

TRANSVESTIA



1965-1966 AND 1967-1968
ON THE SUBJECT OF FASCINATING ATTITUDE

TO EACH HIS OWN

TRANVESTIA is dedicated to those who find pleasure and satisfaction in the possession and wearing of articles of clothing which are generally considered as belonging to the opposite sex.

In practice this usually means males who are interested in feminine apparel. Females interested in masculine apparel also exist, but their desires to express themselves in this way are not frowned on very heavily by society and so they can satisfy their drive openly and be socially acceptable. Only last Dec. the papers were full of a young girl who had spent 3 or 4 months living as a boy and managed to get herself in jail as such. The sheriff of the county interested himself in her and took her to live with him. The write up was nationally distributed and the general tone was that it was kind of cute and courageous for a girl to masquerade as a boy. The Editor is eagerly awaiting reports of any sheriff who has taken an interest in a young man found moving about publicly in pretty dresses and high heels. This would be a "Man Bites Dog" type of a story.

At the same time, among those males who are fascinated by feminine attire there are many types; the straight Eonist, the Fetishist who enjoys some special articles of clothing, the "Petticoat Punishment" types and several others. The motives differ but the interests are much the same. All of these persons need an outlet to express their feelings and a medium of contact with others of similar persuasion.

For this reason stories, articles and letters from these various kinds of people will find their way into these pages. Some of you may wish that more of one kind of material or less of another should appear here. Since our pages must try to have interests to all types of TVs, the Editor urges the same tolerance and understanding within the transvestic group as all of us would like to have accorded us by persons outside of our group.

LIVE AND LET LIVE is as good a motto for TVs as for any other group.

The Editor

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TRANSVESTIA

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A PRIVATELY PRINTED MAGAZINE

with

Three Objectives

To provide EXPRESSION for those
interested in the subjects of ex-
otic and unusual dress and fashion.

To provide INFORMATION to those
who, through ignorance, condemn
that which they do not understand.

To provide EDUCATION for those
who see evil where none exists.

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Los Angeles, California

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THE PURPOSE BEHIND TRANSVESTIA

Every publication must have a reason for its existence and justification for the effort which goes into it beyond that of financial success. In the case of TRANSVESTIA, there are three purposes:

EXPRESSION - EDUCATION - INFORMATION

Because people are interested in the unconventional and unusual, it does not mean they are immoral, criminal or dangerous. Unfortunately the ignorance and prejudices of the masses about things which they know little of and understand less, makes the lives of such non-conformists lonely and miserable. It is one of the purposes of TRANSVESTIA to help lift a little of that loneliness by providing an outlet of expression where people of more or less related tastes, interests and hobbies can read about the experiences and ideas of others and also have a place to express their own.

It is not only interesting and satisfying to learn that we are not alone in our non-conformity but it can be in many cases a real psychologically stabilizing experience to learn that not one of us is unique in our desires and our problems but that thousands of others fight the same battles and experience the same frustrations. To know that we have comrades is helpful.

Someone once said, "To know is to understand." We feel that a lot more understanding could be achieved by parents, wives, friends and business associates if the nature of various behavior patterns were presented to them through the experiences of many others rather than to allow them to reach conclusions solely on the basis of some one individual with whom they happen to have a close relationship. Such patterns have to be judged with perspective and knowledge and these can only be gained by seeing the matter in the broader picture of the

experiences of many different people.

Sin, evil and immorality are usually more relative than absolute. That is, they are interpretations of an individual's behavior in terms of certain fixed ideas in the interpreter's mind. This often results in condemnation of a given form of behavior where that same behavior in other times, climes and cultures would pass unnoticed. Moreover, in our time "guilt by association" is all too commonplace. Association does not necessarily mean with people only, but with their actions at times. Everyone accepts the aphorism that "all is not gold that glitters", yet all too often the same behavior pattern may be exhibited by two groups of people whose motivations behind the pattern are entirely different.

Unfortunately, if society disapproves of one group, it will also disapprove of the other. Educating society to look for the differences that set groups apart, rather than the similarities that seem to tie them together should make individuals more discriminating in their judgements. This in turn would reduce the number of incidents where individuals are accused of things of which they are not guilty and made to bear stigma that they do not deserve simply because some aspect of their behavior was similar to that of others whose activities were not socially acceptable.

TRANSVESTIA will help in providing the information, in the form of opinions, experiences and stories, which will we hope, assist others to see Transvestism as a pattern in its own right and not simply as a symptom of other behavioral complexes.

EDITORIAL POLICY

TRANSVESTIA is published as a means of expression of opinion and experience of those interested in clothing, fashion and various exotic and unusual forms of attire. Its contents are contributed principally by its readers with some reprinting of stories or articles which may have been published elsewhere.

It is published and material is solicited with a clear understanding of the following conditions:

1. Some material submitted is fictional and some is true. The editor has no way of knowing which is which and makes no representations of any kind concerning any material printed.
2. Some material may have been copied from or adapted from stories or articles previously printed elsewhere. Where this is known to the editor, proper credit will be given, but where it is not known, the editor specifically disclaims any intention of plagiarism or responsibility for it. Articles or stories on the subject matter of TRANSVESTIA tend to circulate until the identity of the original author is completely lost. It is hoped that any author whose work may appear in these pages will not take offense, but rather, be complimented that his work was printed.
3. No compensation is paid for any material submitted and all contributors make their material available with this understanding. Material will not be returned unless requested at the time of submission and a stamped, return envelope is included.

POLICY (continued)

4. The editor reserves the right to refuse to print or to change or delete any part or all of any material submitted. In no case will any obscene or pornographic matter be printed. There is a wealth of acceptable material in the experiences, ideas, and opinions of all present and future readers of TRANSVESTIA without having to resort to material that is questionable or in bad taste. This magazine should be such that it can be shown to people not yet acquainted with the subject.
5. We realize that interest in clothing, fashion and unusual attire can range from complete, as in true Transvestism through various degrees of interest in particular types of garments such as shoes, corsets, lingerie, etc. to special interests such as rubber or leather garments. The clothing interest can, moreover, be in conjunction with bondage, discipline, humiliation, etc. Because of this variety of interest, we will try to divide material submitted so as to provide something for all. This will have to be done in line with point 4.
6. The opinions expressed in the articles are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the editor. Any similarity between names, places and situations is entirely unintentional.
7. Only initials and city will be used to identify contributors and correspondents. Anyone wishing to contact contributors can do so using the procedure outlined in the "Person to Person" advertising section.

LAYOUT OF TRANSVESTIA

In our first issue we outlined a proposed layout for the magazine. There is no need to repeat all that was said there. However, it is necessary to repeat and to emphasize that this magazine is designed to please you, the readers and in effect is to be written by you, the readers. The editor's job is just to see that it is all put together in an interesting, readable and acceptable form.

We therefore, again solicit contributions from the readers of TRANSVESTIA and outline the principle departments so that you may decide what parts you would like to contribute to.

Stories--Both long and short, true or fictional

Articles--Medical, psychological, or personal opinion about any phase of transvestism.

Question Box--Questions that readers would like to have comments on by others.

Wives Section--We hope some of our spouses will contribute for the general enlightenment of all.

Letters to the Editor--Questions, comments, brickbats and bouquets, etc.

General--Poems, humor, news notes; in short anything that will interest other TVs. We especially need short items that can be used to fill parts of pages or can be used between longer articles.

Advertising--Person to Person for contacts

--Goods and Services for sale, rent or trade. For rates see section heading.

I began a sort of "apprenticeship" of learning how to be a young girl for the next few days. My whiskers were a problem, as they had the normal growth of a man of my age, but this was solved for me in a manner that was excruciatingly painful. Mrs. Vickers must have had a touch of the sadist in her, because, two days later she called me into the kitchen. I had not been allowed to shave for the past three days and my beard, although light in color, was ragged and long. She had a pan of what looked like grease on the stove.

"Paraffin", she said, tersely. "The ancient Romans used a method of extirpating whiskers with hot paraffin. Sit down in this chair and put your hands behind the chair".

I did as she ordered and almost immediately heard footsteps and before I could turn my head to see who it was, I felt my hands seized and, in a flash, bound tightly behind me and fastened to the chair. I was surprised and startled a little and uttered a shout of protest which was ignored. Wondering at these strange actions I allowed my head to be tipped backward. While my assailants, who naturally were Dora and Barbara, held my head tightly in position, Mrs. Vickers approached me with the pan of hot paraffin in one hand and a ladle in the other. With the ladle she scooped out the hot paraffin and--POURED IT OVER MY FACE! I screamed in agony as the hot substance ran over my chin and trickled down to my neck. Paying no heed to my screams and frantic struggles she continued to pour the paraffin onto my face until my cheeks, chin, upper lip and neck were completely covered. The paraffin hardened almost immediately into a stiff, rigid mask.

The extreme pain of this operation was as nothing compared to that which followed. Five minutes later when the paraffin was removed I thought my skin was going with it. Mrs. Vickers used a very dull

kitchen knife to get it started and when she was able to get her fingers under a piece she would peel it off carefully. The whiskers being embedded in the paraffin had no choice but to come off with it. I passed into a semi-conscious coma of pain. At last it was over and while Mr. Vickers applied a lotion to my face, the other two torturers released my arms. Free from the restraint of my bonds I fell from the chair in a faint.

When I came to my face was burning and I winced in pain. Mrs. Bickers began applying cold cream profusely and the burning subsided somewhat. I kept cold cream on my face for the rest of the day and renewed it that night when I went to bed.

The next morning the pain and burning were gone when I woke up. Still in my nightie I stepped into a pair of dainty house slippers and went to the mirror to look at my face. Although red and slightly inflamed, it looked all right and revealed not a vestige of hair. I touched my chin gingerly and was astonished at the soft feel of it. Smoothness that I had not felt since I was a little boy. After washing and dressing myself in the same skirt and blouse I had worn the day before, I went into the kitchen. Mrs. Vickers, Dora and Barbara were sitting at the kitchen table over coffee and, at my entry, they made a rush for me. I endured their probing fingers on my chin and cheeks and their exclamations of wonder.

"Why, his face is as smooth as a baby's" Dora exclaimed. "But, isn't it too red?"

"Oh, makeup will take care of that and in a day or two the redness will go away." said Mrs. Vickers.

All that day, I had to wear high heels in order to get used to them. Walk, walk, walk, until I learned how to walk without the crab-like effect of leaning forward from the height of the heels. Already nylans were hard to get so I was wearing sheer rayon stockings which were drawn up tightly by the garters on my girdle. Barbara seemed to take a malicious delight in ordering me about, sneerily punctuating her orders with remarks such as:

"Look, Pansy, how many times do I have to tell

you not to swing your arms like that?"---"You little fairy, that is NOT the way a girl picks things up. Slide one leg back and lower your body; don't bend over from the waist!"---"Dont thrust out your chin so aggressively, you queer!"---"Miss Lily-Orville! When a girl smokes she holds her cigarette daintily in her fingers. She does NOT walk around with it between her lips."---"Quit clenching your fists! Hold your hands out daintily, limp at the wrists. Mother, I can't do anything with this half-man, half-woman. He belongs in a freak show."

In the evening, I was sitting on the couch with my high-heeled shoes on the floor while I wiggled my toes in their sheer hosiery. I would have like to take off my tight girdle but did not dare. As Dora came into the room with a babushka and girl's coat in her arms I jumped to my feet, guiltily. She tossed the items to me with the remark,

"Put your shoes back on and get into this coat and babushka. Barbara is going to a movie and mother wants you to go with her. Hurry now! Touch up your makeup before you leave too. It's a mess."

Startled into quick action by her curt orders, I slipped my feet back into the tight shoes, sped to the mirror and rapidly applied powder, rouge, and lipstick to refresh my makeup. Shrugging into the coat and wrapping the babushka around my hair, I picked up a purse and ran to the front hallway. Barbara was not yet there, so I put my hands in the pockets of the coat. I found a pair of girl's kid gloves in them. I pulled them onto my hands. In a few minutes Barbara came down looking angry.

"Come along, little sister! I can see I'm going to have a great time having to take you every-

where with me. And for Pete's sake act like a girl and dont disgrace me!"

I timidly followed her out the door, down the steps and along the street. It was rather cold outside and at first, my teeth began to chatter as the cold wind seeped under my skirt and along my silken-clad legs. But soon the exertion of walking warmed me up and by the time we reached the theatre I felt fine. Walking on high heels at that time was an exertion for me.

