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TRANSVESTIA

TRANSVESTIA



NO. 20 1963

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

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

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

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

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

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

*** **

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

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

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TRANSVESTIA

VOL. III No. 20

APRIL 1963

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

Bobbie in TV land

by Bobbie (13-O-2 FPE)

In 1926, when I saw the first light of day, it was not the normal custom to dress boys in dresses. My mother dressed me this way because she was both old fashioned and she had wanted a girl so badly. My last brother had preceeded me by 10 years so that my arrival was an unexpected event. Mom thought that maybe her previous unanswered prayers for a girl would be answered this time. She did the natural thing and held on to her dream until I was five. To the best of my knowledge none of my brothers share my present hobby.

I can remember how mad I was when, at four years of age, passers-by would remark, as they saw me playing on the front porch, "my, what a beautiful little girl." It so happened that in my block there were no boys my age, so I played mainly with the girls. It wasn't until about five that a boy my age moved next door and my mom and dad decided that my long hair had to be cut. While I liked the boys haircut, I can remember my mom and aunts say I looked better as a girl and now as a man, I agree with them.

My mom's clothes were naturally too big for me as a youngster but I can remember just counting the minutes until she'd go shopping for an hour so I could slip into her underwear. I even secreted some of her cast offs and when she told my aunts, they bought me some panties for my eighth birthday. They thought they'd embarass it out of me but when my mom saw that I liked them too well she got rid of them as she had done with everything else in the past. When I was in high school, my mother took in lady boarders and I can remember sizing them up as to whether their clothes would fit me or not. When I ripped one of their dresses (I had grown larger than I thought), a lock suddenly appeared on their door.

In 1944 when I joined the Navy, I had some time and money of my own and I started to accumulate a modest wardrobe. While my shipmates boozed it up, I was shopping and trying out my new acquisitions in a cheap hotel. I never had any guilt about this, I didn't tell anyone because I couldn't explain it to myself so why try to justify it to others. I was happy, it didn't hurt anyone else, so why worry about it?

In 1946 when I entered college (on the GI bill), the first oppor-

tunity came to unveil my hidden talent. As a fraternity stunt, someone was to try to be pledged into a sorority. If we could swing it, it would sure lower some snooty noses. They laughed when I volunteered but my TV ego would not let me pass this up. I talked the house mother into altering my "sister's" dress to a perfect fit.

I can remember the scene as if it were yesterday: A room filled with boys studying, you could hear the clock ticking. Someone looked up as I entered from the kitchen. "There's a lady in the house." This was the required alarm so as not to catch any of the bath towel brigade by surprise. Our president came over to greet what he thought was someone's relative.

"Don't you recognize me Tad?" I asked. "Sorry Ma'm, I'm poor on faces and worse on names". "Well Tad, if I can pass you, don't you think I can fool the girls down the block?"

His face was puzzled, so I took off the wig and he turned pale and gasped, "My God, your own mother wouldn't know you."

Suddenly I became the star attraction. I side stepped all of the questions on how I knew so much about dressing, makeup, etc. Great plans were laid--much like the Normandy invasion. We had to get inside info on the procedure for sorority pledges. To do this we had to let one of our brother's girlfriends in on our little plot. She cooperated beautifully even wrote me a letter of introduction. Well, to make a long story short, I got through the reception line and through the tea (I spilled some on my skirt I was so nervous). The interview wasn't easy, since our 5th column on the panel couldn't keep a straight face. I thought sure I'd crack and give the whole scheme away. When I was excused and walked to a car we had waiting, you can imagine my relief. The next week, when our contact delivered a letter for a final interview, the brothers believed me that I could complete a successful stunt. I wish now I had returned but I'll always remember overhearing these same girls say, "I wonder what ever happened to that tall girl Roberta from Chicago, none of the other sororities have pledged her?"

After graduation in 1950, I found that engineers who would travel got extra pay. Since I was to marry my high school sweetheart, I wanted her to have the extras that this added pay would provide, so I took a job that required a lot of travel and my wife quickly grew accustomed to this mode of married life. I've travelled ever since and have never been unfaithful to my wife.



BOBBIE AT HOME

BOBBIE PUTS UP A GOOD FRONT



MORE OF BOBBIE

We have had 3 children, a boy in 1952, a girl in 1954 and another boy in 1956. Married life ran smoothly. Each Sunday, while the family visited the in-laws, I'd try on my wife's clothes, (she's a little short waisted for me). This seemed to "charge my batteries" for the week ahead.

In 1957 the fateful day arrived when she discovered THE suitcase in the basement. I try to forget the furor she raised because our marriage seemed destined for the rocks. Our minister held us together mostly for the children's sake. I burned all my things to prove my love but I couldn't resist the urge while I traveled to rebuild this wardrobe.

In 1958 my wife noticed that my breasts were enlarging. This was during the Christine era and she was sure I was treading the same path. While I had no desires in this direction, I didn't seem to be concerned enough about my "New Frontier". Why should I, wasn't this the crowning touch of realism? I was proud of and pleased with my breasts. They were certainly an asset for Bobbie, but I found that they posed many problems for her brother who had to carry them around most of the time.

I found out why some jobs just aren't for women! Take storm windows for example. The ladder is rough, and when carrying the windows up or down it each rung is murder because the breasts get in the way. I gained weight to hide my two new "Friends", but I couldn't take my coat off in the office, I couldn't go swimming with my boys and other things, so I decided that something had to be done so I could return to normalcy.

The doctor I saw said only a complete hospital checkup could get to the root of the trouble. It could be anything from a hormone unbalance to a brain tumor. The incoming measurement taken was 9 cm (about 3") from the chest to the point. After being probed and punctured the tests indicated that I must have ingested some female hormones, but where? After retracing my steps I found that a machine I helped design and had to service was being used for putting up female hormones in pill form. While I was adjusting it over a period of time, the dust from it which I inhaled resulted in a gradual growth of breast tissue.

In looking back to this period I can recall no change in my libido or my attitude toward men. However, I do recall that I had less desire to dress. Maybe someone can explain this. I do recall that I took a sudden surprising liking to children. I'd pause and watch

them at play. I'd admire the little girl's attire. Normally, I'd only watch the boys play ball and pass the little children as if they weren't even there.

At first the doctor prescribed male hormones but after this failed, I had the breasts removed surgically.

With my badge of authenticity gone, my wife thought my TV urge should have departed too. When it didn't, to keep peace in the family, I consulted a psychiatrist. I could write a whole article of my couch adventures, but this short verbal exchange will give you some idea.

"When you look at yourself in the mirror fully dressed, whom do you see, yourself as a woman or another woman?"

"I see another woman."

"This woman, do you love her?"

"No, not like my wife but one that is always with me, agreeable with everything I do because she's me." He frowned.

"When you dress, at what point do you feel that you have changed personality?"

"When I put on my wig."

"When you undress, do you ever have trouble returning to your male self?"

"No, never."

We even got to the ink blots (I still think the last one looked like a fortified harbor entrance, but what should it look like, they never tell you.)

The gist of all this was that a "cure" at my time of life is difficult and expensive. As long as I keep my present balance of outlook on life, nothing need be feared. It would remain to have my wife accept my femmeself as I have. With the help of my aunt, my wife, after one visit with the Doctor, is a changed person. Charles (Virginia) also helped when he spoke with her during a Chicago visit. I'll never expect her to be accepting but she is tolerant. While she has no desire to see me dressed in person, she has seen photos of me.



ONE ON THE HOUSE



PORTRAIT



"SWIMMING ANYONE?"

For the last six months everything between us is smooth. I have no desire to tell the children, as I can see no point in it. Moreover, it might destroy their "father image". The only good thing that came out of my couch visits was the discovery of TVia and the resultant contacts that I have made. Through the Person to Person column I've visited over 40 TV's in the midwest during my travels. I can't begin to tell what a wonderful experience such meetings have been to me.

It was a great satisfaction to Denise and myself when we finally had our first Beta Chapter FPE meeting in Chicago. Irene, Barbara Lee, Jackie, Marie, Fran and Diana, etc. all have a ball at our monthly meetings. It's interesting to me to see these engineers, lawyers, salesmen, rocket engineers, accountants, students, etc. leave the cares of the world behind as they slip for a few hours into the FP world. The next day they can face the rat race of the men's world a little refreshed. We've discussed among ourselves in Beta "What a local chapter means to me". I'm hoping that Virginia could combine these thoughts and those from our Alpha sisters into an interesting article in a forthcoming issue. I know that we could enlarge our Beta membership (and FPE as a whole) beyond our present 15 if we can convince those who are uncertain (or downright scared) that a local chapter can do wonders for them.

Our last meeting was the first that wives could attend. Now my wife has a new feeling of respectability toward my chapter endeavors. I think formerly she regarded it with the same distaste as a communist cell meeting, but now she is happy to see that the other husbands are "he men" and the wives are no different from her church sewing circle or women's club.

In my travels, I try to radiate the joys of starting a chapter. It takes more than wishful thinking because everyone either through fear or taking the path of least resistance is all too prone to let someone else do it.

During our Halloween Party Virginia and I had a conversation regarding those who because of an accident of geography are too remote to routinely attend chapter meetings. I've found that meeting these people even for a few hours gives them self confidence that the guilt of the "locked room" stage may have sapped from their personalities. Virginia has agreed that this is a valuable bit of assistance and I hope she will arrange things so that more people can be helped this way.

