island of Kyushu to the island of Honshu). We had what would be the equivalent of a drawing room in this country and boarded the train at 11:25.

The trip was uneventful and I was anxious to see Tokyo, the glitter, entertainment and nightclubs. Chieko was excited too. She shared my thrill within and it seemed that when I was overjoyed she too sighed with delight. The next morning we crept into Tokyo and my month as ANN began.

Chieko had spent most of her life in Tokyo and had just come to Ashiya about six months before I met her. She knew much about the real city life that was invaluable to us later. We checked into a fashionable Japanese hotel and relaxed awhile after the long train trip. I told Chieko I would like to see some of the nightclubs but was afraid that an American Dependent Wife might look out of place with a Japanese girl. Cheiko agreed, and said, "Ann I know of a boy who is a Neisei and speakes English like it was his own language. He is a half-brother of mine, his mother was English. He can be your chaperone."

I balked at this. I didn't mind her and Mama-san knowing about this, for they understood and helped, but a boy!?!?

"No, no" she said, "he not laugh. He see many stage boy-girl-sans and he very sympathetic." I still had my doubts but I agreed to have him come over and talk before we made any decision.

In about an hour the door bell rang and my heart went into my throat. Chieko flew to the door and jumped into the incoming boy's arms. After a few minutes of welcome, she introduced him to me. It took awhile to get used to having a boy in the room, but soon I felt quite at ease. He was tall for a Japanese-American (Neisei) about 5'11", but thin. He said he was 20 also. Cheiko explained what I wanted and he agreed to take me around. He certainly looked like an American and talked like one, even dressed like one entirely.

After about two hours of talking and some supper in the hotel room, I felt my confidence returning. I was more curious than ever and could hardly wait to get started. Chieko said she would visit her parents. This startled me for I assumed that she would be going with us. However, she explained that it would not seem right to take your maid to a nightclub. So with some mixed emotions and reluctance I began my first evening out in Tokyo.

The boy's Japanese name was Arieko, but he had given himself the American name of Jack. So, Jack and I made the rounds of Tokyo's best supper clubs. He was a perfect host

and guide, and after a few clubs and a few cocktails he asked me to dance. I had never danced with a boy in my life and said that I wouldn't know how. He said, "Just follow me," and pulled me out on the floor. I just floated over the dance floor and my head was swirling with delight. I really was what I seemed to be and Ann was content.

During the evening Jack took me to one of the plushiest night clubs I have ever seen. Upon entering I noticed that the clientele was made up almost entirely of Americans. We took a small table in a secluded corner and enjoyed ourselves. The floor show was excellent, and the dance band superb. I looked at my watch and it was 3 AM and I realized it was time to check my makeup and powder my nose. I excused myself and went into the Ladies Lounge. Sitting in front of the wall mirror I was surprised to see how well I still looked after 6 hours of dancing. While I was repairing my makeup a lady next to me turned and asked if her seams were straight. I turned sharply looking a little embarrassed and frightened and managed to tell her they were fine. She talked for a minute and left. I felt elated--here I was in a woman's sanctuary among women and I was fully accepted as one.

The rest of the evening was one deliriously happy time. And during those 30 days, Jack and I went on 10 more such excursions. Chieko and I went to a mountain resort near Mr. Fuji for the last 8-10 days. Then all too soon we returned to Ashiya and I to my duty. But I often think back to the wonderful times I had in Japan. And I wish many times that I could return. For there is a land that a TV may call his own--where he may dress and live with the knowledge that he will never be molested by society.

If the readers would like I can tell more of my adventures in Japan in a future issue of TRANSVESTIA.

---ANN

**** TRICK AND TREAT ****

By LIL

Girls are not really quite so mysterious
 As to make you fellows quite so delirious
 So delighted in seeing us...seeing our motion,
 Our self-loving figures. You could get the notion
 If you only...say, here's a right cozy thought!
 I could explain with these new things I bought.
 Here now! Open these boxes and then remove
 The price tags and stuff. I'm going to prove
 That my mysterious charm and attraction
 Are entirely due to a close interaction
 Of clothing and character, spirit and form
 And a certain sensualness...deep as its warm.

Now I'll turn my back. You slip on the bra,
 Try on the panties...I'll look now,...Ah ha!
 Cute start! Let me ruffle your hair in a bang.
 Now this big kerchief...You're getting the hang.
 This slim little, trim little, lace crusted slip.
 Snuggle this garter belt over your hip.
 Draw on your hose and fasten them...fine.
 Those legs! I envy them...simply divine!
 Just a wee touch of makeup, then into these heels
 And this slim little frock. Ah, see how it feels?

Now tell me, what is the mystery of these?
 The whole point of clothes is to pamper and please,
 To make you feel lovely, desired by yourself.
 Why keep such self-fun up on the shelf?
 You adore your high bosom, your slim waist..now dont you?
 You'll let your hips swing to your heel's urge, won't you?
 Don't you feel soft and melty, delicate...dainty?
 ...deliciously fragile...pleasantly fainty?
Most fellows do when I help tham at first
 They are so pleased they are fittin' to burst.
 Funny! You take it so calmly I'd almost guess
 That you had been born to live in a dress

You know? You remind me of a girl that I know
 I met her last week, right after a show.
 She was so sweet, so pretty, so shy
 Standing there with the fellows all giveing the eye
 To her crisp cotton smock, her bare-legged fresh beauty.
 You remind me so much of that little cutie.
 We said, "Hello" and I walked with her home.
 It was such fun just to chatter and roam
 Through the bright streets skirts brushing together
 Our hearts that night were as light as a feather.

Her address I think was 5--Rosebud Lane
 So cute I just can't , get her out of my brain.
 You look so much like her, your figure, complexion--
 Your manner of sitting...there must be connection.
 You really should meet her...Say! Know what we'll do?
 We'll walk over right now....

You say that "won't do"?

....Cause that's your address....

....and she won't be there?

....Cause she's here???

Why you devil, you darling! You'd dare
 To fool me like that?

Well, you tricked me good and now that it's done
 I find it a treat and you made it such fun!

...LIL

JACK AND JILL

Jack finds life's pleasure and thrill
 In lingerie, high heels and a frill.
 Now he's out on the town
 In a sleek cocktail gown
 Spending an evening as Jill.

...Georgia



Believe me sir, we have no shoes to fit you.



Psst! Sydney, your slip is showing!



Poor George, He's trying to destroy everything masculine about him.

*** CHALLENGE ***

One of our number has written the beginnings of an interesting story printed below. It stops at a convenient point and readers are invited to send in their continuations of it. I will select the three endings I think best and print them in the following issues. Then the author of the one that you readers think best will receive a free issue of TVia. Please type stories or write legibly and try to write in the same type area as a standard page of the magazine as it is easier to copy. Try to keep the length to 6 or 8 pages of this size.

Here is an opportunity for imaginative budding authors to step in and show what they can do. Please do not delay in sending your manuscripts so that I have a chance to select the best 3 for TVia # 9--Ed.

NO ESCAPE

by Janett

As a newspaper reporter I get around and see a lot of the raw side of life. When your editor insists on the complete bare truth of a story, you get it for him or else. However, when I learned the whole story of "Joanne" I could never, under any circumstances, tell my editor.

I first saw Jaanne standing at the bar of an "A" minus San Francisco night club. Nature drew me toward her well moulded figure supported on a pedestal of sky high heels. It didn't take us long to get acquainted. From then on we saw each other often. Sometimes we would have dinner at her apartment, after which, we might listen to good music while having a few cocktails. Joanne was a moody girl who was serious, yet she liked fun and excitement. We respected each other and our relationship was strictly on an intellectual plane. In fact, she often stated that she was not interested in sex. This was all right with me as I had

made plenty of girls, besides, it was a relief to know a girl like Joanne. I had known Joanne four months when she invited me over for dinner on my 30th birthday. As I stepped into her apartment she handed me a drink.

"Donald," she said, "here's a good stiff drink for you. You'll need it."

"Thanks. Cheers!" Our glasses clicked and in one breaths time there was only ice in the two glasses.

"Happy Birthday, Don." She extended me a gift wrapped package. In the gift box I found a pair of pink and blue panties with matching bras. Joanne was looking at me with a silly grin.

"What's the joke?"

"You'll see," she said as she settled down next to me on the sofa.

We had another drink. I was looking through a magazine and never realized Joanne had left the room until I heard a come-hither voice.

"Donald. What do you think of your little friend now?" Joanne stood framed in the doorway of her bedroom, glassy-eyed and as bare as a pane of glass.

I didn't have time to think. All I could say was "Wow".

"Ha! I can see you are surprised," she said and with this she began to swirl around the parlor in a simulated nymph dance.

"What's the idea, Joanne,"? I stopped her dance by grabbing her two arms. "Are you tight?"

"Donald, you just don't know what it's all about." Looking into my eyes she began unbuttoning my shirt. When my pants became unfastened I made a move of protest, but she continued. "In nudist camps we don't think anything of being nude. Don't be embarrassed!"

"I'm not embarrassed. Do you think it's the first time that I've stood nude before a girl?"

"No. But I bet no girl ever took this approach before." She tilted her head confidently for an answer.

"No. They didn't have to. I always took them. But I didn't think that you were interested."

"That's just the trouble. American men don't think. They take for themselves, but do they satisfy?" She gave

me a push and I landed on the sofa.