Inside, forgetting myself for a moment, I almost committed a faux pas that would have been highly embarrassing if circumstances had been a little different. For one brief instant, I had forgotten that I was dressed as a girl and automatically reached up to bare my head as I had always done when entering a theatre. This was, and is, instinctive in a man. I got a good grip at what I absentmindedly thought was my fedora and yanked. Off came the babushka, but fortunately, the wig held fast thanks to Mrs. Vickers foresight in fixing the edges of it with mucilage. I was saved. Feeling the soft curls in my fingers I was recalled to reality in an instant and quickly changed my movement into a simple effort to fluff out the long locks. As it was, I lost an earring in the process and we had to spend a few minutes searching for it on the floor until Barbara found it.

This attendance at the movie was my "debut" as an 18 year old girl. The next day I was taken to the local icecream parlor and introduced by Barbara to her intimate girl friends. Like Barbara, I was dressed informally in a tweed skirt, twin-sweater outfit, bobby socks and loafers, babushka and navy-blue shorty coat. We were joined by three other girls and I was formally presented as Barbara's cousin Lily Moran, to Marge Ashton, Sally Allen and Midge Donnelly. I was naturally she, timid, gauche as the other four chatted amiably over their malts. Midge put a coin in the juke box; Barbara and Sally went onto the middle of the floor and started to jitterbug with each other

They were soon joined by Midge and Marge. Wiggling twisting, cavorting, they grimaced and jumped to the rapid beat of the phonograph record. Then back to the booth where I was demurely waiting and sipping my malt.

"Don'cha dance, Lily?" Marge panted. "Let's you and I step the next one."

"I--I don't jitterbug," I protested. "And--anyway I've got a bun knee." I added inspirationally. Barbara glared at me and later, on the way home, she snorted.

"Bun knee! What do you think you are, a football player? Girls twist their ankles, wrench their knees but they don't have 'bum knees'. Will you please remember that you are a GIRL! How can I go around telling everybody that you're my 18 year old cousin Lily if you ace like a stupid MAN?"

The next afternoon I was cleaning up my room when Dora entered.

"Lily, take off that housedress and put on a pretty one. My bridge club is here and we are two women short. You and Barbara will have to fill in."

Then, the strangeness of the transition of my position became glaringly evident. At this bridge party I was introduced to a group of women, many of whom were not any older than I, yet who placed me in the same category as Barbara. We were regarded as teenage young girls and treated as such in the condescending way married women have towards their younger sisters. These women spoke politely enough to me but in a vague sort of way I sensed a note of patronizing that left me in no doubt that they regarded me as too young to really count. The same held true for Barbara but she seemed to be too vain to notice it.

As was usual when a group of women get together, the conversation came around to men and to husbands in particular. Mrs. Selby, one of the women at my table was saying,

"Men are such babies, My husband Jack has to have everything at his fingertips or else h's completely lost!"

"Yes, Vera, I certainly agree with you", said Mrs. Stacy. "Bill is the same way. I often wonder what he would do if he didn't have a wife to look after him. Girls," she looked at Barbara and I, "you've still got a long way to go before thinking seriously of marriage but I hope when you do in a few years that you will be able to be both a wife and a mother to your husband because that's what it takes. Treat him rough if you have to."

Mrs. Selby laughed. "That's all right for Barbara but Lily is too small. Imagine her trying to treat her husband rough! She'll probably have to be a docile wife." I blushed as Barbara let out a peal of laughter.

"If Lily ever marries, her husband is in for a big surprise", said Barbara.

That evening, another visit to the Sweet Shop with Barbara. This time, for the supreme test, we both wore blue jeans, boy's checked shirts, woolen bobby sox, mocassins and with our hair bound with gayly colored scarves. Mrs. Vickers theory that if I could get by as a girl while dressed in these boyish garments, I would be above suspicion under any circumstances, left me shaken. The weather was still cold and we wore satin "lumber jackets" and wool knit gloves which we removed when we got inside the place. Midge, Sally and Marge were already there, sitting in a booth. We joined them.

"Hi, Babe!", "Hi, Lily", "Hi Sally, Midge--Marge".

Ordering chocolate malts, we sat down with them. I, uncomfortably anxious as the four girls chattered vociferously. The cause of the unusual accentuation of liveliness became apparent as I saw 3 teen-age boys in the booth next to ours. They were sipping cokes and uttering remarks with double meanings intended for the girls in our booth. What passed for "sparkling wit" and gentle derision was tossed back and forth. I sat clumsily quiet through the banter until one of the boys, a tall, broad-shouldered red head, remarked.

"What's the matter with Blondie, here? Has the cat got her tongue?" Then I really blushed. The girls laughed and Midge replied. "Oh she's just bashful."

"She's cute, though," said the red-head. "And, I dont think she is actually bashful, either, are you gorgeous?"

"Yes, I am," I replied with an attempt at haughtiness. "I'm afraid of boys I dont know." Barbara took my hand and said,

"C'mon, Lily, let's see what they've got in music.

"Ah! her name is Lily," the red-head shouted triumphantly.

As we got up from our booth and walked towards the phonograph, an impish impulse came over me. I wiggled my derriere wantonly from side to side. This brought on three long, low wolf whistles from the boys. Barbara selected several tunes from the box and inserted the proper coins. Fully aware that dancing would follow, I headed for the women's washroom instead of back to the booth with Barbara. I dawdled in there, delaying my return until the phonograph was silent and, when I got back I arrived just in time to see two of the boys settling down in our booth. The other one happened to be the red-head and he was standing up next to it. When I arrived I stopped indecisively, as the only way I could sit down was to squeeze in between one of the boys and one of the girls. The red-head smiled at me, and said.

"I've been waiting for you, beautiful. "It's too crowded in this booth. Let's you and I go to another booth."

Embarrassed, I glanced toward Barbara for help but she was looking at me with a mocking sneer that was becoming habitual with her whenever she glanced at me. A sudden flare of rage surged through me. I was getting tired of her constant sneers and this time I felt the need for rebelling. Knowing it was the thing that would make her angriest, I smiled to Red-head and took his arm. He escorted me to a booth at the other end of the room. Darting a glance back, I felt a slight trepidation when I noted the burning rage in Barbara's eyes.

"My name is Ted Payton," my companion said.

(Continued on Page 60)

"SUSANNA SAYS"

Notes From Our New York Correspondent

"The Chevalier D'Eon Club" has been founded at last! It had to happen. Our mountain resort is closed during the winter and we had to have a winter place in the city. So my wife (a real female) and I have thrown our 6 room apartment open to all the "girls" who want to be members of the Club. This has proven especially useful to out-of-towners who usually end up in a hotel room. At the Club they enjoy real home life, meals and the complete freedom of the place. Its main attraction has turned out to be the large mirrors which decorate our living room and dressing room. Of course we charge a fee, otherwise we'd go broke in no time entertaining guests week after week. But so far there have been no squawks. The atmosphere here is such that even my tom-cat "Watcho" is sporting a pink ribbon around his neck.

We really had a crowd on Thanksgiving nite--everybody delling up for the Phil Black Dance. Janice and Dorothea travelled several hundred miles to be present. Janice was undoubtedly the most elegant gal in the crowd--velvet and furs and 5 inch heels--the only one who managed to get a male escort for herself that nite.---Dorothea, so natural in a simple blue semi-formal outfit that the cab driver had to come upstairs to witness her unmasking before he could believe it! (My wife thinks it was due to the wig Dorothea was wearing--she made it and it was gorgeous)

Our local crowd met the competition successfully. There was Peggy (who has the nicest legs we've seen on a TV); Rita (who loves to experiment with exotic make-up and finally had to shave her arms and legs after holding out for a long time); Jo-Ann (with her 24 in. waist), stunning in a black matte jersey gown made to order for her by our favorite dress-maker Helen Lancaster; Connie (who despite her size has the sweetest disposition of all and looks just right in her favorite nurse's uniform, although sometimes she'll change into a French maid outfit which could easily win her a prize, if she ever dares) Gladys-Mae (whose 5 ft. 5 in. height is the envy of all) businly helping everybody--loves to act the part of a

maid in her favorite red nylon uniform with a little black apron)---and finally there was me in a red dress with teensy shoulder straps and oodles and oodles of bouffant petticoats. Somehow I always find myself trying to look the part of a Spanish dancer. I don't know how well I succeed, but I have a wonderful time trying.

Frankly we didn't have as much fun at the dance as we did afterwards back at our headquarters where we prolonged the fun until the wee hours of the morning. Let me say though, that Phil Black's affair is still one of the greatest attractions for the TV world. You never saw so many "girls" together at one time in one place. It was so crowded we could hardly move and we left about an hour later.

At this point, and at the risk of offending the sensibilities of some TVs I'd like to say a word about tolerance and understanding for the gay crowd. I've noticed that many TVs make a big point out of the fact that they are not gay....So much so that they overdo it and appear to be mortal enemies of the gay ones. I would just like to bring up a few points worth thinking about. (1) It's pretty silly of us TVs to start throwing stones at anybody because they do not conform to the social norms. I've met some pretty wonderful TVs (in fact most of them are) and I have also met some pretty wonderful non-TV gay people. As a matter of fact the one segment of society where we do find some understanding and tolerance is in the gay world. Perhaps it is just because they are misunderstood and rejected. (2) It seems an awful waste to tear down and destroy... it would be better to make an effort to understand... and practice tolerance towards them, just as we would like others to be tolerant and understanding toward us. (3) To be a TV is not a matter of being ashamed or feeling guilty. We are what we are and that's that. But, I find that we should be proud of this thing that makes us "different". I often think how blessed we are by nature...to be able to experience

delights and thrills which are denied to the rest of men
 joys which they will never, never experience. We have
 this wonderful gift of being able to see the world in
 two dimensions, through male and female eyes. It is in-
 deed a privilege and something we should be thankful for
 To some extent we are more complete human beings than
 the average person (either male or female). This may
 sound awfully conceited, but that's the way I see it'.
 (Editor's Comment...I agree with Susanna. I think many
 of us suffer far too much from a guilt complex that we
 need not bear if only we could get far enough outside
 of ourselves to look at ourselves objectively. I went
 to many psychiatrists until I came upon Dr. Bowman,
 former president of the Amer. Psychiatric Ass. who got
 me to accept myself as I was and to be happy and live
 with it. From that day on I gradually overcame my guilt
 feelings. Today, while I do not try to force my TV
 interests on others, neither do I try to hide from and
 deny my own inner self. This hiding from ones own self
 is, I believe, the reason why so many TV stories involve
 situations in which the male is forced to wear female
 attire. In this manner the writer is trying to absolve
 himself of responsibility for his own acts by symbol-
 ically putting the burden on some other person or cir-
 cumstance. Lets face it! If we love our pretty things
 we love them, and lets admit it out loud.)

ATTENTION TVs: Neither in New York nor in Connec-
 ticut is it illegal for a man to wear dresses. We've
 checked the law thoroughly. The important thing to re-
 member is that you won't be bothered by the law as long
 as you are NOT PASSING. That is, if you should be
 questioned as to your identity, just tell the truth....
 Overheard at Stern's on 42nd. St...Two policemen
 have spotted a TV who happens to be a friend of ours.
 She is buying lipstick at the counter. One policeman:
 "I know it's a man, but it's too much trouble to arrest
 him. What can you charge him with? He's not disturbing
 the peace." It seems that the case of the retired
 Army colonel in Long Island who counter-sued the police
 for false arrest (and won the case) has made the police

extremely careful about arresting a man just because he is in skirts.

(Editor's Comment: I do not know about this Long Island case and would like to get the details. If TVs in all parts of the country would take it upon themselves to report to TRANSVESTIA any cases in which the courts have given any kind of verdicts favorable directly or indirectly to transvestism we might get the lawyers amongst us to look up the legal descriptions of the case. These could then be published and if some of our number subsequently got in trouble with the law these decisions could provide precedent for their lawyers and thus help them considerably in their troubles)

A professional impersonator friend of ours recently held a private showing of a full length color film featuring impersonators. It was fun for our crowd and it gave us the brilliant idea of doing a film of our own at the "Chevalier D'Eon Resort" next spring. There is quite a bit of talent in the TV world. Dorothea will write the script, Peggy will handle the cameras and lights, and the rest of us will put in our two cents worth of acting (which reminds me, I'd better practice my castanets)....We are also planning to film "A Day at the Chevalier" showing the entire gamut of activities a TV goes through at our place; from arrival until bedtime.

We have contacted Nancy....she adores dressing the girls in "little girl" clothes....she makes a stunning woman in her favorite taffeta gown....I think it would be fun to hold a "little girl party".