Chicago, being the hub of America, has FPE members passing through it continually. If Denise, our vice president, or myself happen to be in town we'd welcome breaking bread with you and even dressing together. We have no club house to invite you to but we're working in that direction.

Beta even hopes to have a Resort of it's own someday.

All the photos are less than one year old. I didn't have enough time to get professional shots in' time for the publication deadline. I hope to correct this in future issues.

When do I dress? During our monthly meetings and when the opportunity presents itself as I travel. I love to go out, attend movies and fashion shows. Last summer the high point was reached when Susanna's brother took me out shopping in New York. I learned to sew this summer, tutored by Ida at the resort: When you depart from the "locked room" to the hotel lobby you can't settle for anything but a good fit. I haven't yet convinced my wife to take my wardrobe under her wing but I'll keep working on that. Somehow when I'm dressed, other women strike up conversations with me. They're so fascinated that both my "husband" and I are engineers. "So nice that you can combine a career with marriage. Must be enchanting to travel with your husband." One woman last month introduced me to her husband who, I guess, to test me, engaged me in a technical conversation. "Wish my wife could talk with me that way, your husband is a very lucky man," he said. I merely blushed a thank you as both departed. I'd like to put these talents to some worthwhile use and such as police undercover work which I did once in Michigan. But so far, nothing has turned up.

I'll leave you now with my best wishes to all of you who read these lines for success and much happiness in our mutual field of FemmePersonation.

Yours,

Bobbie

The Transvestic Wizard

by Doris (32-G-4)

On rereading the Oz books of L. Frank Baum to my offspring recently I was struck by the crossing of the sexes which L. Frank Baum utilizes in his novels, and by the generally feminine undertone of these delightful tales. While the biography of Mr. Baum does not show any grounds for supposing that he ever indulged in cross-dressing, one cannot mistake the thought as it appears in his famous books.

Quite aside from the fact that the major characters in these Oz books, the ones that command and live and rule, are always girls, one can spot even more astonishing sex switches in them--the sort certainly banned in modern children's novels. Even in the original "Wizard of Oz" there is an episode in which the little wizard, a humbug from Nebraska, appears before his visitors in the guise of a beautiful woman. And in the second book, "The Land of Oz" appears the most amazing sex change in all modern children's literature. Tip, a young boy and the hero of the novel, becomes transformed, after a little persuasion by the Witch Glinda, into the beautiful young girl princess Ozma. One condition Tip lays down before he agrees is that if he doesn't like it, he can change back to his male form. But once he has become a girl, he never so elects. He loves being Ozma, and as the sweet and charming fairy princess, Ozma rules Oz ever afterwards.

Can you imagine a modern children's book writer trying to get away with that today? A little later, Baum tries the switch the other way. In a now rare novel called "The Enchanted Island of Yew" his hero is a fairy girl who elects to become a boy knight for one year--and as a gentle girlish boy in armor triumphs over all foes--but after the year is up, unlike Tip, /Ozma, she elects to regain her feminine form permanently. (Incidentally, in this same book, appears the one true masochist of children's liter-

ature--the fairy princess's boy companion who delights in being humiliated and in being put in pain.)

Throughout the rest of Baum's Oz books one constantly encounters heroic girls and "boys" who are girlish of form and sweet of nature. Prince Rinkitink who is indistinguishable from a girl, for one. In another Baum book, "John Dough and the Cherub", he rings in a new note. The chief character of this book, Chick the Cherub, reveals on the last page that not once has there been any reference to his/her sex. Nobody ever knows whether Chick was male or female and a study of the book shows that Baum deliberately avoided any pronouns in connection with the Cherub. A Chicago newspaper actually ran a contest for the best opinions on Chick's sex!

What faint but definite effect have these books had on the formation of the femme personalities of adulthood?

Sammy was born without riches
He worked very hard digging ditches
But he made a fine lass
In a dress with some class
When on Sunday he'd shed his old britches

Sometimes I'm a man and sometimes a lady
First my name's Sid and then it is Sadie
I'm woman or man--as the case may be
As I vary my personality.
Not in just one sex do I abide
For I look at the world from either side

They met in a park in the summer
He begged her phone number from her
Later on, when he called
He sure was appalled
To find "she" was Johnson, the Plumber.

Georgia 6-H-1

Are All Lesbians Female?

by P. V. Addair (25-E-1)

I placed the phone back on the cradle and realized that I had to face Doris with the whole story. After all, my whole crazy life as a transvestite might have been some strange inner struggle within me to come to terms with my frustrated love for Doris.

And Doris, she sounded so happy over the phone just then. Happy that her mixed up life with the lesbian world had come to a violent end last night in her apartment. Jamie, the big blond drag queen was moving out of Doris's flat. Doris admitted that by living with a faggot like Jamie she was really just hiding her own wish to live with a normal man.

And I was a normal man--except for the feminine part of me that kept struggling to free itself. Maybe, I pondered, it was a stroke of fate that Doris had wandered off into the twilight world of the lesbians. Maybe when she got here I could explain the whole thing in her terms.

Was it possible for a man to have such a strange love for women that his love corresponded with the love one lesbian has for another? Could there be such a thing as a male lesbian? As I fussed with getting dressed my mind began to wander back over the events that were bringing me and Doris together tonight.

I remembered the farm, I was around thirteen. I would haunt the mail box at the end of the shady lane that led from our farm to the road. It had become too dangerous for me to continue wearing my sister's things and I lived for the arrival of all the items I was ordering from Sears Roebuck. There were also the first attempts at buying girl's clothes in town.

I didn't know what size shoes to ask for. Only that my

mother wore sevens and it seemed that three sizes larger would surely fit. But I had a hard time finding tens in the styles I wanted. Finally the clerk pulled out a lovely pair of high heeled black patent leather pumps in size ten.

"These are tens and they are twelve ninety five." He looked at me questioningly, inferring that I would balk at the price or questioning such a large purchase for someone else. Guilt filling my mind like a cloud of choking dust I imagined all sorts of delusions that the clerk might be contemplating. Still I hastily pulled out thirteen dollars and some change and paid him, leaving the store quickly. Two girls giggled at me, I imagined, as I left. They, of course, might be giggling at anything. Smithville was a large midwestern town of thirty thousand, but it was not impossible that I would run into an aunt or someone, even my mother, in a store and to explain would be murder.....

Later, in my room, I slipped the shoes on. On, how delightful, how wonderful. The feeling ran clear through my body. The compulsion had been answered, the desire met. Now I could face another period of life with the knowledge that in my room hidden safely away were these shoes to fill my hours of fantasy with when things got too unbearable.....

At night I would try to learn to walk in the shoes. It was hard at first to keep my balance and I was so afraid that the click click would be heard somewhere else in the huge house. Each time I hid the shoes I made certain that they were put up in such a manner that should someone discover it I could tell if they had been molested--such as folding the paper just so in the shoe box. I also planned to have a story at hand to explain their presence in my room. "Oh those, I just found them, thought you'd like them, but forgot them" or something desperate and still rational sounding--I took other female clothes at various times from my two sisters or mother--furtive little acquisitions taken in such odd intervals that they were not missed or else their missing would seem innocent enough. Things do get lost and of course the girls would never guess that their skirts and things were hidden in my room.

Still, dressing in the dead of night or when the rest of the family was away entailed some risk. Fortunately, we lived in the country. The nearest house was over a mile distant, and a long road led up to ours. When the family left, I would be left in charge of the place. Sometimes, they would go away for three or

more days.

During this time I was in seventh heaven. I made out a time table. Would they be gone how long?.....two days? or just a few hours. Then I would plan what to do. I would dress up in the most beautiful clothes my sisters had. I always was angry that they took the most pretty ones with them but still how could I blame them. The skirts of my oldest sister were tight at the waist but I always managed to button or snap them. Still once in a while I would break a button or snap. Then in desperation I would attempt to mend them. Always later I heard Betty say; "Who has tried to fix this button?" Finally they would decide that a laundry or cleaners had goofed or just forget it....

Other items of my sister's female attire fit me more readily. Like sweaters! Sure, I stretched them out of shape, but they never seemed to guess. And the other things I needed I usually ordered or bought. Panty girdles and hose and bras. I padded the bra and girdle using anything I could find to wad up in the shape I needed. The hose of my sisters didn't fit so I had my own in the secret boudoir in my room. And then of course the high heeled patent shoes which were my hearts delight. For hair I usually used a scarf or a hat of my sisters. Oh how I wanted a wig, but in the catalogs I sent off for they were too expensive--two hundred dollars and more. And if some of the girl's clothes were discovered in my room I could say that I was hiding them for a girlfriend or something but a wig! Well really there was no answer for that one. So I satisfied myself with just fashioning a scarf around my head and trying to appear as feminine as possible. For makeup I, of course, had a ready, endless resevoir. The discards of my sisters alone were like a gold mine to me. They always discarded the lipstick when it became short so I just screwed it out more or sometimes I melted it and ran several discards into a full empty tube and had a whole new lipstick all my own....other items, rouge powder, mascara and eyebrow pencil I used discreetly so as not to cause suspicion.

