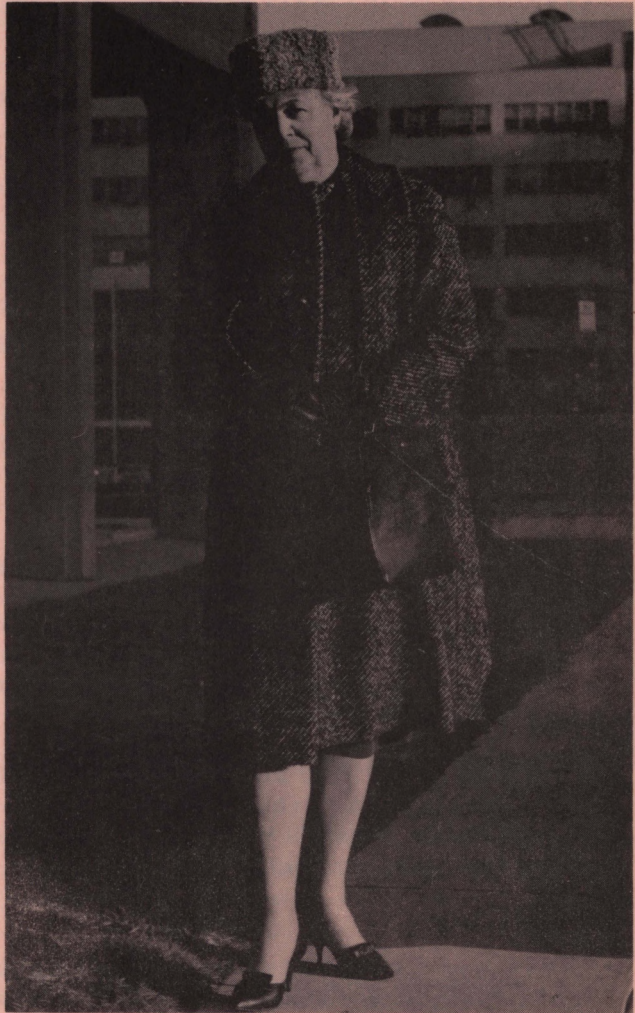


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TRANSVESTIA



No. 25, 1964

Purpose of Transvestia

The customs and attitudes of our society while recognizing and allowing great freedom to the female in the expression of the masculine side of her personality are largely blind to and repressive toward the male who discovers the feminine aspect of his total self. Feminine expression in the male does not imply sexual deviation. This magazine is dedicated to the needs of the sexually normal individual who has discovered the existence of his or her "other side" and seeks to express it.

TRANSVESTIA, therefore is published by, for, and about transvestites to provide them with:

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

by means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences etc. It's purpose is to help it's readers to promote:

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

It's policy is to limit its scope of coverage and interest to the field of the heterosexual transvestite. Without condemnation or judgement of any kind the fields of homosexuality, bondage, punishment, fetishism and domination are left to others to develop.

TRANSVESTIA has, and will continue to serve as a means of gathering information in its chosen field and to aid, by any means available, the dissemination of knowledge of the field to further the understanding of it by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials.

Loneliness, fear and self condemnation have too long been the lot of the transvestite. It is hoped that TRANSVESTIA can, through knowledge and sharing with others, bring self acceptance and happiness.

"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom" A "saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas".

WOMEN'S
MAGAZINE

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

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VIRGINIA PRINCE
Editor

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor



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COVER STORY

JEAN & JEANNE

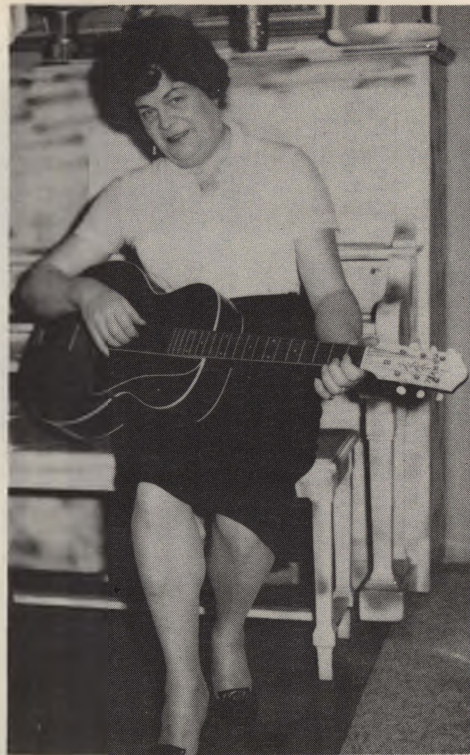
JUDITH

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► Early in this century a little baby was born and given the name of Jean. This "either or" name actually forecast a boy and girl future for the child. By the end of the first year, its mother had started to train a mass of golden curls into a semblance of control. With much effort the result began to approach the long curls we seldom see today. Although this was in the era of skirts for small boys, the child's clothes leaned a little more to the fussiness of little girls. Also they stayed in use to an older age. Public opinion frowned on such a choice except for many of the fair sex who delighted in admiring the pretty, chubby girl. So we find Jeanne appearing with her mother at afternoon teas where she was either the center of attraction or she sat and jabbered in girlie talk to one of her lovely dolls; the latter often had clothes to match hers.

Eventually, when school became imminent, the father insisted upon a change. Gradually the femme clothes became, at least outwardly, more conventionally boyish. A Scottish background gave an excuse for a kilt to be worn. Mother had her way underneath by making lovely silk underclothes. Thus though the outward appearance was Jean, there was still Jeanne underneath. This practice is still carried on to this day.

School days brought many problems with resulting changes. A natural mimic, Jean soon became part of that little extra group that did recitations and play acting for school concerts. But somehow "she" was act-



A MUSICAL MISS
JUDITH

ually more brilliant than "he". It was amazing how often the opportunities came for Jeanne to perform. For some strange reason the teachers would often need another girl to fill out a cast and they found that Jean could become Jeanne very easily. There was no doubt that Jean preferred to be an actress rather than an actor.

This was the time of World War I and all school children, boys and girls alike, learned to knit. Few boys got beyond face cloths and bandage covers, yet we find Jean, with the generous help of his mother, graduating along with many of the girls, to knitting sox.

The manly sports brought their difficulties. He made an honest effort to become proficient, but to no avail. To field a batted ball was nigh on to impossible. The brutal battering games were also hopeless. However, there was excellence in such things as swimming, diving, tennis and badminton.

A part-time job, during high school days, was obtained in a large china and silver shop. Here Jean was trained to be a gift packer, the only boy among a group of girls. A distinct satisfaction was felt in publicly doing an acceptable job in girl's work.

With University, came the opportunity to take part in the "all boy shows." This was a real step forward towards femme-land, because it gave Jeanne training to become a dancer and on to the glamorous activities of a professional impersonator. Now we find Jeanne a wage earner by night, while Jean was becoming an engineer by day. This is the profession that he successfully practices today.

After graduation, there was a period of being a school teacher. He started in mathematics and science but ended in music and art. During the teaching period there were many GG's who, knowing Jean, preferred the company of Jeanne. So we see her quite often not only on stage in now amateur theatricals, but as a girl companion among girls with a hair style overly long, for a man, but easily converted to a fluffy "bob" for Jeanne. Pierced ears added to her authenticity.



JUDITH





JUDITH THE CLUBWOMAN TYPE

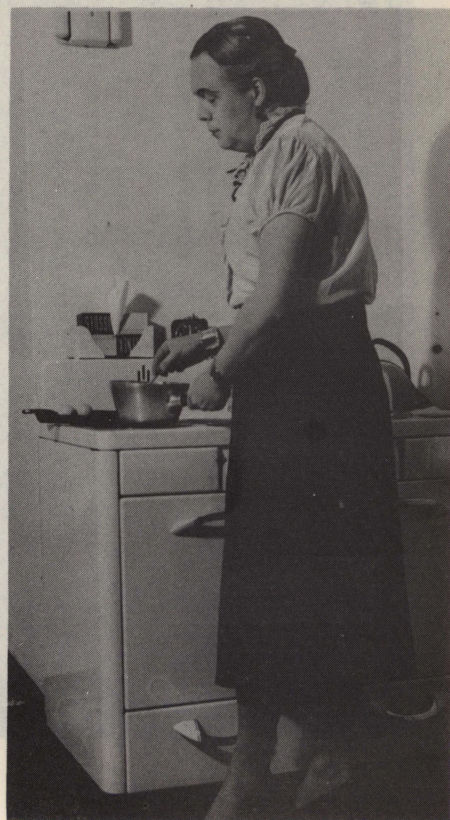


With the coming of World War II, Jean went into the armed services as an engineer. What a sacrifice it was to shorten the lovely, longish, wavy hair. But it was done and replaced when necessary with a wig. Fortunately he lived in private quarters and not in barracks. Thus Jeanne, though somewhat restricted, did not have to disappear completely. A golden opportunity came to the dual life with the purchase of a hair-dressing salon in a remote part of the city. A manager-ess who knew both Jean and Jeanne was quite happy to have a double boss. None of the customers ever surmised that one of the night operators wore an army officer's uniform by day.

Toward the end of the war, Jeanne's Alter Ego became the Commanding Officer of his unit. His private secretary, who knew of the female impersonation era, pressured him to participate in an amateur fashion show of clothes made and modelled by a girl's sewing club. He knew many of the girls. They decided he was a poor sport when he apparently turned down the offer to appear as the comedy relief in their show. However with the top executive sworn to secrecy, he consented to appear as Jeanne. The costumes modelled, believe it or not, were three different eras of bathing suits. But imagine our TV's concern, when on the first trip on stage, who should be seen in the front row of the audience but his Officers and their Wives. Fortunately there was no recognition.

With the end of the war and the return to civilian life, as you may guess, the hair grew long again. Very careful hairdressing concealed its real length. Now a new facet is added to our picture with the acquaintance of a G.G. who wanted the FP to be more in evidence. As our girl became more matronly looking the G G bestowed a new name, although with the same initial. Thus Jeanne became Judith. This is the name used in the last several years.

As time has gone on, the desire to be Judith is more intense than ever. There are still the theatrical appearances for her, but the greatest satisfaction comes when she, from time to time, appears in ordinary day to day life and is accepted as a sedate, rather school marmish lady who is growing old gracefully.



JUDITH THE DOMESTIC TYPE

FOUR YEARS

AN EDITORIAL BY VIRGINIA

◆ Well, we ARE a big girl now. That is, today is our Birthday. Today we are FOUR years old, this being the first issue of our fifth year. To those of you who have come upon TRANSVESTIA only within the last year or so or who have bought only scattered or recent issues of the drama of this statement will be lost on you. But for those loyal sisters who started at or near the beginning and who "grew up" (and in many cases this can be taken almost literally in a TV sense) along with the magazine it will be understood. We have come a long way I believe. The first two issues were put together somewhat out of "hunger" as the saying goes. I had only 25 paid subscriptions and had had them for sometime waiting for more replies to my original letter of announcement. Finally I felt I could hold this money no longer without giving something for it, so we "went to press." It was kind of a sad little journal and yet I was proud of it as it was the first real effort at a communication between TVs. There had been an abortive attempt four or five years before with which I had been associated and to which I had given the name TRANSVESTIA, but it was a mimeographed thing, printed only on one side and on long paper. A good try but it didn't make it because it was not initiated on a business basis. I felt that my first edition was off to a better if a smaller start.

From that small beginning TVia (and Chevalier Publications) has grown both in size, appearance, reputation and influence. What have we done in these years?

Well, primarily and most importantly, we have found a lot of you--we have lost some too by various kinds of attrition. Some have rearranged their lives

so that TV is not an active part of it. They must not be considered "cured", but as "arrested" TVs--ones in which the process has been slowed to a walk and emphasis placed on other aspects of living. To these we say, "congratulations and good luck." The former because any arrangement of life which reduces tension is highly desirable and those who achieve it whether in this field or in others deserve congratulations; the latter because diversion and sublimation of energy are difficult to attain in the first place and still more to maintain, but we wish them the best.

We have lost others for quite the other extreme--they have been aided in the acceptance and development of their femmeselves to such a point that the urgency and intensity of expression that characterized their previous experience has cooled way down. In a number of cases it has cooled so far that the need and desire for correspondence, meetings, even subscribing to TVia have disappeared. While I am sorry to lose subscribers, and particularly the contributions in the way of writing that they could make to others who have not achieved their state of relaxation, I nevertheless am glad to have had a part in helping them reach this condition. It is one of the premises on which I founded the magazine in the first place -- the desire to help my readers achieve Peace of Mind. Whether this be accomplished by self assessment followed by sublimation and control or by self-acceptance followed by relaxed enjoyment and participation is not vital. It is the end and not the means that is important.

We have lost still others who have disagreed with various policies established by experience. Feeling that they knew better and if it wasn't done their way they wouldn't play, they have gone to what I hope are greener fields for them.

But we have opened numerous closets and unlocked a great number of doors. The knowledge that there are many many more like ourselves and that they are otherwise useful, productive and respected citizens has enabled many among us to hold up their heads for the first time and to feel that they were not isolated

weirdos, perverts, complete misfits or worse. The dozens and dozens of letters and Christmas cards that you have sent me attest to this. Nothing makes me happier and more satisfied in the midst of my own troubles past and present than to get a letter from some one of you thanking me for putting TVia together and indicating that my efforts have helped you along that most difficult of roads -- the one that leads to Peace of Mind. .

We have accomplished another rather unconsidered but significant thing in these four years too. Think back four years! What was available on the newstands dealing with TVism? There was Cauldwell's book on Transvestism and his several pamphlets on the subject. In such publications as Bizarre, Exotique, Fantasia etc. buried among the articles and stories dealing with spanking, humiliation, bondage, fetishism and the like, were occasional bits that dealt with TVism tho usually in relation to one of the foregoing activities. Nutrix had a couple of pamphlets out about impersonators and there were the Gilbert stories. That was about it. But after TVia had been in publication for about a year, it became evident to those who commercialize the off-beat interests and activities of others, that transvestism represented a considerable previously uncultivated audience. If this were not so that little upstart magazine TRANSVESTIA would have folded after the first few issues. So they jumped on the bandwagon. Today there are a number of publications on the newstands pandering to the lonely yearnings of isolated TVs who, as avidly now as you and I once did, seek information and satisfaction in anything they can find dealing with the subject.

With one exception all of this material is fraudulent. I call it that because it does not really deal with TVs such as ourselves. The pictures are posed by professional impersonators who are usually homosexual, the stories that purport to be histories and the letters which are claimed to be written by TVs are obviously manufactured for the purpose. One publisher had the unmitigated gall and unbeatable candor to print on the back of his first issue something to the effect that this was "the greatest collection of transvestic letters ever written." As a compliment to himself he could

not have been more generous. It was rather funny that some of the letters in that first issue said that they had "read all your other books and magazines and found them wonderful" or some such. How appreciative can an audience who has as yet not read Issue #1 get in advance?

The field has gotten such recognition that one outfit in New York actually brought out a full sized magazine in color, just like a girlie magazine all about cross dressers.

It was called "Female Mimics" and was made up of about all the pictures that could be taken from the Carousel in France and many others that have appeared previously in publications here. Nutrix has about 20 Impersonator books out now and there are many others in the same vein. But TRANSVESTIA was the original, the door opener and the publication that proved there was truly a TV audience to publish for. Unfortunately those who look at things only in the light of the money to be made did not get the message--That while there are many professional impersonators, and many homosexual queens who cross dress, there are vast numbers of men who are not only lovers of the feminine but lovers of the female too. They therefore do not cater to this field but they nevertheless collect considerable money from it because until a TV has broken the hold of loneliness and isolation and found his own kind through TRANSVESTIA he will buy almost anything that deals with cross dressing.

So we broke the trail and have been followed'. We've been copied too--as most of you know--photocopies of TVia having been made and sold all over the country. But what of the future of TRANSVESTIA itself? Some are interested in a journal of opinion--one which deals with all manifestations of cross dressing as a behaviour pattern whether it be homosexual, fetishistic, masochistic or just erotic. There is probably a place to be made for this type of publication. After all, everybody is entitled to a hearing and a forum in which to express his views. But I started TVia for my own kind of people--people who were like myself whom I could find, communicate with and help. There are

those who will consider this very self-centered and conceited--and such charges have been made in one way or another--but it isn't. It's just that I've been along this road, I know the landmarks and the sharp curves, the view from the highland as well as the gloom from the depths. I feel capable of providing some guidance and understanding to those who are like myself and it is for you that I write. Others may buy and enjoy the magazine and they will certainly not be turned away, but the heart of the thing, the idea behind all the activities I have initiated remains the same. Find them in their loneliness, free them from their guilt, guide them toward self-acceptance and release them to enjoy a fuller awareness of the totality of being a human.