"Now wait a minute," I began.

"Listen! You're no different than millions of other men. Furthermore, they're too damn selfish to give women any real gratification from sex."

"I don't think," was all I could get out.

Standing over me she continued. "Yes, you've had plenty of affairs. But why? You were searching, in vain for an ideal lover who could keep you in pleasure without any strain on your part to give her any real satisfaction. While feeding your pleasure you escaped facing your own impotence."

"That's an interesting theory, but only a matter of one person's opinion," I said.

"I believe I know you." She bent down and kissed me.

"Don't put too much faith in your amateur psychology!" Frankly, I felt in a very defensive position. First being stripped of my male covering and now even my masculinity was being challenged.

"Remember a good reporter must know the truth." She picked up all my clothing and took it into her bedroom. Two more drinks were in her hand when she returned. "Let's wash down the nasty truth," she said.

"You're a strange girl. Do you want me to prove something?"

"That isn't necessary. Let's put on your gifts." Before I knew that she was really serious she had the blue bra on me.

"This is ridiculous," I protested. "What are you doing?"

"Filling the bra out," she said as she continued stuffing cotton into the bra cups. Stepping back she admired my new shape. "Not bad!" "Now put on the panties" she said.

"This has gone far enough." I started to unhook the bra fastening. "I'm getting my own clothes." Joanne caught my arm as I started for the bedroom.

"You'll only find feminine finery," she cooed. "Your clothes are locked up. Come on Donald, don't worry."

She held out the blue lace panties and for the sake of a covering I put them on. "Tell me, Joanne, why do girls like to dress men up as women," I asked.

"Maybe we want you to see how it feels to be feminine. You'll find your own answer anyway." she said. "You can put the pink bra and pantie on me if you like"--and she stood

there innocently. "Blue for boys, pink for girls", she said.

"These are not for boys!" I replied.

"I don't think the store will mind." She laughed. "Now don't we both look chic?"

"That's a matter of opinion." I grumbled. I couldn't help worrying about someone seeing me in my present state.

"When do I get my clothes back," I asked?

"Later, silly! Put on this negligee. so we can have a cozy girl dinner." She said.

Anything else she put on me was anticlimactic. I now thought nothing of stepping into a lacy negligee. In fact I even spun around a few times for her admiration.

"You're a dear, Donald," she said as she skipped into the kitchen.

By the time we had finished dinner, somehow, the unusualness had passed and I was enjoying myself.

"Now a fashion show, with you as model. My clothes will fit you," she said confidently.

"I don't know about that," I modestly protested.

Joanne didn't even consider resistance as she took me by the hand and sat me down in front of her dressing table. The aroma of intoxicating perfume seemed to say, "Why resist, go ahead and enjoy the feminine exhilaration."

Joanne deftly made up my face with her feminine crafts that turn girls into glamour mannequins. With a final dab of perfume on the ear. she called the face transformation complete. I got into the swirl of things when she busily picked out a girdle, nylons, slip, bouffant petticoat and high heel shoes.

At last, there I stood in splendor, in all her soft underthings, waiting like a sausage for its final covering.

"You did pretty well, Donald. Here let me straighten your stocking seams. Now for the dress. How about a nice taffeta after five dress?"

"Would it make any difference if I wanted an after midnight dress?" I queried.

"Silly! Put your arms up." She slid the smooth taffeta dress over my head. The zipper was fastened. I could feel that it fit very well. In my wiggly heels, I managed to walk over to the mirror on the door. For the sake of

the act, I stood there admiring myself, secretly I couldn't help enjoying my new self. "Not a bad imitation," I said. "If it were not for my hair nobody would guess I was a man."

"I intend to fix that", she said. From the bottom of the closet she brought out a beautiful human hair wig and put it on me.

The impersonation was complete. I was a gorgeous brunette. I was thrilled to see and feel the change from my old character into something so fascinating. A psychologist would call it an escape from oneself--but BOY what a pleasant way to escape. I enjoyed prancing around in my swishing dress while watching Joanne dress. I even got the knack of gracefully walking in the high heel shoes. Watching Joanne dress, as if I too were a girl, gave me a pleasant sensation and attraction to her. When she politely asked my girl-to-girl advice on the choice of her clothing, I was further elated with confidence. In fact, I was beginning to feel in another world. I put the final touch on Joanne's dressing by zipping up the back of her dress and buckling the straps of her sandals. A warm glow of pleasure radiated from the sensation of feeling that I belonged in this new world of feminine emotion, understanding and expression.

"Donald, you bend down as gracefully as any girl," Joanne said. I couldn't withhold a smile of satisfaction. "It is only fitting that you should have a girl's name. How about Donna, to represent Donald's other personality?"

"Suits me. Donna, it shall be." I could no longer resist pressing our two bodies together with a kiss. The sensation was all that I had hoped for, far exceeding the pleasure of any others experienced. And by the look on Joanne's face, I'm sure that she too would agree with me. Embracing each other had released any remaining male inhibitions and had given me a strange and strong sense of belonging and feeling completely feminine from head to toe, while at the same time, strangely, retaining a sense of masculine identity. I was pleasantly floundering in a fog of ecstasy.

When a foreboding bell cut through the fog, I wearily

roused my head from the typewriter on my desk. Yes, I was in the study of my apartment. Unfortunately though, it was no dream of fantasy I had been experiencing, but rather one more vivid review of last night's feminine soiree. And the fog bell ringing was my own telephone jangling.

"Hello", I managed to drawl into the receiver.

There you have a very interesting plot framework its yours from here on. Who was on the phone, the City Editor, Joanne, the police, his buddy a psychiatrist? How did the evening end--did he just change and go home to sleep it off, did they go out or what? Let your imagination go, be the character of Donald and lets hear what happened to you. Don't delay, write today while its hot!

THE GUY IN THE RED VELVET DRESS

I went to the Big Town, and the sights I did see,
A show where the gals were all guys no less.
It was all very strange and exciting to me,
As I'd not been around much by then I guess.

There were show girls and dancers, all guys like me
And singers and even a stripper no less,
But I forgot all of the others when I did see
The Guy in the Red Velvet Dress.

With blonde curly hair I dreamed it was me
And his figure I longed to possess.
I watched with enchantment and quite breathlessly
As he twirled in that Red Velvet Dress.

Next day I went shopping, for sister I said
For panties and stockings and a girdle--yes
Shoes with high heels and a bonnet of red,
A hairpiece like honey and a RED VELVET DRESS.

Then powder and perfume and lipstick, Oh Gee
I knew that no one could guess
When I gazed in the mirror and saw pretty me
As the Girl in the Red Velvet Dress.

**** WEEKEND WIFE ****

by CATHERINE

(Mrs. Frank Jackson)

This is a true experience, not fictional and because of the appearance of the word "wife" in the title it is necessary to make clear that it is used in the social not in the sexual sense.

Several months ago the wife of one of my TV friends called my wife and asked her if "Catherine" would like to spend the weekend as a "wife". Seemed her husband had to go to a nearby city on business and I could go with him as Catherine. My wife said that she too thought it would be an interesting experience and called me at the office to tell me about it. Naturally I thought it a great idea, so it was agreed.

The following Saturday morning Catherine and Frank started off. It was understood that as part of the experiment all reference to Catherine's other life and work would be left out of the conversation, that I was strictly a woman and a wife and both of us would act accordingly. So off we went. We had an interesting and animated conversation on the way in which I expounded and defended woman's rightful place in the world and Frank defended the masculine position. (It was a draw)

Arriving at our destination about 1 P.M. We searched for a motel and found one not far from the cities largest hotel where we planned to go for dinner that evening. We registered as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jackson and went to our room. Frank, my "husband" then took the car and went off on his business. I stayed behind and changed from a traveling dress to one more appropriate for shopping and for the weather which had turned chilly. I also lay on the bed for awhile and undertook to condition myself for the experience and to get more genuinely in the mood. I said out loud to my self over and over,

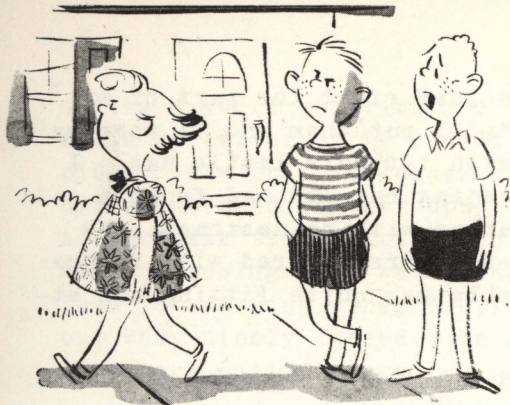
"I am Mrs. Frank Jackson, I have a husband, I am his wife...Mrs. Catherine Jackson. My husband supports me and

and takes care of me, he loves me. I am a woman and a wife. I am Mrs. Frank Jackson, I have a husband...." etc.

This indoctrination worked pretty well and I began to feel real "wifey". I was accompanying my husband on a business trip and while he was taking care of the business I would go shopping in some of the nicer stores of the city. I called a cab to be taken to the shopping district. I got a very solicitous cabby who, when I was trying to memorize the street names where the motel was located, took the trouble to write it out for me on a slip of paper. When we arrived and I got out of the cap and paid him he took my hand and pulled me close enough to whisper in my ear, "M'am, the lowest button on your dress is unbuttoned, I thought you'd want to know." He was real cute and his thoughtfulness was a compliment to my authenticity. My dress didn't zip in the back but had a row of large buttons and true enough the bottom one was undone. I thanked him and entered the store.