It took months for me to become skilled at looking feminine. I used an old box camera and took some pictures of myself. By using a string on the shutter I could pose and pull the string. The string showed in the photo, still it was alright. Later I used a black fishing cord that didn't show. Oh! how ingenious I thought. After I took several pictures in all the different clothes I could find, I carefully folded them or hung them back where they were in

the exact order they were and took out more clothes and took more pictures.

Now, anyone with two sisters and a mother will attest to the fact that this represents quite a wardrobe combined...dresses by the dozen, sweaters, blouses, skirts, jackets, coats, suits in every conceivable color and material--even bathing suits. Later, after finding out how easy this was, I took several rolls of color shots. In color the results sent me into ecstasies.

Sending off the films and waiting for their return was an almost excruciating experience. I had the envelopes that the company returned the pictures to me in marked personal. On each roll, I started with scenery or shots of farm animals or anything. So naturally, after my sisters had informed me my 'Pictures' were in, they would look at the innocent shots and be satisfied if I told them the others were bad or something. On the inside of the roll were my treasured shots of me in feminine finery. These I would pour over night after night in the privacy of my room comparing them with shots taken at other times to find if I was gaining poise and becoming more adept at making myself lovely, beautiful and alluring. I used the local photographer at first, because at first I masked my face so I couldn't be recognized, then as I became braver, I used some out-of-town photo developers whose ads I saw in papers and magazines. Then the pictures would come personal and I wouldn't have to pick them up at the local photographer's or risk having my sisters pick them up. Several times I had close calls. Once after maybe a year, they did see the first pictures of me dressed.

Betty said:

"Al, mother and I found these pictures in the mailbox today, the envelope was torn open so we looked at them.." My heart stopped beating. I was dirty from working in the field all day and the dirt and grime on my face hid the red, embarrassed frown I wore. My father looked at them and Beth too.

There were some twenty shots of me in various poses, all in a bathing suit. Not, fortunately, one of my sister's but a lovely bathing suit I had furtively purchased in town. With it I used the net hose that chorus girls wear. These disguised my hairy legs which, in the high heels and hose, looked quite curvacious and pretty. I also used a bathing cap matched to the suit and a scarf

too. Each pose was lovely I found, and instead of there being any suspicion on the part of my family, there was instead extreme curiosity as to who this pretty girl was????

I didn't go with girls even though I was now eighteen years years old. So they naturally wondered who she was. At first I kidded them and the thought that I had fooled my own family with my impersonation filled me with such a feeling of excitement that I wanted to rush up to my room and don the lovely swimsuit and show them who this 'Girl' was. Still I just told them it was a girl I knew and it all went over all right. The background of the pictures, of course, showed that the shots had been taken at our home, so I had to fabricate several stories about having her over while they had been gone and had in fact taken these on several different occasions. To my astonishment my one sister Betty said she knew the girl.

"I know who that is Al, it's Doris Wilson" she said triumphantly.

"Doris Wilson of THE Wilsons?" Mom said surprised.

"No, it can't be", Beth replied. She looked at me in such a way that an answer had to be forthcoming. Still, how could I admit to it. What would Doris say? She and I were classmates, but we never did have much in common. She came from a prominent family in the city and I from a rich farm family. Still, the fact remained that we did know each other and even if we didn't date she would of course deny the picture deal and then I would have to fabricate another explanation. So I denied vehemently that this was Doris Wilson. Still my sister persisted and since Betty and Doris were old friends, I knew that Betty would approach Doris about the matter.

Several days later I was out in the field plowing when Doris drove up in a big Cadillac and stopped near my tractor.

"Hi, haven't seen you in some time" she smiled at me as I stopped the Farmall and came toward her.

"Guess not, how've you been?"

"Fine, what I want to know is how you have some pinups of me, I talked to Betty...."

"I've been trying to tell her that it's a different girl, it's.."

"Let's go see 'em...." she said and offered me a ride up to

the house.

"Doris, this is crazy," I said. "You know we haven't seen each other since school was out last year, how could I have some shots of you?"

"That's what I'm out here to find out."

I realized the impossibility of the situation for the first time. Sure, Doris would recognize that the shots were not of her, but still I would have to come up with some girl and after all the furor, the girl should be someone everyone knew. How could I manage this. I was in a fix. Also sitting beside lovely Doris in her car, I began to realize that were we both in bathing suits and I was dressed exactly like her with long flowing hair and makeup alike and other things...yes, the resemblance would be startling enough, but how could it be explained?

"OK, lets see them". The car was parked by our house now as her words ran through my head like explosions.

"OK, but it's not your picture," I said, desperately. As I went to my room, I hoped that somehow the process of printing had worn or faded them white or something. I just couldn't contemplate the reaction after Doris saw them.

Betty came to my room too.

"What's Doris doing here?"

"As if you didn't know?" I sneered at her.

"OK OK I did mention it to her, so what?"

"Never mind, dear sister, I'll handle it now" I said.

So I went down to the shiny red Cadillac alone, with the beautiful pinup pictures in my trembling hand.

Carefully she scrutinized them pouring over each one in deliberate order. The expression on her face was one of complete incredulosity. With a scarf or bathing cap she would look like me in the face and it was the body curvature that I hoped would disprove it being her.

But alas, as fate would will it we were almost the same size. She must have worn a size sixteen suit too and her arms and legs were of about the same proportions as mine also. The neck, the

throat, the whole body and anatomical structure was similar. But the poses, surely she must realize she hadn't posed for these.

"Al, where...who is this? Her look was one of unbelieving surprise and astonishment!

"I told you it wasn't you..."

"Yes, but it is, I mean it's my face and my figure and oh Al, I'm confused. What is this, I don't understand."

"It's just a girl you don't know and she just looks like you. Besides you don't have a swim suit like that I'll bet."

"I do though, I have one just like it."

This I hadn't counted on at all. In fact when I bought the suit I was sure that it was the only one of its kind. The clerk could have been mistaken and still..oh hell, I didn't know, it seemed like a nightmare unfolding in her car. The pictures all scattered out over the seat--it was truly an impossible situation. Pictures I had innocently taken of myself dressed as a girl in a bathing suit only to discover that I actually remarkably resembled a girl I had graduated from school with and...oh brother!

"Well Al, I just can't imagine anyone looking just like me but I didn't pose for these. Maybe you tried some trick photography and superimposed my head, still it's..., oh hell" she even cried.

Slowly I picked up the photos and put them in the folder. I tried to piece it together. The sisters or rather Betty had found them and believed them to be snapshots of Doris Wilson, they told her and naturally Doris came out to see them, that was it. Finally Doris drove off.

I resumed work on the tractor. Stuffing the pictures in my pocket I thought over what I'd tell my sisters about Doris's visit. I imagined that I'd simply tell them it was a girl I knew and that she had come to the farm to pose for me. My sisters and folks knew of my photographic hobby. For some time when I first started taking pictures of myself in female clothes I did my own developing. I did not risk the local shops for fear of disclosure-but my skill was not such that it satisfied me. So I finally became brave enough to have local shops develop the shots and finally I sent them away since color had to be sent off anyway. The thing I had-

n't counted on was that since the folks had discovered the one isolated set of bathing suit shots if followed that they might find the others.

In my room, I had taken every precaution toward this eventual-ity. The closet where I kept just the essential items--bras, pant-ies, nylons, girdles, falsies and high heels had a false back com-partment. In this I stored all the feminine finery I used for dressing up. Since I curtailed my activity until everyone was gone I used Betty's clothes and makeup so I didn't have to have any clothes or makeup stored in my room. The tremendous collection of photos I had, I locked in a fire proof chest and kept the key with me always. But I didn't realize how curious this episode of find-ing the pinup pictures had made Betty. She had stealthily crept into my room and commandered the chest.

So that evening after the chores, the whole thing burst upon me like a bomb. It was after supper. Betty was beside herself during the meal. Beth too seemed excited. After the supper they invited me to their room. I, of course, suspected some inquiry about Doris but was still astonished when the chest lay pried open in the middle of their bed.

Now in the chest I kept only the most expert efforts of my art of feminine portrayal. The crude efforts, the ones showing masculine traits were kept in less austere enclosures, but more hidden. What Betty and Beth had found were the best photographic efforts I had done over the last year and a half. All color shots and all with such perfect feminine features that evidently they still were snowed by the disguise of mine. Of course they thought that Doris Wilson had posed for the whole bunch. They were alarmed at the fact that all their clothes were represented in the group of pictures.

Betty spoke first. "Look what we found!"

"You have no business looking in my stuff Betty."

"You have no business letting that Wilson bitch wear our clothes, she's got enough clothes to, to, to.."Beth was really mad.

"What ever possessed you to take all these pictures, Al?"

"It's just a hobby I...." dumbfounded I didn't know how to reply." Don't tell mom..."

I've seen them", Mother said from behind me!

"We've all seen them Al", my Dad said as he too, came into the girl's bedroom, and now we want an explanation of some kind. Al you've poured a lot of money into this thing. It's your money and you don't do anything much with it. You don't go with girls or didn't till....anyway, it's your business about spending money on the pictures."

I still couldn't speak, I just looked from one to another as they fired unanswered questions at me.

"What we'd like to know is, how seriously involved with Doris Wilson are you? Some of these pictures..."