I am convinced that there are thousands more like you who read these lines who have not yet been found and there always will be, for the motives behind this behaviour pattern are far more fundamental things in modern culture than the "authorities" realize and they are gradually being found through other programs and researches not even remotely related to TVism as such. So my efforts will continue to be aimed exclusively at trying to promote the understanding of this phenomenon both by its participants and by professional groups and to try to relate our position to the findings of others who are also concerned with the study of gender roles in our society. I believe that there is something deep and important underlying this pattern which is far more natural and reasonable than generally thought, so I cannot give up space to those who cry "sick, sick"; who consider TV a perversion or who think of us as "latent" homosexuals.

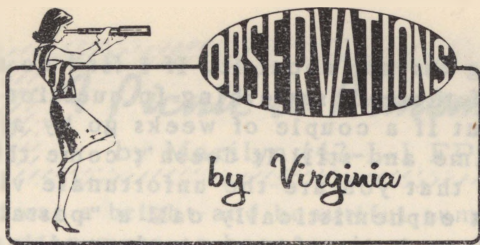
In some quarters this is considered to be an arbitrary attitude on my part, of thinking that I am right and being unwilling to listen to other points of view. In fact one of our long time readers, who has a decidedly different point of view from mine, indicated very strongly in a recent letter that my unwillingness to devote space in TVia to such divergent opinions was a measure of the insubstantial and probably erroneous nature of my position since I was not willing to expose my readers to other points of view. I think that this

matter should be clarified once and for all.

Every magazine is founded on some sort of principle. This one is founded on the purposes outlined previously in this article -- to aid readers toward self-acceptance and peace of mind. This being the case I cannot either in conscience or good sense devote space to articles telling people that the only logical end to TV-ism is homosexuality or transexualism. I cannot personally accept the concept proposed by some that things are bound to get worse before they can get better, nor that we are all on a dangerous toboggan and better get off before it's too late. I don't believe this but that isn't the reason I won't give it space. I simply desire to help people get rid of the loneliness, guilt and fear that they have wallowed in for years and come out into the light of self-understanding and acceptance to seek happiness. This being the case the cry of calamity, chaos and degeneration just doesn't belong here. It should find its place in a magazine of opinion, one dedicated to printing everything that is submitted without regard to its applicability to any cause or point of view.

There are those among you who would appreciate a magazine like that either in place of or in addition to TRANSVESTIA, but there are many many more who are, and express themselves as being, happy just to come out into the light and be given a chance to examine themselves and their motivations in the wholesome light of objective evaluation and a guilt-free reappraisal. This is our purpose in being and I propose to continue along these lines,

So, everything considered, I think we have a very creditable first four years to look back on. At the same time, in honesty, we must admit we have hardly made a dent in the overriding problem of understanding and education. I have mentioned previously, my desire to publish a serious study of the subject by the Foundation, and I have solicited serious articles from you for this purpose. So far the response has been small. Again I ask that those who have some serious, well considered thoughts on some phase of the gender--TV problem submit articles.



On the 21st of January "yours truly" the Editor of TVia, Proprietress of Chevalier Publications and Maid of all work in these parts went into the hospital for surgery. Virginia likes to think of it as a hysterectomy because the girls all say they feel so much better afterward, but since it was Charles, the surgeon worked on, I'm afraid all he did was a double hernia repair. While this only requires about five days in the hospital, it will require a number of weeks of convalescence. This, like most other things in life, is a mixed blessing. On the one hand I have a chance to clear up the mess that this office is constantly in, will get some things read and edited that have been laying about for some time waiting for me, and I'll even try to get off a letter or two, and perhaps get some articles written that need doing.

On the other hand I'm not going to be able to get about so easily, so the mailing will have to be done by others and this will occasion some delay. So please be patient about the whole business. I tried desparately to get this issue in the hands of the printer before I went in, but it won't be printed till sometime after February 1st. Then since I won't be able to partake in the main mailing, that too will be dragged out. So, by the time you are reading this, you are probably all worked up into a sweat because it has been late, but now you know why.

I have for sometime been behind, as you are well aware. All I can say to all of you, is please be patient with me, you'll get things as soon as I can manage them. If you don't get an item for sometime after you expect it, don't be hesitant about writing to ask about it, but don't expect to get an answer. This isn't meant sarcastically, but when I get inquiries like that I check to see whether it was sent. If it was I figure the shipment and the letter crossed in the mail and I

don't do anything further about it. If I find no record of the order or if there is something in question about it I'll answer. But if a couple of weeks go by after you asked the first time and still it doesn't come then the probabilities are that you are the unfortunate victim of what we might euphemistically call a "postal irregularity." About 2 or 3 out of every main mailing never gets there. Since this always makes the reader unhappy I take a lot of pains to be sure in my records so that I can be satisfied that it is not my fault. If there is any doubt in my mind I reship without cost, but if I can be sure that the trouble arose after I put the shipment in the mail box then I have a standing offer to split the cost between us and reship on receipt of half the original price. There have been those that considered this to be a racket on my part, but there have also been those who upon looking into the matter found that somebody had been tampering with their mail, misdelivering it, etc.

I had hoped to make some changes in the format of TVia with this issue, but the hurry of trying to get it out before my hospitalization made this impossible. However, you can look forward to a little livening up during the year.

In the last issue I gave everyone an opportunity to make pointed suggestions as to what they thought could be improved about the magazine. Judging by the skimpy response TVia must be just about perfect, or else everyone is afraid to let fly, because I got very few suggestions or criticisms. Most of what I have gotten has been in the form of suggestions that I cannot personally carry out. Thus, several of the girls would like to see Fashion, a medical review section, makeup instruction etc. I agree these would all be valuable, but I cannot write them as well as edit all of Chevalier Pub's output. I hope there are those among the readership that will make their ability available for the good of all by undertaking to do some of these things.



A Picnic to Remember

by Marilyn (47-I-1 FPE)

◆ It was a bright and beautiful summer in Fairisdale. It was even more so because it seemed that I now had a girlfriend whom I was sure was the "real thing". Although I had recently turned 18 years old, I had never been successful in dating girls, despite the fact that all seemed to like me.

My friendship with girls had been more as though I were a brother or, more accurately, a sister to them. They would discuss their dates with me, the clothes they had bought, their sewing ideas. I must say that I enjoyed this.

I had been raised in a family of girls and it seemed only natural to talk of girls interests. Then too, I was considered somewhat of a delicate child and truly had been given the tender treatment of all my family that one would normally expect to be given to my sisters.

Often I had tried to date girls, but it was always: "Oh, no, Merrill, it would be more fun to just be friends with you"; "Me, Merrill? Oh, you don't want to go out with me." They always acted as though their sister had just asked them to go out on a date.

But Debbie had just recently moved to Fairisdale. She was 20 years old and I thought just about the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was blonde and her gorgeous flowing hair swept down about her neck in the most recent feminine styling. Her figure was hour-glass in appearance; I was not sure whether it had been assisted by corset training or not. She had lovely long legs and her clothes were exquisite. While casually she often dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, her dress-up attire was by contrast strikingly lovely. Satins, taffetas, frilly petticoats--I am frank to say they made me envious.

Debbie lived by herself in a real cute apartment

on sixth street. While she had only been here a short time, she nevertheless had acquired a number of girlfriends and Debbie's apartment seemed to be the gathering place for lots of "girl-talk" sessions. She had even formed a girls' secret society to which 20 of the darlinest girls of Fairsdale now belonged.

I had taken her out several times and each time became more and more fascinated by this lovely girl. Her face, figure and personality were certainly to my liking, but her clothes, too, held my attention. I thought we made a good couple too, although others thought she was a bit tall for me. Actually we were the same height-5'4"-but with her 3" heels she did appear to dominate me.

Our builds were apparently close, too, in size. I shall never forget the time I was at her house for the evening and had forgotten my raincoat. Debbie insisted that I wear hers home, assuring me that no one would ever notice since her coat would fit me perfectly. And it did too. But I kept to the dark side of the street as her coat was a light pink-a shade not worn by the boys of Fairsdale!

An event, which I now look upon as a turning point in my life, took place on a bright Saturday in August. Debbie had suggested we go on a picnic by Silver River, a lovely river that flowed along the outer edge of Fairsdale. She said to bring a bathing suit and that she would prepare a picnic lunch. She added that it would be fun if I'd bring a football along for some afternoon recreation.

The idea of a football gave me some concern, since I was no football player. In fact, I didn't own a football and had only played it of necessity in gym classes. I would hardly class myself as an All-American--unless there are All-American substitutes, bench warmers and scorekeepers. Actually, I had never liked the game and particularly the roughness of it.

But if Debbie wanted to play catch there was only one thing to do--buy a football. And so I invested in one. My emotions were telling me "no" as I made the

purchase. I thought "Golly, what if she doesn't like my ability; she might not go out with me again," etc. Still it didn't seem possible that a girl could play any better than even me. Anyway it was too late to do anything about it. The clerk had given me the change and my ball. So off I went.

Debbie came by for me at 1 o'clock-I had no car-and off we went to the river. We found a beautiful and secluded spot 3 or 4 miles out of town.

At Debbie's suggestion we decided to go swimming before eating lunch. I went over behind some trees and slipped into my suit. Debbie dressed out of sight behind her car.

As I returned to the car, I opened the door and put my things on the back seat. In doing so, I knocked Debbie's dress off the hanger, which in turn caused her panties, bra and slip to also drop to the floor. Debbie turned around and saw me just as I knocked the clothes off. I had not seen her angry before but she was now!

She came running back and said, "What ARE you doing, Merrill? You've knocked my freshly ironed dress on to the ground. And look at the dirt on it. Not only that but you've thrown my panties and things on the ground."

I couldn't speak.

Debbie continued, "Is it that you want to see what my panties look like? Well, now you know don't you!" I reddened more at every word. "Oh, don't appear so innocent." She paused and then said, "Now pick them up and hang them up properly. . . I ought to make you wash and iron them." With that she walked away down to the river's edge.

I had no choice but to pick them up. And I began to shake as I picked up her pink satin panties with full lace trim and her bra of matching material. I slipped them onto the hanger and then reached for her slip. It was of pink nylon satin and was also lavishly trimmed in lace. I quickly glanced at Debbie. As

she was facing away, I quickly held the slip to myself and was in ecstasy in doing so.

Then I picked up the pink polished cotton dress. The skirt was slightly full but had its own built-in taffeta petticoat. It swished as I slipped it onto the hanger. With a sigh I put Debbie's clothes back into her car.

Debbie had now turned my way as I approached her. My face reflected my humbleness and she laughed and said, "Oh, come on over here and we'll forget the whole thing." As fast as she had turned on her anger, she had also lost it.

As I approached close to her, I was shaken by another incident. Debbie's eyes seemed to light up as I was about 10 feet from her. With a smile on her face, she said, "Merrill, walk back toward the car several feet and then come back toward me." I was puzzled but turned around and started back.

I moved too fast for her and she asked me to slow down. After walking a ways, I was about to turn around when she said, "keep walking slowly. Put your left hand on your left hip with the fingers down; and put your right hand down, away from the body, palm in and fingers extended out."

This seemed simple enough and I followed instructions to the letter--I now know, too well!

Debbie called out to change position of my hands and turn around and come toward her. I did and when within 15 feet, Debbie put her head back and roared with laughter. I reddened again, since I knew that the laughter was at me--not with me.

I came to her and stood there with hands still in the requested pose. Debbie finally got control of herself and said, "Really, darling, you have a lovely figure. And you should go into modeling."

I was shocked. I had always been conscious of the fact that my hips were larger and my waist smaller than most boys. And I knew too that my shoulders

were not at all broad. In fact, they were more girl-ish appearing than some girls'. I also had become aware that my breasts were, while not by any means the size of a girl's, still loose and slightly extended.

Still, it had never occurred to me that Debbie—surely not Debbie—would ever notice or care about such things. She had always been so seemingly otherwise attracted to me. But here she was actually being sarcastic.

I awakened to hear her say, "Merrill, I had never really appreciated how much you look like a girl. Some of the girls have mentioned it to me, but I hadn't paid much attention with your male clothing on and hiding your figure."

I managed to stumble out, "Golly, Debbie, I-I-..." It was lost to Debbie's further comments, "Really, Honey, I think your measurements would even be better than mine, and I'm rather proud of my 36-22-36." She laughed as she said, "And you could use a bra for those," pointing to my breasts.

I blurted out the best I could, "Heck, Debbie. I can't help it." And she sympathetically, but with hidden sarcasm said, "Of course you can't, doll; neither can I help my figure." With that she said, "Come on, lets us girls race out across the river to the other side."

I stood there a moment, reflecting on her remarks. Debbie was already at the water's edge and called to me to hurry up. "I'll even give you a head start," she said. With this encouragement, I hurried down, anticipating showing her up in this test of swimming strength.

As I went past her, something made me stick my hands out and push Debbie off balance and on her back into the river. I set off across the water, self-satisfied that I would have such a lead. But I heard Debbie come up from her submerged awkward position, fighting mad and yelling, "Wait till I catch you, young lady!"

These words seemed to put a drag on me. As intending as my mind was to beat her, my physical strength was lacking. When I was about 2/3 of the way across and slowing down more by the second, I could hear Debbie but a stride or two behind. Female that she was, it was nevertheless evident that she possessed a superior physical strength.

It wasn't more than a few feet more and she was up to me. But instead of passing me, she lunged upon me and pushed my whole frame under the water, holding me there until I thought I would burst.

Then she brought me up and demanded, "Tell me you're sorry and that you'll never do that again." I hesitated and back I went under the water. When I came up, I broke all records complying with her demands.

But this was not enough. She added to my humiliation by insisting that I say, "I'm a naughty girl." I did so quickly but sadly. She then threw me backwards and went on her way to the shore, proclaimed herself the winner, and swam back to the point of beginning.

I waited on the other side for quite awhile, reflecting on all that had happened in such a short time. I could see beautiful Debbie across the river, preparing lunch, as though nothing had happened.

I was filled with mixed emotions. I had wanted so to make a hit with Debbie, showing off what skills I might have, acting the boastful male. I was failing miserably in this and yet, I was experiencing an unusual but truly glorious feeling. I was being dominated by Debbie and I liked it-I really liked it! But did she like me this way? I decided that she must not and that I must do all I could to regain stature in her eyes.

Back I went to the other side, slower and indeed wiser. Debbie was there and really quite nice to me, smiling with that gorgeous smile of hers. I started to apologize and she said, "Oh forget it, Merrill; Let's eat."

I was delighted. Perhaps she had forgotten all of

the past few minutes. Perhaps....

We talked for quite awhile and of many things. My conversation was directed toward school activities and job prospects for the coming fall. I had just graduated from high school and had failed to look for work as yet. (My two sisters and my mother all worked and were supporting me very nicely. My father had passed away when I was only a very small child.)

Debbie seemed to want to talk of her interests. Her new fall dresses she had bought.. What did I think of them... Did I like the new fashions... Her secret society or sorority of girls... How much fun they had at their meetings and social events... She wishes that I were a member... How much fun that would be...

I listened to all of this and accepted it without too much embarrassment... But when she started talking of her new cute yellow bikini panties with lace trim and floral design, my face began to burn up. I quickly suggested we throw the football around. Anything was better than continuing this kind of talk when my emotions were so evident.

She seemed delighted to throw the football. As I went to get it from the car, she remarked how she had she been a boy, would have loved to have been a quarterback. She said, "You know, it's really too bad that people can't play the role that fits them best. Don't you think so, Merrill?" I buried my head in the car in search for the ball, not answering. Her remark seemed to be meant for me, not really for Debbie herself.

I found the ball and Debbie grabbed it from me, running down the open field area by the river 15 or 20 yards. She stopped and said, "Now over to your right and I'll throw you a pass." I was no expert runner (or expert anything, for that matter) but ran in awkward style to my right. Debbie cocked her arm back and threw a spiral to me that would have been the envy of any college quarterback. It floated to me and was accurate and true.

I dropped it!

The ball had bounced crazily along the ground and I followed, just as crazily, after it. I picked it up and saw Debbie about 20 yards away. Gripping the ball as carefully as I could (my hands were small and I've been told, sarcastically, "dainty"), I threw the ball toward Debbie.