Lillian of Michigan came to stay at the Club for two days. It was the first time she ever met any other TVs. She almost cried when she had to get back into those horrid male clothes. Marie and I took her out for dinner at a nice Chinese restaurant on Broadway....Needless to say she was in

heaven and practically didn't touch her food....TVs as a rule eat very little when dolled up...It's partly excitement and partly the tight girdle or waist cincher I guess. Me, I eat like a pig (lady pig of course) regardless and never put on an ounce of weight....I've been 140 lbs. for years and my waist stays at 26. Vain you say, but aren't we all?

One thing makes me mad; the reluctance of some TVs to rush their order for their issue of TRANSVESTIA. Here is the only real effort being made to serve our most cherished interests and desires and there are some who have the crust to object....too expensive, one TV said. The very same one went out and spent \$5 to purchase a useless jar of face cream that she thought would make her beautiful....Others balk at buying because it has no pictures. What do you expect for heavens sake? If we don't buy it, how do we expect the Ed. to improve it? (Editor's Comment: Thanks for the kind words Susanna. Your friend with the cream must really be quite feminine...women are noted for spending on creams and lotions in preference to things that might be more useful or educational. However, if she couldn't see it I wonder how she would have liked to go out on a limb for several hundred dollars to get this little sheet rolling? Fortunately there have been several good souls who sent me \$5 instead of \$4 just to help get the ball rolling...to them many thanks. You are also right about pictures. When we get enough subs to warrant it we'll go for pictures, but you the readers will have to provide them. Incidentally isn't the cover this time some measure of progress?)

The Resort opens the first week of April and already we have 3 husband-wife teams signed up. wonderful to find wives who not only tolerate but encourage our hobby. Wish there were more.....That's all for now from New York, girls, see you in the next issue and don't forget..."you can be in heaven in our haven at D'Eon".

Love to all.....Susanna

TOMORROW A GIRL

All week I'm involved with a world full of men,
 I've talked, and I've sold and I've worked and then-
 To home I have gone at the close of the day
 And fixed up more things in a masculine way.
 My business associates see nothing in me
 But a regular guy with no signs of a "she".

And they are right too, for my workaday face
 Shows nothing you'd think in the least out of place.
 The male personality that it presents
 Is strong and aggressive (to outward intents).
 I walk and I talk and I check with my eyes
 All girls as they pass---just like other guys.

I'm sure that no one uninformed would think--
 My favorite color's a feminine pink.
 This life that I lead through out the long week
 Doesn't give my true self a chance even to peek
 Out from behind this facade of my pants,
 No, "SHE" must stay hidden as if in a trance.

But now it is Friday, the last of the five
 And stirrings within me--somethings alive,
 Imprisoned within me it's sought it's release--
 Until it's freed it will give me no peace.
 So I look at the clock as the hours drag past
 Till finally the whistle and I sigh, "Oh at last".

Then home in a hurry to peel of these clothes
 Somehow I feel the whole week's been a pose.
 I bathe, set my hair, lacquer fingers bright red
 And don my sheer nightie then jump into bed
 But sleep is not easy, my head's in a whirl--
 JUST THINK--five days a man but....

TOMORROW A GIRL!

A GIRL!

by Virginia

A GIRL!

The following article was written by your Editor and through the assistance of Dr. Harry Benjamin whose help is gratefully acknowledged, was published in the January 1957 issue of the American Jour. of Psychiatry XI, 80 (57) It is reproduced here in the hope that it may stimulate thinking and discussion by other readers.

HOMOSEXUALITY, TRANSVESTISM AND TRANSEXUALISM

Reflections on their Etiology and Differentiation
C.V. Prince, Ph.D.

Preamble

The author of this article has a Ph.D. degree in a biological science. He is also a lay student of psychology. Yet, his competence to write on a sexological subject may be questioned were it not for the fact that Dr. Prince is a transvestite himself, and has been since about his 12th year. His sexual orientation is strictly heterosexual. He has a child by a previous marriage and is presently very happily married to a woman who knows and understands his problem.

Dr. Prince is known to me personally. I have met him in his male as well as his female role. I have had lengthy and stimulating discussions with him. He is highly educated with a fine cultural background.

Having studied his own case and many others of the same type, and having read extensively on the subject, Dr. Prince feels that he has something of value to offer.

His article neither proves nor disproves the existence of a predisposing constitutional factor in the deviations he discusses. Since his theories seem to me to be plausible enough as an attempt to elaborate on psychological conditioning, they are herewith presented to a forum of psychoanalysts and psychologists.

New York, N.Y.

Harry Benjamin M.D.

Among the various forms of deviant behavior, that of homosexuality has the longest history and has been the subject of the most intensive investigations. In earlier and less enlightened times not only were overt sexual contacts between two individuals of the same sex labeled as homosexual, but if a male behaved in any feminine manner, adopted any feminine style of clothing or entered any occupation which was recognized as being a feminine field, etc., it was taken as evidence of an homosexual inclination.

Gradually, and particularly through the work of Havelock Ellis (1) and Magnus Hirschfeld (2) it became evident that there was a group of individuals who, although they liked to dress in feminine attire and to appear that way in public whenever the situation might permit, was still not given to overt sexual acts with other males. The name EONISM (after Chevelier d'Eon) was given to this type of behavior by Ellis. Others preferred the term TRANSVESTISM to describe what the word means in its literal translation, namely, cross dressing. Since some homosexuals are given to affecting feminine mannerisms, makeup and attire as part of their sexual pattern, the tendency was and is to reason in the syllogistic way that: Since certain males indulge in sexual activities with other males and since certain of these males affect feminine attire, therefore all males who affect feminine attire also indulge in male-with-male sex activities. Ergo, all males who enjoy feminine dress are homosexual.

Since actual case histories of cross-dressing individuals frequently fail to show any evidence of overt male-with-male sex activity, the validity of the above syllogism would seem to be disproved. However, various investigators of the psychoanalytic orientation reply with the argument that just because overt activity has not occurred does not make the individual basically less a homosexual. He is only to be termed a "latent" or "masked" homosexual. Stekel (3) was one of the principal supporters of this thesis. Ellis disagreed and pointed out that on such a basis anyone who has not yet murdered, robbed or raped is

no less a "masked" murderer, robber or rapist. It is just that he "has not gotten around to it" yet.

Of more recent years, another complication has entered the field. Although by no means the first individual to undergo a complete de-sexifying operation, Christine (formerly George) Jorgenson was assuredly the best publicized case of this sort in medical annals. Her story awakened the frustrated ambitions of a great many other would be "Christines" all over the world, who have clamored for the "Christine" operation. The investigation of many of these individuals, as reported by Harry Benjamin (4) reveals that they are neither homosexuals in the usual sense of the word, nor Eonists (transvestites). They are persons who regard themselves as "women" who are, unfortunately, forced to live their female lives in male bodies. They claim to have the "soul" of a woman, to "feel" as a woman, and the greatest ambition of their lives is to "be" a woman. Since this state of "being" a woman principally revolves around the genitals, as far as these persons are concerned, it is their great desire to have the male organs removed and plastic surgery done to construct a "vagina" and then to be allowed to go through the rest of their lives as "women" and to be accepted by society as such.

The presence of these three types among us, namely the admitted homosexuals, the transvestites, and the third type, for which Benjamin has used the term TRANSSEXUAL, leads to a great deal of confusion in terminology and in the understanding of the etiology, treatment and prognosis of individual cases. Unfortunately, since all three types of individuals may have one thing in common, namely the desire to wear feminine attire, it has been the fashion to proceed on the theory that "all IS gold that glitters," and class them all under the same head. (The author is referring here, of course, only to those homosexuals who do cross-dress, while realizing that by far the greatest number of homosexual individuals have no desires of this type at all and may actually be repulsed by the idea. This paper, therefore, does not concern itself with the problems of the origin of the homosexual desires in what may be called the "masculine" type of homosexual individual.)

In the process of trying to explain these types of activity many theories have been advanced ranging from "genetic deviations due to endocrine causes" through "psychological conditioning with social factors of an environmental nature," to outright psychopathic states. Doubtless here, as in almost all other medical conditions, there are some cases whose etiology may be based on any of several factors. However, there is one word which has been used by many to "explain" all three types of cases. This is "identification". Identification with the female in this case. Since the activity in question is a femininely oriented one, this seems to be an obvious "explanation". The word explanation is put in quotes because identification is not in fact an explanation at all. Like so many other things in life, it is often felt that once one has given a descriptive name to a thing, that everything is taken care of and is clear. The concept of "feminine identification" is useful but it is only the germ of an idea. One possible unfolding of this term is the interpretation which follows.

At first blush, "feminine identification" seems to convey a precise meaning. But does it? it may seem a rather naive question to pose, but what IS this "feminine" with which a male may identify? The word "feminine" is an adjective which describes the activity and attitudes and behavior of that kind of human being we call a woman. But "activities", "attitudes", and "behavior" cover three widely different aspects of life in our society. It is important to the classification which follows to examine these three aspects in a little clearer detail.

First, and most obvious, is the fact that a woman is anatomically different from a man. Therefore, her sexual behavior is different. For purposes of comparison, we may refer to this aspect of womanliness as the "sexual woman".

The second aspect we may term the "psychological woman," and in this category we are referring to those special attitudes and capacities of mind which are exhibited by women as contrasted to those ascribed to men.

Among these may be mentioned intuition, changeableness, and a more sensitive and emotional nature. The mental attitudes behind the feminine "virtues" of tenderness, love of children, consideration, pity, helpfulness, lack of aggressiveness, etc. are also included. In short all of the mental and emotional attitudes connected with an individual feeling himself to be a woman are included here.

The third aspect we may call the "social woman". Here we are concerned not only with the attitudes and relations of the female towards society, i.e., towards other females as well as toward males, but we must also consider the attitudes and behavioral customs of society toward women.

From this, then, we find that there are actually three different "women" with whom identification may take place. With which aspect of womanliness a young male may develop this identification will, of course, depend on the individual circumstances of his early life. The particular female whom he chooses to emulate need not necessarily be his mother. It may be sister, an aunt, a neighbor, a governess, someone of his own generation or someone older. The particular female or females from whom the identification springs may be of significance to him in any one of the three capacities discussed above.

It is the author's suggestion that the particular aspect of womanliness which impresses him and which he selects will, in a large measure, determine his future development into one of the three behavioral patterns which we are considering.

If the young male becomes impressed with the sexual side of womanhood, it is the woman's role in the sexual act which will be the key to his identification and he will attempt to take the woman's role in the sexual act as far as anatomy and his partner's desires will permit. He therefore, develops the "passive" homosexual pattern. In the type of homosexual pattern we are considering, he chooses not only to act the role sexually but to use many of the feminine wiles of behavior and dress exactly the same way and for the same purpose as a woman would.

If the female object of his youthful identification, and the circumstances under which the identification de-

velops, are such as to impress him most with the feminine attitudes of mind, he will identify himself with the psychological and emotional aspects of womanhood. In adult years he will say that he "feels" as a woman, "thinks" as a woman, and has the "soul" of a woman. he will long to have children and be a wife. His greatest desire in life will be to be rid of his male genitals which serve as a constant reminder of the fact that his "feminine soul" has unhappily been placed in a male body. His desire for motherhood and wifehood are not motivated by homosexual desires (although society will ignorantly class his desires as such) but by the conviction that he really "is" a woman inside. Marriage, motherhood, and a husband are a woman's life and he wants that as a fulfillment of his femininity. These persons form a group aptly termed "transsexuals"

Finally, if the role of the young male in relation to one or several of the females around him is such as to either devalue the social position of the male (a dominant mother, for instance) or to place a special emphasis on the woman's role in society, the identification will turn the male into a transvestite in his adult years. As a transvestite his desires are to dress like a woman, act like a woman, go about in public as a woman and be accepted by society as a woman. Such a person is the type which should be designated a "true" transvestite, because, for him, his cross-dressing is the means and the end at the same time. For the homosexual who cross-dresses, on the other hand, it is merely "stage dressing" for the sexual side of his life which is the prime factor in his identification. For the transsexual, in turn, the dressing is not an end in itself, in fact it is hardly even a means to an end. To him it is merely a natural "right" that he should wear feminine attire, for is he not "really a woman" inside?