Yes, some of the shots, though very feminine and good, were of me in panty girdles or just lace panties and bra. I knew what they must be thinking, but I just couldn't come up with an answer for the moment. I turned and ran crying from the room and went to my room and lay down sobbing until the house was quiet again. Had they gone for Doris?

No, I went into Betty's bedroom and the chest was still there, the broken lock still ruptured but all the photos were there. My only salvation had been that the photographs in the chest had been so good that my disguise had gone unrecognized. By this strange fate that only the gods could have known, I looked like Doris Wilson when I dressed up in girl's clothes.

They hadn't gone for Doris--only to the movies in town. After this, there was no further mention. It was only later, on my nineteenth birthday, when I announced I was leaving the farm and going to work in town at a store and live by myself in an apartment that any mention of the episode was made.

"Going to live with Doris?" Betty snickered.

"Shut up Betty, he's old enough to decide for himself," my father added. "Son we're sorry to see you leave, but if you don't want to make farming your livelihood, that's only for you to decide. If you do change your mind and come back to us it will be fine and we'll be happy to have you."

"Al honey, are you sure you're going to leave?" Mother cried, and the whole scene was one of sentimental agony. Still I had decided to live by myself and to dress up in girl's clothes when I damned pleased and with no one to worry me. So off I went, renting a hotel room the first night. I had a nice savings account and

the next day I looked for a job, my first job away from home.

My first love, women's shoes, led me naturally to a large girl's shoe store in Smithville. I had made some purchases there before, but now I approached the manager on a different mission.

"Yes sir" he said.

"I'm Al Priddie and I'd like to apply for work here."

"Any experience?" his question was courteous enough.

"No, but I catch on real quick and I'm willing to start at a low salary until I prove myself." I was desperate to be near the shoes I loved. All around me were the most beautiful shoes I had ever seen and I was thrilled to be among them. Without hesitation the man said:

"Well as a matter of fact, we do need a clerk and stock man just now, been thinking of running an ad. If you want to start at fifty a week you can start right now, this morning. I'll introduce you to the floor foreman and he will assign you some work. OK?"

"Sure, lead me on," I said.

"Bill, this is Al, Al Priddie. Start him on price marking this new stock and shelving it. He'll catch on real quick and let him make some sales right today. It's important he feels useful the first day," Mr. Jones said this right in front of me and I was struck with his candor. Mr. Bill Reynolds was nice to me and helped me use the printer marker on the shoe boxes. The first style I marked was a lovely white leather high heeled pump. Just holding each pair as I inspected them for mars thrilled me beyond control and I felt the erotic effects of being near the shoes.

And so it was this extreme love for ladies shoes that led me to become a very successful shoe salesman. Even with the first customer I waited on that day, a girl wanting a dress shoe in size seven, I was very successful. The girl asked for a measurement and I got the stick down. Bill hadn't showed me how to use it yet but I had watched the other clerks and used it successfully. I showed the girl six pairs in her exact size and my commentary during the sale was watched by Bill and another man. Instead of selling just one pair, I sold the pretty girl three. So convincing was my spiel that the girl was in a trance, almost. I heaped flattery on her and sort of swept her off her feet in a sense. The sale amounted to

thirteen dollars for three pairs. My love of shoes was such an impetus toward selling shoes that in only a few weeks I was top man.

I tried on shoes secretly in the stock room and was familiar with their fit and feel. I wore a ten in girl's shoes and all the styles were bought in tens. Since I actually knew how the different types felt and looked on my foot I was able to convey this to the customers. Other clerks had no such advantage. An advantage I never revealed to them but an advantage I nevertheless enjoyed.

Once, Mr. Jones asked me after a sale:

"You told that girl you knew how that shoe felt on the foot and encouraged her to buy a more expensive pair. How did you know how it felt, you sounded so damn convincing?"

"Just sales talk, just sales talk", I answered, embarrassed. But I knew Mr. Jones read more into this clumsy answer than he acknowledged.

During the first few months I rented an apartment and at night practiced my dressing in female attire to my heart's content. My body stopped growing and I started to attain a more attractive appearance. I kept my arms and legs shaved smooth and arched my eyebrows in a slow meticulous manner so as to allay suspicion. I did, however, suffer some embarrassment during and after my attempts to feminize my appearance. Once, after waiting on a girl who was sort of laughing with her friend, instead of proceeding to get some shoes to show her, I lingered instead behind a shelf compartment only feet from the two girls.

"Did you notice his eyebrows are arched?" one said.

"Sure, I told you he was queer" the other said laughingly.

"How did you know, have you ever seen him before?"

"Only in here, but you can tell. I've seen his kind. I'll bet his legs are shaved too. Let's try to get him to bend over. I'll drop a shoe and when he reaches for it I'll accidentally let my heel catch under his cuff. I'll bet they're shaved."

On hearing this first accusation of an abnormality I was somewhat thunderstruck, but still amused and excited too. I didn't fear the girls, instead I decided to allow their plan to succeed and see the results. I had read all about transvestism and knew that some who practiced it get a satisfaction out of being caught at it or



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martyrized by a disclosure of their strangeness. I felt an exhilaration at the fact that the girls were so intensely interested in me as to attempt such a plan as they contemplated. As I demonstrated the shoes, sure enough, one slipped under the bench and as one of the girls picked it up, she caught the high heel under my cuff.

"Oh I'm sorry, gee how clumsy of me" she said.

The other girl giggled and I laughed too, even to my own surprise.

Behind the partition again I overheard their discussion.

"What'd I tell you, smooth as silk" one laughed.

"I'll be damned, you're right, what shall we do now?"

"Why nothing, just act natural. These guys aren't dumb. If we say anything he'll know we're gay. I would like to meet him outside the store though, how can we manage it?"

From behind the partition I smiled to myself. Sure, I'll ask them for a date and tell them I can line up a guy for the blond and I'll take the brunette. I now knew they were lesbians, though I had suspected it when they were so observant of my mannerisms and femininity. And if they did accept it, it would be my first date but with a gay girl I had no fear, knowing that nothing could be lost and my lack of sex drive would not be criticized.

"How about a date tonight? I asked on my return from the stocks. My candor startled the blond.

"Well....OK with you Jane? Can you get a guy for her?"

"Sure, where will you two be?"

"Come over to our apartment about seven thirty, here's the address she said. We'll take these two pairs of shoes, do we pay you?"

"No, at the check out counter over there" I said. "I'll see you both tonight." I didn't realize it at the time, but one of the girls was just my size. I knew she wore a ten shoe as I had sold her two pairs. So later that night I thought over what might occur. I had just read a book on bondage where two girls tied up a guy in girl's clothes and beat him for kicks. What if they wanted to do this? The idea intrigued me. I contemplated what I should wear on

my first date with a girl--two girls, in fact, since I had no intention of sharing my new acquaintances with anyone else. Besides, being a transvestite I had no friends except the store employees, since I could not risk anyone coming to my apartment and finding me in girl's clothes, complete with wig, heels and everything.

For the date I chose a complete feminine wardrobe, but still not overly feminine. I wore black lace panties and no bra, of course, not wanting a feminine outline on the streets. I just wanted as many feminine articles as I could wear and still be sufficiently masculine. I often wore this pseudo feminine outfit. For a blouse I had a girl's "v" neck tee shirt, since I didn't want to risk the right-left buttoning of a shirt or cardigan sweater or the feminine folding of a sweater without buttons. For slacks I wore a pair of girl's slacks I had bought in a real long-legged size. By buying the real long tall girl size I merely cut them off up on the leg leaving them more or less untapered instead of having a severe tapered leg. This allowed me to wear them on the street. The fly fastened to the right as did men's so they actually passed for men's pants except that the pockets in front were less roomy and if one was very discerning the crotch was not made exactly as it is in men's trousers. Also the back pockets were fake with only flaps that buttoned down. I didn't cuff them since some of the ivy league styles were cuffless. My basic desire was to wear clothes that other girl's were wearing so I didn't spoil the initial style if I could avoid it. Nothing thrilled me more than meeting a girl in a gay bar and seeing her wearing a tee shirt or blouse and slacks like mine. For shoes, I had a pair of girl's loafers that had rather thick soles. The vamp was naturally shorter but in a size ten the appearance was definitely mannish. I was careful not to take out the brand name in the sole as it told the world that they were girl's loafers when I slipped them off in the casual manner some people practice. For stockings I bravely wore bobby sox with the less flagrant ribbing. A girl's narrow belt with a cute buckle finished my psuedo outfit. I carried a girl's billfold with the flap buttoning tab and wore a girl's watch with a heavy girl's band. So while to the casual observer I looked like a slim stylish male, probably a college boy on my way to a date, I was in fact dressed entirely in feminine clothes from my pink skin out, even a girl's undershirt instead of a bra.

I would of course prefer to be dressed completely in female clothes. Real girl's garments--skirts, dresses, and high heels--

the works. I did dress this way in the confines of my apartment with wig, makeup and everything. But I lacked the confidence to go out this way in public. My family still lived outside Smithville so if I was caught they would suffer the humiliation as well as I. Still I wondered if I was skillful enough to defy detection, whether I could pull it off. It was so hard to judge myself objectively and yet if I could walk the streets in female disguise, oh what a thrill. Silently I thought of this as I approached the girl's flat.