"Toward" is the best that one could say for it. Wobbling miserably and slightly away from Debbie, the ball fell 5 yards short of the target.

Debbie picked up the ball and held it for an instant. She then put her hands on her hips and said, "Can't you throw any better than that?.. My gosh, you throw like a girl!" Her voice indicated that such an indictment was just about the worst thing possible.

I laughed embarrassingly and said, "Oh sure, the ball just slipped." I was only condemning myself to worse things. "Throw it to me," I called.

Debbie did and again the ball practically knocked me off my feet, and again it fell to the ground. Quickly I went after it and in doing so managed to fall over my own feet, falling flat on my face. Debbie called out, "Nice tackle" and turned away. I stumbled to my feet and retrieved the ball.

Debbie was now about 15 yards away and she instructed me to throw to her as she moved to her right. She started off and I pulled my arm straight back. I thrust my arm forward and, in doing so, brushed my head with my arm. The ball again went sickly forward, awkwardly and far off the target.

Debbie assured me, "Honestly Merrill, 75% of the girls in my sorority can throw better than that. And the other 25% throw just as well as you!" She paused and, as if to extend another chance, asked if I could kick. I quickly said I could. What else could I say? But proving it was another thing.

She came over and handed me the ball. She laughed that she didn't want to see me tackle myself again.

The "Sisters"

BROTHER DEAR --- YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT YOU SIMPLY CAN'T STAY AT PARTIES AS LATE AS US "GENETIC GIRLS" UNLESS YOU BRING A RAZOR!



She raced down the field about 30 yards. I wanted to tell her to come in closer. I held the ball out and lifted my foot toward it. The ball slithered off to the left. As I hurriedly rushed over and picked it up, Debbie registered her disgust by resting her face over her upraised hand and arm, supported by the other hand and arm.

The second try was better but this time my leg went so high and my timing was so bad that the ball went straight up in the air. Again I raced for the ball but Debbie came toward me and said, "Oh forget it, that last kick convinced me you belong in a girl's chorus line-not on a football field!" Debbie was giving up on me. I had failed again in an effort to convince her of my "manly superiority" over her.

I stood there tragically as Debbie came over and sat down on the grass in front of me. She said to sit down too, I did. We sat there long moments before anyone spoke. I was conscious of Debbie looking me over as though to say, "What do you do with a person like this" or "How could I have been so mistaken about him. I could not look at her, keeping my eyes either to the ground or off to the side.

Finally she spoke. "You know Merrill, it's really a shame you aren't a girl. You have the figure and features of a girl. Rounded, soft, dainty and feminine! And your physical ability is definitely girlish. Why, I'm better at athletics than you and yet I have never known a boy-other than you-that could not best me in all sports." My eyes were turned further away as I did the only thing I knew to avoid the embarrassment of the truth of what she said.

She reached up and gently pulled my face around so that my eyes had to look toward hers. She smiled, "Honestly, darling, you must admit that you did enjoy the feel of my clothes when you rehung them for me. Didn't you?" I could do nothing but murmur an unconvincing "N-n-no." She smiled a knowing look.

We sat there a few moments longer and I could tell that her mind was now hard at work. At last she enthusiastically said, "Merrill, I've an idea. Why

don't we have a wrestling contest?" My heart sunk. "I will give you an opportunity to restore yourself as a man in my eyes. Surely you can beat a little girl at wrestling!" She was not convincing.

She continued almost anticipatigly, "Of course, if you should lose----you would suffer the consequence I was about to ask what the consequences would be, when she hastily added, "Of course, you needn't worry about that. How could a weak little girl possibly beat a real man at wrestling?" She quickly challenged, "How about it?"

I stammered out that I didn't think I should wrestle a girl and possibly injure her. She laughed and said that I should let her worry about that. I tried an equally bad excuse in urging that perhaps we should get on home-that it was getting late. She responded by asking the telling question, "What's the matter? Are you afraid of losing to a girl?" I had no further choice.

Debbie set the rules: No holds barred. The winner would be the first one to make the other say "I, am a submissive, feminine young lady." There would be no time limit.

I thought "Oh, no!" But that was all that I had time to think, for she was moving over to position and having me do the same. Momentarily, she declared the match was underway.

I stood there but not Debbie. She raced forward and tackled me as though she were a professional football player. I went reeling backward and solidly to the ground. She was then on top of me like a tiger, maneuvering to pin me to the ground.

Fortunately I twisted sufficiently to upset her over on the grass. This only seemed to increase her efforts. She now pulled me over and locked her legs about my body and started squeezing. It hurt and I reacted foolishly to it. I started to pull her hair. She taunted me that I was wrestling just like a girl. Then she called me names such as "sissy", "pansy", "panty-waist", "little girl". At last I let go of her hair.

This was enough to let Debbie grab one arm and quickly twist it behind my back. She moved it quickly upward and it began to throb in pain. I cried out, "Don't, it hurts!" She answered back that I knew what to say to stop it. I could not bring myself to do it.

The pain was increased however and, with real tears falling, I said, "I am a submissive, feminine young lady." Debbie demanded that I say it as though I meant it. I was forced to repeat it and, with the pain in my arm and body, I must say that I was most convincing.

Debbie let loose of me and she had a smile of superiority, such as I have never seen. I fell backward onto my back on the grass. The tears were falling and Debbie did not help when she commented that the crying was typical of a subservient young lady.

We looked at each other for a minute or so. Debbie then spoke. "I can't tell you how disappointed I have been in your lack of manliness. I really thought I was going with someone I could really care for. But now I see that the girls are right about you. You are more girl than boy!" I felt sick as she pounded home her points.

"Well, I've made a mistake; so you're through as a boyfriend to me.... But that does not mean that you should not be a friend, because I still like you.... But now, as a girlfriend. You've lost the wrestling match, so now you must accept the consequences. And I'm not going to take any nonsense from you either, do you understand?" Her words were menacing and I managed a shake of the head.

Debbie continued. "For one thing, as far as I'm concerned, you're no longer "Merrill", but I shall hereafter call you, more appropriately, "Marilyn". Do you like that?"

I started to shake my head and say "no", when she brought her hand across my face, not heavily but enough to hurt. I quickly said, "Yes. Yes, Don't hit me!"

The future for me was further related, "We're going home now and I think it appropriate that you dress the part. I'm going to wear my bathing suit. You can wear my other clothes. Now let's go." She quickly rose and I lay there stunned. But in a moment I was on my feet as she brought her hand back as though to strike.

She was enthusiastic as she talked on our return to the car. "Actually", she said, "you're going to love this". I feared she was right. I had mixed reactions as I tagged along, reluctant appearing, behind this suddenly dominant Debbie. I was shaking all over inside with excitement and anticipation; and yet, it was a feeling of actually joyous emotion. I was being led into a feminine state of being--something that my masculine side (little that there was) told me to reject, but that my obviously feminine part was singing out with songs of victory.

I could now see the lovely pink polished cotton dress hanging there in Debbie's car. I couldn't see them but I knew what was neatly hanging with it. Debbie took my hand the last several yards and said, "Come on, Marilyn, darling, it's time to get dressed." Her pace quickened till she reached the car.

Debbie reached in and lifted the clothes out of the car. She slipped the dress off the hanger, revealing the slip, bra and panties. Taking the pink satin panties, she handed them to me, saying, "Now, Marilyn, I know that you're particularly modest young lady. So take these, go behind the car and substitute them for those terrible swim trunks you have on."

I tried again, "Oh, Debbie, please don't do this to me. You're embarrassing me so." Debbie shot back, "look, Marilyn, you should of thought of that before you became such a sissy girl. Besides darling, doing what should be entirely natural to you shouldn't really be so embarrassing!" She emphasized each word to its full possibilities.

I took the panties and was electrified with the soft cool feeling. The pink cheeks gave me away as

Debbie softly said, "Nice...aren't they, Marilyn?" I didn't answer. I didn't need to answer.

I went behind the car and slipped off my trunks. Then taking the lovely pink undergarment, I pulled it about my legs and into place. It was a perfect fit and I about died with exquisite sensation.

Returning to Debbie, I was greeted with an exclamation of laughter and praises of joy. "Oh, honey, they look just too sweet!" and "Don't you just love them, Marilyn?"

The fire had now been kindled and Debbie went about her plans with even greater zeal. Taking the matching satin bra, she had me turn around and then assisted in slipping it through my arms, about my shoulders and with the hooks in back. It was a secure feeling-a sense of submission.

Debbie went for her purse and pulled out 2 silk head scarfs. "Marilyn, you're going to have to add a bit in front here," pointing to my chest, "but, until we've acquired the proper bust pads, these scarves will have to do." With that she wound them carefully and secured them nicely within the pockets of the bra.

I looked down, with embarrassment and amazement. They actually looked like the real things. I was inwardly truly proud. A moment later lovely Debbie was holding up her pink nylon satin slip. My eyes moved quickly back and forth from the shiny soft material to the lavish lace which generously bordered it. It was truly gorgeous. I had briefly felt its exciting touch when I had held it to my body earlier.

Looking me straight in the eyes with that wicked smile on her face, she slowly slipped the beautiful garment over my head, through my arms and about my body. I shivered as she did so. Knowing better, Debbie asked, "Are you cold, doll?"

She stepped back and moved her head about in critical glances. At last she smiled broadly. "Marilyn, honest, you've got just about the best figure I've

ever seen. And my things fit you just perfectly!" I mildly protested through reddened cheeks, but I knew--as did Debbie--that I really loved every moment.

Soon the cute full-skirted dress was fitted to my "figure". I can't tell you how in ecstasy I was as the built-in taffeta petticoat rustled as Debbie moved it about to obtain its best effect.

After placing her shoes on my feet - cute white 3" pumps - she had me walk back and forth. I was no graceful figure, for the heels were indeed new to me. I told myself that I was willing to learn though! Debbie called to me to again place my arms and fingers in a more feminine pose and assisted me in doing so. All she could say, as she watched me move about, was, "This is wonderful. Simply wonderful!....."

Grabbing her picnic things, she hopped into the car and had me do so too. Then she noticed my hair. "Wait a minute. We must fix that too." Having used her two head scarves for filling out my bra, she reached for a large silk cloth that had been over the picnic basket. "This will make a perfect head scarf for you." And with that she quickly folded it and slipped it over my hair.

"Now some makeup." Debbie reached for her purse.

"Oh, no, Debbie, that's going too far!" I told her. Determined, she only said, "See here, young lady, you're either going to be ultra-feminine, with all the accessories, or not! And I say you're going to be all girl. Or maybe you'd like to wrestle again?! This was enough; with a sigh I let her proceed.

She quickly penciled my eyebrows; then lightly powdered my face; applied a touch of rouge to both cheeks; then the lipstick. I was really beginning to feel like a girl. Debbie moved her mirror in front of my eyes---I even looked like one!

I started to cry--with mixed joy and sadness. Debbie sparked forth quickly, "Marilyn, if you as much as smear that makeup one little bit, I'll...I'll take

you over my knee, raise that dress and slip and give you the spanking of your life on these cute panties--of mine!"

It was terrible. I could not cry. I could not smile or she would know of my real feelings. And yet there was no doubt I was in heaven.

She started the engine. "You know, Marilyn, I used to resent having to drive you about in my car. It used to seem so unnatural for a girl to be chauffeuring a boy. But now all that has changed. I really don't mind at all driving a girl friend!" She meant it, too!

As we neared Fairdale, I slid lower and lower in my seat. My driver asked me to sit up, but after rising slightly, I began to slide back. After all, I didn't want anyone to recognize me. Finally Debbie stopped the car and turned to me, "Marilyn, if you don't sit up like a good girl, I'm going to make you get out and walk home from the center of town." That did it, "Please Debbie," I cried, "don't do that. I'll do anything you say, but don't do that!" I was practically in tears again.

Debbie seemed satisfied when I sat up again. My next move was to slowly pull my head scarf up over my face. But Debbie saw me and with a flick of her fingers pulled it back even further than it was initially. She then gave me a pinch through my panties that made me shout with pain. She said, "If you don't watch yourself, sissy gal, you'll be given the full treatment on main street!" She meant it too.

As we came near the center of town, Debbie seemed to slow down purposely. She made a point too of calling to two of her cute sorority sisters, Carolyn and Joanne. They waved back and strained to see who was with her in the car. I stayed in my upright position but I was mentally under the floor mat!

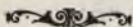
"Please Debbie, can't we speed up a little?" I asked her. But Debbie was in no hurry. "Marilyn, if you think you can make it any faster, you can get out and walk." With that she stopped the car.

(Continued on Pg. 65)

The TV Engineer

by SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE

◆ "Engineering is the Profession in which a knowledge of the mathematical and natural sciences gained by study, experience and practice is applied with judgment to develop ways to utilize, economically, the materials and forces of nature." U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare.



Being a member of that large minority of TV's who are also engineers of one sort or another, I have had to give a good deal of thought as to why this unlikely combination appears so frequently. One could hardly choose a less lady-like profession. There are only 5000 lady engineers reported by the Engineers Joint Council to be working in this country at present, out of one million total. The only GG engineer I ever knew didn't last two years at it, and in war-time at that.

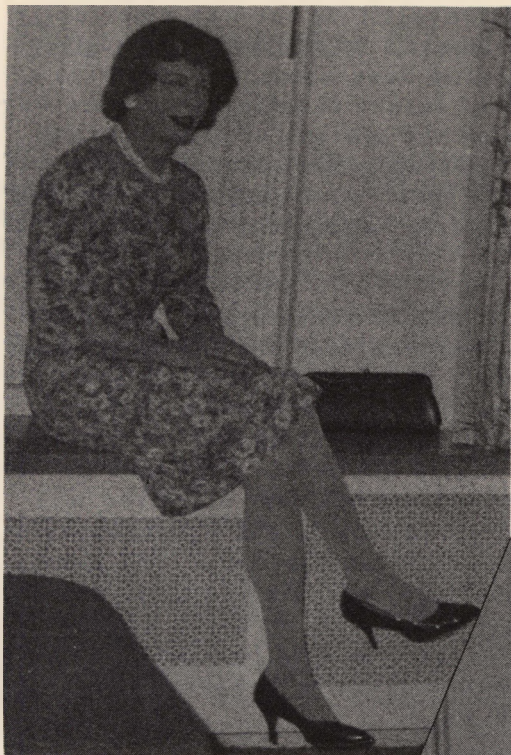
I'm not about to solve this mystery. No one really seems to know why a person becomes an engineer, - or a TV either. All I can do is to offer a few personal observations and speculations. In my case, the choice of profession and the discovery of my feminine secondary personality must have occurred within a year or so of each other, at about age 13. I'm quite sure that neither one caused the other; but I'd hate to try to prove that the frightening discovery that I turned feminine from time to time didn't influence me to choose a way of life that was conspicuously masculine. At any rate, that decision was made on the superficial basis that my father's engineering friends had a lot of fun and were reasonably well paid.

Actually, the combination has worked out quite well. Who else so much as the engineer grows up with the full expectation of making his day-dreams come true? One song at my college cheerfully offers our services to build "a bridge to Mars or a ten-foot shaft to Hell." In an atmosphere like that, who would fear a little project like raising a secret sister? Our open-

minded empiricism, willingness to go ahead on things of which no one understands the fundamentals, set us apart from the scientists; and our adaptability in making-do with unsuitable materials, antiquated social structures and unreliable people is rather frightening to the general public. Thus, the engineer inherently feels "different" - and this surely makes it easier to survive the shock when we realize how really different we are becoming as we develop into TV's. It is sad to think of the many potentially lovely femme personalities that may be forever locked up in the closed minds of conformists. Remember, we see only the survivors.

In addition to open-mindedness, a member of this profession has a number of other virtues attractive to a growing girl anxious to share his skull with him. We move around a lot, usually on some mysterious business totally incomprehensible to the uninitiated; this helps a lot on privacy during the secret stage, and in meeting other TV's after we become more sociable. We are also superbly trained in the construction of alibis and, if worst comes to worst, our general reputation for eccentricity makes us a little less vulnerable (I hope) to the consequences of exposure. Also, the manual dexterity and ingenuity help; I can hardly visualize one of us being baffled more than once by a recalcitrant back zipper, or by the problem of putting a 15 inch necklace on a 16-1/2 neck! The engineer is typically above average in IQ and creativeness, and these qualities help. To us, problems are a hobby as well as a business; when we run short of problems we tend to invent a few just for fun. Well, the engineer who creates a sister finds himself with a real bonanza of problems! In addition, I feel sure, most of us have a real appreciation of beauty, which is carefully repressed to conform to the "Masculine Image." Here is a chance to create some beauty, and to be a part of it. Pygmalion, cutting a woman from cold marble, did it the hard way; we at least start with warm, living (and very willing) flesh to produce our Galateas.