In the transvestite, maleness, as far as sex is concerned, has not necessarily been involved in his identification so he has no desire for homosexual contacts. Consequently, therefore, there are a great

many transvestites on record who are exclusively heterosexual. Frequently they are married and often fathers. Whereas these people usually have a greater understanding for the plight of homosexuals than do "normal" males, they frequently have just as much aversion to such practices, as far as they themselves are concerned, as does the ordinary male. Unlike the transsexual, the transvestite values his male organs, enjoys using them and does not desire them removed. He is under no illusions as to his actual masculinity. But nevertheless, there is an aspect of his psyche which is satisfied only by being permitted to present himself to himself, as well as to the world, as a woman.

It must not be supposed that the author feels that all cases can be sharply and precisely divided into these three categories. Obviously, the emotional experiences of a young male are cumulative over his childhood, youth and adolescence, and what may have in origin, been a pure form of one of these three classes may be subsequently overlain by later experiences which confuse the pattern and mix up the subsequent adult behavior. Thus a person who (everything else being equal) would have developed into a simple case of transvestism with a normal heterosexual orientation as far as his sex life was concerned, may have had experiences in school, jail, or in the army in which the feminine aspects of his nature were misconstrued and imposed upon so that he is introduced into the homosexual behavior patterns. If a high enough level of aversion to such practices has not been acquired during early years, he may find them an interesting addition to his previously socially oriented identification. He will then become "bisexual" or perhaps preferentially a homosexual. Other kinds of secondary experiences might give rise to transsexual tendencies.

However, the fact that such subsequent confusions can and do occur does not invalidate the usefulness of the concept of the three different aspects of womanhood, the sexual, the psycho-emotional, and the social, and their ultimate identification forms of homosexuality, transsexuality and transvestism, respectively.

NOTE: The Bibliography is omitted for lack of space.

I REMEMBER....

Perhaps among the subscribers to TRANSVESTIA may be a few who recall the "turn of the century" period when small boys were dressed as little girls until they reached the age of four or five and many even a little older! Perhaps too, there may be some who, like myself, were schooled at home by a governess and continued in pretty frocks and undies until eight or nine. If so, my recollections will probably recall those happier days to them.

My father, being much too engrossed in his business ventures to pay more than scant attention to his small son, gave in to my beloved mother's pleas that it would do no harm to keep me petticoated "just a little longer". My beloved mother was a very beautiful woman, whose sole interests in life were her home, her friends, her teas, her modiste, her corsetiere and her lovely little son-daughter. This was the environment in which I grew up...until exiled to a boarding school at the age of twelve.

The boarding school which I attended was located in a semi-secluded area, and, as there were no young ladies of proper social standing to provide partners at the weekly dancing class, the Headmaster's good wife remedied this situation in a somewhat unique fashion. At the beginning of the fall term, she was accustomed to select a number of First Formers whom she considered would make attractive young ladies for the classes. I happened to be one of those selected, and, not wishing that my secret desires become known to my chums, I pretended to protest no and once I had learned what was in store for me. Of course, there was nothing I wanted more, for I had long since come to adore the caress of soft silk against my person and found ecstasy in the frou-frouing of my skirts. Needless to say my protests availed me nothing and I joined the rest.

Three afternoons each week, we would be called in from the playing field to report to a room in the main house. There, we would be taken in hand by school maids disrobed, and then dressed in pretty party frocks. Madame herself, being a confirmed tight-lacer, insisted

on our being constricted in corsets--something which to this day is very important to me. Of course we resented this, but a few flicks with Madame's switch soon quieted us. Once arrayed, we were trained in social graces--the courtsey, the proper arrangement of hands and feet when seated or standing, arranging our skirts under us, lest we wrinkle them, learning to follow a partner rather than to lead, seating oneself gracefully rising properly etc. By the time the first dancing class came along, we were sufficiently trained for our parts. It was with timidity and misgivings that we minced into the gymnasium to be viewed by our chums.

Strangely, no onus was attached to our roles, there was no teasing or horseplay at any time. We were in much the same position as any boy taking a female role in a school play.

We all went to our seats and sat down tugging at our skirts lest we expose a bit of our lingerie and awaited events. The dancing teacher instructed our chums to select partners, who came forward, bowed gracefully and invited us to be their partners. The strangeness of our situation evaporated and soon we were entering into the spirit of the occasion, chatting gaily and thoroughly enjoying ourselves. That evening as we changed back into our ordinary school attire Madame expressed herself as highly pleased with our conduct. I must confess that it thrilled me no end.

Unfortunately, that is as far as I was concerned, only First Formers (the youngest boys) took these roles, and I remember how envious I was of them the following year when I was denied the opportunity of wearing those lovely clothes. To this day I, for one, enjoy wearing "Little Girl's" fussy ensembles and sitting down to reminisce on those days of long ago.

Yet I do not feel that my early environment was the basic cause of my Transvestic tensions. Rather it was as much a part of me as my arms and legs. I have known other boys whose doting mothers kept them in petticoats as long as they dared, but in adult life have never exhibited Transvestic leanings. Transvestism is of the soul, not just the environment in which the child is raised.

by NANCY, N. H.

BULLY-BOY

Bully-Boy, Bully-Boy deep is your shame,
 You've lost your trousers, you've lost your name.
 You blush and you whimper, red is your face.
 As you mince in high heels and garments of lace.

Once you were tough with women and girls,
 Now you wear ribbons, your hair is in curls.
 Your dainty supporters pull your hose taut
 You thought you were smart-now you are caught.

You wear lace trimmed panties, and heels so high,
 And frilly petticoats--no wonder you cry.
 Your face is now pretty, your lips so red,
 You sleep in a nightie in a feminine bed.

Once you were mean, a Bully-Boy lad,
 In dainty dresses you look punished and sad.
 But soon you will find there're pleasures and thrills
 In wearing cute dresses with laces and frills.

"Babs" Los Angeles.

ONLY MORE SO

If a toss of full free hair
 --a blouse that leaves a shoulder bare
 --a high-pitched bosom, close-knit waist
 --a skirt that gives the eyes a taste
 of foamy slip and silk-hugged knees
 and calves and ankle shaped to please
 atop a naked pump---If these
 can do so much to make a tease,
 a flirt, a joy of girls; why then!
 ---Think what these things can do for men!!!

Susan New York

LADIES DAY (GENUINE)

Space reserved for the comments of
Wives, Girls Friends, Mistresses--the Real Things

Dear Editor: I liked No. 1 of TRANSVESTIA very much and so did my "Bessie". I liked your fine editorial, the stories and the information. I answered two of the ads and told them where I saw the advertising.

I would like to make one thing clear: I know that many males write to magazines and sign female names, but I am a real 100% female woman and when you have your picture section (which I hope will be soon) I will send you pictures of myself to prove it.

I am going to write a true story for the publication as soon as I am able. My story will have to be a serial since I have a lot to tell. I think the best title for it will be, "My Man is a 'Panty-Waist'". Perhaps I should put a question mark after the word "man" but I love him.....now, after he has had a bit of "special attention". But he is still a masculine male and that makes my plan and duty all the more fun!

The story in No. 1 about "Miss Draft Dodger" reminded me a little of my Bessie's situation in that the war and Bessie's war record are touched upon in my story. I have two girl friends who were in the two leading military services in the war and their feelings about my Bessie are most intense. They both read this "Miss Draft Dodger" and they had very fixed opinions about "Lilly". They had all sorts of dire things that they would have done with and to him, such as putting him into a women's army camp to work in petticoats under women...like the case I know about that happened in Wales....but that is another story.

I am thankful that your publication is clean. I would not contribute to anything that was no and TRANSVESTIA is logical, sensible and most educational. I know more women would subscribe to it if they once saw what it is and what its objectives are. I shall do my best to "expose" other girls to this fine publication.

(Continued on Page 55)

The Best to You
BABS....L.A.

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

You have all read No. 1 by now and by the time you have read these words you will at least have looked over this issue. Some of you wrote back congratulatory letters which are appreciated. Putting together No. 1 was not easy due to a variety of technical and printer problems that had to be surmounted. It was a little faint in places because of the necessity of cleaning up the paper offset plates that had to be used. We learned a lot about the printing business and the offset process getting that one out I can tell you.

The paper used was all there was available in the shop when we finally got things rolling after midnight. We hope you will find this one a little neater and nicer.

Most of you have indicated that you did not find the \$4 asked, out of line. I hope you liked what you got for your money. Several of you sent in \$5 instead of \$4 just to help get things rolling and I want to take this way of expressing my thanks not only for the extra financial lift but for the confidence that it expressed not only in the Editor but in the idea. The idea of printing only 100 copies each of 32 different plates as on No.1 nearly flipped the printer. He did it, but the cost per copy was therefore pretty stiff. Costs can come down when we have grown enough.

When we went to press the first time there were not many paid subscriptions on the rolls and the cost was considerably more than the total amount these subscriptions represented. However, so much time had elapsed since the first of these subscriptions had come in that we began to be embarrassed and worried lest these early birds think that we had solicited money under false pretences. So we screwed up our courage to the sticking point, as the Bard said, and went ahead.

Of course, more subs have come in since, but as of the time this is being written the group is still far too small. Many of you subscribers know each other but I am sure that many of you also know others that are not on our list. In the interests of the continuation of our efforts wont you all see that

others of your acquaintance who may be interested in our subject know of the existence of TRANSVESTIA? More subs. will not only assure continuation of the magazine but ill mean more contributions of material and greater interest for all.

We still do not have a big enough income to print pictures because they require photographic plates on metal rather than on paper like the rest of the magazine and these cost about \$5 apiece. And apart from the cost what are we to print? Everyone wants to see pictures but noone has sent in any pictures with either permission or request that they be printed.

If some of you who are a bit better heeled than the Editor want to contribute to a picture fund we could get to the picture stage a lot sooner. If any such contributions do come in they will not only be acknowledged and credit given but bills will be submitted showing that it was spent as intended and that the Editor did not spend it on a new dress. We look forward to the day when TRANSVESTIA will look as snappy and colorful as Bizarre or Fantasia, but these mags have newstand distribution and consequently much greater income to work with. Moreover they cater to a much wider audience. Have you ever noticed how relatively little on Transvestism appears these days?

As Editor I wish to emphasize again that TRANSVESTIA is intended to be YOURS. It can only be so if you, the readers, will make contributions to its contents as well as to its treasury. Look over the outline in No. 1 and see what you can submit to keep the pot boiling. There is always a need for short material such as humor, poems, notes, news items etc. that can be inserted between longer stories and articles to break up the monotony of full pages. Correspondence is always in order...take exception to what someone else has said or voice your own ideas and opinions. This can get to be a much more interesting publication if more people will take part.. The Editor has no way of knowing what is going on in other parts of the country that may be of interest or importance to TVs. I would appreciate clippings, news notes or

information having to do with our subject. DO judge others by yourself. If it was interesting enough for you to read it will be interesting to pass on to others through the pages of TRANSVESTIA. We had a NEWS and NOTES column in No. 1. But I don't think we'll have enough material for one this time

One way that this mag can really be helpful is to compile and publish information about legal decisions bearing on Transvestism, impersonation or masquerading.. whatever the police want to call it. Cases where a TV has beaten the rap should be made known to all because such cases provide precedent which a lawyer could make good use of in defending any of us should need be. This journal should be of service as well as for enjoyment, but it must have a lot of interested reporters in various parts of the country sending in the news!!!

Many readers have made suggestions that we print this or that, such as cities where impersonator shows are playing, or a list of sizes of women's clothing that correspond to mens sizes. These are good ideas and they can surely be printed, but who is to provide the information in the first place? The Editor knows no way of getting this type of information any more than the rest of you. You get it...we'll print it.

Apologies are offered to those who answered either the Pretty Fashions or Allied Enterprises ads in No.1. Both of these were inserted by a friend of the Editor's. He is in the importing business and went to Mexico about the time we went to press. He has not been heard from since. What has happened we don't know, but we regret the disappointment some of you had in not getting a reply. The ad was genuine at the time but is not valid now. The other advertizers are active however.

Finally I want to say that many of you write and ask me questions personally. I don't want to be rude, but TRANSVESTIA is after all a side line with me and it has brought so much correspondence with it that I am just swamped. I hope you will understand and forgive. Many of the questions about make-up, dress, deportment, falsies etc. will be discussed at length in a separate booklet that will be published soon.....Your ED.