The big blond welcomed me in.

"Well, look how cute you are" she mockingly greeted me.

Of course, being lesbians the girls recognized my pseudo feminine attire. They themselves wore the same heavy soled loafers and the mannish slacks. Blondie had on a pair just like mine.

"Come on in doll, where's the other guy?"

"Couldn't make it" I said weakly, realizing for the first time how large the big blond was. The other girl was I imagined the passive partner in this love nest. She was actually feminine in every way and wore a dress and heels. Nothing about her spoke of masculinity now anyway, but the blond girl was something different. The thing that struck me first were the girl's muscles. The arm biceps were large and defined like a man's. She must have practiced weight lifting or something. Her waist was thin and her hips not full at all, yet her bust was fully developed and throbbed under the sleeveless tee shirt. She was large boned and must have worn the same sizes in clothes as I did. Sixteen surely in a dress and she had been wearing a dress at the store earlier and a very pretty one at that. I had contemplated the idea of her making me put the dress on and beat me or something. Still the act might not excite me like in the bondage stories. But I still regarded myself this night as a gentle lamb going to the slaughter. My thoughts were quickly justified....

The blond grabbed me in a vise-like grip.

"Now baby, let's see those smooth legs of yours." She started to pull at my slacks and buckle.

"Please don't hurt me" I pleaded. Although I was no weakling I seemed powerless to resist the blonde's strength, and then somehow, I wanted her to manhandle me. It was a feeling of exhilaration.

that I had never experienced before. I could just envision that they would tie me up and dress me in female clothes--the blonde's clothes--dress and heels and everything--and then proceed to beat me into an unconscious state.

But the impossible happened. The other girl got up and hit the big blond over the head with a lamp. The glass clattered to the floor and the blond with it in a heap of massive flesh. She must have weighed two hundred pounds because the old floor in the tenement shook with the weight of her fall. Startled, I looked down at her only to realize that her wig had fallen off and she was actually a transvestite....a man....but perfect in the art of disguise. I suddenly realized how different facets of "her" character had caused me to wonder. The gruffness of "her" voice during the shoe sale even. I had never met such an expert impersonator as the blond.

The force with which the other girl, Jane had hit the blond jarred her also. And I noticed she too wore a wig. Her real hair was black. What the hell was going on here I thought. I examined Jane more critically. Yes, she was about my size too, only not heavy but slender--about one hundred and fifteen or twenty. Yet they were probably the same dress size. In the store and even here I had been attracted by the blond and hadn't paid particular attention to the other girl.

The girl's real hair was pinned down real tight on her head and the wig was drawn over it. Still it was definitely a wig. The other girl spoke:

"I'm sorry Al, I don't know why I let him do it. I was just crazy. I've known him a long time and get a bang out of his cavorting about in girl's clothes. I guess I knew he was crazy enough to do something terrible like this. And when I saw you in the store the other day, I decided to bring him in and see if we could coax you into....well, I'm still puzzled about those pictures you had a long time ago."

June, June, sure, Doris June Wilson. The wig threw me of course. The voice, the size and now this.

"You're Doris? Doris Wilson?" I fell back onto the sofa.

"Yes, I've been crazy about gay life and stuff since, well, I started to college and then left. I guess I got tired of it and

all. I'm not really gay, it's just well, I'm all mixed up. I thought you might be gay too. I even wondered about the pictures and all way back then. I had to know, I didn't want to ask you. I always thought you were real nice. In the store you looked so neat and all, even the eyebrows. Even if your legs are shaved that's no crime. Jamie here always makes mountains out of molehills anyway. He said he bet you were like him, a drag queen he calls them." Doris was really going now, and she continued. "It figured, too, if you really did pose for the photos, your eyebrows and legs now and the clothes you are wearing, although not real girlish... Oh Al, I've been a big fool about this thing, will you ever forgive me?" I kissed Doris for the first time.

I held Doris in my arms for a long time, then slowly we walked down the stairs. The big blond drag queen was still asleep from the terrible blow on his head.

We walked toward my apartment. I kept every feminine item of mine hidden just as at home. I was aware that sometime I would or might bring someone from the store home. Then it must look like just the average bachelor apartment. If an item or two did appear I could explain that it was a friend's or that my sister had left it. They couldn't guess unless they found falsies or wigs, but I kept these well hidden.

Doris was quiet till we went into my place.

"Oh, this is nice Al" she said.

"Comfortable, nothing fancy but pretty nice" I said.

"Let me eat something, I'm starved" she said.

"OK I'll fix it for you." I set about fixing a meal, just as any girl or man who was used to preparation of his own meals. Doris watched idly and probably wondered at my strangeness.

"Are those really girl's slacks Al, like Jamie said?"

"Naw, they are just ivy's. Jame just put all this stuff over on you, darling. You know how that kind is, even in the store he was suspicious. But hell, I just don't have a lot of hair, never did, and my brows, well, I can't see anything so bad about them. The guys have never said anything."

I was anxious now to appear normal in front of Doris. For one thing, she knew my sister Betty and I must convince her of my

innocence of the charges Jamie had planted in her mind. Then too, Doris was thoroughly familiar with gay life and drag queens. Actually this could help me since Doris wouldn't want me telling this to one and all. So it was a mutual trust--or distrust, whichever one decided to call it. Over the meal, I remembered that Doris had told me how tired she was of running with the gay crowd and how nice it would be to settle down with a man now after messing up her college career and all. I thought of proposing, too. Sure I would have to curtail my transvestism, but I could wear my psuedo-attire at home and maybe later approach Doris on the subject of transvestism. She had admitted she liked gay life once, why wouldn't she understand? He thought about all this later in the living room as they watched television.

"We've both acted strangely honey" I told Doris, "your wearing the wig and all".

Doris started to explain the whole thing.

"Well it all goes clear back to those pictures you had. I knew that it wasn't me, still the similarity threw me. I was baffled, but after awhile I forgot it. I started college. Soon I started going crazy after this gay stuff. Some of the frats were gay and some of the guys did wear girl's things at times. After I learned more and more about this stuff, I wondered if you had been that way. Well, I got out of college and started running with this bunch of gay kids. I met Jamie who was a drager as they call them. I suddenly remembered that you were working in the store. I'd seen you before and wondered how you were after all this time. So I told Jamie about those pictures so long ago and about your never dating in high school and it laid a pattern for him I guess."

"How'd I fit the pattern?" I asked.

"Real good, lad, real good. I got carried away in the store. Jamie gave me the wig. When I knew you didn't know me I got giddy. It was fun, maybe I could find out something about you. I still like you, you know, even if you never did care about me much. So I get carried away, we pull up your cuffs and act real queer and all. You went right along with it though, and that convinced me. Really, if you had not asked for the date, I might have wondered, but acting well, hetero about the whole thing I thought I'd see how far Jamie would go."

"He went pretty far I'd say."

"Sure, but I knew I could clobber him with that lamp. I was scared though and still am. Gee, what if he's hurt?"

"That lug? I'll bet he's marching right off somewhere looking for us," I said.

"I'll call him later," she said, lowering her head in deep thought. Then she looked right into my eyes and said, "I've been kidding myself, Al. If I was really lesbian why would I take up with a drag queen like Jamie?"

"Because Jamie is so much like a girl--but you really know he's a man?" I said.

She blinked her eyes knowingly saying, "Something like that, oh, he's a real goofy guy, but he's lonely, too. I mean I felt sorry for him in a way--but not after tonight. He's just too weird, pulling this caper with you and all."

"Well, he is weird," I said. But I was thinking about my closet and how weird Doris would find the stack of girl's clothes, falsies, and wigs. And yet, would it be so weird to her if I could explain it right? Doris got up to leave and I asked her if I could give her a ring tomorrow.

"I'd like that, Al," and again I held her real close and our lips came together with a lonesomeness I knew we both ached with. And I wanted tomorrow to be right that instant. I stood by the door listening to her footsteps fade off in the distance.

It was Doris's footsteps that brought me out of my long reminiscence. As I hurried to the door it seemed like years had passed since the phone call only minutes before. But I was now determined to tell her the whole, the complete story, and with an anxious, hungry nervousness I threw open the door.

Without speaking we embraced with a warmth that shut out the chill of the evening air that hung in the doorway. And something told me that even if Doris didn't believe a male lesbian was possible, she would believe in me. And that was all that mattered.

Visit To A Happy Man

by Doris (32-G-4)

High on a hilltop, dominating the city yet secluded from it, is the home of a fortunate man and his family. The town is located in the rolling, barren and almost treeless regions of the Northwest, yet one of the very few green groves in that city line the crest of that strategic hilltop and allow those within a view of the awesome scenery yet effectively block outsiders from seeing the wide lawns and lovely home that lies within their protective branches.

This is the home of Annette, whose tale was told in Transvestia #5, whose cover her picture graced as the first of this magazine's "Cover Girls". When a business trip took me close to the region where Annette lives, fortune and foresight enabled me to make the initial contact that allowed me the chance to pay a visit to this man who is sometimes Annette to his family.

It was a visit I look back on now with a great deal of pleasure, for I feel that I have seen a home wherein transvestism has become a thing without any tinge of shame, the home of a happy man and his happy family. Annette is a person fortunate beyond most, and to be a guest in the heart of that family for a few hours was an experience to be cherished.