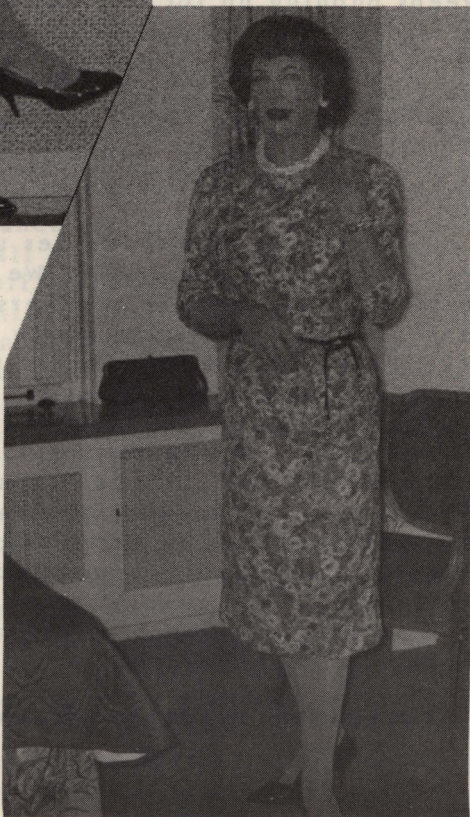
The sister, being a mirror image of her brother is more than the symbolic sense, shares in all these qualities. Once she gets past the "living doll" stage,



SHEILA

30-B-2 FPE

SHEILA IS NOT ONLY THE
AUTHORESS OF, "THE TV
ENGINEER", BUT ALSO
THE CONTRIBUTOR OF THE
INTERESTING BOOK RE-
VIEWS IN THE LAST TWO
AND OF SEVERAL MORE
YET TO APPEAR.



The Mujerados Club ~

by Elvira (FE-G-1)

This club thrived in Buenos Aires until a few years ago, when a change in the political regime of the country brought about its closure, together with those of a number of other "unusual" clubs in a misplaced idea of effecting a general "clean-up." Whether it has gone out of existence, or merely been driven underground, I do not know, but, knowing how impossible it is to compel those with TV tendencies to give up their preferred mode of living, I rather fancy it must be the latter. Should any of your readers living in Argentina, or who have visited the country in recent years, have any current news on this point, I hope they will write in with the latest information.

The word "mujerado" is Spanish for "effeminised male", which may indicate the origin of the Club, though, during the years I knew of the Mujerados, it was a high-class rendezvous for male and female impersonators, both professional and amateur. Further—and this facet of the Latin-American's outlook took a lot of getting used to—there was equal acceptance of the "straight" transvestist and of those, shall I say, "with more specialised tastes." Indeed, during my years in South America, I found several of the things which I had always thought to be beyond the pale and considered as unacceptable perversions, to be openly condoned, so that now I am able to accept another's mode of life without frowning upon it, even though it is generally condemned by the present-day Western civilisation. But I am digressing.

The Mujerados occupied three of the upper floors of a palatial block situated on the exclusive Avenida Alvear. It was an establishment that was kept strictly private, being open only to its members and to any friends who might be accompanying them. The high joining fee was quite beyond my pocket, so that I visited the Club only when with one or other of its members with whom I had become acquainted. The membership consisted of well-to-do ladies who had a predilection for dressing as men, affluent males who loved to transform themselves

for some hours into members of the opposite sex, and a number of effeminised youths, together with their influential sponsors, some of who were high-ranking figures in society.

Although there was ample dressing room space at the Club, many of its members invariably arrived already transformed into their assumed role, apart from those whom we now call transsexuals, who lived entirely as members of the opposite sex. The sponsored youths all came into this last category and obviously loved their girlish existence and all it entailed. At least three of them had undergone the operation at Sao Paulo in Brazil, South America's Copenhagen or Casablanca, and all the others were having regular hormone treatment/etc., to make them as feminine as possible.

The Club quarters included an intimate theater where programs were presented which were almost exclusively impersonation turns. Performers making a tour of South American cities were, when in Bs. As., engaged for special late-night shows at the Mujeros, and, apart from these, there was always plenty of high-class talent in the city and in Rosario and Mar-del-Plata, where female-impersonation turns were very popular. In addition to visiting star performers, the Club had its own permanent chorus-girls, who obviously loved their assumed female role.

No one not in the know could possibly have guessed that this alluring song-and-dance team were really transformed males, so pretty was their hair and made-up faces so feminine their figures, so shapely their nylon-sheathed limbs and trim feet in high-heeled shoes, and particularly so saucy were they in practising the ogling and other wiles of the female species out to make a hit with the male. These chorus " girls " were not in the sole employ of the Mujeros, working part-time at hair dressing and other beauty works. Not so the " commère " and the three youths engaged as combined cloak-room girls, usherettes and chocolate and cigarette girls, for these four worked full-time at the Club, being dressed en femme the whole time. What gold-diggers this trio proved to be, for, as they moved among the members, saucily swaying their broad hips, they knew how to smile cheekily at anyone who caught them round their tiny, corsetted waist, or snatched a kiss on their painted lips, or pinched,

stroked or caressed some prominent part of their effeminated form, usually resulting in a handsome tip, which would be tucked away in their well-formed bosom or slipped into the top of a hip-length stocking. And yet, although these three so obviously enjoyed their girlish existence, they were to my certain knowledge quite normal sexually, for I got to know them quite well and met the wives of two of them, while the third had a real-girl friend, who used to meet him at the end of each evening and go off with him, presumably to his or her home. As they left the Club, they looked like two close girl friends, the "usherette" looking every bit as attractive as his companion, with a stylish hat on his girlish curls and a figure-revealing wrap-around coat emphasizing his figure but being short enough to allow his shapely legs to be seen. On his hands were dainty gloves, a handbag under one arm and his ultra-high heels had been replaced by four inch heels as more suited to street wear.

Another feature of the Club-and in this respect, very akin to the prewar Berlin "El Dorado", which may be known to you-was the fact that, on certain days of the week, representatives attended at the club premises from various of the city's most stylish stores, being quite accustomed to measure and fit members for corsets, lingerie, frocks, gowns, hats, coats, shoes, etc. Nothing but the best was ever seen there, so those establishments certainly made quite a sum out of doing all they could to satisfy their pseudo-female clientele. Beauticians were there every day, and three feminist lady-doctors were numbered in the Club's membership and were available for consultation and treatment at almost any time. Apart from hormone treatment, breast suctioning and massaging, the use of expensive depilatories and hair removal by electrolysis, ear piercing and eyebrow plucking, minor operations were sometimes done to reduce the prominence of an Adam's apple. Also I was surprised to learn what a large proportion of the "girls" concealed their symbols of their real sex, not by pantie-girdles (maybe the climate was too warm!), but by infibulation, involving the double perforation of the foreskin, the insertion of a gold ring, and then, with the organ and its twin appendages turned back between the

high tops, the whole remained completely out of sight by simple expedient of a ribbon threaded through the ring and hauled up comfortably tightly to a ring in the back of the corset. Even in the flimsiest and tightest of nylon panties there was absolutely nothing to break the realistic inverted-vee contour, no matter from what position an onlooker might be watching. This was undoubtedly a great asset to those who, like the chorus " girls ", had occasion to reveal their legs to the top. To my surprise, they all maintained that they felt no discomfort, once they became accustomed to this form of strapping up.

One side of transvestism I couldn't help but notice there and that was the number of delightfully happy FP's who owed their adoption of a female role, whether occasional or permanent, to the dominant influence of a feminist-minded relative. It struck me that this tendency is far more frequently encountered among the higher society strata of some South American countries than it is in North America or in Europe, where such female dominance is rarely met with, though, of course, as some novels would have us believe, it exists behind the scenes. I met with it, not only in Argentina, but also in Chile and Brazil, but this I would add (and this bears out the romanticist) invariably the compulsorily transformed male has ended by loving his imposed femininity. Quite a number of members at the Mujerados came into this category, and it was noticeable how ultra-feminine such FP's were, indicating the extent of complete effemination aimed at by the feminist relative, be it wife, sister, mother, aunt or cousin. There seemed to exist a competitive spirit between these strong-willed females, which resulted in their stressing to the utmost the points of femininity they had imposed on their Munequita (or "little doll"), as they were often referred to. Thus these pretty "girls" were always dressed and made-up to emphasize their hair, complexion, prominent breasts (no pads here!) ultra-slim waist, lovely legs and tiny hands and feet, these latter invariably in six-inch pencil heels, and, what was more they vied with each other to appear most attractively feminine.

Overalls and Shirts

In this connection I recall so well one very wealthy widow whose twin nieces were really twin boys she had adopted at the age of ten. They were about fifteen when I first saw them-as pretty a pair of twin girls as one could wish to see-and how they delighted in their assumed femininity and obviously adored their "aunt", who had so changed their life for one of luxury. Incidentally, I learnt that her husband, who had been killed in a motor accident, had been a keen transvestist and that she had loved him for his femininity. This certainly explained her ardent devotion to her "wards" and the extent to which she went to assure they became lovely girls. In their twenties when I last saw them, they were considering, with full consent of their "aunt" to go to Sao Paulo to complete their effemination-undoubtedly the right course in their case, for the treatment they had undergone had so radically converted them, that they were entirely feminine in outlook and had lost all masculine interest long since. Many a real girl would have loved to have had their long wavy hair, their full breasts, their tiny waist and their peach like complexion, and no-one could have outshone them in their chic clothes, including the highest of heels, on which they moved about with an alluring swaying of their big hips. They were always a great success in the mannequin parades held at the Club, when the members modelled the latest fashions from some of the city's best modistes, looking particularly dainty when showing off pretty lingerie, corsets and tightly-gartered sheer nylons and pencil-heeled shoes.

Such was the Mujerados Club, as I knew it, and I often think back nostalgically to those past years, wondering what has happened to the Club and its members, who had enjoyed to the full the opportunities to transform themselves into charming females. Maybe news will be forthcoming of its restoration to life, or of the establishment of a successor.

ELVIRA FE-G-1



TECLA 38-M-2



"But honey, that's not what I meant when I said that Mother and Dad were coming over tonight to watch TV!"

"Frankly Charlie, I'm wondering when it's going to stop. In the service, you were always borrowing my after-shave lotion; now it's my FACE POWDER!"

Overalls and Skirts

by Dorothea

Many years of my cross-dressing life went by before I learned that medical science had a name for men like me---a"transvestite". Learning that I was labeled was somewhat of a shock, but as I thought about it, the realization came with it that if there was such a label, then more than just me were addicted to the wearing of feminine clothes. Even so, a good many more years passed before I admitted my TVism to anyone, or contacted an understanding fellow TV.

My life story is similar to that of many another of our group. I am the oldest of four sons, and when my brothers and I were kids, we played rough and tough in all sorts of boys games, and none of us ever dodged a fight. In fact, we often went out of our way to start one. There was nothing sissy nor feminine about us, and though my own feminine traits have been strong, I am a heterosexual male and have lived a man's life always and would not have it any other way. Like the rest of our group, I enjoy feminine clothing and the change in personality that comes with it, and I hope to go on as I am.

I am now 48, with thinning hair on my head and an abundance of it everywhere else. My arms and back are tattooed, mementoes of my seagoing career, which I followed for many years in ship's engine rooms. That career broke up my TV activities, but never smothered them, though I was able to dress in my favorite clothes only on the rare occasions, with a few exceptions, when I was home.

I do not know exactly why I am a TV, and though my truly conscious desires along that line began when I was about 14, my Mother used to laughingly tell how when I was about four or five I tried to persuade a little girl of the same age to exchange clothes with me. Of course I don't recall the incident, but it may be some indication that the desires are deep-seated. I do know that I found myself with the desire for long silk stock-

ings and skirts swinging at my knees at about the same time I became really interested in girls. As I said, I was about 14, but the desire brought shame to my mind, I felt unmanly, and resisted the impulse with all my might. I wanted a sea-going career, and just could not give in to my feminine feelings. This inner conflict of mine lasted about a year.

The summer that I was 15, I spent two weeks with some young friends of the family, a married couple with one small daughter. One day, they were forced to drive to the near-by city on business and for some reason didn't want me along. They said they were sorry to be called upon to leave me alone for the day, but I reassured them that I did not mind. After they had driven away it didn't take me long to feel bored, and I prowled the house from room to room, arriving eventually at their bedroom. What happened then is impressed forever on my memory.

The young matron had left some of her clothing scattered on the bed, and as I stood there looking at those things and breathing the lingering scent of perfume, the impulse to dress as a girl swelled up in me so strong that I was unable to defeat it. I picked up a pair of pink or peach colored bloomers which I remember had some kind of flowers applied on each leg. Off went my male clothing and on for the first time went a pair of bloomers. I felt ecstatic, light-headed and just plain thrilled. Next I tried a corset, but it didn't fit, so I turned to the dresser, rummaged through it until I found a bra. It also was large, but I kept it on. I followed this with a pair of dark silk stockings (no nylon in 1930!) which I rolled down to my knees in the fashion which was far more prevalent then than it is now. A slip, a dress and high heels (which were the only things too tight for me) completed my first dress-up. I stayed in those clothes for several hours and regrettably removed and replaced them when I felt that I could no longer strut through the rooms and avoid discovery.

When I was home again, the wonderful memory of soft and scented clothes would come to me and I seldom fought against the dream. At last I took some money which I had earned from my paper route and went to a

store where I was not known and bought two pairs of short bloomers and a pair of silk stockings--all for my non-existent sister. At least, I figured, I was avoiding suspicion by saying the things were for my sister. At the five and ten, I bought a pair of roll garters, and took my treasures home. From then on, I wore them whenever possible. Often I had bloomers under my male clothing, and when I could be home alone, I paraded around in bloomers and stockings. Soon, I began wearing Mother's slips, dresses and shoes when I was alone, but like all TV's, ever on the alert for someone coming home. It's always nerve-wracking. In the years that followed, and up until shortly after I passed my 18th birthday, I wore feminine clothes whenever I could, though never when I had a date with a girl. That was always one time I stayed strictly in male clothes.

Mother caught me wearing a pair of her stockings one day, and when she asked me why I had them on, I gave her some story about just wanting to see how they felt. She didn't make me take them off, but as soon as I could, I ducked into my bedroom and removed them. That brought on the fear that she would find out I was wearing her other clothes, so I planned on buying my own, but had neither the money nor the nerve to walk in and buy dresses. But, I got my wish, for an unexpected event brought me a complete outfit of femme clothes with some to spare.

The ladies of our church were planning a rummage sale, and my Mother was assisting. They were soliciting everyone to send their unwanted articles, and I was one of the young men who got the job of collecting the various offerings of clothing and assorted white elephants that people were giving. Two of the homes at which I had to call were those of well-to-do people where the ladies seldom wore any article of clothing for long. The boxes I picked up there were filled with clothing, and to shorten this story somewhat, I helped myself to several slips, assorted undies, stockings, shoes and three dresses. The only dress I remember was of black velvet. It was my favorite, and I felt luxurious in it. When I finally went to sea, I stowed all my clothes away, and seldom wore them again. When Mother and Dad sold the house and moved West, they

must have found my little cache of femme clothes and wondered, but I never heard anything said about it.

One of my greatest thrills came when I went to a high school party dressed as a girl. The idea was suggested by a pal of mine, because it was to be a costume party, and the business of dressing as girls came up after we had thought about and rejected several ideas. It was easy for him, for he had a sister a year younger and planned on borrowing her clothes. As for me, I actually had my own things, but couldn't admit it. So, I explained to Mother what we planned, and she agreed to help me by lending some of her things. Her best friend got into the act by lending me a pair of blue satin panties with matching bra and helping with my makeup.