I had bought a new dinner dress the week before in anticipation of the trip. It was of cerise chiffon, very light and feminine. I wanted a little evening hat to go with it and set out to find one. This required visits to 5 or 6 places before I found what I was looking for at a reasonable price. Then just as I had begun to get the money from my purse I happened to look on another table and there was the hat for me. Naturally it was about three times the price but it was too cute to resist. It really wasn't right to call it a hat...it was a hair decoration. It consisted of little flat plate of cerise velvet with wire "wings" at the sides to give it a grip and this was covered with cerise tulle caught up in a perky little tuft on one side. It really got me and I got it. I also discovered some gloves of the same shade so my shopping trip was successful and I had enjoyed investigating the stores.

I got a cab again and went back to the motel. My husband had not yet returned, so I busied myself taking a shower and getting dressed for the evening. I had received a beautiful pantie and slip set of satin for Christ-



Lucky guy, My father won't let me on the street when I'm dressed up.



He wouldn't believe that I was a TV!



Don't look so shocked. You'd be surprised how many men wear bras!

mas and had decided they were just right for part of my "trousseau" for my "honeymoon". I put them on. I wore my cerise chiffon dinner dress with its cute little hat, I had bought a silver beaded evening bag and had found a pair of earrings that were cerise with rhinestones. My evening slippers were spring-o-lators covered with rhinestones too so the whole ensemble was quite fitting and attractive.

I removed my street make-up, shaved closely again and remade my face using some green eye shadow for evening. About this point Frank returned from his business and lay on the bed watching me make final preparations. With everything just so I picked up my evening bag and gloves, put my fur stole over my shoulders, rearranged a few curls under my veil and took a last check in the mirror. I was very pleased with the girl who looked back at me--not pretty by any means, but attractive, charming and above all authentic--a vivacious, middle aged wife ready for dinner and an evening of pleasure with her husband.

The motel was just a couple of blocks from the hotel so we walked to it, I holding Frank's arm as we went. The dining room was on the top floor overlooking the city. We went up in the elevator and were shown to a table near the window. We had a quiet and uneventful dinner surrounded by other couples and groups. It was very nice. After dinner we went to a lower floor where they had a cocktail bar, tables, a dancefloor and a small musical combination playing. After ordering drinks--2 Ginger Ales and looking the situation over a bit Frank asked me to dance.

I went out on the floor with considerable trepidation because I hadn't danced at all for a long time, and only once before as a woman and that had been at a party ten years or more before. I didn't know how I'd make out. But Frank took a firm hold of me and led us through some simple steps. I was a bit stiff and standoffish being unused to the role. I held my head carefully away from his and tried to concentrate on following him. I had moderate success, but pretty soon my neck began to get a crick because

of the awkward position. I told Frank that I thought I could do better if he didn't mind my dancing a little closer in a cheek-to-cheek position and if he would put his right hand further down my back guide me stronger. At the same time I found that closing my eyes prevented me from seeing what was going on and from attempting to lead in avoiding other couples etc. Things then worked out very nicely indeed. We glided around the dance floor in a very satisfactory way with only an occasional slip.

After this had gone on a bit between intervals of return to the table I began to feel strangely different. At first I was not quite aware of what it was, but I just felt, relaxed, comfortable and with no sense of responsibility for the dancing. That was Frank's job. Swinging and swaying around in his arms with my eyes closed and letting my feet do what he wanted them to do not what I wanted gradually led to a feeling of having released myself completely to his decisions. He was my husband, I was his wife. He was leading me, holding me, making me do things. He determined the steps and movements of the dance and he was therefore making all decisions and taking all responsibility regarding me. In turn I could and did feel dependent on him to guide and direct me. I did not have any decisions to make or responsibility to take. My eyes were closed so that my world for that time consisted of Frank and I, the music and the rhythm and motion of the dance. This was lulling in a way by itself but the situation was becoming one of great relaxation even though considerable muscular movement was being required in the actual dancing. I was enjoying it far beyond any other dancing I had ever done. I wasn't at the time quite aware of why but I was certainly aware of the feeling.

After a time the hour grew late and we went back to our motel and to bed. Next morning we arose undecided as to whether to go to church or to another nearby town where there were some special places to see and things to do. At breakfast in the hotel coffee shop we decided to visit this town. I was wearing a lovely blue velvet suit with

a white satin detachable scarf-color and a little blue velvet hat to match. The blue was the deep rich blue of Crater Lake and the suit is very feminine and attractive. We shopped, walked around and in the late afternoon drove home.

After we had arrived at Frank's house we sat outside in the car awhile and reminisced over the weekends happenings. I was now better able to look back at the previous night's dance more objectively and to consider how I had felt and why. I told Frank that never in my life had I experienced this sensation before. It was the most complete relaxation from the presence and problems of SELF that I could imagine. I had not merely adopted the feminine role as an actor might, nor yet in the way that I myself usually adopt it when going out shopping or to church as a woman. It was much more than that....it was a complete severing of ties with my ordinary self, not just in clothing and mannerisms, but actually in personality. As a man I am aggressive, active, talkative, logical, keen and accustomed to solving problems, making decisions and taking action on them and accepting responsibility from them.

But Mrs. Frank Jackson was done of these. I gave myself over completely to my husband....he led, made decisions, took action and controlled the situation. I was his little wife, he would take care of me, I knew it and I didn't have to worry about things myself. I don't know whether anyone else can understand this, but the release from having to be me and the kind of person described in the previous paragraph was so great that even in discussing it with Frank the following night I burst into tears. Partly from the depth of the emotion released within me by delving into the matter and partly out of the heartbreaking thought that I had had this peace for such a short time and that tomorrow I would have to resume my usual personality. I feel sure that there is a significance in this experience not only for me but for others but I find it difficult to express. I shall, however, be eternally grateful to my "husband" for enabling me to experience it.

**** HAIR ERADICATION--A STUDY ****
by Pegie Val Addair

Superfluous hair in a TV is not really superfluous, it is quite natural....only its presence is superfluous. I recently investigated several hair removal technics first hand and otherwise and offer the following information.

A Depilatory is a chemical material for the removal of hair. They are on the market under such names as, "Nair" "Sleek", "Nudit" etc. They are all good for women, but for the substantial hair growth of the male are not too good. I tried "Sleek". It was a white, creamy product and I was told to make a test for 24 hours on just one square inch of skin to see if irritation occurred...a wise precaution. The application was made after the test proved negative. The stuff creamed on nicely. You have to leave it on heavy for 15 minutes or so so it will remain moist. After this period I eagerly wiped it away...the skin was a lot smoother and most of the hair was gone...no stubble remained.

The only distress was the odor. The label said this was fragrant, I found it quite otherwise and the entire mess was less than pleasant. Still, from a TV's standpoint, it does constitute a most feminine operation and is somewhat stimulating to one as you feel you are being feminized or transformed just a little bit. Actually depilatories are fine for fine hair but just not efficient for male hair.

I next visited St. Louis and the Famous Barr store there. I asked an EPCO technician for some inside facts. A lovely feminine girl enlightened me no end. She explained that she didn't accept men...my Waterloo. Unfortunately I am not convincing enough to go back dressed, but I report my findings.

The hair has three parts, the shaft above the skin, the bulb, to which the shaft is attached, and the root which is called the papilla which is below the skin. I was told that the depilatories attack the bulb and therefore leave no stubble, but they do not touch the root so the hair grows

again and often more stubbornly and coarser.

Her method, electrolysis or EPCO, (I didnt ask the translation) involves taking a tiny needle and attacking the root, sending a shock of electric current through it. There is no pain she informed me, just a mild smarting sensation and there are no pits or scars. The number of times you must be treated depends on growth and whether it is stubborn or has been aggravated by other removal methods. It takes 3-10 weeks for hair to appear on the skin. It is impossible to estimate how many trips you will have to make to the electrologist. They charge from 6-10 dollars an hour. Male facial hair is characteristic so obviously you couldn't fool her by going in dressed. If you want such treatment just ask for it outright as a male. Tell her you are tired of shaving.

I next attacked the problem by practicing different kinds of shaving technics. I used a new product called "Prop", a before-shaving liquid for use with electric shavers. Shavers cost about \$9-\$20 and pawn shops literally crawl with them. They are a good investment for the TV set...they are fast, efficient, clean, and complete and if you do find their use irritating a product like "Prop" helps. I also have a ladies electric razor or underarms. It is smaller and more gentle but it takes longer too. I use the new Gillette super blade and several brands of instant lather on the face...very refreshing shaves and most compatible with makeup too.

Shaving is a most exasperating practice and makes the hair more stubborn. But if one can't have electrolysis treatments then it is really the only alternative way except the wax method and again this and any type of professional eradication involves taking your problem and identity to another person. If you are such a skilled impersonator as to pass as being truly feminine then you can approach the various methods that way. But I speak of and for the casual and weekender TVs who find hair removal so damn distressing. Shaving seems to be the only answer.