As readers of this magazine know already, Annette is one whose wife and mother have recognized his desire and have acquiesced. This is not always easy or possible, and to me it was a matter of interest to see why and how this good fortune came to this one person. I believe I know something of the answer.

I was met at the airport by a tall, smiling young man and his little year-and-a-half old son. This was S whom we knew of under his feminine counterpart. S is an easy-to-know person,

that was clear from the start, and it was also clear right at the beginning that he moved with clear conscience and an outward integrity as to his TV desires. I found his home a wonderful place, secluded, yet set in a vale of sunshine and grass and flowers that permitted freedom to stroll and loll in the light without fear of interlopers. I was introduced to his mother, a charming lady, to a couple of family friends, to his wife, and to his two little children.

Then S took leave to dress and change into the feminine personality he so much enjoyed. I wondered what he would look like, and when, a couple hours later, I met Annette I believe I understood at last the secret of his acceptance by the citizens who come to meet him in both personalities. That secret is simple: S the man and Annette the girl are both charming, outward-flowing, easy-going personalities. S is fortunate in having a low-pitched voice, a male voice when heard without seeing the speaker. But without any change in tone, it is also a natural for Annette.

Annette is a natural. She's big, over six feet, but she's the embodiment of the Big Blonde. Without offense, Annette is that bouncy Big Blonde who is always a delight to meet at parties, and fun-affairs, a natural fun-loving type, shapely, smiling, friendly and open. From such a Big Blonde, the low, slightly husky voice, is entirely natural.

And I don't believe there's any deception here. S is a good-natured, fun-loving guy, and Annette is no different. Annette is also quite adept at her role. I can now believe it when she told me that even though she always tells the people she meets that she is a man, they tend not to believe her. Why so? Because it is really more fun to believe in Annette. Height or no height, you like to believe in Annette.

Annette explained her philosophy to me. She doesn't believe in acting in shame, in defending oneself guiltily. The best defense, says Annette, and she goes forth and says to the world,

see me, I'm a nice person. And the world accepts the statement because it is an obvious truth.

Those who know this person know that S is a good father, a good son, a successful businessman, a good husband, a credit-able citizen (he was a member of the city government in the town he used to live in, and, as such would pass around photos of Annette to the members of the City Board), and just a darned nice guy all around. So if he wants to become a Big Blonde for a party or a ball or just for fun, why that's just O.K. with everyone.

I'm afraid not many TV's can hope to get away with Annette's method. She's pretty unique, I fear. But it was a real thrill even to meet her. During my few hours stay, I talked with his wife, I chatted with the two family friends (one an elderly gentleman, the other a young lady) who took the whole thing with complete aplomb; I had a long chat with Annette's mother who told me something of her qualms and worries when she first learned of her son's quirks.

When it came time to leave, I felt that I was in the home of a truly happy man. His mother took me by surprise when she suddenly threw her arms around me and kissed me (I'm still a bit baffled). I was driven to the airport by the Big Blonde herself (my first drive with a TV) with her little 3-year-old daughter on the seat between us. As I got out of the car to make my plane, the little girl waved to me and called, "Come back soon." And Annette smiled and said can't you hang around another five minutes, just another five minutes. But the plane was being announced, and I had to rush, and waved good-bye, and soon was aloft in the darkness of the night, warm with good will and feeling that uplift of spirit that comes all too rarely in this world.

Why Must We Go Out ?

by Loretta (43-Z-1 FPE)

The title of this article is a question. It's a question that maybe some of us have never thought of before. Let's face it, we don't go out, because we have to! We don't run down to the store because we need something or because we're out of food. Our "brothers" could have taken care of that before he came home. But yet we have to go, and down inside we know that we're breaking a law. I'd be willing to bet that 99.9% of us who subscribe to TVia have never broken a serious law in our lives. (At least I hope not.) But how many of us break the law every time we go out, as women? Many of us!!!

What drives us out? What makes us do something that we know is wrong by the law? To take the risk of possibly losing a good job, perhaps not only disgracing ourselves, but worse, our families. I've asked myself this question and I'll bet you have too: Is it the thrill that we're doing something that we're not suppose to be doing? Is it a thrill that we're putting something over on somebody, that we're getting away with fooling people? We can't say it's being a 100% FP, because hundreds of 100% FPs don't go out, but there are other hundreds of us that do. Yes, it's a "thrill"!!! But what makes this thrill, how does it start, and why is it there when we can dress up inside or around other FPs or by ourselves and still fill the same needs of being an FP.

In the first place, we all know that we are taking a chance. Even if we look like Zsa Zsa or M. M., there is the possibility of an auto accident, a traffic ticket, or just spraining an ankle on the street and being rushed to a hospital, or a thousand other little things that could trip us up. If we live in a small town, we might come face to face with someone who knows our "brother". Even in big cities there are nosey neighbors who might see us coming and going as both male and female and put two and two together and come up with one. But still we go out and every time we do, we take a chance.

Well TV has been out now for two lovely years and there have been all kinds of articles on why we're TVs or FPs, why it started, how it started and where it started. We've had articles on makeup,

on the proper dressing, and we've had stories of life histories, and histories of life stories. We've come to the conclusion that we're all pretty much the same in certain ways. We all wish that we were prettier than we are, and most of us probably spend a lot of time hunting for new ways to get that pretty. So, like I said, we are all pretty much the same. But why are so many of us content with being pretty indoors, while there are the rest of us that have to go out to be happy.

What got me started on this subject is that in the last two years that TVia has been out I've made lots of new friends through letters. Most of them have never been outside and can't understand why it means so much to me to go out. Many of them have at some time or other come right out and asked me why I go out when I can dress at home and not worry about being caught or detected. But I've never been able to come up with an answer that I could put into words that sounded sensible. It's hard to explain the feeling when I'm out, when I pass someone on the street, when a young fellow who is looking for a girlfriend gives me the eye, or when a gentleman holds a door open for me, or when someone in a store or cafe calls me Miss, or Ma'm. Yes, it's hard to explain, and I don't think there is a direct answer for the question. "Why must we go out?" But maybe if I told you how I got started, and when I got started, and how it grew and grew until the urge to go out is as strong as TVism itself, maybe this will provide the answer indirectly.

I won't go into details of my life as an FP, because that story is in a past issue. But I will say it started way back, before my "brother" even started school. As a child I never went out dressed. Even in my Teens I never ventured past the door that protected my secret. In fact, the thing I dreaded most was for anyone to see me.

After joining the service, I dressed a lot on weekends in motels and hotel rooms and probably could have passed if I had wanted to go out for short walks, but there was no desire to do so. I was happy with my locked door, and my world of imagination.

But then one year I was going home on vacation and I stopped over night in Reno and got a motel room. As usual while on leave, I took my time getting home and back because this meant lots of motels and lots of dressing up in them. So on this one night the spark was ignited that lite the flame in me and started the desire to go out as a woman. It was just a little flame that night be-

cause the idea just entered my mind, and I didn't go out, but I was thinking about it, I thought about how wonderful it would be to hear my heels on the hard pavement, to feel a breeze whip my skirt around my legs. But for every reason I could think of for wanting to go out, there were two good reasons why I shouldn't take the chance. But that little flame in me was starting to grow and Loretta, or whatever I called myself in those days, would come to life and make that first trip outside sooner than she thought. Well, my "brother" didn't continue his trip the next day, but decided to stay in Reno for another day and see the sights. The sights, being the gambling tables. Later on that afternoon he bought me a feminine item that had never interested me before. After all, what use did an FP that stayed indoors all the time have for a purse. Of course if I went out, I'd need one. But I wasn't going out, no, not me. There were too many risks in it. Little did I know.

That night I got dressed again and the more I looked at myself in the mirror, the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to, the more I must go outside. So I finally decided, after talking myself out of it a dozen times, that yes, I was going out.

For all of you that do go out this next part will probably sound familiar. I must have lost and regained my nerve a hundred times before I finally got down to the street. First I'd turn out the lights, peek out the door and then real quietly step out, but before you could say boo, I was back inside again. "Maybe I better wait until another time", I thought. Then from somewhere inside of me I'd hear "Chicken". "Oh, I'll try it". Back to the door again, lights out, open the door, step outside, start to close the door, and then, "Oh goodness, I'll bet everyone in Reno sees me." Back inside again. "Maybe I'll just smoke a cigarette first, then I'll just go ahead and walk out like it was nothing at all." Well after a half of a pack I made it all the way out the door and half way down stairs. "But I need another smoke first". The next time I made it downstairs, but if Reno wasn't such a noisy town they would have heard my knees knocking 10 blocks away. Well, my first walk in life, that night, consisted of two blocks away and back. They were quiet blocks and I'll bet no one even saw me or knew I was out. But it was a new thrill, and the flame started to grow.

The next day my "brother" left for San Francisco. All the way there he smiled to himself thinking about that walk. Short as it

was, it had been wonderful. And his little sis was going to go out again tonight in the big city. But I guess the Frisco fog put the flame out, because I just couldn't get the nerve up again, I wanted to go out, but the thought of getting caught or not passing just chilled my insides.