On the big night, Mother and her friend handed me the clothes, which I took to my bedroom. My brothers stood by, laughing and joking, as I put on the bra, panties and rolled up stockings to my knees. I had to fight to keep from revealing my inner pleasure at being able to dress to go out in lovely feminine things. When I was dressed, I presented myself to Mother and her friend, who then went to work on me with powder, rouge, lipstick and eyebrow pencil. They did a bang-up job, too, and I was actually a pretty teen-ager when they finished. The only thing they couldn't do much with was my hair, but they arranged it in as feminine a way as they could, and when my buddy came to the door in his sister's clothes, everyone present made a big to-do over us while my Dad stood in the background and laughed. As we walked to the high school gym, we were soon recognized, and took the expected razzing, cat-calls and bad jokes from every boy we met. Strangely, the girls didn't razz us at all, but instead made a tremendous fuss, and we were kissed so many times that our own lipstick was mingled with the residue of all the others. We really had a big time that night, but it was not until long, long afterward that I realized that my pal was entirely at home and relaxed in his sister's clothes, and I thought that in all probability, there we were, both of us TV's, but neither admitting it. I wonder if I revealed myself to him, too, that long ago night? Anyway, whenever any talk of the

party came up, we never mentioned to each other how we had gone to the ball as girls.

Before another year had gone, I was serving at sea, and for a long time had only memories of what I had done. However, on my visits home, I managed to get dressed a few times. Then, on one occasion while I was in New York, I had a date with a girl who suddenly thought she would look cute in a sailor's uniform and wanted to know if I would let her try it on. I saw the chance to get into femme clothes again, so I said it would be fine if she would let me wear her clothes. So we both cross-dressed, and then for the heck of it, pretended I was the girl and she was the boy. But, I guess one time was enough for her, for she never suggested it again, and I was afraid to. From then on, the only times I dressed until after I married were when I was home on leave.

For about a year before my marriage, I never so much as put on a pair of stockings, but after that, the sight of femme pretties so much in evidence around the place got the better of me, and whenever my wife was out, I would slip into some of her things, and once, when she had gone to a show with a girl friend, I dressed completely, wearing a skirt, blouse and high heels, and slipped out of the house and into the car and went for a drive. Of course, it was at night, or I never could have done it. Even so, I realized afterward what a tremendous chance I had taken and never did that again. Like most TV's, I have lived and practiced my desires in secrecy and fear.

My wife knows I am a TV, but does not approve nor understand it, which makes it very difficult. Even knowing my feelings and desires, she still frequently has me shop for her hosiery and underwear, and always wants my opinions of her clothes. Her sister also knows that I am one of the "indoor sisters", as some one expressed it, but she seems to understand and thinks none the less of me for it. And, it so happens that my sister-in-law loves extra-long nylons, but claimed to be unable to find them in her size, which is 9. So guess who knew where to find the nifty nylons for her? Just little old Dorothea, that's who. My life is not made easier by my contact with femme clothes not my own, such as

when I am called upon to shop, as I said, or when at times she (my wife) asks me to wash out her nylons or a slip. She knows I have quite a few feminine accomplishments, for I cook, sew a little, clean the house and do washing. And, speaking of sewing, not long ago she asked me if I would sew a shoulder strap on a slip for her, which I did. And yet she objects to my TVism. The way I see it, I can be as feminine as all get out in some ways, but should never want to wear appropriate clothes.

Speaking of appropriate clothes. When she was working days a few years ago and I was on nights and the kids were in school, for nearly a year I was in femme clothes for six hours a day, five days a week. I took care of the house then, and she would never understand how much I enjoyed it--getting the house work done in a house-dress and apron and then changing into one of my nice dresses, or a skirt and blouse, and then relaxing with a book and music on the stereo. It was fun.

My children, of course, do not know of my TVism, and I pray that they never will. I would not want my son to be as I have been, and I pray again that he never will be. I know too well the guilt, the shame, the suffering, the loneliness and the misunderstanding which are a part of this life. It took me a long time to accept myself, and to understand that I was not the only male in the world who liked to enjoy a bit of feminine living. It is only in the past year that I have admitted that I am a TV to anyone, and the first person to be told was our admirable editor of this magazine. One day soon, I hope to meet a fellow TV right here in this city, for I badly need an understanding friend with a background similar to my own.

Coming to the end of this not-so-unusual tale, I love extra-long nylons, the full leg type; my admiration is about equally divided between pettipants and bloomers (I don't care much for briefs); I have a torso bra which is always a thrill to wear, and I prefer a skirt and blouse with long sleeves (to hide the tattoos) to a dress. I love high heeled shoes, open at front and back. I would love to have a wardrobe far more exten-

sive than I have, including a fur coat, but have to content myself with what I now own and am able to wear. I like to see the results I can obtain with makeup, but seldom use it because it takes so long to remove properly. I can and do wear jewelry often, and am seldom without my ankle chain which is usually invisible. Going feminine is a marvelous relaxation for me, but, paradoxically, it is also stimulating.

Transvestism brings a sense of loneliness; it fires the feelings of guilt; it is often expensive. But, oh, my soul, no one but another like myself can appreciate how marvelous it is to magically transfer oneself from the drab, workaday male world to a more comfortable world of soft clothing and utter contentment.

Where Lies The Answer

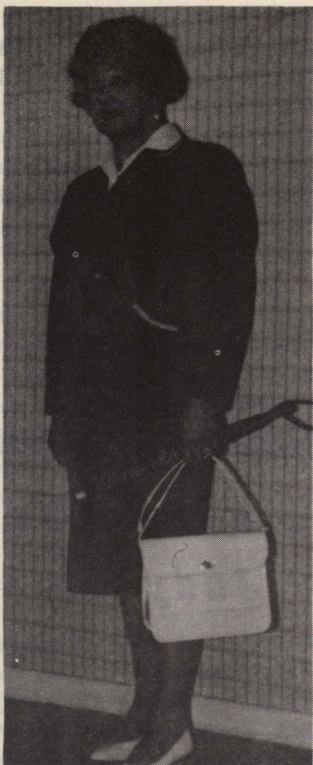
Judy (49-E-1)

Why am I the way I am?
That question I suppose,
Has entered every T . V . 's mind
Whenever doubts arose.

Why should a man (by nature made)
Desire woman's dress?
Which of us the answer knows,
When experts only guess.

Each living thing in this, our world,
The same is true with man,
Is governed by a Greater Force
According to His plan.

So as I end this poor attempt,
I'm sure some heads will nod,
When I say what I believe,
The answer's held by God.



BENITA--
ENGLAND
FE-P-2
1922

1954



TV Couples are not new to this generation. This is a copy of an original tintype of a relative of one of our readers. A husband and wife of the 1860s. This sort of thing has been going on for a long time

WHAT A VACATION!

FICTION

HE GOT AWAY FROM IT ALL

AND SHE SURELY ENJOYED IT.

FRANKLY

FRAN

by KATHY

5-P-4

▶ The luggage was piled high on the back seat of my Chevrolet Convertible and I was totally relaxed as I drove down the highway en route to the first stop on my long anticipated vacation.

As a reward for 8 years of hard work without a vacation, except for an occasional weekend, the firm which employed me was giving me a three month vacation. The growing pains of starting a new company were over and there was now a capable staff to handle my work load and to allow me this much needed rest. I had objected strenuously when Harry Dorn, one of my employers, had told me that I was to take my accumulated vacation time at the end of the week since March was not the time that I would have selected for a sightseeing jaunt around the country. However work schedules for the future demanded that I either go now, or forget it for an indeterminate period. I decided to go.

The music from the car radio was soft and comforting and blended well with the hum of the tires on the road as the car sped me toward my destination. My first stop was a summer resort, normally closed during this time of year, but open because of a special convention of an eastern concern. My boss, Harry Dorn, had often told me about this resort which he considered the best vacation spot in the western states. He, and his family, often went there. He had become friendly with Vickie Lane, who had been running the resort since the death of her husband two years ago, and had found her to be a warm and friendly woman. I was looking forward to just resting, reading, and in general relaxing for a couple of weeks, then after using the two weeks just to slow down from the hectic pace of business, I planned a drive up the East coast to visit some service buddies, then into Canada and cross the country finally coming back to California via the Coastal Route.

A glance at the gas gauge told me the tank was almost empty and since it was almost dark and the area was rather sparsely populated, I decided to stop and refuel. "Fill it up," I told the attendant, and went into the office to buy some cigarettes. The dimly lit station made it difficult to sign the charge slip without straining, but once this was accomplished, I hopped in the driver's seat and drove the last 50 miles of unpopulated countryside to Lane's Resort.

I was surprised to find the main gate to the resort closed, but opened it and drove through to the main building which, much to my astonishment, was also dark. At this point I was wondering if I had come to the right place. I circled the building hoping to catch sight of someone but no one was in sight. I did notice lights in a building about 200 yards away and as I walked quickly toward it, I could hear the sounds of voices coming from a radio or television set. I rang the bell and after what seemed like hours an attractive woman of about 30 years opened the door. She looked startled to see me standing there.

"Are you Mrs. Lane?" I inquired."

to be other people here even though it is off season." "My God," she exclaimed, "The Convention was cancelled, and if you are Frank Mills, I sent you a letter informing you that we could not provide for you at this time and suggested that you make other arrangements."

The light finally dawned on me. I had been so busy preparing for this vacation that I had forgotten to check my mail before leaving. I identified myself as Frank Mills to Mrs. Lane who invited me in while we decided what to do under the changed circumstances. Over a cup of coffee and while I munched on a cold chicken sandwich, she told me that she would like to put me up but when the convention was cancelled she had discharged her employees and had decided to stay in her summer home since she had loaned her apartment to a friend.

"Mr. Mills," she said, "Any friend of Harry Dorn must be a fine person and a gentleman. I would not be concerned with the conventions if you were to stay here but there would be nothing for you to do all day and my light diet would not do at all for an active man like yourself."

I was inclined to agree with her and asked if I might stay the night in the main building of the lodge. I told her I was tired from my long drive and would depart in the morning. To this, she readily agreed. Vickie Lane was a most attractive woman. She was about 5'5" tall, weighed about 118 pounds and had a sharp figure which must have brought on many whistles from the office wolves at one time or another. She was wearing capris with a matching blue blouse which revealed curves that were decidedly her own. Her complexion was flawless. Apparently she was bored at being alone and suggested that I stay in her home until it was time to retire and we could talk awhile. Within five minutes we were talking like old, comfortable friends and ran the range of topics from sports to politics. I had never met anyone with whom I could relax so completely as I could with Vickie and I was enjoying myself. After some time had passed, she asked if I minded if she did her nails. "After all, even though I will be alone here, I like to look as

feminine and as neat as possible. We can still talk if you don't mind " I assured her that I did not mind and stretched out on the sofa while she began to work on her hands. She made a pretty picture working away, seated comfortably on the armchair close by

I felt a gentle tug on my shoulder and I realized I must have fallen asleep for a short while. "Mr. Mills, I think it is time that I took you into the Lodge so that you can get a night's sleep. You look exhausted."

I staggered to my feet and as my tired eyes began to focus, I saw that my socks were on the floor near the couch and as I reached down to pick them up I noticed that all my toenails had been painted crimson and my fingernails were matching. I was shocked and surprised, but strangely not angry.

Vickie laughed and said, "You were sleeping so soundly, that I thought I would put polish on one of your fingernails to see if that would awaken you. Before I knew it all ten digits were enameled and still you continued to sleep. Don't worry, I'll remove the damage with polish remover and you will be good as new."

She left the room and returned in a few minutes. "Mr. Mills," she said, "There is no polish remover to be found, but don't be upset, I will locate something in the morning. Please don't be angry."

What could I say? The convention had been cancelled, my trip had to be rescheduled, and now this. What else could happen to mar this vacation for me? Vickie walked me to my car and the final blow fell! My suitcases were missing! Apparently they had been stolen when I stopped to refuel my car en route to the Lodge.

Vickie told me not to worry and that she would find something for me to sleep in and took me to my room in the main building. She brought in some sheets and blankets, and told me to make the bed while she sought some night clothes for me. No sooner had I fin-

ished making the bed when Vickie returned, not with the expected pajamas, but instead with a full length nylon nightgown in a warm watermelon color and a quilted nylon robe both obviously not designed for the male of the species.

"You don't expect me to wear these items, do you? I can live with the nail polish overnight, but this is too much."

"Don't be foolish," Vickie replied, "these are just nightclothes and much better than sleeping in your underwear. No one will know and if it relieves your mind, I will not tell. Give me your clothes after you get into your nightclothes, and I will press your trousers and shirt so that you will leave tomorrow looking neater than you do now. When you get up in the morning, come down to my house and I will fix you breakfast."

Feeling a bit foolish, I went into the washroom to change. The feel of the nylon gown as it slithered down my body was not unpleasant. I put on the nylon robe which was a bit tight since I was 5'10" tall and weighed about 165 pounds. When I handed Vickie my clothes, she looked at me in a funny way, but said nothing except, "see you at breakfast," and then she left the room.

My new clothes felt soft and pleasant and I could not resist looking in the full length mirror to see what I looked like. My painted toe nails peeking beneath the hem of my robe amused and delighted me. What a soft life women must have I thought, to put up with these delights every night! I removed the robe, crawled beneath the sheets feeling strangely elated and it was some time before I could fall asleep. When I awoke, I washed, put on the robe since it was chilly and waited for Vickie to return with my clothes. The house phone rang. It was Vickie telling me to hurry down to the house and have breakfast with her. She was starved and breakfast was almost ready.

"Vickie," I stammered, "you have my clothes. How in the devil can I get down to breakfast without

making a fool of myself?"

"Don't be silly, Frank," she answered. "There is no one nearer than 50 miles, the gate is locked, and you cannot be seen from there."

I put on my shoes which did not quite fit my "outfit" and as I walked towards Vickie's home I could not help observing that I was beginning to enjoy wearing these feminine clothes. Within a few minutes we were enjoying a light breakfast of poached egg, white toast lightly buttered, and black coffee. As had happened the night before, we were soon engrossed in interesting conversation to the point that I even forgot how I was dressed.

"You know Frank," she finally said, "I've enjoyed having you with me these past few hours and hate to see you leave. Why don't you stay on another day?"

I agreed to stay on since I had not been so relaxed at any time during the past eight hectic years. "I just happened to think, what do I do for clothes. Remember mine were stolen and I can't wear these all day long."

"Don't worry," she responded, "Your clothes are pressed and ready for wear. She gave them to me and as I changed clothing, I could not understand my reluctance to remove the nightgown and robe."

We spent the balance of the day talking and walking through the resort taking time out only for a light lunch. As evening approached neither one of us said anything about my leaving. Vickie prepared two small filets for dinner and soon we were embroiled in conversation in the wide range of topics we both enjoyed.

Finally she said, "Why don't you sleep here tonight. There is plenty of room and I can lock the door to my room. It seems foolish for you to walk back to the resort and spend the evening alone."

This of course pleased me and we both went to

our rooms to prepare to retire for the evening. As I attired myself in the gown and robe of last night, a warm glow came over me. It was at this point that I noticed I still had the nail polish on my fingers and toes. She was dressed in a soft blue waltz length gown with matching robe and was a beautiful sight to see as she entered the room.

" Frank, " she exclaimed, "I forgot about house-slippers for you last night but these should fit" and she handed me a pair of mid-heeled mules.

I put the mules on and said, "I might be able to stand in these but I doubt if I could walk." Soon, however, I was walking around the room and had to admit that I was getting a thrill out of the new posture the mules gave me, and they did make my entire appearance more feminine.

" You know, " Vickie said, "I enjoy having you here and if it weren't for the occasional passer-by going through here, I would ask you to stay on. However I can't damage the reputation of the lodge by having a man around when I am here alone.

I agreed that I liked the idea of staying on, but could think of no way in which it could be managed. We both remained silent for awhile. Then Vickie jumped up and shouted, "I've got it!" But I don't want to talk about it now. I'll tell you my idea in the morning and if you agree with me, we can be together for a bit longer. "

When I awoke in the morning by a tapping on my door, I felt a thrill of anticipation. Although Vickie had not told me what she had in mind, I suspected and was only surprised that I felt no resentment to what I knew her idea would be.

" Frank, " she said, "Get dressed and come down for breakfast and I will tell you my plan. "

With that, she handed me a bundle of clothes consisting of panties, half slip, bra, padded inserts, waist cinch and a light green shirtwaist dress. I looked

for my own clothes which were nowhere in sight and started to protest her request, but for some reason said nothing. It took me a few minutes to figure out that the waist cinch with the attached garters went under the panties but from there on the dressing was easy. As I added on each garment the warm feeling I had been experiencing while in feminine apparel came back. When I was completely dressed, I looked into the full length mirror and was pleasantly surprised. I looked pounds lighter with the cinch, and my legs, if they had not been so hairy would have been attractive since they were shapely and feminine appearing. My face of course, left something to be desired. When I entered the room Vickie whistled, and although I felt foolish, I also was content. She could not wait until after breakfast to give me the details of her plan. The clothes she had given me were from a guest who had departed leaving no forwarding address. She explained that resorts and hotels often accumulate items in this way.