Something else too... how far can you afford to go in hair removal? For instance, John, my friend, would like so much to have smooth legs and arms, but alas his wife knows and loves his heavy, black, masculine covering. So even if he wanted to remove it he couldn't. If others see your arms or legs and you can't afford to have them smooth and feminine they you will have to decide just how far you can go in hair removal. You can to some extent de-emphasize hair and offset its disturbing effect. You can use gloves--elbow length if necessary, and wear double nylons on your legs. Sometimes bleaching the hair de-emphasizes it without actually removing it. You can also remove it gradually by clipping it shorter first then thin it out by picking at it with the razor in short strokes. If comments are made there are numerous excuses. You can say that its cooler, that you get ingrown hairs, or its more difficult to tan or you can take the bull by the horns and just say you don't like hairiness.

The Sexologists describe hair as a secondary sex characteristic but it often holds much importance to the individual. The presence of considerable body hair is not an indication of masculinity since many women have hairier arms and legs than a lot of men and many highly developed amateur Hercules types on muscle beach have quite smooth skins. Remember that people are not going to measure your virility in terms of hair growth...they won't use it to measure you at all. Your concern about hair growth or its absence is of much more concern to you than to others. They are probably not going to notice either its presence or its absence except in extreme cases....most people are too concerned about themselves to be too observing or concerned about others.

I recently exhibited my pink almost hairless body to a complete physical examination. My fear at revealing my satin smooth legs was almost pathological. I asked the doctor to examine me closely as I feared a gradual feminizing (feared! haha). To my surprise and chagrin he was completely unconcerned when I dropped my trousers. He examined me thoroughly and said he found no feminization, so my fears and guilt were wholly imaginary----are yours too?



CHARLOTTE-- Texas



 * SUSANNA SAYS-- *

(Ed. Note: Susanna sent this in for #7 when it would have been a little more timely, but I fooled her by getting #7 out sooner than she thought but you'll all be glad to hear from her now anyway, so here she is---)

So Halloween and Thanksgiving came and went leaving behind a trail of swishing skirts. The two holidays were enthusiastically received by the TV sorority. We met new friends and we missed old ones. Halloween's most outstanding masquerade ball took place this year in the Manhattan Center of New York, a huge ballroom which became the gathering place of a veritable "Who's Who" in skirts. Our group as usual gathered at our N.Y. headquarters and as usual our apartment was a madhouse of girls trying to look their best. Make-up tips and advice criss-crossed the air and there was glitter all over the place. We had two debutantes with us; Gail from N.Y. and Margie from Chicago. Neither of them had ever been out in public before and this was their baptism of fire. What scared both of them the most was the thought of having to get out of the car and run the gauntlet of curious people who form a lane at the entrance of Manhattan Center just to watch the impersonators go by. "What do they say? Do they make nasty cracks?" Fear mixed with that irresistible desire to go out and be seen. For once my girl friends did not get from me the customary patient help and advice. I had made up my mind that this was going to be "my night" and that I was going to compete with the best of the female impersonators.

Marie had fixed for me my blonde hair piece in a stunning Italian style and I had been fixing with needle and thread a gorgeous black sheath whose skirt I narrowed to a point where it was practically impossible to walk. Extremely low cut and loads of black sequins on the bodice and a peplum stiffened with wire. Enormous round earrings as an explosion of rhinestones matched a bracelet on my left wrist. So, in a supremely confident mood I finished

my toilet giving only a very superficial hand to my girl friends who were desperately in need of attention (after all it was to be their first going-out experience). I must admit I behaved selfishly, but I couldn't help it. I was to be the belle of the ball and that was all there was to it. Under the pretext that one of us had to arrive early at the ball in order to hold on to the table we had reserved (which was true since late arrivals could find themselves without a table) I took advantage of one of the girl's offer to drive me to the ball ahead of the others. She would drop me in front of Manhattan Center and drive right back home to get the rest of the crowd. (By the way, this was Denise (Cover Girl on #7) who did not dress for this affair.)

I knew I looked better than I ever did before for an affair of this type...so when Denise stopped her car in front of the Center on 34th St. I knew I had to outdo myself...and I did. I went through the gauntlet of curiosity seekers walking slowly taking 10" steps (all my skirt would allow). I waved at the crowd and blew kisses at them...and was rewarded with a lovely wave of applause. Five hours of dizzy gayety...just being myself, laughing, dancing etc. It was loads of fun.

A most stimulating experience was also registered in a letter from Peggie Val Addair. We agree in many things regarding the nature of TVism but disagree in many others.

((See "Di-Vergin' Views this issue for Peggie--Ed.))
Among other things she maintains that TVism is dying out. Somehow I do not think that there are more or fewer TVs now than in other periods of history. Peggie asks: "Where are today's young TVs?" My answer is: "Exactly where we were in our teens...hiding in guilt and fear and not knowing what was happening to us."

Another experience which I found fascinating was the opportunity to present the TV case to two postal inspectors here in N.Y. As Virginia said in TVia #6, some TVs can disgrace the entire group by using the mails for devious or

questionable purposes. Among the many TVs who have written to me there seems to have been 2 or 3 questionable characters who are now in trouble with the law. My name came up in the course of the investigation and I was called in for an interview. I was delighted to find in the two inspectors I talked with a most sympathetic attitude towards our "peculiarity". I did my best to explain what we are and how we feel and how utterly opposed we are to those practices which can only perpetuate the social antagonism towards TVism. I feel the need here to beg all TVs to immediately report to their postal inspectors any violation of our postal laws. We have to weed out the undesirable element to keep our sorority clean as I'm sure every sincere TV wants. And for heaven's sake do not chicken out.....there is nothing to feel guilty about. Personally in all my correspondence with TVs I have never written one word which was not lady-like and I have always avoided entering into correspondence with anyone who has begun to send out feelers into muddy paths. So be yourselves, be discreet and keep those pretty skirts clean.

One of my girl friends here in N.Y. (Gail) maintains that TVism is an aberration. (Somehow I hate that word. It brings to mind something twisted, perverse, unclean). And as a result we have engaged in many an argument over the nature of TVism. I insist that TVism is a natural form of personality expression although it is socially infrequent (and here Peggie and I agree 100%) But I go one step further than that. I believe that we TVs are mutants. TVism is a mutation of the human race in its groping toward ultimate perfection. Let's go back briefly to ancient Greece. Here we find a great deal of thinking about perfection. Thoughts which found expression in mythology. You probably remember Hermes, the God with winged feet, who fell in love with Aphrodite (whom the Romans called Venus) and how she also loved him. From their union a child was born....a child who had to be perfect since it was the offspring of Gods, and what was the most perfect attribute this child could have? How could this child be above all mortals? It must be the best of both and was thus man and woman at the same

time....one who contained in a single body all the attributes of both sexes. The child was called after both the father and the mother, "Hermes-Aphrodite". Today we still draw from this ancient myth when we talk of hermaphrodites (two sexes in one body). But the ancient Greeks did not limit this concept to a purely physical situation such as we do today. They meant perfection all-around. They meant a human being who could think and feel and live the sum total of experiences of men and women, sex being only one part of many.

I believe that all forms of life register mutation in every generation. Sometimes mutants represent a step backward, but other times they constitute a step forward, an improvement. The transvestite encompasses in his ego an incredible variety of traits drawn from man and woman. That is why I violently disagree with many of my TV friends who think of TVism as a form of erotic expression---and nothing else. It goes a great deal further than that. So much so that there are TVs in whom the erotic aspects of TVism are ENTIRELY ABSENT. Many of you will say: "what about the thrill we all experience when we first start wearing women's clothes?" It's true, we do, therefore there is a sexual ingredient in the matter, but one ingredient doesn't make a whole pie!

Take this example: We get the opportunity of spending a whole week in dresses. Does that mean that we are going to spend seven days and seven nights in a state of continuous sexual excitement? Impossible! The human body can't do it. So, even if during the first hours you do experience erotic feelings, these disappear after a while, and what do you have left? You are in the midst of a fascinating adventure...you are breathing life into a totally new individual teaching her (or allowing her) to do new things. All the facets that make a human being are now at play, social, intellectual, physical, aesthetic....they are all finding new channels for expression. SEX?...just one of the manifestations of personality.

I ask this question of my TV friends: Have you ever curled up with a book and spent hours absorbed in it with only a faint consciousness of your "self"? You put the

book down and march to the kitchen for a cup of coffee... the click click of your high heels on the floor does not seem at all strange or out of place...it feels natural... as it should be. You are a female, not a man in dresses, and that's that. Your other "self" just wasn't there at that moment.

I strongly feel that the personality split can happen to any TV, as long as he practices TVism constantly, not just a few hours on a week-end. Short spells of dressing are not sufficient to divest the "self" from its habitual frame. It needs longer periods to really come forth bit by bit to its new reality. Once these new personality "bits" are set, through practice, they come to the fore very easily and in less time. Personally, I have noticed that every time I put Susanna back in the closet and dress as a man to go to the office, Susanna takes a few hours before she gives up the struggle and lets the other self take over. There's an overlapping for a while. She lingers on despite the change of attire. Rather embarrassing sometimes. I've caught myself several times smoothing down the back of my trousers just before taking a seat on the bus or subway. Quite a shock to oneself. Or, visiting friends as a male, I've caught myself beginning to curl up on a sofa....oops!

Well, see you in TVia #9 and best wishes for a most feminine 1961. Love to all from.....

Susanna.