Then after big "brother" had put in his 4 years in the service he was discharged and we moved to Seattle and an apartment of our own. I was living a lot now but it was all inside. I just didn't seem to want to go out. Heck what would I do if I did go out. I guess it was this stage of life that I went through the exotic stage of skin tight satin skirts, and extra high heels and I was perfectly happy indoors. Then one day my "brother" bought me a very nice wool skirt and sweater. "Gee, it looks just as nice as my satin things and much smarter. With clothes like this on, I could go out and pass." The flame was being lite again, and the next day he got me a cute little jacket and a scarf for around my head and a nice pair of medium heeled shoes and that night I took my second walk and loved it more than the first time. After that I took quite a few walks, each one a little further and longer than the one before. Since I lived in a quiet neighborhood outside of the main part of town, I very seldom met anyone and nothing exciting ever happened.

Then my "brother" decided to go back into the service, and I not only had to quit going out, but he gave all my clothes away too. (The old meany!) But it wasn't long, and he was buying me new ones again. But not like before. All I owned now was a pair of shoes, a couple of nighties, some other lingerie, and a blue satin dress that I loved but wouldn't be caught dead in outside. But I guess I was happy, even though I was just around on weekends in a hotel room or a motel.

Then my "brother" got married. He made the mistake of not telling her about me, and after they were married, he knew he never could, so I went into a trunk, to come out once in a while on a so-called "business trip." This lasted two years and then came the separation, (later the divorce). About the time she left, I came out of my trunk. My "brother" had his own apartment now and I told him right there that he was not going to move back to the base and put me in a trunk again. And furthermore, these satins were O.K. for around the house, but I wanted some better clothes because I wanted to go out, so once again I started out into that big lonely world that I wanted so much to be a part of but was scared stiff of.

This was almost two years ago, but today it seems like I've been going out all my life. I only went around the block that night. There were a whole lot of, 'only around the blocks' before I went a little further. Then it was two blocks, then three. But I still kept on, not too well lighted streets and I always walked with traffic so that passing car lights would shine on my back instead of my face. So the walks got longer and longer and the further away from home I got the more little things happened to build up my confidence like passing people on the street, and noticing that they didn't even give me a second glance. A police car stopped at an intersection to let me cross and drove on, a carload of young men went by and they whistled at me. All these little things and many more helped, so my walks got longer and before I knew it, I was right downtown window shopping, with people all around and I was just one of the crowd. No one paid any attention to me except some guy looking for a girlfriend might give me the eye once in a while. So I started feeling more at ease but I still dreaded thinking about having to speak to someone, sometime. Then it happened one night! I was on my way home and I had just passed a bar and a guy came out and turned and walked the same direction I was going. I don't have eyes in the back of my head, but I could feel him looking at me and for some reason I just knew that he was going to speak to me, and he did.

He got up along side of me and said, "Nice night, isn't it!"

Well what could I do, act insulted, pull the old sore throat act, or act like a stoop and say nothing. I could have done any of these but if I had, I'd still be doing it today. So I looked him right in the eye and said, "Yes, it's beautiful."

Well this left an opening for him, so next came the question of "Where was I going?"

I said "Home".

And he made some wisecrack about "That's where you go when there's no place else to go."

But things were starting to get too deep for me, because after all this was the first time Loretta had ever spoken to anyone and besides I was on the other side of the fence now. I knew his lines but I'll be darned if I could think of anything to say or answer as a girl. So I kept my mouth shut, looked straight ahead and quickened my pace a little.

He kept on trying to get me to go have a drink somewhere with

him and after about a block of this he said, "What's wrong, are you stuck up?"

By now I had finely calmed down and was thinking again, so I said, "No, but my husband's waiting for me at home, so would you please leave me alone."

He dropped the subject and went on his way. Although he had been walking along side of me for almost 3 blocks it seemed like the whole thing had only lasted a split second and like it was a dream. It was another block before it started to dawn on me just what had happened. Then it hit me!! Not only was I passing in public, but a man had actually tried to pick me up and wanted to take me out.

Remember when I said it was like a little flame that started the urge to go out? Well right then that little flame became a roaring fire. From that moment on once I got dressed, you couldn't have kept me in with logging chains. It wasn't just the idea that a man tried to date me, but it was knowing that I passed, and wasn't just slipping by people, and being lucky.

Soon after that I took my vacation, just about a year ago now, and I stayed with my friend Betty (another FP) and lived as Loretta for the whole 20 days. Betty's "brother" took me out on what I call my first date. We rode around and went to a few bars and had a few beers. Another time he took me out for dinner, and we went to Hollywood and met Virginia and Barbara, and went to church, among other things. The whole 20 days was just wonderful. Loretta was out every day and this really got my confidence up. In the last year I've been out both night and day, to church, movies, cafes, and just Xmas Eve, one of the biggest stores in town stayed open, even though it was Sunday, for last minute shoppers. My "brother" had forgotten somebody on his shopping list, so I went in and bought it for him. Two nights before Xmas and though I broke one of my own rules, that I always said Loretta would never do and that was go into a bar, unescorted. Girls like me can only find trouble in bars, if we're by ourselves, so I stay out of them. But this one night I guess I just had the Xmas Spirit in me so I took a chance. Now that I've been in one once, as a girl, by myself, I'm satisfied.

So that's my story of going out and being excepted by others as a woman. I've had a few things happen that at the time made me think the chips were really down. One time I accidently ran through a red light in my car. Just as the light turned red, and with my

luck there was a police car on the corner. Maybe someone watches over us, because all they did was pull up beside me and one of them shook his finger at me like I had been a naughty girl and drove on. Another time, out on the highway I ran into a police road block, but they just looked in my car and waved me on, I guess it was because I was alone as the other cars they stopped had two people in them. That was two close calls in a year, but still I go out!!!

So, once again, I ask the question "Why must we go out?" Is it the thrills of passing, the thrill of having a gentleman hold a door open for you to pass through, the thrill of knowing that some young buck, who's looking for a date has his eye on you, or is it just an inner feeling that is something a little extra. All I know is that it's wonderful to be outside with the rest of the world. One FP asked me once, didn't I get scared when I thought of all the things that could happen. Scared is a mild word to use. I was more than scared the night of the road block and the night I ran the stop light. And I'm always scared when I first go out, scared stiff, but I still go. It's the same story every time. I put on my coat and pick up my purse and walk to the door, my tummy starts to get butterflies in it, my brain starts to tell me, something might happen, you might run into someone you know, and a hundred other warnings. But I still go. And after I'm out a couple minutes, the butterflies go away and my brain says, "Gee it's a wonderful world outside, for a girl to be in. Have yourself a good time and enjoy it, but remember 'Be careful'" Even though you know you can pass, be careful of your actions, and what you might say. Just never get so confident that you let your guard down.

I don't know if I've answered the question of why I go out, but I've told you that I must go. To me, and to many others, it's as strong as TVism itself.

So if you don't go out now, don't ever start, because while it's wonderful, it can also be dangerous. Don't ever let yourself be talked into going out by another FP who does. If you must go, it will come from inside of you, yourself. But if it does come, and you feel you must go, then think it over for a week or two. Are you ready to go out? Do you dress properly, or are your clothes too fancy for normal street wear? Do you make your face up properly? I hate to say this, and don't mean to hurt anyone, but most FPs who stay indoors, either use way too much makeup, or none at all. Are your actions good enough to pass outside? And after you-

've thought about these items, get all your old TVia's out and read through them. Virginia, Barbara, Susanna and some of the other girls have all come up with some very good Do's and Don't's while you're out. So read them over and think about them. Then read them again, it won't hurt you. I do, just to make sure that I'm not doing some little thing that I thought was OK, but was really very unladylike.

And then, after you've made that trip into the outside world a couple of times, and it's a new night, and you're very busy making yourself pretty and trying to decide what dress you'll wear tonight because you know you're going out--someplace, just anyplace, stop and think back to when you used to have just as much fun, right here in your own home, and ask yourself the question and see if you can give yourself a good answer. Why, must I go out???

Loretta

-oooo ROSE MARIE HAS THE KEY oooo-

Rose Marie is boyish but charming, and a month ago I kissed her, I hoped to be her boy friend, but she said she'd be my "sister".

Grieved at Rose Marie's rebuff, I sought relief from gloom, By indulging my TV tendencies in the privacy of my room.

One night in a dress and pretty heels, before the mirror I pranced. My figure was shapely and girlish, by its corselette enhanced

All at once the door was opened by a trousered Rose Marie! A Peeping-Tom neighbor had tattled and supplied her with a key.

I tried to hide in the closet but she seized me in her arms. She fondled and caressed me and praised my feminine charms.

She said, "You're so sweet in skirts, won't you be my steady? If you call on me, I warn you, I'll have your petticoats ready."

I blushed but finally consented, I simply could not resist her. Now masterful Rose is my "boy friend", and I've become her "sister"

Grace 13-J-1



SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE A Versatile Girl-- Seamstress & Photog.