She brought out a brunette colored wig which was fashioned in one of the newer styles explaining that this was from materials used for shows during the resort season. She also said that she had stayed up last night combing and setting the wig for this "big day". Although my beard was light, Vickie insisted I shave, and I made an incongruous figure doing so, dressed as I was.

"Fran" she said, "I can't call you Frank when you are dressed as you are now. Let me try the finishing touches."

No sooner was this said then she shoved me into a chair, brought out a tray of cosmetics and proceeded to work on my face. As she applied the pancake to my face, I could sense a new excitement within me which I could not understand. Then came the eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil outlining my brows, mascara to my lashes, liquid rouge to my cheeks which she blended by again applying the pancake over it. Finally she outlined my lips in a bright crimson and filled it in with lipstick from the tube. Vickie stepped back to admire her creation and seemed pleased. "Fran," she

said, "You look better than lots of women I have seen around here. Take a look in the mirror and let me know what you think of the new you." She then put the brownette wig on my head, arranged it, and directed me toward the mirror. The picture that I saw of myself was startling. Except for posture, the illusion of an attractive woman was revealed. If I had not known better, I would have believed myself a woman, larger than most but still fairly attractive.

"Fran, this is working out better than I thought, but there is something else we can do to improve this new you. even more, provided you are willing."

"What do you mean," I replied, "I think I look pretty good for a big man ----erah, I mean--woman."

"Fran, the hair on your chest shows thru the V-neck of your shirtwaist dress and your legs are a bit hairy for a woman, don't you think?"

We agreed, after almost no hesitation on my part, to shave these areas after lunch. We had been so engrossed in the transformation of Frank to Fran that we had skipped breakfast and had not been aware of the passage of time. We ate a light lunch of cottage cheese, fresh fruit, and black coffee since Vickie was not a big eater and had not been prepared for a guest. I enjoyed the feel of my new clothes and was grateful that my makeup hid what I felt must be blushing from my new friend. After lunch, I removed the hair from those parts of my body that showed, donned a fresh pair of nylons which I attached to the garters of the waist cinch holding it more firmly in place. Vickie presented me with a white pearl choker and matching earrings which I put on, and with her donation of a pair of green pumps, my transformation was complete. I dashed to the mirror and was pleased with what I saw. I had not felt so good in eight years. I told Vickie that this was the first time I had not thought about business for years, nor felt so relaxed. I was really enjoying my new personality, and was looking forward to spending the next few weeks with Vickie.

The next two weeks were the most heavenly of my life. First Vickie showed me how to apply my own make-up and how to take care of my wig explaining that she had enough to do taking care of herself. Then we moved all the clothes of the departed guests, that were my size, into my bedroom in addition to the clothes and other items that Vickie had purchased in town for me. She had made the 70 mile drive twice, first of her own accord to get certain things and then at mine since I was developing my own feminine tastes in clothes. She taught me many things to help the time pass, such as how to walk, sit, talk more softly, select accessories, and in general how a lady should act. I enjoyed this instruction and could not seem to pick up enough information to satisfy me.

Often during "my education to Fran," we would take long walks through the grounds both wearing flats and capris with gaily colored blouses. We would get dressed for dinner both wearing full length formal gowns and although our meals were light, they matched the conversation and I enjoyed getting ready for these occasions. At times when Vickie had business to process, I would try on combinations of clothes and time passed quickly.

On day Vickie, who had been altering my clothes for more perfect fit, came into my bedroom as I had just finished changing from capris into a pink shift decorated with large flowers. "Fran" she said, "I think I have a surprise for you. I have been watching you for the past weeks and you seem to be enjoying your new role. It is like having a girlfriend or sister here with me. You have been an adept pupil and I know you do not mind the masquerade. The few service people who have seen you have not taken you for anything but what you appear to be."

" Fran, I want you to weigh yourself and tell me if you've lost any weight."

This I did and I received another shock. My weight, which had been 165 pounds, was now down to 151. The light diet, more suited to the female of the

species , plus our long walks and constant activity, had apparently brought this about.

"I have been taking your clothes in constantly and have noticed how much your figure has improved. Your waistline is 31 inches and with your waistcinch on about 28 or less," Vickie observed.

At any other time or place, such a loss in weight would have been a worry to me but now it was a pleasure. I secretly made up my mind to try and lose even more pounds, for now it was an obsession with me to try and look as attractive as I could, although I could never achieve the size 9, svelte figure that was Vickie's. During one of our many discussions, we had agreed that I would spend my full three month vacation with Vickie and would depart just prior to the arrival of the first guests. This would still leave me two weeks of travel and go other places. I realized now that I did not really wish to go, and was in no real hurry to return to work. The next month and a half passed quickly. I was now down to 135 pounds and having become more adept at padding, had a most attractive figure. I was skillful in applying make-up, selecting clothes and accessories, and short steps were now a natural part of my outward movements. Vickie still kept her bedroom door locked at night but we both knew that I would do nothing to spoil this pleasant interlude in my life.

One evening we were listening to her stereo set playing selections from "Bye Bye Birdie" and "Flower Drum Song." Two songs which I had learned to like had just finished, "How Lovely to be a Woman" and "I enjoy Being a Girl" when the inevitable happened and I found Vickie in my arms. The feel of our bodies through the nylon gowns was exhilarating. As her arms pressed the material against my back, and our lipsticks blended and the fragrance of our perfumes intertwined, I received a thrill unlike any experienced before.

I pulled back and apologized to Vickie who did not seem displeased. She seemed to anticipate my thoughts and said, "Fran, you do not displease me as a woman, nor as a man. After all, when I do the bus-

iness of the lodge in jeans and flats this does not make me less a woman. You are still a man despite your apparent liking for things feminine and frankly this gives us another common interest to share." She continued, "I do like you tremendously, and after the resort season is over, if you feel as I do, we can discuss this situation. But for now, all things considered, I think it best that we remain as we have been these past weeks, just two good girl friends."

We agreed to this "status quo" and the final weeks passed all too quickly. For the past three months I had been a woman in almost every way and was even thinking as a woman and with constant practice my voice even sounded feminine.

The transformation to Fran had been so successful that we had dared a shopping expedition into town and I spent a portion of my vacation money on more feminine frills even though I knew that I could not take them with me when I left.

At last the day came, the first guests were to arrive the next morning and all during the day, I had procrastinated in getting ready for my departure. Finally I told Vickie, "I will be sorry to leave tomorrow, but I don't want to be a source of possible embarrassment to you, nor cause your business to suffer because of a man wearing female clothing and acting feminine on the lodge grounds."

Vickie hesitated a minute, then said, "Fran, I know you have accepted yourself as a woman these past weeks, but do me a favor and look in the mirror once more, then come back and tell me what you see."

This request was unusual after these many feminine months but I did as she asked. The mirror gave me my answer. As I approached the mirror, it informed me that my posture, motions and smoothly gliding steps were as feminine as could be. As I continued to gaze into the mirror, I realized that no one could possibly know that I was not truly a woman. I asked myself, as I gazed at my reflection, which of my two selves I truly preferred, Frank or Fran, and my answer

to myself was a resounding "Fran!" I expressed these thought to Vickie and she did not seem surprised.

"Fran, why don't you stay the two weeks you still have remaining even if there are guests. You have schooled yourself so admirably, that I am sure that you will enjoy meeting and being with others as Fran instead of Frank. Give it a try and if after a day you do not feel comfortable, you can leave at once."

It is difficult to tell how much I enjoyed the following two weeks. The resort was more festive and when Fran introduced me as her cousin from back East, no one questioned it or me. I took over the job of hostess in the dining room during meal time and enjoyed talking with both men and women alike in this role. I even enjoyed the mild flirtations of some of the male guests who would have been chagrined if the truth had been known to them. I doubly enjoyed playing ping-pong and volley ball with the guests, since as a man I excel at these games, and as Fran I had to hide this skill. One evening I took part in a moonlight swim in the heated pool and came through with flying colors thanks to special equipment to help hide my true sex, and a proper swimsuit which Vickie gave me. I was always pleased when Vickie would tell me that her guests thought I was a 'wonderful woman' and how they enjoyed having me at the resort. When I would receive compliments from the women guests on my hair-do or costume, I would be elated.

Finally the day of departure could no longer be delayed. Vickie and I agreed to meet once the resort was closed and to renew our friendship which we both now knew would eventually turn into marriage.

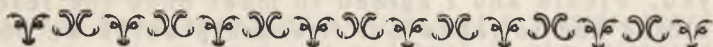
"Fran," she said, "You had better become Frank in the morning and return home since you have to be at work the following day. The vacation season is short and in a few months I will join you back home. Try to leave before the guests arise."

She then went into her room and brought out my clothes. We talked for several hours and we said good-bye that evening since I did not want to see her get up

in the wee hours of morning just to see me leave.

.... As I drove back to my home, the sound of tires running over the roadway was soft and pleasant. I had left before Vickie awoke and was wondering what she would think if she could see me now. My beige Italian Knit suit with brown appliqued Flower on the jacket fit me perfectly. The skirt was lifted slightly above my knees to make driving more comfortable and my nyloned legs were smooth as silk. The bone pumps were comfortable and attractive. My make-up was flawless and was a compliment to the teaching of the past months and my long fingernails were perfectly enameled. I felt perfectly groomed knowing that my slip, bra and panties matched the color of my costume and that my accessories were in good taste. As I drove down the road my eyes would catch sight of the color of my fingers and in glancing through the rear view mirror, I could see that my hairdo was attractive. The clothes I had worn when I left to start my vacation were on the floor of the trunk.

There would still be plenty of time to change back before going to work the next morning and I wanted Fran to stay as long as possible. What a remarkable vacation - to leave as Frank and return as Fran. As for the rest and relaxation I had set out to achieve it had been attained in far greater degree than I would have thought possible - simply because after the first few days with Vickie, Frank just "went away". He got a good rest all right, nobody had disturbed him for three long months in that nice quiet closet where Vickie had put his clothes.



COVER GIRL

by PHYLLIS 22-A-1

A Cover Girl to be, that's me!
With Bra and heels and finery.
My hair so long and makeup neat
For all to see, a really rare treat.
Now don't laugh girls, it's not so bad
To be picked to appear on the cover of MAD!

(continued from pg. 32)

My heart all but stopped too. With tears in my eyes I said, "I didn't mean it. Honestly! Please don't make me walk. I'll be a good.....g-i-r-l..."

I had said it. How or why I said it, I don't know. But I do know that it saved my life - at least for the time being. Debbie seemed genuinely pleased. "Well, Marilyn, so you finally admit it. All right honey, you needn't walk. But understand this. You've had your last chance!"

She went on a way and then pulled into a parking place practically in the center of the town. "I'll only be a moment. Don't leave me." With that she was out of the car and on her way.

As if I would leave her! She had taken the keys and I wasn't about to get out and walk! Debbie knew it too.

Moments later, as I sat there reflecting on all that had happened in the past few hours, I noticed Carolyn and Joanne coming toward the car. "My gosh," I thought. "They must not see me this way."

I slid down farther and farther, and I moved the head scarf forward as they came within 10 yards of the car.

Joanne could be seen pointing to the car, as if to say, "Carolyn, there's Debbie's car. I wonder where she is."

As they came within listening range, Carolyn noticed, "there's that girl that was with her. Let's ask her."

I was terrified. They would surely recognize me. I wanted to tell them to "get out of here. Don't come near me." Anything to have them go away. But here they were right by the car.

Joanne spoke, "excuse me, we were wondering where Debbie..." Her words were broken as Carolyn looked and pointed down the street. "Here she comes, Joanne."

A more beautiful announcement I will never hear, so long as I live! The two girls broke away from the car, excusing themselves, and moved towards Debbie. They met her about 10 yards down the street from the car. I watched them as they talked, laughed, talked some more, and then laughed some more. What were they saying. Was Debbie telling them about me? I could see them look my way every now and then.

Suddenly I saw Debbie take them by the arms and move them over my way. My relief had been short lived. I resigned myself to my fate.

Debbie made the introduction. "Marilyn, I want you to know two sweet girl friends of mine, Joanne and Carolyn." I managed a smile but did not say anything.

Joanne added, "We almost met you a moment ago. But it is nice to have a formal introduction." I smiled again.

It was Carolyn's turn. "Debbie tells us that you're from out of the city and visiting Fairdale. You must come and visit us while you're here. We'd just love to have you!"

I wanted to shout. "Leave me alone," but only managed another smile. My smiles were getting weaker. I thought surely they must know who I really was. Or was my disguise really that good?....

Debbie terminated the conversation. "I'm afraid Marilyn is too overcome by you girls. She really is a very shy girl."

Carolyn concluded, "Debbie, why don't you have Marilyn as a guest at our meeting tonight. I know the other girls will love her. Besides it will help to eliminate her shyness."

With that they bid us both good-bye. "I hope we'll see you tonight, Marilyn," Joanne called.

Debbie came around and got in the car. I had to know. "What did you tell them?" "Do they know?" "You didn't....."

Debbie laughed heartily--at me. "You lovely girl. Don't you realize that they didn't even know the difference....They really think you're a girl friend of mine from out of town."

"Oh" I said, not knowing whether to be glad or sad. Glad that they did not recognize me, but sad..could I really look so much like a girl?

Finally I said, "I'm really sorry Debbie. You were truly good to me. You could have told them. And yet you didn't!"

Debbie was touched, but not for long. She patted me on the knee. "It's all right, honey, I'm proud to have such a cute girl visiting me." Then the next blow. "You know, it would be nice to have you as our guest tonight."

I was shocked. "You can't mean that, Debbie... They'll be sure to know."

"Joanne and Carolyn didn't," Debbie countered. "Besides, I think you'd enjoy meeting with us."

As we moved along in Debbie's car, the thought of attending the sorority meeting appealed more and more to me. It would be so much fun, I thought; it would be so embarrassing and revealing, I realized. "No", I told myself, "it just can't happen!"

Suddenly I was awakened in my thoughts to realize that we were nearing my home. I inquired, "aren't we going past your apartment so I can change?" It was a foolish question. "Change to what?" Debbie asked, as if she didn't know. "Why, into my own clothes." I paused. "I can't go home this way." The confidence in my voice was gone by the time I had finished the last word.

Debbie laughed sarcastically. "So far as I'm concerned, you have no clothes but those I've lent you..I do have some ridiculous male clothing in the trunk, but those couldn't possibly belong to a lovely girl like you."

"Debbie, please..." I protested.

"You can return my dress and lingerie after you get home. Just bring them with you to the meeting, or wear them if you prefer. Or maybe your sisters will lend you some of theirs."

"Oh no," I thought, as the words struck home. I then told Debbie, "I just can't let my sisters see me like this!"

"Well, Marilyn, you should have thought of that before your feminine, sissy traits were so clearly revealed today." With that Debbie had brought the car to a stop in front of our home. I sat there frozen.

"The meeting starts at 8 tonight, but I want you at my home at 7. Is that clear?" Debbie wasn't really asking; she was telling me! I only nodded my head, too frozen to do anything else.

Debbie warned, "Of course, if you aren't at my apartment at 7--not 7:01--it will be very easy for me to relate to everyone what fun we had today--with all the details, naturally."

Debbie reached over and again pinched me clear through her pink panties. "Now get out. I've got to get home."

I jumped about a foot, but not toward the door. I grasped her hands. "Oh Debbie, do anything to me, but don't let me out here. Please, Sally and Sandra have been down on me enough lately. Don't make it harder for me!!" I practically was on my knees.

Debbie's answer was to smile wickedly, pause for a moment, then hop from her side of the car. Around she came to my side and opened the door. She reached for me, still with that smile on her face. I started to pull away but was too late. Debbie had me by the wrist and, moments later, I was pulled from the car in a most unladylike fashion. I sat backward on the grass with my skirt and petticoat flying. Debbie then shut the door, locking it as she did so. My mouth was open and my eyes asked sympathy, but Debbie only waved femininely back at me. She sweetly said, "Bye, Marilyn, doll. See you soon." In a moment she was in

her car and moving down the street.

Panic struck me as I realized that Debbie was not going to give me any sympathy and help me out of my predicament. Here I was, sitting on the grass in front of my home, in the late but still daylight hours and... dressed in a girl's dress, petticoat, slip, bra, panties and shoes. And girl's makeup besides!