((Ed. Note. I agree with Susanna about the personality bits and pieces. I have often explained it to others by saying that each feminine experience is recorded and over the years constructs a feminine personality (or Feminality as Peggie Val Addair calls it, cute name too.) After all this is the way our male personality is built too. She is also right about the Feminality lingering in those of us who have freedom enough to allow it to become real. Those who know of Virginia often say of a Monday morning that they can tell that Virginia has been around the previous weekend. This kind of thing should be important to sociologists.))

***** COMMENTARY *****

At the end of the Virgin Views article in the last issue I invited all comers to express their agreement or disagreement with what appeared there. Many comments received were too short to be worth recording, but several readers took pen in hand to record their views pro and con. The Editor believes it to be in the interests of all to try to achieve some understanding of the field in general and of themselves in particular. Since no one knows all the answers it is mentally stimulating to listen to points of view with which you do not necessarily agree since it stimulates one to come up with other facts and comments in rebuttal and this process helps to clarify one's own conceptions. Peaceful acceptance of oneself is essential to a well adjusted, tension-free life. So in the interest of promoting just this I print for your consideration several letters.--The Editor.

A DI-VIRGIN VIEW
from Pegie Val Addair

5 pages hardly make up for 22. But full reciprocity would set a precedent for other lengthy communications. This writer doubts, in fact almost hopes that no other TV is so plainly socially-schizophrenic that there exists within his total personality a force as strongly opposed to his femininity and her frailities as to be able to support such criticism. Be that as it may.... Everyone to their own form of catharsis. The writer's better half, shall we say, has had her day in the sun in TVia.... This is her brother, but sadly, convention in an un-conventional behaviour makes Her signature appear on it. Merely figurative I assure all fellow sisters.

Virginia's 22 page editorial is lacking in many ways in my view. Chiefly two stand out. 1, the eight conditioning factors are not specific enough, not given broad enough scope and are much more complex than the vast amount of testimony they are derived from. 2, the five motivations (in which I find fault) are very broad and quite eloquently stated, but

in the end only apply to sensitive, artistic and perceptive individuals of a high psychological potential. Look then how easily this answers the question with which he chooses to debunk childhood conditioning and latent factors. Think also how interrelated are the words Latent and Potential.

Question #1, page 54: Boys living through conditions one or more of seven are, to quote the Ed. on the bottom of pg. 71, - Those without a high psychologic potential and without the fertile ground in which these conditions could grow...TVism lacked fertilization (psychopotential) and soil (perceptive qualities).

Question #2 pg. 54: The answer here requires me to say that in my opinion many TVs simply cannot recall or pinpoint conditions of childhood. In my view parts of the 5 motives listed, and a lot more motivations, are what I choose to call THREADS OF ENTHUSIASM ABOUT THINGS FEMININE SEEN IN THE IMPORTANT FEMALES IN THE EARLIEST LIFE OF EVERY BOY. The "sensitive, artistic, and perceptive" boys mentioned on pg. 71 are capable of picking up these threads right from the beginning and in cases supressing them until later or having them be influential all thru adolescence.

The Editor sets up highly sensitive individuals of high psychological potential, then (1) has a dramatic and often late experience "trigger off" TVism or (2) has the same individual "key in" his perceptive qualities with a revelation about female attire as in what I find a very ambiguous paragraph on pg. 73 top. "Some sort of contact on a non-sexual level" but no explanation as to why the dis-orientation to the adolescent's concepts of approaching manhood.

I just must point out parts of my own ideology to throw light on the Editor's faults. I'll go next to pg. 56. I hold with society---I say it is the TV who says the attributes associated with the sexes are arbitrary. For I hold these concepts of the roles each sex is supposed to fulfill are sovereign, natural, and essential in a patriarchal culture...and I say it is the TV who VIOLATES THE DICIPLINE OF CLOTHING AND IDENTITY and moreover stands

guilty in my view from his very unorthodox and unconventional behaviour, quite apart from any sexual connotation. I do agree with the Editor in judging TVism as an entity behaviour all by itself, but 2 things stamp the TV guilty in my eyes. (1) The hoax of his masquerade if he enters society, and (2) the implication (only) of homosexuality.

It is in my opinion this very social disharmony to the expected role that makes highly sensitive and psychologically potent males FEEL THE IMPACT, AND PERCEIVE THE NUANCES OF THE 5 MOTIVATIONS LISTED.

I throw it all back to childhood, toss in my threads of enthusiasm about female qualities, then come forward to adolescence and puberty and show how this conflict to the expected role of men is contested and sublimated and re-directed into channels of symbolism with the attempt to unify with the female via the sociological intimacy of her attire and qualities that accompany the masquerade.

1. His motives are meaningless without a highly perceptive psychological makeup.
2. The same makeup is impressionable to the threads of enthusiasm of things feminine all through the growing up process.
3. I can't see any gain in separating the 5 motives because they are not distinctly separable---they intertwine and cross-lace in highly sensitive men.
4. Motivation #3--the join up--is the crux of the whole thing, and the reason it's not on a sexual level is, as I state, in the disharmony with the expected role. NEVERTHELESS I HOLD TVISM TO BE SEXUALLY MOTIVATED BY BYPASSING BIOLOGICAL UNION AND SUBLIMATING TO THE SOCIOLOGICAL-PSYCHOLOGICAL SYMBOLISM.

Motive #1 on pg. 58 is no criterion. Normal man has adapted himself to the patriarchal dignity of his austere, religiously justified image of authoritative and dominant leadership...not only separately as a sex but besides being positive he represents the species. Women are negative. This disharmony I feel would not persist if TVs would realize that girls have every right to be either aggressive or pass-

The Varsity Show is over son, when are you going to get back to your regular clothes

I don't know as I will, Dad. All that practice and compliments on my appearance-- I think I'll just leave things as they are.



CARLENE, MO.

Why Hubby, I didn't know you had such sexy legs. You'll have to keep them shaved from now on.

ive. No reciprocity is involved since girls just wear male attire and feel satisfied...but TVs must go all out and masquerade, thus protesting their role.

((I can't help interjecting at this point that society is permissive of the females activity and repressive of the male's. One wonders just how far a transvestic male would go if society were as permissive toward him as toward her. I feel that the need for the complete masquerade lies exactly in the fact that that is the only way of "getting away" with it---its an all or none affair. Virginia)))

Now motive #2 on pg. 62: The fact is our patriarchal system exalts woman's virtuous qualities and this is the reason man can and should marry them, unite with them. Then he can enjoy qualities in #1 motive by virtue of enjoying them on her and through her. Again a disharmony exists in TVs that arrests this union or **MAKES HIM GO BEYOND IT, WISHING THESE FOR HIMSELF.**

To show a predisposition for wanting these qualities does not in my view exonerate the TV from not conforming to what is expected of men. **TRANVESTISM IS A CONTEST WITH PATRIARCHALITY** and an exaggeration of the values of feminine qualities by adoration of which the TV is armed with a delusion with which he fights this battle and gropes for the forbidden fruit (pg. 78)

The Editor's motive #4 is so very tenuous that it pinpoints to me the drift off into hallucinations that the TV finally succumbs to. Realizing the anxiety a masquerade entails hardly seems a release from "pressure" rather its an added burden. This whole silly business of another personality, a second "female self" is in my estimation propaganda to support the defiance of convention the TV expresses finally culminating in what I term Social Schizophrenia--not pathological but social--- since both split personalities know of each other, make their own beds as it were, being aware of the environment. The hallucination becomes so real, the masquerade so complete, especially as both "persons" integrate into society and become distinct individuals with identities all their own, that only schizo-

phrenia serves to dramatize the ambivalent state of equilibrium attained...thus social schizophrenic-transvestism which is the same as what the Editor calls a Femiphile.

TV is to me an environmental accident. Moreover I feel it is dying out particularly since the Editor's conditions 1,2,and 3 are antique....the older environmental conditions have swung full circle. What seems growth in numbers of TVs is just stepped up communication of older TVs crawling from cracks.

Reviewing, I'd say; Perception by highly sensitive males of the Editor's 5 motivations is but a glamorous and fancy way of saying these same males could be influenced by what I call threads of enthusiasm for female qualities. Pick up of these threads can occur with or without such pinpointed conditions as the 8 listed

What, of course, occurs is that the TV-to-be can't cope with approaching manhood and its responsibilities, can't unite fully with the female at the crucial adolescent stage because, (1) he doesn't push these threads of enthusiasm far enough under his rug or maybe not at all, or, (2) he does so but never forgets them and calls on them later when a dramatic event triggers his recollection of these qualities.

The environmental accident is unfortunately a result of our culture in that (1) we exalt women and make the female form irresistible, and (2) protect it just the same by spiritual exaltation of her virginal purity and suppression of the males sensuous and instinctive appetites. At puberty when a man learns he can handle a woman he must, (1) wait, or (2) he feels piously arrested from asserting his virility...at just the crucial time for testing it.