MY LIFE WITH COUSIN CORA (Continued)

Several times during the night I woke up. I felt my nightie, my sheer bed sheets and the lace edging on my pillows. I seemed to be in a state of sort of a half way world. I mean by that, I was thrilled in a subconscious way at being Elsie but on the other hand I was ashamed and certain prospects brought a dread to my mind. Even after these years of reading and some study along with my wife on the subject of psychology I still find it difficult to explain these mixed feelings of ecstasy, dread, thrills, humiliation, bliss and shame. I know that some who read this will understand. I shivered there in my feminine bed as I thought of the washer-woman and her daughter and of facing them. You see I had taken the clothing with the full knowledge that they would be blamed and I had rationalized that Miss Cora would overlook it. (All those committing crimes "rationalize"). Many times I had been very rude to our wash lady and rather lorded it over her and her daughter. I had treated them like they were "serfs" and I was young Lord Ellsworth. At times (now to my regret) I had pinched the daughter and when she protested some of my activities I had told her in a most scornful way; "Oh what else are you good for but to have some fun with you are only a silly washerwoman's daughter, you'll never have education or anything else except a good build and a pretty face!" (I did not know that our wash-woman and her daughter had gone to Miss Cora and told her and I did not know that Miss Cora had told them to wait a bit as there would be a big change soon) I did not know that soon I would learn a lesson in "True Democracy".

I also thought, as I lay there, of the Girl's Physical Education Teacher, and my regular teacher in the small school. I could feel my face go crimson there in the dark as I thought of facing them and the girl's gym class. I thought of the several women and girls that I had been rude to in the village and my anticipation relative to all this was most disturbing. I did love to think of ladies' shops. I always liked to be near shops

and in department stores in the County Seat and the Capitol City where there were feminine garments on display. I had keen anticipation when I thought of being present in these places AS A GIRL. I wondered, however, how on earth I could be fitted in shops, how I could be corsetted or how a dressmaker could "work on me" without knowing I was a male. So here were more mixed feelings and worries. Miss Cora knew that I had in the past been rude and at times a bit rough with women and girls and that I tended to try to be like what they called a "bully-boy". Miss Cora and my fiancée had punishment in their minds as my just due. Miss Cora also felt that to feminize me properly, what she called "beneficial humiliation" and corporal punishment were needed.

Looking back now I know she was right. That is, she was correct in my case. Let me state one thing at this point: If I had a choice to make, was free to choose to go through it all again or to go my merry way as I was going when Miss Cora adopted me, I WOULD CHOOSE MY LIFE AS "ELSIE"! But of course, at the time I would not have as I was a "secret dresser" and was happy to be alone with my frills and my catalogs. I had been happy alone, just "Ellsworth and Elsie" and now I would not be. I planned how I would escape Miss Cora and my feminine fate and go out into the world and make my way. I thought of the West and I planned, or started to plan for a getaway. Later on these plans were tried and I assure the reader that the escape matter was most amusing and tragic as well.

I went to sleep at last and I slept long and well. I was sleeping soundly when Miss Cora shook me. I opened my eyes and looked up at her. She told me to get up. I did, with a few blushes as I was in a most feminine nightgown. Miss Cora said,

"Now Elsie let us start out by making one thing quite clear. You can't have your cake and eat it too. You wanted to have a secret feminine life, you even stole to do this. You have tried to act the rude, roughneck and bully boy with girls and women and at the same time you mince. primp and simper in frills

in the privacy of your room. You have tried to effect in public, at school and elsewhere a hoodlum way of curling your lips and talking out of the side of your mouth and in your room you have devoured catalogs showing feminine lovelies and in private you have changed this same mouth into a cute little rosebud affair with lipstick. This is what you were doing when Alice and I caught you. Well, my dear daughter Elsie, we are honest in our village. This is an honest house and we are all going to be honest at all times. There will be no double lives or secret lives here. You will act and live and be and dress as Elsie, my daughter. You can't be Elsie in secret and Ellsworth in public. Alice and I have weighed the logic and it would either have to be you, 100% Ellsworth or an 'all out' 100% Elsie and after all the evidence was considered we decided on Elsie. You will thank your Cousin Cora some day my dear."

I next had to remove my gown and Miss Cora gave me a good bath all over. My new mother was efficient! She slipped a new and lovely negligee on me and told me, "You see, Elsie, I have some things all ready for you as I knew what was coming. A mother knows when she is going to 'produce' a new offspring and nowadays we even know the sex in advance, so I planned as any good mother and even named you--Elsie". I blushed.

Miss Cora took some odd smelling cream and applied it to my body. It made a very stiff paste. After about 10 minutes Miss Cora rubbed it off and what hair I had had came off with the rubbing. Miss Cora next treated my face to a very efficient session with the tweezers. Miss Cora told me that a few treatments would fix things up fine.

Next she fixed my hair. I had needed a haircut when this all had started but Miss Cora said,

"I could put a wig on you, but you look enough like a Miss as you are. Your hair will be quite wavy when it grows out. Right now you look like some of the girls one sees in Greenwich Village. I think we will just let you hair grow out and not use a wig."

She put a dainty blue ribbon around my head that tied into a cute bow at one side in front. I was next taken to the center of my room and Miss Cora brought out a box from her room. She took out a sort of a corselette. It was a rather narrow affair that went about the waist and had supporters for holding up stockings. I stepped into it and worked the very tight elastic up my body. What puzzled me was a "V" shaped appendage that was attached to the front of the garment. I asked what it was. Miss Cora smiled and patted my head and replied.

"Dear Elsie, you have so much to learn, here I will arrange it for you. It is a special garment that makes you flat like a Miss in front so that in any feminine garment you look and are flat and neat must like a girl."

Miss Cora too the "V" shaped part of the garment from behind me and pulled the affair between my trembling legs and up behind and fastened it to the back of the corselette.

Next Miss Cora placed a new lovely bra on me. In the cups were "falsies" and the bra gave a standout effect. She told me that she liked to help me with my dressing and undressing but that I would have to learn to do it myself. I had a time getting on my lovely nylon stockings to suit my "mother". My hands were rough but Miss Cora told me that they would be like a girl's soon. At last I got the nylons on and I stood as Miss Cora adjusted my garters. Then she trimmed my finger nails, my toenails having been cut before the nylons were put on. Miss Cora applied a clear polish to my nails and they fairly sparkled.

Now she brought out some black, shiny, high-heeled patent pumps. How high I felt in them, I almost fell flat on my face but Miss Cora caught me. She seated herself and told me to walk back and forth. How to describe how I felt walking? I was all lifted up. I HAD to mince, wearing this corselette with that strap. She called to me and told me to curtsy. What a time! I tried to bend the left leg and dip down and fell in a pile at her feet. She laughed and as I started to weep

she took me in her arms and kissed me and said, "Oh you poor doll, you lovely darling, I will be patient with you and you will learn."

There was a knock on the door and Miss Cora said, "Come in Alice, dear." I gasped as my fiancée entered and turned and ran to a closet and again almost fell on my face. When I say I "ran", I mean it was a very funny mince, jump and prance. Miss Cora laughed and came to the closet where I was weeping among the things that hung there. She took my arm and marched me out before Alice. Alice clapped her hands and said, "Oh how darling, he is just perfect, Miss Cora". I hung my crimson head before her. Miss Cora spoke, "My dear you are covered enough. You are my daughter Elsie and this is your mate to be. Now do your curtsy for her".

It was terrible. I had to go across the room and return and curtsy to each of them. Alice looked at me in amusement and said that she would give me some pointers. She was in a very cute bouffant dress with one of those new petticoats so frilly. Her high heeled slippers sparkled and her nylons were a pretty light tan. What a pretty girl! How I loved and wanted her. Alice made a deep and lovely curtsy to show me. Her dress swished as both dress and petticoat were taffeta. What a prim pretty sight she made as she instructed me. My heart beat faster as she lifted her dress and I saw a goodly portion of her beautiful legs.

Miss Cora was prepared, all right. She now held up a pair of panties. They were white and made of silk. The legs were a mass, just a froth of the most exquisite, dainty, lovely lace you ever saw. At the bottom of the legs was a wider lace ruffle or frill. In this there was woven a bright pink ribbon that formed a bow at the side. Miss Cora told me to remove my shoes so as not to damage the garment. She said to draw them on slowly with great care. I did. How filled with bliss I was, filled with a terrific bliss and humiliation all at the same time. The panties fit over my rear like kid gloves. They ended just above my stocking tops and my dainty garters peaked out over my creamy white bare thighs. I did get excited at the sight I made when I saw myself in the mirror.

I was handed a beautiful white lace trimmed slip and put it on. Then came the dress. It was a lovely country print with that wonderful "new" smell. It was all flowered with light blues and dainty pinks on a background of light tan. It had puffed sleeves and fitted very snug over my bust. I blushed a bit as I looked down and realized I was a rather lusty Miss. The dress came down below my knees and was in perfect taste and style good enough for any well raised girl. Alice handed me some gloves, wrist length and also light tan. I was told that I would have shoulder length ones for more formal wear.

It was summer and I needed no coat. I was handed a high priced bag that was filled with all that any Miss would want for primping. It also contained money and a coin purse. We walked downstairs to the drawing room and Miss Cora gave me a fashion magazine to study and told me how to sit and for heaven's sake not to expose my legs so much.

The two women went back up to their respective rooms and left me to thrill over Bazarre. I have said that the two women, Miss Cora especially, knew their psychology and when they returned I knew it more than ever. They came back into the room and I looked up and a terrible sort of ill feeling came over me. Miss Cora was dressed in all her buxom, fine-figure-of-a-woman beauty in a pair of tight toreador pants--coal black. Alice was wearing a pair of tan riding breeches and boots. I let out a gasp and choked and my eyes became moist. There they were in pants and breeches flat shoes and boots and plain blouses. Here was I in very feminine dress and I felt utterly ashamed at what this contrast brought out. They both smiled. OH, women are smart! They told me that I must get used to certain things and that after my punishment and my period of being feminized I would understand. We went out to Miss Cora's Cadillac station wagon and started out.

I was on pins and needles as we passed through our village. Alice told me that no one would know me anyway going along like we were in a car. We left the town and arrived at the county seat in time for lunch.

Miss Cora stopped in the parking lot of the best cafe. We got out. I trembled and they both patted my arm and told me to keep my chin up and be a good girl and that all would be well. I could not walk right in my high heels and I was so well strapped and pulled up that I minced terribly. The corselette and the strap plus the taut, pull-up of my garters made me move my shapely hips and posterior in a most feminine way. In fact I looked like a girl who was trying to show off her charms. An older lady, her sister and daughter got out of a car as we passed and they looked us over. The daughter was about 15 and she giggled, but the mother said to the older woman;

"Just look at that girl, the one between those two in pants. What a shame to permit a girl to show off that way. Her busts are over-developed and she is just trying to show off. Look at how she moves her hips and how she walds, why she will have every boy and man that sees her after her"

Miss Cora smiled and stopped and read the posted menu at the patio entrance. I wanted to go on as I was burning all over. Alice shushed me and with ears open we listened to them again. The second woman spoke;

"Indeed I do not know what we are coming to. In my day when a girl appeared like this one it was thought she was asking for trouble. Maybe she is, she looks over-sexed to me, but one must admit that she is well built, and what lovely legs." The other woman sniffed and the daughter said; "Oh gee, I like her. Golly is she ever dreamy." The mother sort of shook the girl and said; "If I ever catch you that way I will warm you good, young lady."

Miss Cora and Alice were bursting, they wanted to laugh so badly. I was almost in tears but as I thought of what had taken place, the conversation and all I was relieved. They DID think me a girl, very much a girl.

In the cafe the girl took our order and she hardly looked at me which was fine. Miss Cora ordered for me as I could no longer stuff myself with sweets, now I was watched, to my sorrow. We ate and left and many a male eye watched us. I saw the three of us in a big

mirror that was in the entrance to the patio part of the cafe. I saw us from the rear. There was Miss Cora in her tight pants and Alice in her tight-across-the-seat breeches and me between them. They strode and I minced. Here were three types of feminine beauty from the rear; the slim athletic Miss in riding clothes and boots, the buxom beauty of mature womanhood and the lusty well built girl in the middle; all tops in their own particular ways.

Things had gone rather well so far but I felt they would not remain on this level the whole trip and I was right. We walked, leaving the car on the lot and entered an exclusive shop. This was where Alice and Miss Cora bought their most precious things as did the well fixed of our village. Our town had only several shops and a department store and they did not stock the better class of merchandise.

We went into this swank shop and in this southern city the shops were as good as Fifth Avenue. A charming Miss came to us and she knew Alice and Miss Cora very well. They laughed and talked and Miss Cora turned to me. I was trying to hide behind some dresses on a rack. Miss Cora spoke to me. "Come Here Elsie." I minced out and I saw myself in a glass and I had sort of an ashamed, silly simper on my face. The whole ordeal and the anticipation of what might come caused this. The pretty girl clerk looked my over and she did notice my hair that was not in keeping with my otherwise feminine looks. Miss Cora spoke to the girl: "I want to try some dresses on this young lady, she is now my daughter as I have adopted her."