I had to hide, I thought. Sally and Sandra must not see me. If I could only sneak into the house and get to my room... sure, that would do it... if I could just get to my room. It would be simple. I could quickly switch clothes and take the makeup off. Suddenly a ridiculous bit of cockiness was back. It was as though I had already made it to my room!

I quickly picked myself up and minced toward the side of the house. The plan was to go in the back way, slip through the kitchen, up the stairs and into my room.

As I moved along I was terrorized by the further thought that the neighbors might have seen what had already transpired. If they had, all of the efforts of the next few minutes--even if I made it--might be in vain. I tossed off this terror to concentrate on the immediate problem.

I slipped under each window as I went along the side of the house. So far so good. I had reached the back corner of the house.

We had a large yard in back. There were a few trees, lovely grass and a number of pieces of furniture on the lawn. The back door was perhaps 20 feet from the corner of the house.

I listened carefully to see if anyone was in the kitchen. Then I quickly glanced around the yard. It didn't look or sound like there was anyone in the vicinity. Joy filled my heart as I optimistically thought, "Golly, maybe everyone is out for the afternoon."

I was encouraged and moved forward toward the

door. Within a few feet of the door, I stepped onto the walkway leading to the door. For a moment, the click, click of my high heels rang out. Just as quickly I caught myself, and moved forward on my toes. I reached for the door. Were you within 20 miles of Fairdale that day, you would have heard the beat of my heart during the next few moments.

"Hello" came a voice from the yard. I stood there, frozen stiff. It sounded like Sally, yet it came from the yard and I had looked about the yard. . . or had I?

"Can I help you, young lady," the voice came again. It was Sally's voice alright!

I didn't answer but looked slowly around, hoping I was hearing things. But no. There was Sally looking around from behind her lawn chair. In my haste I had not noticed her before.

Sally rose and said again, "Can I get someone for you?"

I had to say something and, if I had concentrated on it for a week, I couldn't have said anything worse. With a high voice, I asked, "Is Sandra in?" The moment I said it I could have died.

Sally looked at me somewhat strangely and then smiled and said, "Yes, she is. I'll get her for you." Sally came toward me.

She was really a beautiful girl, dark, high cheekbones, sturdily-built but definitely feminine. Of my two sisters, she had the better sense of humor and usually saw humor in most any situation. She was two years older than me and took a more or less motherly interest as well. Still, I always looked up to her and usually moved when she asked me to do something.

Sandra was a twin to me in age. However, she had progressed faster in school and had already been out a year, supporting me, as did Sally. However, Sandra seemed to resent this-in fact most everything about me.

Unlike Sally, she failed to see any humor in me. Nothing I did was right. She had often taunted me over my "figure". On one occasion she had said I looked more like a girl than a boy. And so, of all people to ask for, Sandra was about the worst choice.

Sandra was blonde with lovely flowing tresses. Her complexion was beautiful, but she even added to this with just the right amount of makeup... She was 5'4" tall-my height-and there were many features of Sandra that were not unlike my own. These features on Sandra made people comment how beautiful she was and what a gorgeous figure she had. I must say the comments on my features were not so pleasant.

While these thoughts crossed my mind, Sally had come to within a few feet of me. Smiling pleasantly she said, "I'm Sally, Sandra's sister. I don't believe I've met you before, although you do look familiar."

If she only knew how familiar I was, I thought. I managed to stutter, in a high voice, "I'm... M-M-Marilyn." It came out almost naturally, but it wasn't solving anything!

"I'm glad to know.." Sally started and then broke off. She was looking at me curiously. Then she broke out in a big grin, that only Sally was capable of, and said, "Merrill, what ARE you doing!!" She had recognized me.

She was about killing herself laughing as she said, "Where in the world did you get those clothes... Really darling, you look simply wonderful!"

I was in tears and on my knees as I grasped her about the legs and looked up into her face. "Please, help me," I said..."I don't want Sandra to see me like this. She wouldn't understand."

Looking down at her feminized brother, she smilingly said, "Understand? Sandra wouldn't? What about me? Out of a clear blue sky, my brother comes home dressed in lovely girl's clothing and perfectly madeup--the picture of femininity--and then asks me to get Sandra. I start to get Sandra and suddenly, you

don't want her at all... And I'm supposed to understand all this?"

She broke off with another laugh, then softly placed her hands on my face and lifted me up to her. "Just what am I, to understand?" she asked seriously, for the first time.

I couldn't look at her and lowered my eyes, "Well, I was just sort of..well,, you might..uh..say..playing a game." Sally smiled and raised her eyebrows questioningly. I was not convincing.

"What kind of a game?" she asked, leading me on.

"Well, I thought it might be..uh..fun..to.." The words came hard.."..sort of d-d-d-d-dress up."

Sally commented, "well, I must say that it looks like you are having just all sorts of fun." This time she was not convincing.

Sally then set the stage for further difficulties. "I think that Sandy, your twin sister, ought to hear about this. I'm sure she'd understand. Besides you asked to see her.. Remember?"

Protesting but not having the strength to combat my sister's will, I was led into the house, through the kitchen and by the stairway. "Please," I whispered to Sally, "don't do this to me."

My plea was to no avail. It was interrupted by Sally's calling upstairs. "Sandra! There's a girl friend of yours here."

From Sandra's room I heard, "who is it?"

Sally answered, smiling all the time at me. "It's Marilyn."

"Who? Well, never mind, I'll be right down." Sandra was obviously not sure who Marilyn was but intended to find out.

Sally led me into the living room. Soon I was

posed over at the far side of the room. Tears were in my eyes as Sally, finding great humor in my plight, made sure that my hands and feet were in the most feminine pose possible.

Down the stairs came Sandra, really somewhat tomboyishly at heart but nevertheless strictly feminine. She was dressed in bright red satin torreador pants, cute sissy blouse with peter-pan collar, a wide but colorful cinch belt (accentuating her waist), and patent leather loafer shoes. Her attire made my own seem even more fantastically ridiculous.

She looked at me, then at Sally, "Marilyn?" she asked. My eyes lowered.

Sally was fighting her emotions, holding back the humor that was about to burst forth and spoil the joke. But Sandra was too perceptive.

She came forward wickedly. "Marilyn my eye! This is my lovely twin brother, Merrill!" With that she struck me across the face a blow that I will never forget. It sent me reeling to the floor, my skirt and petticoat again revealing everything feminine on me.

Sally quickly went over to me and assisted me but Sandra stayed above me, looking hard and domineering. "So my darling brother has finally shown his true character!" Her hands were provocatively on her hips. "I always thought you were a big sissy and pansy. Now it's clear!" And then with the height of sarcasm, "And don't you look just adorably feminine!"

Sally tried to help a little. "Sandra, I'm sure that Merrill can explain or make up this shock to us in some way." I nodded my head agreeably, but the fire was merely furnished more fuel.

"You bet he'll make this up to us!" Then pausing, "For instance, I have a huge wash to be done and I think I know who's going to do it. And when it's done, there will be the lovely feminine task of ironing all of those pretty things." Turning to Sally she said, "Don't you have some too?"

Sally was now seeing the humor again and the possibilities ahead. "Golly, Sandra, I sure do. Won't it be wonderful to have our own maid to help us!" Now Sally was laughing again. I was flushed and in tears again.

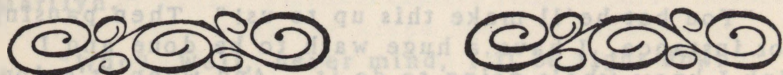
Sandra had further thoughts, "Won't it be nice too to have someone clean the house for us? Remember how our brother used to always get out of that job? But now with a maid, we won't have to do it at all."

It was now Sally's turn. Enthusiastically she said, with a sly wink at her sister, "And won't it be wonderful to have a cute little girl maid assist with out bath, help us put our lingerie, stockings, slip, dress--everything--on. What a life of luxury!"

With that both girls joined in a dance of joy about the room, shouting with glee as they anticipated what was ahead. Soon Sandra had me on my feet and, much against my wishes, had me joining in the dance. My heart was not in it!

Neither were my thoughts in it. For it appeared there was much ahead for me. Sally and Sandra would apparently never let me forget my newly acquired place in our home. It would be Marilyn, the maid, intermixed when necessary with Marilyn, their sister. Then there was lovely Debbie who was expecting me that evening at the sorority meeting. Sally and Sandra were members too. The world looked complex indeed. But I do know this, it was a world which I secretly truly loved. I might protest and rebel at what was in store, but I wouldn't really miss it for the world.

And only a few hours ago, I had started on a picnic with gorgeous Debbie. It was truly a picnic to long remember!



BOOK REVIEW

THE CIRCLE OF SEX, by Gavin Arthur. 86 pp. Available from Chevalier Publications, \$2.75.

◆ This little book gives an extraordinarily provocative theory of sexual types, which should be of interest to every TV who has given much thought to her relationship to the rest of the human race. Readers with technical training would be well advised to adopt a tolerant attitude towards an unfortunate sprinkling of pseudo-scientific words, which have no bearing on the main line of the author's discussion. Our large population of electronics engineers will be particularly distressed by Mr. Arthur's abuse of "electricity."

The vital point, and a new one as far as this reviewer's reading goes, is a continuous classification of all sexual types of personalities, with no gaps and no bodies left over. This unique approach gives a new insight, and a very plausible one, as to why the TV feels so remote from those incomprehensible homosexuals, but a natural affinity to the equally deviant (by ordinary standards) Lesbians. Our position on the "Circle" is an unexpected one; the reader is advised to fasten her seat belt before tackling Chapter 11 - but the conclusion is logical, plausible, and even helps to explain the types of wives we choose. One could wish for more detail, but the TV coverage is as good as our relative scarcity permits.

No comprehension is shown of the dual mind and personality of the TV; nor is there any clearcut space for the Transexual in this classification. However, we may hope that this book will stir up further thought which will lead to a complete understanding of our special cases.

Sheila (30-B-2FPE)

A TV'S PRAYER

by JUDY 49-E-1

Oh God, my Father and sovereign o'er
land and sea,
Accept I pray, this humble prayer, I
offer unto thee.
Oh Light of Lights, please hear me,
though thou knowest what I am,
A lesser in thy mighty flock, a small
and frightened lamb.
I pray to thee, or Father, for guidance
from thy hand,
For what thou hast given me my God, is
hard to understand.
I've found within my soul a love, for
woman's way of dress,
The reason for its placement there I can,
but only guess.
I question not thy wisdom Lord, instead I
humbly ask,
What is the reason for my life, what is
my earthly task?
What can I do with this rare gift possessed
by such a few,
How can I use it wisely, to bring further
praise to You?

I know that I am different, my thoughts
most men deny,
But still I cannot help but feel that they
are wrong, not I.
This other one, which shares my shell,
wants just to be of use,
And yet she bears the burden Lord, of
man's unkind abuse.
Perversion, such an ugly word, has been
applied to me,
My thoughts, desires, not understood —
perhaps will never be.

TV's PRAYER (continued)

It has been said by many that my mind is
surely ill,
But I'll accept these trials oh God, if it
is thy holy will.
For peace and joy, which fill my soul
whene're I choose to cross,
Cannot in truth, which I hold dear, be
called injurious loss.
Tis not a loss to feel complete, to have
contentment reign,
Within my breast my spirit sings a gentle
soft refrain.

Cleanse my soul of shadows, of the deeds
I've done in shame,
Guide my hand, Oh God of Love, to bless
thy holy name.
Give to me the strength to do, what you
have deemed I should,
And lead me Lord, should I grow weak,
back to the path of good.
Help me to show to others, that their
earthly eyes may see,
That your love will last forever-through
all eternity.
Give to them, I pray thee, the peace
which I have known.
Conduct them to the land of joy, which
thou to me hast shown.
Grant them too, the wonderous stream of
thy unending grace,
That they may live within the light
projected from thy face.
This is my prayer, my Father, this my
humble plea,
That I may be of use, of help, I ask this,
Lord, of thee.



A TV'S PRAYER

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

◆ The Season for parties is over--what a shame! The gang blossomed out despite foul weather, icy streets and vicious winds...but who cares! A very nice get-together at Joan's in New Jersey was perhaps the highlight of the Season along these Eastern shores.... Everybody who was anybody in skirts showed up. A good number of wives added that gorgeous GG touch to the proceedings. One of them arrived carrying a mysterious basket, and within it? A baby! A real, non-synthetic, bundle of wonders. Explanation: no baby-sitter! How the crowd loved it. The mother said that never had a baby enjoyed such a large audience at formula time. The more daring TV's experienced that wonderful sensation of holding a baby in their arms. I must say they all knew how to hold it, which shows that they either had had babies of their own, or had been practicing with a doll at home. The big question of the evening was: did the baby read anybody? I thought I saw a sardonic grin on the little one's face a couple of times, followed by a gurgle which had a highly suspicious lilt. But again it could have been just part of my guilty feelings...(did I say guilty?) The trouble is that I have been hearing and reading too many debates on the nature, causes and cure of TVism)

But let's continue observing this party.. Some TV's were attracted like a magnet to the sofa where all the wives had chosen to sit, in a gesture of self-protection perhaps, or still better, to give each other strength. By sheer accident I am sure, that sofa was situated in the most strategic place of the living room--and at times I felt that it was the stage of a large theater..It was not the GG's who did the watching of the play, but the reverse, they were the actresses and we were all watching them--always wondering how they felt--desperately trying to guess what thoughts really

crossed their minds. . . Many chairs were carelessly placed in the rest of the room, but somehow they formed a semi-circle facing the sofa. Each TV would sit in one of the chairs for a while and then get up and wander toward the kitchen. I'm willing to bet they all had one thought: I hope the GG's liked me. . . was I sitting right? Did I act too feminine? Or did I overdo the masculine trying to remind the GG's that, after all, I'm a he-man?

Some of the husbands acted definitely sheepish, almost apologetic in front of the GG's. Those who came without their wives were definitely more at ease. Obviously there is still a lot of guilt left inside. With the wife present they seem to be hobbled, they even walk with a touch of the sea-faring captain. Their voices seem to grow even deeper than normal. It is interesting to note that when alone, I mean without the wife present, the voice goes up a notch and there's more of "the lady" showing.

Other TV's seemed to be scared of the wives present. They actually avoided them and after a perfunctory introduction they removed themselves from the magic circle and disappeared inside the kitchen or moved around on the periphery of things. Some, who are usually good at jokes and good-natured teasing, seemed to have suddenly lost their usual nonchalance and just sat, talking almost in whispers.

And the wives? Blessed be their GG-ness. They were giving us all a lesson in how to be nice even if you don't quite feel up to it. They were dressed with taste, gracious in their conversation and observed without being obvious about it. There was, however, a difference between those wives who have become accustomed to TV gatherings and those who are still new at it. The latter were a bit more quiet, more reserved. I would have given a great deal to have a mind-recording machine hooked up near that sofa! I am sure they noticed everything. . . they must have noticed the careless TV who still has to be reminded to sit properly when in company at least! They must have noticed those who know that black is a slenderizing color and those who don't. . . they must have noticed the TV who

thinks that lingerie is for GG's only..or the TV who lets a cigarette burn a deep hole on a brand new table ...or sits on a window sill to pose for a picture and leaves deep high-heel scratches on a brand new wall... Yes, I'm sure they noticed all these things and more, but they were the perfect ladies and did not say anything or to give any indication that they had noticed ..

But back to the TV's themselves..it's always nice to see old friends again..some have gained weight, others have lost some..most of them have improved their make-up technique, we certainly learn through practice'. ..and there's always the usual exchange of news..have you heard from Jessica? ..It seems that everybody got a Christmas card from the gal who's now living in foreign lands..and we are pretty sure she misses this crowd..where she is, the climate (socially speaking) is not conducive to frequent displays of the "girl-within." ..And what about Lee? (Cover girl in' TVia #15) It seems that Lee has been abstaining lately ..says she doesn't miss dressing too much..has exchanged skirts for a motorcycle..although at nighttime, nighties still win out over pajamas... We also hear that Anita is behaving..some say that she has not indulged in months..could someone check on this for sure? ..And of course there is the matter of recent pictures..some TV's collect them like mad (most of them I guess)... and I've yet to see a TV party without a constant flashing of bulbs all over the place...