TVs step away from--or not far enough in...and focus on the psychological-sociological levels and sublimate what I feel is a weaker libido anyway, into exaltation of the attire and qualities of females rather than the real product itself. Or they adopt a sham of normalcy only to revert back to this childish state maybe years later. This is made easier in my view because of the re-

tention of the earlier threads of female adoration that were not sufficiently replaced in adolescence by the equivalent and richer masculine threads. When you see that TVism is one of only 3 behaviour patterns that can reach their peak by an isolated individual, you start to see the magnitude of this early cerebral threading and these still later obstacles to normal behaviour as a male. Only TVism, fetishism, and narcissism can reach their peak with only one individual involved. The latter two are essential to TVism in a social application because they allow this sociological union via the female attire to satisfy the TV urge. Since no other person is involved the behaviour is not deviational sexually but socially since TVs are oriented strongly toward women. They still marry and may use their TVsm in love play. The absence of another person makes the TV heterosexual by default if nothing else as he may be auto-sexual.

As mysterious as the threads of enthusiasm are to TVs probing for some specific condition or event, no less mysterious, to society at least, is the motivation for the TV going around town disguised as a female. As risky and deeply compulsive as TVism is, I hold to a sexually based motive stronger than the Editor's point 5 but of such subtle, symbolic and esoteric nature...so weak that it can't sustain eroticism very long...that the term sexual is almost rhetorical. Its weakness is made up for by the strength of its psychological potential born of years of accumulative threads winding up finally into a knot of sufficient strength to bring about a methodical, studied, masqueraded adoration of feminine qualities...we know this as Transvestism.

Editor's Note: Although it will be obvious that I disagree with a good part of what Pegie says since this is in reply to my own previously stated views, I am glad to afford her (him he says) an opportunity to state his case. In fairness it must be said that originally this commentary was 22 pages long itself and I had to ask to have it cut down. His case would have been clearer if he'd had more space to state it in.

----FURTHER COMMENTARIES AND IDEAS----

Dear Editor:

Your exposition in the January issue, of forces making for Transvestite behaviour, is, in my judgement, the most profound, accurate, helpful and by far the finest monograph ever published on the subject. Other psychologists and psychiatrists have given some attention it is true to the subject of transvestism, but it has been mostly a peripheral attention, and their explanations have grown largely out of trying to fit transvestism into their understanding rather than to come to grips primarily with the specific phenomenon of transvestism and evolve an understanding primarily of it. I believe this article of yours stands alone at the present time in the understanding of transvestism and should be in the hands of every psychologist and psychiatrist in the country. I hope the article will be republished in one of the professional journals.

Several items came to mind as I read your masterful presentation. One concerns the Plains Indians of the USA. Apparently there was a rather high incidence of transvestism among the males, and it has been thought that the excessive demands made upon masculine endurance and aggressiveness--running the gauntlet, tribal initiations, the rather commonplace brutality of inter-tribal warfare, etc. was a direct factor in inducing some of the young males to choose instead the female status within the tribe. Apparently this choice could be made without the social difficulties visited upon a 20th century American male making the same choice. Also, I have heard that in some sections of the Phillipine Islands, a mother may choose to bring her son up as a girl if, in her opinion he does not show in early years the qualities of aggressiveness, strength, etc., required for a successful masculine life there. I understand that this choice is usually made in early years, probably by the age of six. Do you have any further knowledge of this? My information is only hearsay on the Phillipine matter.

Another thing that comes to mind is the purported teaching of the 32nd degree in Masonry. I am not a Mason, so am not "giving away" secret teachings. But in some general reading I have done I ran across the item that the particular "secret" imparted as one reaches the very pinnacle of the Masonic teaching--the 32nd. degree-- is that the masculine and the feminine shall in time come together in the same individual, and that this is the greatest secret of ultimate creativity. I do know that in metaphysical and mystical teachings, there is a widespread though not generally known teaching of the coming together in the same individual of both the masculine and feminine qualities, if not even the male and female physiological elements, and that this is considered the goal toward which one phase of human evolution is working. It may be that transvestites represent a higher aspect of development than we know--a beginning of a conscious integration within the individual, of the traits and qualities usually divided between individuals of differing sex.

I certainly wish you the very best in your undertaking. For transvestites to have an organization of their own is of greater value than is generally understood. There is a sense of belonging--not just to the transvestite group, but to the human race--when one realizes one is definitely NOT alone in this particular form of human expression. There is release from inner strains of a first magnitude. There is genuine happiness in finding company of one's kind--and the American Constitution guarantees the "pursuit of happiness" along with life and liberty to the individual. Also, there is the gathering of more genuine information than has yet been brought together, concerning this phase of human behaviour. In all these fields you are doing a real service, which probably will be appreciated better in the future than now.

Sincerely,

Dr. J. J.

LETTER FROM A WOMAN DOCTOR----

My Dear Virginia:

Before starting this letter I ran hurriedly through all the issues of your magazine. Do you have any idea of how much it has improved? Actually it hardly seems that there is any similarity between the publisher of that first one and the present. Then you were feeling your way so to speak, unsure of the course and flirting with the things that would surely have destroyed the magazine in one way or the other. Now it's course is clear and it makes a genuine contribution to a group of poor harried souls.

Do you have any idea as to how much or rather, how great a percentage of your readers are young people? If there is any large percentage I think you would do a genuine favor to emphasize and reemphasize the dangers of marriage. ((Preliminary results on the questionnaire indicate that about 25% of those replying were less than 30 years old. It should be noted that it is much more difficult to establish contact with younger TVs as they have not themselves broken out of their shells and made other acquaintances through whom they could hear of TVia,--ED.))

It makes me want to cry when I read your "Letters to the Editor" portion and find how many of them repeat the same story, in many variations, of a disastrous marriage or series of them. The wife who will even tolerate is rare, the one who will give active cooperation (after the first few episodes) is practically non-existent statistically. ((The questionnaire shows that about 50% of those giving the wives attitude showed acceptance and an additional 20% were listed as tolerant--larger than one might think and suggesting that the big difference is how the subject was presented and whether before or after marriage.)) Perhaps your continued emphasis on this point might do no good but even if it saved only one heartbreak it would be well spent. It is one thing for me to look at Eonism in a clinical sense without becoming emotionally involved in the sense of approval or criticism in third persons. But

should my own husband become an Eonist--so the relationship was personal--I fear I would loose all my clinical objectiveness. And while I'd be the last person in the world I just know that I would be terribly jealous of "The other woman" in his life. On the surface women may not seem as jealous of their spouses as husbands, but everything about our emotional make up tends to make us cling to a single object--anything that may make us lose that object is to be deeply feared, whether we realize it or not. It makes little difference whether there be an actual "other woman" or whether it be an alter ego--each will serve to sever us from our love. So you see, Virginia, this is a very deep instinctive feeling, greater than we know, and impossible of rationalism. No normal woman can stand a rival for her husband's affections and no matter how many times she may tell herself that that rival is only her husband as a woman, and so not real at all, nevertheless the illusion of the real woman appears to her just as it does to the husband in his self-satisfaction, and that illusion is almost as effective as the real thing. The only satisfactory mate for an Eonist is a woman who is herself abnormal in attitude in one way or another and such women are rare.

((I hope Judith, will forgive my inserting a comment right in the middle of her letter, but to put it elsewhere would lose continuity and force. I take exception on two counts: (1) A woman need not look on her husband's alter ego as a competitor. She could see it as a compliment to her own femininity and a symbolic way of joining with her in a greater community of interests. If the husband assumed the feminine role all the time this would be another matter, but for most TVs, their masculine role is adequate and satisfactory to the wife so that she hasn't lost her husband, she has gained a girl friend with whom she can share some of her own outlook and feelings. This union of interest can, under the right circumstances, add greatly to the bond between the two personalities. (2) I don't think that the ability to see more in Eonism than ridiculous behavior and an implication of immorality (which is the way many people view the matter) is any indication of abnormality on the part of the wife. It is not really the

abnormal woman who is rare, it is the so-called normal. Normality is merely a statistical average, so we all depart from this average in some way or other. Some women are more philosophical about the relations between the sexes and are therefore able to see TVism as a manifestation of a personality drive in their husband (one which is not without advantages incidentally) not as a threat.)

You ask for comments on "Virgin Views" in TVia #7. That is an amazing article, most thought provoking and extremely constructive. But just what I do think of it I honestly don't know. Have read it carefully two times, with an interval in between, and I still don't know. At moments it seems to sparkle, in other spots it leaves me puzzled or grasping for something that isn't quite there. When I said "thought provoking" I said so with sincerity. Perhaps an article that makes one really think and puzzle is best after all--that one surely does so.

But Virginia, it seems to me you missed one point that I consider vital. Narcissus, if I remember my Mythology, fell in love with his own image--that is, of himself as he actually was. So a true definition of Narcissism would, if we follow mythology, be a person completely self-centered. Your "Femiphile" is not in the least interested in his image as he actually is, but rather in his image as an entirely different person--so different as to be a member of the other sex. He is that woman--there she stands before him in the mirror--but at the same time he remains himself. When he is young he has vigorous erotic feelings toward that woman. As he ages, like any married couple, that vigor is no longer physically possible and so he lives with that woman on a basis of mutual understanding. But the elemental sexual desire for that woman is present, no matter how diluted by passing years. By any standards the one common denominator in your "Femiphile" is that sexual attraction toward the woman that the Femiphile becomes.

((Again I beg leave to point something out--it is true that sexual attraction underlies all other relationships between the sexes. Because the Femiphile likes and wishes

to emulate the female does not mean that his principle motivation is a sexual one anymore than is the case with non-femiphilic individuals. Attraction between the sexes is or at least should be more than a sexual one and these same non-sexual aspects exist for the femiphile too. He certainly doesn't have to go to all the time, trouble, expense, risk, and difficulties he does just for a sexual result. God knows this need can be satisfied easily enough if that's all that is needed. No, I maintain as in the article, it is what the woman represents not what she is that motivates the femiphile.))