To my horror several women and girls came into the shop and were looking over the dresses on the racks. I was in a panic and though I should have been a good girl I stamped my foot and said in a rude manner, "What the heck, take me home Miss Cora, I'm not going to waste time in here". That was a mistake, a most foolish error on my part. I would have to learn the hard way. Miss Cora and Alice looked at me and I could sense that they were not too surprised and neither were

they saddened by my outburst. I felt that they were glad of this chance to put me right.

Miss Cora took my arm and shook me until my garments swished and my long shapely legs were exposed and I could see my frilly petticoat and panties in the big mirrors all about. She spoke.

"Well, well indeed, since when did you have a say, since when did you forget your obligation to become a good girl? I am sorry, Elsie, things were going very well but now you have made a serious mistake" The women and girls looked on and waited. One of the women said, "That young lady needs correction badly."

The girl clerk spoke, "You wished some dresses for her didn't you? I am sure that a pretty dress or two will make her happy, though she does seem terribly nervous."

I sensed that something terrible was about to happen. Miss Cora took my arm and told them; "I feel that I must now tell you all something. I was not going to, but now I feel it my duty. What do you think Alice, shall I tell them the truth?"

Alice with an odd look of mingled passion and amusement replied. "Yes, by all means tell them the facts Miss Cora".

I dropped to my knees, I grasped Miss Cora about her legs and I begged. "Oh please, please, PLEASE dont tell, dont tell, oh I will be good, so very good, spare me please dearest Miss Cora, Please Alice, ask her to let me off this time, PLEASE!" Miss Cora looked down into my moist eyes with a touch of disgust and pleasure. Alice had a look of--what to call it--loving contempt? Odd, but that is what I felt from her look.

I saw that I was not to be spared and Miss Cora took my arm and lifted me to my feet. She turned to the group which now included the owner and two more sales girls, Now I made my second mistake. I jerked away from Miss Cora and ran toward the street. I didnt know where I was heading in my feminine dress, I suppose to the car, however I didnt get far. After about eight steps in my high heels I went down, dress up, petticoat up, legs, garters and panties exposed. Miss Cora came after me, grasped my arm and shook me till I thought my head would fall off.

She spoke in a gentle firm voice, a tone I would learn meant business. "Now Elsie this does it. I had planned to have you fitted for a new afternoon dress and some other things in the fitting room without the sales girls knowing your secret. But now to punish you I shall have to inform these shocked ladies and girls of your true status". I moaned a terrible ashamed sound and tried to cover my face with my gloved hand. Miss Cora made me stand and face them as she spoke.

Ladies, this is Elsie. This is a young man who in the privacy of his room dressed in feminine clothing. He acted the part of bully-boy and gay blade at school. He tried to lead a double life. I am his legal mother and I know of his overpowering love of the feminine. Well, I decided as a loving mother to give him what he wanted. He loves his feminine life and garments, but he wants it in secret, in his room. But I don't believe in secrecy so I am making him live his feminine life in public. But when he is bad he must be punished. He gets what he wants mixed with correction, punishment and training. This is his fiancée who will see that he toes the mark when she takes over. Elsie is sentenced to dresses until he is 21. He is now 17.

There was a gasp all over the place. Some of the girls clapped their hands and giggled, some must stood. There was dead silence for a few moments and after this the girls and women all spoke at once. I heard--

"Serves him right"--"Oh he is a doll"--"He is a darling"--"Most bullies are sissies at heart"--"Elsie is darn well built-look at those legs"--"Elsie needs to learn to obey and accept his new life"--"Gosh, just think, he is 17 and he must live in petticoats until he is 21"--"I have heard that after a spell in feminine dress that most males prefer to remain that way".

So it went, and with head hung and red face I heard it all. Miss Cora said. "See how ashamed you are Elsie and you brought it all on yourself. On top of this I am going to spank you right here in front of all these women". I screamed and yelled and begged, but Miss Cora seated herself and took me over her big lap. Very slowly

raised first my dress and next my petticoat and there I was in my frothed-with-lace panties all tight over my shapely seat. Miss Cora administered a sound spanking much to the amusement of all those present and I twisted and squirmed and wept. I apologized without being told to and I did it good believe me. My clothes were arranged and I was stood on my feet. So now people did know. We were in the county seat to be sure, but news travels fast and now I had been exposed. I loved my clothing but I dreaded exposure.

We went into the fitting room and the sales girl was very nice to me. I took off my dress and slip and hung them up just right. In shame and with a red bottom I stood to be fitted. The sales girl patted me and said,

"Now, now Elsie, take it easy. It is too bad you had to be spanked but it will do you good. My you are pretty. You will make a lovely girl. Now dont shake so, let me wipe those pretty eyes and fix that make-up. You will get used to being a girl. You see, doll, I have fitted other young men and also older men, some as a punishment and some who love to be fitted and wear girl's things. Why I know of a certain Senator's son who prefers a woman's garments. He wears a woman's panty all the time under his trousers and on week ends he is fully dressed at home as a girl. He has an understanding wife like you will have."

I tried on dresses. All of a sudden I got into the spirit of the thing. Miss Cora was pleased and so was Alice and the girl. I loved the lovely dresses that we bought. When we left I made a perfect curtsy to the sales girl all on my own. Miss Cora liked that because she said, "That was very sweet of you Elsie. You are my pet darling and you do have your naughty spells, but what healthy girl does not? My dear, I shall not forget these little nice things that you do on your own." We headed for home.

At home I rested in my room in negligee and slippers. I wept as I thought of tomorrow when I was to be "presented" to the wash woman and her daughter. I sim-

ply dreaded that horrid tough woman and her rough-neck daughter. I had begged Miss Cora to spare me this but I got no place. I also dreaded to have to face the girl's gym class and my two teachers. These two were about 22 years old and pretty. How they would love my situation! Of course, it was doubtful that the news from the county seat would reach the wash woman, her daughter, the teachers or anyone else in the village before I was "presented" as a surprise.

At the same time as I had these fears and feelings of shame to come, I thrilled over my clothing--the new things I had gotten that day and what I would get tomorrow and other days. I wondered when I would wear them and where. Indeed I was like a debutante when it came to clothes--very like a Miss being trained for high society. The rules were strict, the discipline was tough. My whole time night and day was planned and supervised efficiently. Evidently that was the way things were going to be for some time to come and I would just have to make the best of it.

(To Be Concluded Next Issue)

A SHE-MAN

Illustrating something or other, there's the story of the woman who complained to the cemetery manager that she couldn't find her husband's grave.

"What's his name?" the manager asked.

"Thomas Brown," she replied.

Referring to a card index, the manager said.

"Madam, we have no Thomas Brown. We just have an Elizabeth Brown."

"That's him," she said. "Everything's in my name."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ed Darling:

From now on you are our favorite "pin-up Girl". Just to think of the vast amount of work entailed in the publication of a magazine makes me shudder. It takes real devotion to a cause to launch a project such as TRANSVESTIA. I wish more of us girls would set aside a few hours to write down bits of information which might be helpful to you. What helps you helps all of us.

For a first issue the contents and format are more than adequate to satisfy our common hunger for information. The proposed layout seems varied and ample enough to contain just about the entire kaleidoscope of the TV world. I'm just dying to see the day when TRANSVESTIA will carry our photographs. I wonder how many of us girls will feel courageous enough to have our pix in print.

I feel that the proposed theoretical section will turn out to be the most interesting of all. It might even become a valuable source of information for those who are doing scientific research on Transvestism and other phases of "different" behaviour. As a distinguished sexologist once told me; "It is very difficult for those of us who wish to do research on TV to gather enough case histories and self-analysis material. The immense majority of TVs remain hidden and anonymous throughout their lives and extremely few of them ever approach a doctor or psychiatrist to help them find out the true nature of their peculiarity."

The truth of the matter is that very few Drs. or psychiatrists have enough knowledge about transvestism to be of any help. Moreover, I've yet to find one TV who'd like to be deprived of his inclination. We don't seem to wish or desire any "help". We should however, through a publication such as TRANSVESTIA supply as much information about our cases as possible thus helping to increase the understanding and knowledge of TVism not only among scientists but among the rest of society as well.

S.V.--New York

(Editors Comment on S.V's letter: I think that the airing of case histories would be of educational value not only to those interested in TV from a medical point of view, but to some TVs who have not been able to "find" themselves and to adjust to their desires. Many TVs live such isolated lives that if they are not gifted with an ability to be introspective they are never able to gain enough understanding of their condition to be able to deal with it without profound guilt feelings which can be very destructive.

Readers will be interested to know that the Institute for Sex Research founded by the late Dr. Kinsey gets a copy of each issue of TRANSVESTIA and that they are much interested in the subject. The inclusion of well thought out and detailed personal histories would I think be of definite interest to them.)

Dear Ed: I received your announcement concerning TVia from a friend, and as one who is deeply interested in this matter, in fact in all the subjects you mention in your opening paragraph, I am enclosing my check to join with you.

I really feel that this effort will be successful and I think that there are two points of attraction to it. Firstly as a medium to read and compare experiences and ideas, and secondly, as a sort of clearing house thru which those with similar interests may reach each other.-----

M.B. New York

(M.B. is right about the interest and value in comparing experiences, but I wish some of you would contribute some of your experiences. Fiction is interesting, but not usually very educational or helpful. Ed.)

Dear Ed: I am interested in the publication which you propose and I am convinced that it can do many things for those of us who enjoy the wearing of women's attire.

One thing it might do: it might tell where the professional female impersonators are showing around the country. Most of us know of Finocchio's, My-O-My,

and Club 82. But, there are, I'm sure other spots which may have less pretentious shows and where visitors might be welcomed in dress. I remember encountering one such place outside Washington after the war, and it was great.

I have a substantial wardrobe, including several good wigs, and have enjoyed wearing the costumes on many occasions. Perhaps 30 or 40 times a year there are occasions when I can be dressed.

Your magazine could be helpful to all of us if it could tell when the major balls around the country are held--the ones to which persons in dress are admitted. Where one might write for tickets and at what price. There is usually one such ball in Minneapolis around Halloween--but I do not know the persons who plan it. There are some balls in New Yor, but usually the first word I have of them is after the event when Variety writes of them.-----

P. Minneapolis

(The Ed thinks these ideas would be good too, but as an Ed I have to depend on my reporters to supply the information as I have no means of knowing myself. Little things like this would make TVia newsworthy and interesting. How about it. If you were all reporters this would be quite a mag. and your Ed would be even busier than he is)

Dear Ed: Shades of Joanne, Louise, Cathy, et. al.! So someone has finally resurrected "TRANSVESTIA" from her long neglected grave and proposes to breath the breath of life into her. More power to him, or them. As the proud possessor of the first two copies of a mimeographed Mag that sprouted under that name, 1c these many moons ago, I am indeed interested in seeing something of the kind put forth a few branches and bloom again.

L.M. Minnesota

(L.M. sent three names, one I had, one other subscribed and one did not. Thanks for the help. Incidentally Joanne is alive but sick, Louise is in England, and Cathy had THE operation and lives in No. Calif.--Ed)

Dear Ed: Most hearty congratulations on your new publication. May it have a long and prosperous life. As a manufacturer of women's lingerie here in Florida I thought I might write you about my favorite garment--Bloomers.

My company, and it shall remain nameless because I wouldn't want you to feel I was just seeking free advertising, manufactures all types of lingerie. For a number of years we did not make Bloomers, but after a number of repeated requests from customers we started to put them in the line. I was personally very happy about this because to me Bloomers have always been the finest article of apparel in lingerie. I feel that they not only look the best on girls and women but are by far the most modest of lingerie. The response was phenomenal and today Bloomers are among the best selling of our numbers. We have received orders not only from every state in the union but also from 14 countries

For 2 years I have been president of the S.P.R.B. (Society for the Promotion of Return of Bloomers)---- The society now has well over 1000 members and is growing every day with members from all over the world.---- It might interest you to know that about 40% of our male members tell us they wear bloomers also for full or part time.