Did anyone say that women are great gossipers? I guess TV's reaffirm that concept..we certainly love to gossip..the trouble with gossip is that the original story, as it passes from mouth to mouth, becomes a bit distorted..and one distortion is added to another..until the story assumes the proportions of a sensational event..for instance, if a TV should be seen at Dr. Benjamin's office, his reputation as a normal human being is shot to pieces..his presence there immediately suggests hormone treatments..the treatments are immediately thought to be a preliminary step towards Casablanca..and before the TV realizes what's happened, he'll get a letter from some distant town sweetly inquiring "when is the trip"? ..Woe to the TV who should become friendly with some gay impersonators..

(we all know some who have)..raised eyebrows here and there and a very strong suspicion that there's something fishy there..and then we have the Virginia defenders and the Virginia critics..we must admit that she makes a wonderful subject for discussion in every TV gathering..I guess Virginia is used to this by now and realizes that publicity is always good..things are only bad when nobody talks about you..But for real juicy tidbits let me present the very latest I heard.. (of course I always add my share of distortion to make it even more interesting...)

It seems that a group of our TV friends (all dressed of course) drove to Joan's party. In the car there was one GG--the wife of one of the TV's.Joan's house is nicely located (if you know how to get there) ..and despite her directions, the driver of the car (famous for his sense of direction in his regular occupation) got lost..So, they decide to inquire directions from a gas station attendant..the logical thing would have been to let the GG do the talking, but the driver of the car was feeling in fine voice that night and decided to try it out on the gas chap..Reaction? Are you fellows from the Village?..(meaning of course Greenwich Village in NY, well known for its gay population) ...and as a departing shot he added: have fun boys! Including in his sweeping gesture even the innocent GG

And now a confession..a horrible experience in the life of yours truly..fortunately there was only one witness. If this had happened in front of a crowd, or worse still--on a stage--I'd have died! Simply this.. Joan (this was the day after the party) was regaling me with some marvellous LP music (Spanish)..I feel the urge to dance and start some wild gyrations..and for the first time in my life, a toss of the head sent my beautiful hairpiece sailing across the room.! The only witness, Joan, swore she'd never tell of this incident.. But she is hereby released from the promise obtained by a simple threat of murder...I felt as if an invisible dentist had in one single motion pulled every tooth in my mouth, without anesthesia....

More gossip? One of our good friends decided to go out one evening. She looks gorgeous when dressed

so she shouldn't worry, but, you know how it is. There's always that feeling that something may go wrong. And sure enough, when she returned she discovered that she took the wrong key to her house and now she was locked out, with nobody in the house. A frantic telephone call to a friend who understands locks plus some torturous minutes of waiting, finally put an end to the tragedy. Slightly worse was the case of another TV who was in the habit of taking short walks at night around the neighborhood. She always made sure that she carried the two vital keys: one to her upstairs apartment and the other that opened the front door that led to the street. A night did come in which our friend returned home only to find that she had the apartment key, but had forgotten the downstairs one. So there she was, standing on the sidewalk at midnite unable to get into the house. Should she ring the landlady? No, definitely not. The sharp eyed lady might read her right away. Besides, she would definitely object to opening the door to an unknown tenant.

Our friend's only hope was the arrival of one tenant she knew was in the habit of coming home around 2 AM. He would save the situation. So, our TV friend just sat on the steps and waited. The street was empty. Not a soul in sight. That was good. But then, turning the corner was the silhouette of a man approaching with slow measured steps. . . Could that be the tenant? No. He is carrying a stick. It's a policeman!'. The TV's heart goes into high gear. Will this be the end of the road? Will I spend the night behind bars? Will they put me in the men's ward or in the women's ward? Will my picture appear in the papers? This and a million other questions cross the mind of our most unhappy friend. The policeman's figure is getting closer and closer, his bulk has now become gigantic, he blots out the entire street. . . And then he stops in front of the TV. And he speaks.

"Having trouble lady? Got yourself locked out"

" A miserable tiny little smile peeks through the make up. . . and then, almost in a whisper: "Yes officer . . . but there's a tenant coming home around 2 so he'll open the door. I'll just wait."

The officer smiles: "Wouldn't it be better if you rang the landlord?"

"No, no..she's sick..I wouldn't want to wake her up..I'll just wait here," our frightened friend replies.

"All right, but don't worry. I'll keep my eye on you." And he moves on, swinging his stick, totally unaware of the fact that he had witnessed a tremendous emotional storm;- the death and resurrection of a human being. After a whole pack of cigarettes, the tenant arrived to be received by one of the most effusive welcomes anybody was ever given. "You don't know how glad I am to see you!!". -A final glance down the street still registered the motionless silhouette of the policeman standing at the corner, keeping an eye on "her". I often wonder if non-TV's ever go through such intense emotional experiences. But we never learn and some nights later we are right back on our eternal quest for adventure.

Just heard through the grapevine that one of our close friends spend 72 hours behind bars in a small town somewhere in these United States just because a clerk at a drugstore read her while she was courageously buying a pack of cigarettes. The clerk phoned the police. Our friend had returned to her hotel room, but the "success" of her previous outing impelled her to go out again. As soon as she hit the street, the arm of the law descended upon her. No charge was entered against her and she was released after spending some of the most uncomfortable and humiliating 72 hours of her life. Will this be a lesson? I don't think so. She' will be out again, once the memory of the ordeal wears off. We are incorrigible!!

"Just to show you to what lengths we go, here's another TV scene....15, 16, 17..46, 47, 48..ouch!

and tears roll down your face. It hurts, it hurts terribly, but vanity impels the TV to continue his self-inflicted torture. The tweezers gleam in his hand like a midget steel trap...he squeezes and it bites..Each hair on the face seems to become thicker and stronger

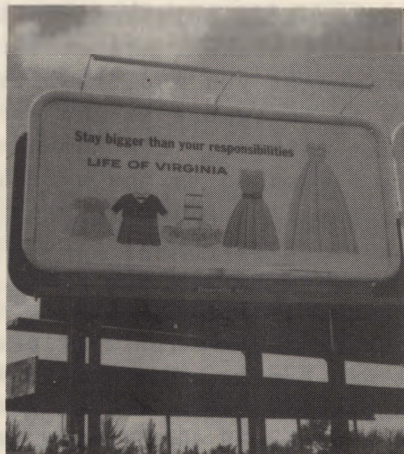
than the last one you pulled out. .you look at the bit of black stubble, still held by the tiny jaws of the tweezers. .and it looks ugly, horribly distorted. .like a thorn plucked out of some muddy polluted pool. . . You look at its black wiriness and you wonder what infernal network of tiny knives is nestling under several layers of skin. .they are the ones who make us groan in desperation, When we get back those beautiful color pictures we took at our last get-together. .the makeup has been totally defeated by the penetrating eye of the camera. Surrounded by all that glory of color sticking out like a sore thumb, we see that blue-grey stain emerging from our face like a tattoo of doom. .It's part of the permanent bruise left in our lives by the inner struggle between the masculine and the feminine. The tweezers seem to be the answer -- at least the best of several counterattacks on that imbedded dirt.

Electrolysis is good, but not always. I is terribly expensive and time consuming. It implies loads of free time for us to hibernate while the redness and the swelling subside. .it implies going without shaving for one or two days so that the operator will have something to get at with her instrument. Unfortunately the demands of everyday life make this "not shaving" decision almost impossible for the average person who goes to business or must meet the public. Moreover, there's the danger of scars or disfigurement. Some of my TV friends who have gone through electrolysis have suffered this fate. There are marks left on the skin which are not assets to looks. Very few of them have emerged unscarred - which means that the percentage seems to be against you.

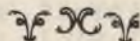
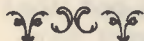
So we come back to tweezing. If the beard is thick and strong and wiry, this is torture, sheer hell (depending on your ability to withstand pain). But once you get through the first tweezing session, it seems to be a bit weaker every time you do it and it hurts less and less. Needless to say, the trouble and agony are amply repaid by the results. Your skin shows the benefits, especially if you use a good facial cream at night. It is softer than it ever was, and what's most thrilling you now need so little make-up!'. But I must leave you for this time--I must go back to tweezing!

RESPONSIBILITY

VIRGIN
by



VIEWS
VIRGINIA



◆ One of our more travelled girls took the above shot while traveling through Virginia. I must apologize for not marking her name or number on the back of the picture so that I could give credit but at the time it came in I just took it as a rather amusing sign and tucked it away with other photographs not intending at the time to make any use of it. Yet the more I thought about it the more timely the subject seemed to be.

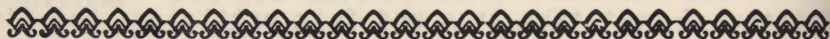
That is quite an order that slogan, "Stay Bigger Than Your Responsibilities, (Life of) Virginia". In my case I take that to mean two things: Keep on top of your job, keep things rolling and look ahead, and secondly, remain big enough emotionally not to let petty gripes and criticisms get you down. This latter is related to that other famous slogan "Illegitimus Non Carborundum" which, freely translated, means, Dont Let the Bastards Grind You Down. Frankly I am glad my unremembered friend sent that picture to me as I am going to try to make it a New Years Resolution to do just these things. But it wont be easy. Not that I cant take true and fair criticism, but I'm

just human enough to be disappointed a bit and sometimes, to be real honest, a bit hurt too at some of the unjustified gripes, snide remarks, and behind my back knife throwing that goes on.

However I am greatly bolstered when these times arise by the friendly counsel and encouragement of the special few amongst you who, realizing that this is going on, urge me to ignore it and concentrate on the more important matters. I'm human enough to be both surprised and wounded by the acts and words of various persons, but I'm coming to realize that this turning around is a rather usual process with some people. I am reminded of the old adage that the best way to lose a friend is to save him from drowning. How true! Anyway from now on I'm going to put that out of my sight and heart. I consider that I have pretty large responsibilities to you girls in TV-land. Not just to those of you I have found or have found me, but to probably many times your number who remain to be found.

I not only have the literal responsibility of your names on the mailing list and your money that is sent in, but the intangible and moral responsibility I set myself when I first brought TVia out--to offer help, not just print something to sell--to counsel, not commercialize. TRANSVESTIA and the other publications I put out will continue on these same lines because for every reader that discontinues because he no longer feels the need or has forgotten how it was B.T. (Before Transvestia), there 4 or 5 brand new recruits who need a helping hand. So that's my decision for 1964 and my resolution. What about yours. Are you thinking of putting your shoulder to the wheel someday? There is much to be done! The Foundation could use support both in finances and project help. I can point the road and I can open doors, but there is a real limit to my time and energy.

.....VIRGINIA



PHI PI EPSILON NEWS

◆ PHI PI EPSILON now has quite a few members. Unfortunately they are rather widely scattered and only in a few places are there enough to make up any kind of real group and only in two places has this really occurred, in Chicago with Beta and in Madison Wisc., with Theta. Some who have joined have, after a time written and asked, "I joined FPE, what do I do now?" Well, unfortunately until enough join in an area and someone takes the initiative about arranging a get together there is not too much that can be done. At the moment I am too swamped to be able to organize and operate a national activity from here, by myself.

However, Fran 49-C-1 FPE, founder of the Theta chapter has come up with a real good idea. She would like to offer what might be called, associate membership in the Theta chapter, even to those too far away to attend meetings. Since Theta is an active group, with its own monthly bulletin, and with a real project underway, such associate membership could provide a sense of belonging and a means of helping the work of the Foundation even if you are the only FPE for several hundred miles around. Of course Theta has its monthly dues, but it will be arranged that associate members will pay a smaller fee to cover the cost of their copy of the bulletin and mailing. So until the possibility of a group in your area becomes a reality why not take advantage of Theta's kind offer and join with them. In unity there is strength. So write to Fran thru CONTACT (no fee will be charged) and I will forward it to her. This invitation applies, of course to FPE members only.

Areas where FPE chapters could get going are Miami, Hartford Conn., Central New York, San Francisco, New Jersey, Detroit, the Washington D.C. and Maryland area, and New York City. I hope that someone in each of these areas will undertake the job.

REMINDER: 1964 FPE dues of \$6 are now payable. This money goes to the Foundation, not Chevalier. Those who are not members of FPE can help with donations.

Editorial Emanations

I. DELAYS: Due to my having to go into the hospital on Jan. 21, and my spending every available minute during the last week in getting the Mirror, the Clipseet AND this issue of TVia to the printer, I dropped way behind on the mail, so please bear with me. After I am home and convalescent I can set about putting things back together, but there are going to be complications for some. I hope you will understand.

II. THANKS TO SO MANY OF YOU: I hope you will all realize that personal acknowledgement of Xmas cards is just impossible, particularly at this time. So forgive me if I take this mass means to thanking all of you who sent cards to me, I appreciated the thoughts.

III. CONTACT: It is necessary to remind some that letters to be forwarded must NOT be sent to Box 36091 but to the address given on the Person to Person page. Please also remember the unsealed but stamped envelope. The fee for such mailings is \$1 for all please remember. Of course CONTACT members have paid in advance with their Contact registration.

IV. FPE APPLICATIONS: I have several applications in file which have been accepted but who have not paid their fee so that I cannot put them on the active list. May I remind all present members that this is the first of the year again and '64 dues of \$6 are in order. You will all receive a report of activities and expenses during the past year. This I will be working on during my convalescence.

V. FANTASIA: Several issues ago I mentioned the possibility of getting some back issues of FANTASIA for those that were interested. Those that responded promptly got what they asked for, but since that time the supply has been exhausted, so dont write for more. I believe I have notified all those that had orders pending, Those that had paid have a credit coming on something else if they will let me know what they want.

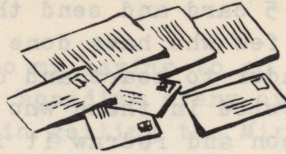
VI. TALENT SEARCH: In #24 I asked those who had some particular talents and abilities that could help out to put them on a 3x 5 card and send them along. I am disappointed at the few who have done so. I hope you will take this reminder to heart and do so now. Particularly I'm interested in those who could take a regular newspaper cartoon and redraw it in such a way as to retain the applicability of the suggested caption while making it different enough so that plagiarism could not be charged. There is a lot of humour in our lives and I think a TV slanted cartoon book would be well worth while. Certainly original cartoons are the best and I solicit all you can draw, they are not always easy to conceive of. So if we can get ideas from cartoons already drawn for other purposes and adapt them to the TV slant we would have an unlimited supply.

VII. PLUG FOR LITTLE SISTERS: TRANSVESTIA is naturally the backbone of Chevalier's activities, but in response to demands for something more frequently than 2 months and because there isn't room in TVia for everything, the FEMMEMIRROR, CLIPSHEET AND TV TALES were started. Each fills its own niche in the scheme of things. However many of you think only in terms of TVia. I strongly solicit your subscriptions to the FEMMEMIRROR, not for financial reasons, but because here is a means of "talking" to your sisters on all kinds of things. It provides much outlet to those who contribute and much participation to those who read. The Mirror is a publication of participation, a forum, a gossip sheet, an informal way of exchanging views, ideas and comments. At only \$1 per issue or 12 for \$10 on a yearly basis it is not expensive and really provides a personal outlet to those who support it.

The first issue of TV TALES is all gone so some of those who decided late that they wanted it have been disappointed. But #2 is now available and if you want to get it you had best do so. I don't print nearly as many of these as of TVia. The Clipseet is still going too, with #15 out this month. So those who have not looked into the other publications might well do so particularly with the savings of the group subscription.



Person To Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to members of FPE and to those willing to fill out a personal information form which will be sent on request. Address all answers to adds appearing here to: "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

=====

51-W-2 FPE.TV, 25, love to write and meet others also
undrstndg.woman. D.C., Md. & Va. MICHEL

=====

9-M-1 FPE TV, mid-40s, married to misundrstng wife
Like hear from Florida TV's, will answer
all letters. Intrstd corsets, heels SHARON

=====

FE- A-1 TV with undrstng wife like corres. & meet
others in Ireland, Great Britain ALGA

=====

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DEAR E.C.O. Thanks for submitting the story but I do not believe it quite fits in with the type of material we like to print. I will hold it for return to you upon receipt of your address. Sincerely, VP, Editor.

=====

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

1. Most material submitted is offered without expectation of compensation-for the benefit of all.
2. However, fiction, true experiences and articles running 10 printed pages or more will be compensated at the rate of \$1 per page. This does not apply to short subjects, case histories, letters and the like. This payment is not large, but is offered to encourage authorship.
3. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
4. The Editor reserves the right to be sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off-color material and pictures will not be published and there fore should not be submitted.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit this service to those who have been screened. If you wish to use it ask for the free personal information form. Returned with \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2 ea.) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. Members of PHI PI EPSILON need no further application and advertise or reply to ads at regular rates of \$2 and \$1

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