You realize that point I know (continuing the thought in her last paragraph-Ed), when you so soundly advise against castration. I agree with you 100%--that for a Femiphile it would be completely frustrating and tantamount to self-destruction. If such an operation be a thorough one with supplemental hormone therapy to develop secondary sexual attributes, the Femiphile will find himself stuck with a woman for whom he has no love--for whom he cannot, chemically, have love for his desires are gone in the sexual sense and could, at best, be restored to only a tiny fraction of their former vigor--and then even that desire could not be satisfied. True, he is now the woman whom he so deeply loved, but he now cannot love her. It must be a truly horrible experience. Do not, then, allow anyone, if you can possibly help it, who is a true Femiphile to make this mistake. On the surface it would surely seem a wonderful idea to most of them, but they, not being conditioned to homosexuality, would not enjoy the inevitable consequences. Of course, none of this applies to the homosexual. His is, for the purpose of this discussion, an entirely different one. With him it may, at times be justified if one considers there be merit in saving a soul from endless torture regardless of commonly accepted moral standards. Sincerely,

Judith

The following letter comes from a Catholic Priest who has been interested in the work TRANSVESTIA is trying to do since he has known of several cases of divorce on account of TVism.

Dear Editor:

Perhaps we can look for the origin of TV inclinations during early infancy, when the baby is developing awareness of self, in a combination of circumstances which cause the child to identify himself with the feminine component of the human race; to decide; "That is the kind of person I am."

While the mother is the most obvious source of the factors which cause this identification, and her influence on the personality of the child may be the most frequent cause of the development of TV inclinations, it would hardly seem necessary to insist that identification with the feminine must be traced exclusively to the mother, or even to some particular person. It might even arise from circumstances in which the influence of a group was an important factor, or from peculiar circumstances connected with environment in which masculine and feminine elements were mixed.

There does not seem to be any reason for insisting on elements of antipathy, antagonism or hostility in regard to male members of the infants worlds, which inspire feelings of rejection--"I am NOT that kind of person."--or flight from masculinity. Such circumstances may certainly be very important, but it seems quite possible that TV inclinations may develop without them, or even in the presence of their opposites.

As a practical application of the above theory we can give a hypothetical case. (The mother is used, not through inconsistency, but because it makes demonstration easier.) Baby John comes into the world with his father's general physical equipment, but with those factors transmissible by inheritance, which form the basis of one's emotional life, so closely resembling those of the mother in this case, that for all practical purposes we have in Baby John

a mirror image of his mother's personality. Recognition of this fact would be intuitive and especially impressive on the mind of the baby if the mother had a dynamic and attractive personality. The rapport thus developed between Baby John and his mother is one of complete and perfect understanding, and Baby John naturally concludes: "THAT'S the kind of person I am."

If influences to counteract this identification are weak or non-existent, and, all the more, if there are elements which are unpleasant, arising from masculine individuals in his environment, Baby John is confirmed in his conviction that he really belongs to THAT category of individuals with whom he feels most in harmony.

The only thing now needed to make Baby John an active TV is some circumstance which will call to the fore what already exists in his mind. Sometimes this may happen right away. We read of cases in which TV inclinations manifested themselves in infancy or early childhood. Often, however, these inclinations do not show up until later, and their manifestation is sparked by some apparently trivial event like going to a Halloween party in costume.

The reason TV inclinations can lie dormant so long may possibly be sought in the fact that people like Baby John, who in this case is presumed to be intelligent and well adjusted, can be distracted from them by the excitement and adventure connected with just growing up. As Baby John grows out of babyhood the realities of life will force themselves upon him. He will be aware that he is a boy; he will adjust to the fact, and will enter with gusto into the business of being a boy, until something comes along to reawaken his primitive desire to be one with the feminine. At this point the active TV is born.

Sincerely, Father A.D.

As Editor I want to thank the authors of the four letters printed above. They all express interesting ideas and it is from assimilation and consideration of ideas that all of us may grow in our understanding of ourselves and others.

***** LETTER FROM A DOCTOR *****

Dear Editor:

I am a psychiatrist practicing in New York City and interested in the problems of transvestites. I was therefore very interested when a copy of "TRANSVESTIA" came to my attention recently. It was issue #3 and in it was an article by "Virginia" dealing with her experiences with psychiatry--both fortunate and unfortunate. I would like to try and clarify a few misconceptions about the processes of psychotherapy.

Psychiatry as practiced today is much more versatile than in the past. It permits many more individuals to profit from therapy in many new ways. People may be helped with any number of feelings, but most important of all the psychiatrist does not have to demand that the personality as a whole undergo change.

Persons with unusual interests are often unusually burdened people because they have to cope with extra problems from both within and without. This does not mean, however, that to live a happier life they must give up their interest entirely. Whether the difficulty be excessive guilt, depression, timidity, loneliness, the inability to enjoy life or whatever, they should not deprive themselves of psychiatric assistance because of their unusual interests.

In fact, psychiatry may help create a freer expression of such an unusual interest. Consider the case of a transvestite who suddenly and for no apparent reason becomes guilty about his cross-dressing and destroys his carefully and laboriously acquired finery. Such an individual may go to a psychiatrist because of unbearable guilt and depression, or because he wants to lose his interest in feminine apparel or both. Whatever the reason he may through increased self-understanding that he acquires in psychotherapy become less guilty and resume his interest. Of course other individuals may with increased self-understanding give up their interest, but very few psychiatrists will expect the interest to go away as the result of a glib explanation, however correct, and fewer

still will demand that a patient give it up altogether.

Sincerely,
Philip Zuckerman, M.D.
133 East 58th St.
New York 22, N.Y.

Editor's Note to you in the environs of New York.--Here is a doctor sufficiently interested in our field to send this letter to us and to subscribe to the magazine. Possibly those of you in the area who may find themselves in some sort of a crisis may find in him a friend in need.

+++++
+ VIRGIN VIEWS +
+ by Virginia. +
+
+++++

I am glad that the doctor whose letter appears above read my earlier column and was moved both to comment and to subscribe. I hope he has also read subsequent columns and will feel free to comment about them.

I devoted my column in # 7 to theoretical and philosophical matters, so this time I'm going to deal with a highly practical matter.

Getting TRANSVESTIA out is much more of a task than many of you realize. Even the work of record keeping is a monumental task. I have to come home from work, grab a bite of dinner and go to work recording the day's mail. If I have company or go out I lose a night and the job is twice as big the next night. Obviously in this situation it is possible for me to make mistakes. I'm the first one to admit it, but I'm doing my best both to prevent them and to catch them if they occur. I want you all to know what is involved so you will have some understanding about it.

When I get a letter with a payment in it I have to go thru the following routine. (1) I go to the state Code file to find out who sent the remittance. Then, (2) to

the individual's card on which I note the payment and what it was for. If for a current issue I mark it "sent" and if in advance "paid". Next (3) to a bank deposit card on which I note the name and the amount and either in the cash or check & money order column. This card goes with me to the bank on Friday and is checked off at the time of the deposit to provide an independent record of money received. Finally, (4) as another check I keep a running record of each day's mailings by date, name and issue number. Now all this takes time but is necessary to be sure nobody gets left or if they do by accident get left out it can be checked.

Unfortunately the P.O. isn't quite as careful. I know for a fact that I have mailed to some of you only to have you write and tell me you didn't receive it. I have no choice but to send you another because I don't want anyone to be left out. Unfortunately I can't complain to the P.O. because I'd have to give the addressee's name and address, so I'm stuck for mag. and postage and all.

Now the reason for burdening you with all this is by way of introduction to a letter I received from one of the subscribers. I print it here rather than in the Letters Section for obvious reasons--this is the exact wording.

Dear Virginia:

Well, your note certainly surprised me. Here I have been waiting patiently for issue #7 and you say I haven't subscribed to it! My dear fine-feathered friend, I have paid you for issues 7, 8, & 9!! I'm paid up for half a year!

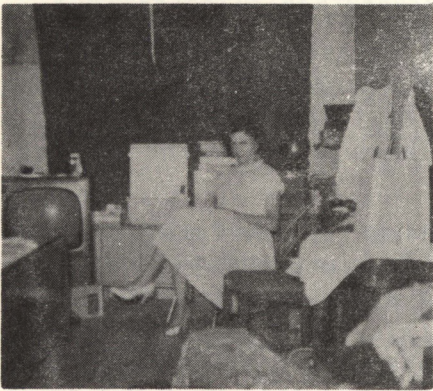
On Dec. 12th. I sent you \$13 explaining that one dollar was for the leaflet about custom-made dresses, and the balance was for the next 3 issues of TVia. I received the leaflet, and you got my money. Why didn't you bring my file card up to date? This goes to prove what I have been telling you in almost every letter, and I am sure others have been telling you also. You simply have got to let some of the local TVs help you out. You just cannot be that sloppy in money matters. I cannot be the only one who has been put in this kind of a fix.