I shall be most interested to correspond with bloomers fans, male or female, I would love to have them write. I shall be happy to write you further if your readers are interested in Bloomers. Once again wishing you every success and hoping to hear---

M.K. Miami

(Dear M.K. You have seen issue No. 1 of Transvestia and have noted the advertising section. How about an ad for your lingerie in general and/or Bloomers? Since you also wish to correspond, why not insert an ad in the Person to Person section. It takes both time and postage to handle letters from one to another and that is why a small charge is made.---Ed)

Dear Ed: I received my copy of the first issue of TVia and was so pleased at the stories and articles it contained. Just keep up the good work and get No. 2 out real soon as we TVs dearly love to read it. I am enclosing a money order for my copy of No. 2. I wish you luck in this new venture.

S.L.B. Penn.

(I wish others had been as prompt as S.L.B. in sending in for No. 2. it would certainly lighten my load--Ed)

Dear Ed: I am 42 yrs., 6 ft. 190 lb., married, 4 children. Wife knows but doesn't understand. Have consulted with Dr. George Henry of Rochester N.Y. the greatest M.D. expert on TV, also Dr. Harry Benjamin. There is no cure so let's deal with it out in the open. I was Capt. of a (major university) team--got the D.S.C. in combat but I still have this problem.

S.C. Kentucky

(I'll bet that if the past histories of TVs were looked into that the majority would be found to have demonstrated an above average degree of masculine achievement of one kind or another. It only goes to show that appreciation of the feminine is NOT necessarily accompanied by a depreciation of the masculine. The feminine expression is often merely another aspect of a total personality--Ed)

Dear Ed: Perhaps you know "Suzanne" of L.A. that wrote in the first issue. If you do would ask her to write to me. Also would like to know if the D'Eon resort actually exists? Would not like to write to the address and not have such a place there. Do you happen to know of some places in Chicago where one of "us" can go and meet others?

Janis--Wisc.

(Yes the resort exists, write to the address given. Unfortunately the Ed. can't act as a clearing house, I haven't the time, suggest you answer Suzanne thru Person to Person procedure and insert an ad yourself re the Chicago situation--Ed)

Dear Ed: I think you are doing a very good turn by trying to educate people on the subject of Transvestism. So many of the people in our modern society are very narrow minded about the subject-especially women. I have practiced the art of cross dressing as a hobby and enjoy it very much. I am also interested in other people who are interested in this subject and would like to correspond with them.

R.S. Oregon

(The writer of the above is a member of an all male theatrical group and has taken female roles which is what he means by "practicing TV as a hobby".--Ed)

Dear Ed: I am very intereste in TRANSVESTIA and am enclosing my check for the first issue----- . I am now passt 30 years of age and have been a TV all my life. I love to wear the lovely garments of a female although I am sexually a male. I do not harm or embarrass anyone by my hobby and I feel that this is my business and not that of others.

For at least 12 years I have not worn anything but feminine underwear and I always sleep in a lovely nylon nightgown. I am usually attired in a satin and latex girdle and nylon brassiere with long nylon hose--- My panties are silk bloomerette type with lace trimmed ruffles at the bottom of each leg. Over this I wear a camisole vest of silk and lace.

When I go to work I wear a shirt, trousers, shoes and coat and tie like any other man and no one can ever guess that underneath I am so feminine. I have a nice apartment here and it is reasonably secluded with a private entrance so that I can come and go without being noticed by others. As soon as I come home from work I quickly get out of all male attire and either don a slip or dress or a housecoat and high heel slippers. Then I feel free to get my supper. I think I am a good cook and housekeeper.

I wear my hair as long as possible and right now it is longer than many women wear their hair. I have

my eyebrows plucked and arched and have my ears pierced for earrings but, of course, cannot wear them at work but do most other times. My evenings and weekends are spent in the role of a woman and I really do enjoy myself. I feel so dainty and feminine and ladylike. I love expensive cologne and perfumes and spend too much money on these items.

I think most transvestites were given a start by a mother or some other female member of their family. I can remember my first feminine garments that were put on me when I was about 6 years old. I have two sisters and at that time mother was a widow and we were very poor and had no money to buy very many articles of clothing. So at that age I began to wear my sister's hand-me-down underwear and dresses. I became a girl and was raised as a girl until I became 12. My name was changed to Betty and that is still the name I love to have my friends call me.

I go out freely in my skirts and dresses to shows and even go shopping. I have several women friends who know all about me and drop in for the evening or even go out with me and think nothing of it. However I am not friendly with men and do not seem to be interested in the things they are.

Please tell me about yourself and if you are a TV, write to me often.

Betty--Penn

(This is a long letter but is given in full because it may serve to show non-TV readers how a love for feminine things can be formed in a young boy. It is by no means always this way of course, but many TVs got their start in similar ways. To "Betty" herself I can only say that I would not be going to all the work involved in publishing TRANSVESTIA if I did not have a personal interest in the subject. I must also add that though I'd like to correspond with all of you who have written it just isn't physically possible--I do have other responsibilities in life than this and they demand much time too, so I will try to make my contacts with all readers through the columns of this magazine except under special circumstances--Ed.)

VIRGIN VIEWS

By
Virginia

I'd like to make a few comments regarding guilt feelings in relation to Transvestism.

Every male in America suffers from what I like to call "The Great American Male Neurosis." It is great because it is practically universal; American because it is much more widespread in this country than abroad; Male because it only affects men; and Neurosis because it is a potent source of fear, guilt, frustration, shame and mental disturbance. Now what is it that I have given such an unwieldy name to?

At some point early in life most little boys will play with dolls. If very young this is expected, but if it persists a little longer than Daddy, elder brother or some other adult male (who themselves suffer from this same neurosis) thinks it should, the young male will be told that "boys don't play with dolls, they are for girls". The word "girls" is often spoken in such a way that the boy gets the impression that there is something shameful about girls and that it is below him as a male to be associated with the same activities.

Later on he may have other experiences in the same vein. One little boy of 3 was taken by his mother into a department store to buy some underwear. At the children's counter there were on display some white cotton pants and some pink, rayon, lace-trimmed panties. Now a three year old has no very well organized ideas about the differences between the sexes and what is considered appropriate to each. Here was the clothing section and 2 kinds to choose from. Which do you think he reached for? Which would almost all young males (and females) reach for under similar circumstances, The pink rayon ones of course. And why? Because color is more attractive than white, because trimmings are more interesting than plainness, and because rayon is softer than rayon and nicer feeling. So what happened? His mother said something to the effect of, "Oh, no Billy, those are little girl's panties, you wouldn't want to wear girl's

things would you"?

If these two things don't happen to him, others will. In one way or another he is given to understand that anything related to girls is not for him, and, moreover, from the tone of voice as well as what is said he will deduce that there is something shameful, wrong and socially unacceptable about a boy having any interests at all in things considered feminine or doing things that girls do. He learns that he will be called a "sissy" by friends and relatives if he does show any such interest. This early conditioning rides along without much change until adolescence. At this time the conditioning undergoes a metamorphosis just as his physiology does. No longer is the word "sissy" applied by others to these interests. No! The word becomes "fairy", "queer", "pansy" or other words associated with homosexuality. In other words, activities, abilities, interests or behavior patterns that have not before been related to sex at all (and might remain unrelated all the rest of the man's life were it not for the unkind remarks of his contemporaries) suddenly become sexualized. By this I mean he is no longer accused of simply being effeminate or interested in things which should interest only girls, but instead it is now implied that because of these interests he is sexually attracted to men.

That this is untrue in most cases cannot be denied, but that this state of affairs exists for a large number of men can also not be denied. The end result of these events is that practically all men shy away from any activity, behavior pattern, interest and even occupation that has any relation to activities, behavior patterns, interests, or occupations generally considered to be feminine lest they be accused by their fellows directly or by implication of being homosexual. Not only is this social pressure exerted by other males but by females too, since they regard males with such interests as something less than complete males. Of course there are exceptions in actual life, but even the exceptions have to bear the stigma---for example, male hairdressers, clothes designers, interior decor-

ators and others are generally the subject of expressed or implied suspicion and comment by other males.

What does this all mean to TVs, then? It means that quite apart from the TVism and regardless of its origin we are subject to this neurosis like the rest of the male population. Now when we superimpose TVism on top of the neurosis we have the basis for a very real and painful sense of shame and guilt. For here we are not just taking an interest in feminine things, but actually partially abandoning our masculinity to embrace feminine attire, actions and interests. Since the cause of this guilt is so obvious and near the surface and so difficult if not impossible to eradicate it becomes one of the most powerful and important emotional stresses that TVs have to bear.

There are probably a number of ways out of this dilemma but I am going to mention only 3. The first one is available usually only to those individuals who have enough education and training to acquire sufficient knowledge and to develop enough insight to gradually examine their problem, recognise it for what it is and to accept it without fighting it. This process is slow, difficult and not entirely successful, but it can, for some, cut the burden considerably.

The second is a matter of shifting responsibility to someone else. So many TV stories are written around a circumstance whereby the hero finds himself in the clutches of some domineering female who MAKES him dress, beats him into submission if he rebels, and keeps him in the highest of heels, tightest of corsets and longest of kid gloves (when he is good and all manner of "persuasive" devices and treatments when he is disobedient. In due course he comes to love his feminine self. By this time it is so obvious to the world (and thus to the author and vicariously to his readers) that he couldn't help himself---he was forced against his will, he was shamed, humiliated, embarrassed etc. etc. but he was HELPLESS---that the Gods of Guilt have been appeased and he can then say that he has learned to "love" his feminine self, "her" clothing and "her" life.

The third solution is that of creating a feminine personality. This is not done intentionally but usually "she" just grows like Topsy over the years until the feminine personality takes on an existence of her own, leaving the male personality to be masculine without interference and thus to avoid any implications of gayness. Friends of such an individual may see no feminine aspects about him at all and never suspect that the same body happily arrays itself in the most feminine of styles, amply supplied with jewelry, makeup, perfume, dainty lingerie, high heels and in short the feminine "works". And further that this occurs as frequently as possible. Under these circumstances, persons meeting the feminine self (assuming the subject has been favored by nature with a not too masculine face, build and voice) will see and deal with a female and not suspect that beneath those swirling skirts there lives a male body.

In this manner all the femininity is given over to the feminine self, while the masculinity is retained by the everyday male self. The twain don't meet and thus everything is rather well solved. (See the poem, "Tomorrow a Girl" in this issue page 20.)

It happens that the author of these lines is one of this last type of individual and I write these lines from personal experience. I, Virginia, have sat one table away in a restaurant and (unintentionally) right next to men that I have done business with as a man and there has been no connection made. Having experienced this phenomenon many times it has led me to some observations about people and attitudes both TVs and "outsiders" (or should we say "squares" because they have angles and we have curves?). These I will have to postpone till my next column. See you then.

(If the above lines stir anyone to agree or dissent make it known in a letter. We need discussion to promote understanding and insight. Such letters will be published in our letters column. Maybe some of you readers would like to write a whole column setting forth your own views. We'll be happy to have it.....Editor)

MISS DRAFT DODGER (Con't.)

"I'm Lily Doran."

"Coke"?

"No, thanks. I still have most of my malt in the other booth."

"I'll get it for you." He darted back, picked up my malt and was back, pursued by the teases of his two friends. Daintily, I sipped my malt and looked up at him demurely, making my eyes as large as I could.

"Uh--nice weather", he said, clearing his throat.

"Yes, isn't it though?"

"Like to go to movies?"

"Oh, I love them".

"Like dancing?"

"I like it but I'm afraid I'm not too good at it".

"Uh--how about me teaching you some time?"

"We--el--sometime."

"Can I--uh--take you home tonight?"

"I'm afraid not, Ted. You see, I'm with my cousin Barbara and she would certainly get sore if I left her."

"Who's Barbara? Is she the tall girl?"

"Yes. Isn't she pretty?"

"Oh, she's all right, I suppose, but I don't like tall girls. Anyway, I like blondes better." I pretended to simper modestly.

"Barbara is very popular. All the boys are crazy over her."

"Well, here's one that isn't. She was trying to make me while was waiting for you but I had my eye on you all ready. You're my type." His hand reached out and closed over mine with a significant squeeze. Startled, I tried to withdraw it, but, just at that instant Barbara's sarcastic laugh rang out. One of the boys yelled in scorn.

"Boy, do you think you're something. If that's the way you feel about us common people, why do you waste time in here with us."

"Why indeed?" she said haughtily. "You're SO right I'm sure I shan't miss you if I leave. "Lily", she called to me. "come along. We're going home." Pulling my

hand from under Ted's, I started to get up but he held on to my fingers.

"Do you HAVE to leave?" he whispered. I nodded.

"When will I see you again?"

"Soon, I--I dont know." I turned and started back to pick up my jacket and gloves and he walked alongside me. Nodding to all, I ran, catching up to Barbara.