ELIZABETH and DIANE--Calif



COLITH-- West Virginia



JANE--Kansas



If you think I am mad, you're right! I'm beginning to think you are running some kind of a racket, but I know you have so much to do and we are all so deeply indebted to you that I really cannot make such an accusation. But, obviously you do not even read the letters that are written to you, you just cash the checks. Maybe you keep a few of the letters for publication, I don't know.

Furthermore, I am still waiting for the Falsie Kit that I sent you \$5 for on Oct. 14th. That makes \$17 of my money that you haven't acknowledged and apparently pocketed. If I don't receive issue #7 and my Falsie Kit within the next 10 days, I am turning my cancelled checks and the complete story over to the P.O. Dept. Inspector for possible Mail Fraud action. I'm sorry, dear, but it's nobody's fault but your own!.

and a signature.

I was naturally very much upset to receive this letter. I checked my card, no money showed for 7,8, or 9. I checked back over my bank deposit cards, and sure enough there was a deposit in the week of 12/13 for \$13 and way back there was one for \$5 for the falsies. I checked the Service Dept. and these hadn't been sent either. So here I was, greatly in error having received money and by some accident not having recorded it on his card and therefore not having mailed the goods. I promptly got out my checkbook and sent him a check for \$18 in refund. Much as TVia needs subscribers I'll not have someone who feels this way about me on the list.

When others have not received the mag. a nice letter of inquiry got the matter straightened out and it always will. This is an amateur operation and a side line so I can make mistakes, but I will also correct them without being insulted. I've been through too much for this magazine (just how much I'll relate to you in about a month) to take this from anyone. I'd rather quit the whole business right now. I say this bluntly and intentionally so that you will know that although I may make errors I'm quite willing to apologize and correct them but I'll not have anyone impugning my honesty or integrity. I give you information, education and entertainment in these pages, you must give me your confidence!

TRANSVESTIA has received another boost through the kindness of Lyle Stuart, publisher of THE INDEPENDENT. I wrote to Mr. Stuart asking the price of ads in his paper. He replied that they accepted no advertising but that if I'd send him a copy of TVia he would see if he could give us a little publicity. I sent it, and this month he gave TRANSVESTIA the write up in his column "Inside the Nation's Press." This mention has already resulted in 10 new subscriptions and doubtless more will follow.

In return for his lift to our efforts I'd like to return the compliment. I have been a subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT since its inception and to its predecessor IN FACT. I was interested in having TRANSVESTIA mentioned in this paper because its readers are among the most open minded and intelligent members of the community---they are interested in learning about new matters, and getting new light on old matters. I knew therefore that this readership would include some interested in TVia. By the same token I feel that our readership includes many of the same type who should be interested in THE INDEPENDENT. This paper specializes in printing matter that is hidden, forgotten and intentionally omitted by the big dailies. Here you can learn much. I hope some of you will support him as he has helped us. Write to THE INDEPENDENT 225 Lafayette St. New York 12. Single copies 25¢ yearly sub. \$3.

Along with this issue I am including a 2 page leaflet that I have prepared to pass out at some lectures I am giving. It occurs to me that it might be a handy thing for you to give out to persons to whom you would like to introduce the subject...or to anyone for that matter. The more the knowledge gets around the better. You may order these from me at 10¢ apiece, but please order at least 5 at a time both to make the payment easier and the volume of printing greater. If we all spread the word, especially in places of authority it will help. Send one to your local police department---might help. Also please excuse the 4 typo errors in this sheet, as it was done in an awful hurry and not proofread.

VIRGINIA

 * EDITORIAL EMANATIONS *

Trying to decide just what will go into each issue of TVia is quite a task. I know there are considerable differences of opinion as to what is wanted, and so far I have tried to put in a little of everything to satisfy all, but it is rather tricky. Somebody says "lets have more true experiences" and the next mail will have a letter saying, "all these true stories are alike, how about some good fiction". Such is the life of an Editor.

In the Poll last year, case histories came up with a pretty high rating--91%, so the next issue #9 is going to be devoted rather completely to them. I have two long and interesting histories that will run over into #10 in order to make room for the shorter ones. Then in #10 I plan to have a lot of material on make-up, dress, choosing clothing, proper padding etc.---a kind of hints and helps issue. But I can't just dream this up all by myself may I request that you send in your own personal contributions to this. Even if you have just run across some simple method of doing something send it along--it will help somebody else. If you can write a short article on some aspect of TVism do so, we'll make a clinic out of it. But PLEASE, send this material on a separate sheet from your letter and put your code on it so it can go into the "material for #10 folder".

The results of the Questionnaire will be given in #9 since they go along with the case history idea. So far the results are very interesting. I have received about 130 of them, but since statistics are more interesting and accurate the more there of them, I urge those of you who have not yet sent yours back to do so. If you have mislaid the page drop me a note and I'll send you another.

The psychologist about whom I wrote in #6 is getting his test material printed. I will mail them for him. All the TVs living here in So. Calif. that I have asked to see him in person have done so and several others who were just traveling through have also. He says that he has learned

a lot about the subject.

Many have asked about getting copies of # 1,2,& 3. I think they could be reproduced in 1/2 size by photo-off-set for \$3. So if you want them send in the money. When I get enough requests I'll have it done and send your issues to you or refund. Don't be impatient--it may take some time to get enough subscriptions accumulated.

The clipsheet will come out next month at least. I havent as many subs as I'd like, but enough to get started with. The clipping service was too expensive and not very helpful, so I'm going to try it with the clips that readers send in. Some have and I thank you...if others will, we'll have a continuous supply...I'm just the collection point.

Now about the separate stories. This has progressed as far as getting the first one typed up ready for printing but it is going to cost nearly \$700. The original price mentioned was \$5 each, but for those who will subscribe in advance of publication and thereby help in the financing we will let it go at \$4. This offer good only till time of publication, so if enough of you are interested we can proceed, its up to you.

Starting with #9 I am going to raise the cost of ads to \$2 and answers to them to \$1. These are the usual rates in Pen Pal Clubs so we wont be out of line. But increased circulation and work requires it and since many of you have made the suggestion yourself I guess nobody will be too upset. Incidentally many of you forget to include stamped envelopes or to include you name and address in your letters. I havent held back because I didn't want anyone to be disappointed, but I'd appreciate the envelope and stamp.

When sending in photos for printing dont forget the Photo Phund. A donation of \$1 per pic or \$2 per page will help a lot. Cartoons etc. come from general contributions.

Many ask about forming a Sorority. I've thought of this too but can't see how it would work. Few of you would wear any insignia or carry any identification. TVia itself is about the best organizational activity we can have I think.

***** PUBLICATION POLICY *****

TRANSVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Material is solicited on this basis:

- 1..Material is offered for publication gratis.
- 2..Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
- 3..Material or pictures of an obscene or objectionable nature will not be published. The Editor retains the right to be the sole judge and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when deemed in the magazines interest.

ADVERTISING RATES AND INFORMATION

PERSON TO PERSON SECTION: This section is intended to make it easier to make new friends--there are no other means available to TVs to get acquainted--SO USE IT! RATES: \$1 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies 50¢ in stamps (3s-4s) or coin. Send in open, stamped envelope to be addressed and mailed by the Editor. Answers to author of letters or articles accepted on same basis. The responsibility of TRANSVESTIA is limited to mailing replies, NOT FOR SUBSEQUENT ACTIONS

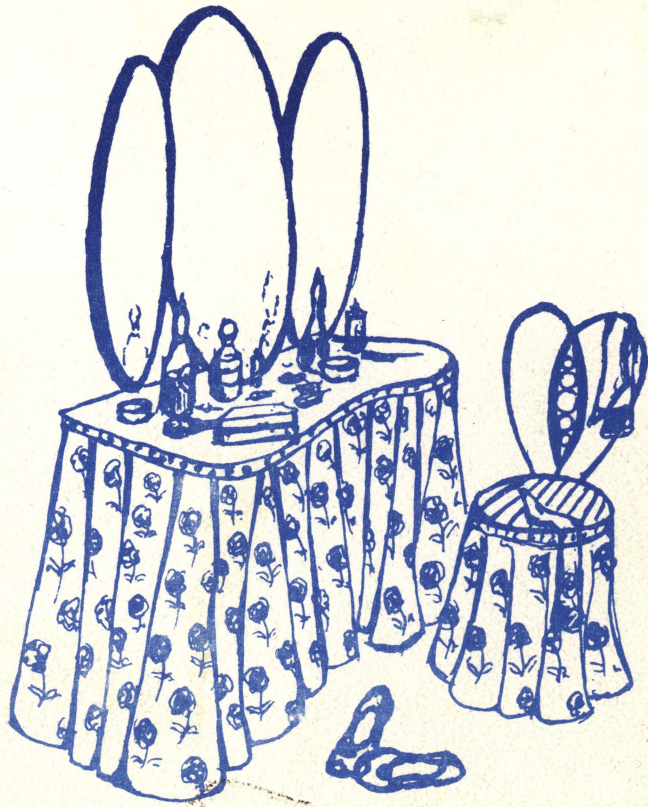
GOODS AND SERVICES SECTION: This section is open to those having items or services of use to TVs. The Editor asks to have any literature or pictures sent to him for examination prior to acceptance of advertising. This space is not open to those having pornographic material to peddle! RATES:

Full page (40 lines $6\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$20.00
Half page (20 lines $3\frac{1}{4}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$13.00
Quart. pg.(10 lines $1\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$ 7.00

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