Attending a dance with Barbara, I wore high heels, scarce silk stockings and topped my dainty lingerie with a dress she had outgrown.. It was a lovely party dress of black tulle over an under-dress of pink satin. The skirt swirled out from the waist and the bodice was molded to the body. This was my first party dress and I find it difficult to recall my exact emotions after I was fully dressed and made up. I know I was no longer afraid to appear in public as a girl; I had lost my fear of detection. I was not ashamed any more; that emotion had left me too.. Happy? Not exactly, but I will admit to a sort of contentment. A contentment I had not felt for some time. In fact, I felt a quick surge of pride which I tried to suppress as being shameful. In short, I was mixed up emotionally.

At the dance, besides Midge, Sally and Marge, we met Ted and his two friends, Steve and Don. Don and Sally were together and Steve and Midge seemed to be paired off. Ted rushed up to us claiming me for the ensuing dance. I danced that one with him the next one and the one after that. Sally came up to us where we were standing during a short intermission, took my hand and said.

"Come on, Lily, let's go powder our noses."

Taking her literally, I accompanied her to the ladies washroom. Not until we were inside did I catch the real meaning of her mission. When she returned from the closet, stood alongside of me at the sink to wash her hands and touch up her makeup. I was hoping she wouldn't notice the receding blushes on my cheeks. Dabbing at her cheeks with rouge, she said.

"Ted likes you very much." I grinned boyishly.

"In fact," she continued, "if you're not thinking of

getting married yet, you'd better stay away from him. He's always looking for a wife and after he goes out with a girl 2 or 3 times, he usually proposes. Don told me this. Don says Ted wants you and I to go out on a double date with them next week".

My grin had faded and changed to a sickly grimace. Lordy, I thought, what have I got myself into?

"I--I can't. I have to go--back home for a few days. Tell Don to tell Ted I--I'm engaged already" I added with inspiration.

"Well! that's a surprise. Who's the boy?"

"A--a boy back home. We--we're getting married after the war. His name is--uh--Con--Conrad."

Shortly after getting back on the dance floor Barbara passed by and I touched her arm. Leading her to one side, I whispered.

"Barbara I want to go home."

"Home already? Why?"

"Well,--I--Sally told me that Ted is building up to propose to me and I--I"

"Proposing? To you? Oh---NO!" and she burst out in peals of laughter. I fidgeted in alarm as her loud strident laughter attracted the attention of others near us and I heard someone say.

"Those two girls must be having a good joke"

Surprisingly, though, she did consent to go home and did not force me to see my dilemma through. For the next few days, forced to stay around the house, I went on with cleaning the house as before. I did the dusting, sweeping, making beds and general maid work of a hired girl. Mr. Vickers, by this time on his feet, was constantly looking at me in a puzzled manner every time I encountered him. One day he asked me if I were sure he did not know me from somewhere else, reiterating that my face was very very familiar. In my spare time I would immerse myself in the reading of magazines or listening to records. Psychologically I suppose, I began to retrogress somewhat closer to the age I was supposed to be. I acquired many phonograph records. In what had been the attic, Dora had furnished a room, of which one entire side was taken up

by a large piano which stood on bowed legs. On the opposite side there was a phonograph with a shelf of albums above it. I acquired the habit of coming up here often to indulge in private music sessions. Just as I was getting into a reflective mood Barbara burst into the room.

"I want to use the machine, Orville."

"I'm not finished yet. You'll have to wait."

"I will not," she said. "I want to play these Cugat records Grandma gave me. I've been waiting to hear them all day." I didn't move. "You have no business taking over OUR phonograph," she added.

"You're a spoiled brat", I said, "as insolent and as spoiled as they come. What you need is a good spanking."

"Oh!" she gasped. "You dirty, no-account little pansy." She crowded against me shoving me against the wall. "Small stuff", she hissed, "Do you think for one minute that you are big enough to spank me?"

I caught her wrist and wrenched her hand. With the fingers of her free hand she sought my face.

"D---m you, Orville. Let me go! Let me go, do you hear". The album went crashing to the floor. Her long fingernails left their marks on my face. Seizing me by my curls, she snapped my head back as her eyes blazed savagely into mine.

"Here's something you won't forget for a long time, you beggar", she raged. She dragged me to the piano bench, still gripping my hair.

"Don't!" I screamed, recovering my voice.

"Yes, Now let's see who is going to whim whom, you b-----d."

She pulled me over her knee, trapping both my legs in hers. My dainty shoes slid off. I could hear footsteps running up the stairs as the first blows descended and Barbara hurried her actions determined that I should be punished in spite of everything.

"It won't do you any good to struggle or resist," she cried as she pressed down on the nape of my neck, "It will not help you."

"Harry pounded up the last flight of stairs and

burst in. Behind him came Mrs. Vickers and then, to my surprise, there stood my wife Constance. She had written that she was coming down this week, and here she was. Her expression was one of amazement and incredulity.

"Barbara!" she called. "Let him go, Let Orville go" Barbara did not release me at once. With helm in sight I no longer sought to resist her but took her blows with calmness and a nonchalance I was far from feeling. I could barely see my rescuers through the cascade of hair that my curls formed as they covered my face.

"Stand up, Orville!" Constance ordered curtly. "Straighten your skirt". Slowly I got to my feet. "And now, Barbara--will you kindly explain what you were trying to do?"

Barbara suddenly began to sob. "It wasn't my fault. He attacked me first and I only defended myself."

"What?" I exclaimed. "You liar! Who was doing what to whom?"

"Well, you've had a spanking coming for a long time." Her voice had an unspoken inference or accusation that was reflected in the eyes of Constance and the others. I tried to meet their glances directly.

"Why she swore at me like I was a poolroom bum, pulled my hair and--and, well you saw what she was doing.

"Yeah, I put Orville over my knee and gave him a spanking and it wasn't half what he deserved." Barbara said. "Not only was he piggish about MY phonograph but he had the nerve to say I needed a spanking. I just had to prove to him that if any spanking was done that I was not going to be on the receiving end. Everyone suddenly looked relieved, everyone that is, but Dora.

"What else did he do?" she demanded.

"Oh, I get it!" I said. "You think she is hiding something. Well, she spanked me, What else are you fishing for? What vulgar---"

"Stop talking like a fool", said Mrs. Vickers, peremptorily.

"It's your fault, too," I retorted. "Look how you and Dora have brought her up. She's nothing but a snob."

"You have no right to talk that way about my daughter"

said Dora.

"Why doesn't he tell you what he was in your room?" Barbara snorted. "He was going through your vanity."

I glared at her "you--you spy!" I tossed my head.

"You hear? now she accuses me of being a thief".

"Well what were you doing in my dresser?" asked Dora.

"I was looking for something. Go down and see if anything is missing. See if I stole anything."

"Nobody says your a thief," said Constance, "But what were you doing in Dora's room in her vanity?"

"I hung my head in embarrassment. "Well, you know that new shade of lipstick you bought?--I--I just couldn't resist trying it on."

"Yes I can see that. Your lips are painted with it." Dora said. Despite the seriousness of the moment, she allowed herself to smile. "I saw the rest also," she added, Constance was looking at me from head to foot, actually seeing me for the first time in my feminine role.

"Well, that's the truth," I said. "I suppose this makes my shame complete. I'm not only a cowardly slacker hiding under women's clothing, a beggar (I bowed to Barbara who turned away scornfully), and a lazy bum (this time nodding to Mrs. Vickers) but a pansy, too. Because it is evident that I'm beginning to like dressing up as a girl, Constance can divorce me and as none of you are blood relations I can't bring disgrace on any of you if I turn fairy and become a street walker."

This was greeted with absolute silence but now Barbara ventured to smile with amusement. I turned and left the room. Constance followed me down the steps. I reached the door of my room and went in, dropping on the edge of the bed disconsolately, bursting into tears. Constance came over and sat down beside me. She patted my knee.

"Come now darling, Connie's come to take you home." Then for the first time I noticed two grips on the floor. One was here, the other mine. Without any good-byes to any of the others, we took the grips outside and got into Connie's car. "Dearest", she shouted over the roar of the motor. "It's going to be so lovely having you home again. Our maid Doreen quit to work in a war plant. You'll have to take her place". So! I was expected to remain a girl.

(To be Concluded Next Issue)

ADVERTISING SECTION

Goods & Services

This section is open to persons or firms having merchandise or services of interest to our readers. At present cuts can not be run and ads must be capable of typewritten presentation. The editor reserves the right to see personally any material for which advertising space is asked. This space is not offered to those who have pornographic or objectionable material to peddle. Rates as follows;

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Each night, though right,
I lose a fight
To my good wife named Liz.
Each morning, though, before I go,
Defiance and disdain I show---
By using HERS instead of HIS.

CORRECTION: Address given for Chevalier d'Eon Resort on Pg. 24 of No. 1 should have been 875 West End Ave. instead of 857 as printed. Sorry for the error....Ed.

PERSON TO PERSON

This section is intended to make possible the acquaintance of persons with similar interests and ideas. Ads should be simple and not more than 5 lines. Each ad has a number; addresses will not be printed. Replies to ads or letters to writers of stories, articles or letters must be in an unsealed, stamped envelope. BE SURE to give the number of the ad, or the initials, page and issue of the communication that you are answering.

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No. 4 Adult, who as a child was raised as a girl by his adoring mother, would delight in corresponding with any person who shared a similar experience. Wish to discuss with them and pros and cons of this method, Fashions etc. Only sincere persons invited to reply.

No. 5 I would like to contact anyone interested in "Petticoat Punishment" or anyone who has been subjected to this experience: Particularly with a woman who would be a stern aunt disciplining her all male "niece" in short frocks and baby lingerie.

No. 6 Warm, young, attractive TV would like to correspond with and possibly meet other sympathetic fellows and girls in the Ohio-Indiana-Illinois area.

No. 7 WANTED**TV PIX!. Will pay reasonable sum for TV snaps, nothing larger than 4 x 5. Prefer ordinary street wear, lingerie and night wear. Please, no binding, punishment, or "special" scenes. Also like a series showing change from masc. to full feminine garb.

Below is a poem reprinted from an English periodical called NEW TUN, April 15, 1913. This was discovered in England and sent over by one of our number.

ROY VIOLET, THE BOY-GIRL

Roy was most unruly, in a most unpleasant way.
At school, at home, he never would the simplest rules obey
But when he was expelled his sister's backs were up,
They'd try another plan to tame this most unruly pup.

If he would not be pleasant and obedient as a boy,
He'd have to learn to be a girl--Violet, not Roy.
They would give him pretty lingerie and petticoats & frocks
And the smartest of silk stockings, 'stead of trousers,
shirts and socks.

They would lace him up in corsets, 'til he could barely sit
They would train him to be dainty, to sew & mend & knit.
At first there was some trouble, but this silly pup soon found
That hunger wasn't pleasant and to give in he'd be bound.

So he got into his lingerie and petticoats and stays
And as a girl in dainty frocks he learned to mend his ways.
At first he did not like to be a boy dressed as a girl,
To learn his face to powder, and his hair to neatly curl.

He was sulky and resentful, tried an air of the bravado,
But he found tomboyish manners with girl's clothes didnt go.
However, he behaved himself since as a girl he'd got to live
He just made up his mind to that--there was no alternative.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Our subscription list is still small, so the price of TRANSVESTIA remains at \$4 per issue. More subscriptions would enable us to reduce this and/or have photos and cartoons. Please inquire of all your TV friends as to whether they are subscribers.

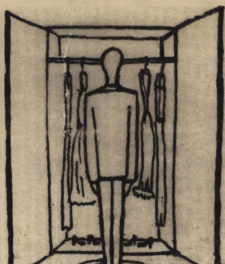
TRANSVESTIA is not intended as a private venture of the editor, but as a kind of Club Bulletin for all TVs. It is proving to be a big investment of time and money for your editor. But the "Cause" is important to me and to you so the investment is being made, but in order to continue it I must have your help in the form of subscriptions and material.

It would help greatly if you would get your money in early. It enables me to plan the size of the run, the number of pages we can afford and gives me something in hand when I go to the printer. To help you, in turn a special offer of 3 issues for \$10.

TRANSVESTIA will appear about every 8-10 weeks. It takes a lot of time to organize an issue before typing and printing can begin, so please send in your material early so that the contents of the next issue can be planned. Items may get left over till the next issue if they arrive after the section for which they are intended is completed. Please send in little items as well as big ones. We need them for fillers and for our News and Notes section. What is doing in your town or what has appeared in your newspapers will be of interest to other TVs. Send it in!

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