MILLY 5-L-6 FPE

My Wonderful Life

by Ruth Darlene (9-C-3)

Four and a half years old and I am playing in the yard with my brother and sister and my parents arrived home from a trip with my aunt and numerous gifts, my sister received a lovely romper set and slippers and the most lovely lace trimmed bloomers. My brother and I were given a toy yacht to wind and put in the water to run in a tub. I did not want the boat but OH that girl's clothing in lovely pink and yellow, I raised a fuss and wanted my sister's gifts, so it ended that I received a good slap on the bottom and sent upstairs to bed. Just as a child would be like I did not sleep, but I wanted those lovelies so bad, that I searched my aunt's bags and found more pretty lingerie. You know it! I tried them on and they were twenty sizes too large. So in walks my aunt, she found this amusing and kissed and hugged me and that is my beginning of a wonderful life of being a transvestite.

At every opportune occasion from then on I would snatch my sister's clothing and wear them and during my school years I was very much attracted to the girls. No sissy, as I was very good at athletics and was very good at playing hockey, and crazy about flying. At about seventeen years of age I started to work at my first job peddling papers and taking care of a yard and car for a wealthy couple near our home. One day as my employer's wife was hanging out the wash I spied these adorable pink lace trimmed bloomers and just my size. I just had to have them, yes I did! I stole them. I had them for years and hidden in the attic of our home. Every occasion I had I would put them on and was thrilled to know end on these happy moments. Eventually, my father found them and threw them in the garbage, when I found this out I dashed to the disposal container, but they were gone. To this day my father does not know they were something I desired.

Then, after my school years, I obtained a job with the largest construction firm in Canada. Since I was very mechanically inclined and a hard worker, I was in charge of the marine section on a particular job near my home. I made a very good salary and spent most of my time off work, flying or shopping and wearing women's clothing in my room. I just could not wait for Halloween to come around so

I could dress femininely for an evening out and everyone would comment on how good looking I was. To this day most women say, "What beautiful eyes you have. You should have been a girl." And it surely makes me wonder.

Then I met a wonderful girl and fell in love. I believed this was the end to cross dressing. I stopped for about six months but the urge was always with me. Then came the war and I joined the Navy and was sent to India for the duration as engineer officer. I sailed the coast of India and Ceylon. Every shore leave I spent as a woman in my room and wrote letters home. It was heaven! Then on my return to Canada I found no more home life. I tried, but unknown to me at the time, my wife had another. Nevertheless, we had a daughter who was the image of me. Between this and my constant desire to be feminine I immigrated to this wonderful U. S. A. Obtained a job with a yacht firm and rented a room. What wonderful hours I spent as a girl! This happened in Erie, Penn. Through my employment I was offered the opportunity to run a yacht to Florida and this I did. Even on this trip I had lingerie and would wear it on every occasion I could. On arriving in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, I obtained a home and a lot of women's clothing and decided to have my wife and daughter come down, but she was in love with another, so this ended in divorce. For two years I was confused. If at the time TRANSVESTIA had been on the news stands it would have cleared a lot of my troubles. (NOTE: I thought I alone in this world was a man desiring ladies dress).

I kept the home and was employed by the largest yacht firm in the U. S. A. I became an American citizen, and was found out on an occasion when I was dressed as a woman; by accident an employee of this firm saw me. He tagged me as queer, BUT I AM NOT! Nevertheless, I still dressed as I desired--FEMME FASHION.

Then I met my present wife, a divorcee. I loved her at once, and I decided not to spoil another marriage. So I told her all about myself. We are happily married, and have three daughters (including my daughter by the previous marriage) and eight grandchildren. We are both forty six. At first this all was confusing to her, but since she has read TRANSVESTIA, our lives have been wonderful and we are very happy. She is on vacation at present and I miss her love and understanding ways.

So here I am writing this story, I have the best of lingerie on, nylons, wig, makeup, and a lovely dress that I had made by John

Aaron.

I am a very happy F.P. and thanks to Chevalier Publications and all concerned for a better understanding of life.

Yours,

Ruth Darlene

o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o o-o



I CAN'T STAND HIS
'KOOKIER-THAN-THOU' ATTITUDE

How It Began

by Jo-Anne (5-T-3)

Retrospection is a valuable analytical tool yet an extremely deceptive mechanism owing to that happy perversity of human character by which we tend to recall the good over the bad by an almost hypocritical ratio. Retrospection is also closely allied with that intellectual lifesaver, rationalization, to such an extent that we usually find only that which we unconsciously seek. Serendipity plays no part in an interrogation of the soul. Nonetheless.....

I recall my first transvestic experience with almost photographic clarity. I was ten. In some hiatus in a ten-year-old's summer of constant physical activity, I was clothed by a neighborhood girl in a dress of richly purple satin. My mouth was heavily painted and I emerged from a garage in a state of giddy and youthful euphoria only to encounter my mother and one of my best friends. I was immediately impelled to flee, to escape, yet stood there in a kind of delicious horror and wanting to shout, "Wait! You don't understand! This is....is how I'm supposed to be!" I said nothing and the moment passed and laughter and sunshine expunged all momentary terror.

There was, however, no erasure of that entrancement, that ravishment of the soul that then occurred. I have been hopelessly confirmed in Eonism ever since despite many early years of struggle.

I recall that experience with all the graphic explicitness I have set down here--and more--yet I could hazard only the layman's unlettered psychology as to the meaning of that experience. But meaning aside, I hold this statement to be unarguably true: that whatever psychological seeds were scattered on that well remembered day, they fell upon uniquely conditioned and receptive ground.

I was then artistically sensitive and was quite aware of an attitude for and about girls that was unique only to myself. I would stare for minutes at a time at my female classmates, those lovely creatures who enjoyed that soft, round and enchantingly ruffled and ribboned state of being so manifestly different from my own. I mean this staring quite literally. I have been admonished from

my earliest school days about "gawking at the girls." That ocular enchantment is undiminished to this day.

This attitude then, the precondition toward femininity which I recognize but cannot explain, I hold has its origins in the endocrine structure of my body. I take it to be, therefore, genetic and congenital. However, traumatic my experience, I maintain that there was a biochemical precondition to which the experience only lent psychological patent.

Transvestites are born, not made!

XX

o---- SPLIT PERSONALITY ----o

Smoothing the eyebrows to make them just so
Brushing my hair till it's shining and bright.
A little more make-up to make the lips glow-
(The railroad is shifting the boxcars tonight).

Garter-belt snug and stocking seams tidy,
When they are twisted I feel like a fright!
Where IS that new bra I picked up last Friday?
I hope those new presses will work out all right).

Pretty red shoes and the long velvet skirt
Put on the blue blouse--no, make it the tan.
Try those long earrings, the other ones hurt
(We must fill those orders as quick as we can).

Little white hat with a little white veil--
It must have been nice when girls carried a fan!
No time left to fuss with that torn fingernail
(For tomorrow doggone it--I must be a Man!)

by Sheila 30-B-2 FPE



MARIANNE 8-T-1 FPE



LILIANE--Argentina

"Out of the Past"

EXERPTS FROM THE OLD "LONDON LIFE"

Dear Sir:

As a reader of your paper, I have noticed many letters of great interest dealing with the fascination many men feel for women's clothing, especially corsets and high heeled shoes. My own experience--or rather that of my husband--may be of interest to many of your readers.

I have been married for five years, and have always been very happy with John, my husband. He has always been interested in my clothes, and before buying anything now I always consult with him and, if possible, get him to come shopping with me. He always likes to see me looking nice and has excellent taste.

About a year ago he lost his job (in a bank) owing to no fault of his own, but due to reduction in the staff. In spite of every effort, he had not been able to find suitable work and, naturally, was feeling very badly about it.

A month or six weeks later, my Aunt, an only relative, died and left me her money and her business, which consisted of a high-class ladies' lingerie and stocking shop, situated in one of the best suburbs of London. She also had a small house in the neighbourhood, and all this passed to lucky me. John and I moved across London, into the house and decided to continue the business.

All went well for sometime, but John could find no job, and although he helped me all he could he still felt that he was living on me. Naturally I did all I could to prevent this feeling, but all the same it was there.

I asked his advice about the purchases for the shop, and very soon found out that he was astonishingly clever at picking the right goods and giving advice as to how they should be sold. Many times I said, "If only you were a girl and could help me in the shop, we'd double the trade." And he would reply, "I only wish sometime I were. I really believe I have a flair for it."

Gradually I began to have a vague idea, which at first I dis-

missed as ridiculous. Slowly, however, I wondered and one evening, after reading in L. L. of the exploits of a husband who had successfully deceived an entire tea party when dressed as a maid, I plucked up courage and suggested to John that he should help in the shop, dressed as a girl.

At first the thought I was crazy, but by this time I had become enthusiastic, and as he listened to my arguments he promised to give way, to the extent of trying on some clothes.

Now John is not tall, and has fair hair and complexion, small hands and feet. That night I measured him carefully, and in the morning ordered a fair wig, shingled, some shoes, and a pair of stays. For test, my own clothes would fit him well enough.

When the things arrived John was out, As soon as he returned, I made him take a very bath-salty bath, and then led him to our room, where his clothes were laid out on the bed. To make him feel his part, everything was as feminine as possible. Satin lacy cami-nickers, a corset, stockings, black patent leather Court shoes with 3 inch heels, and a fluffy taffeta dress. I helped him dress, laced him into his corset, made him up with care, and would not let him look into the glass until all was complete.

The result was amazing. He had to admit that. A really pretty fair "girl" with quite a good figure. The unaccustomed corset and heels made his movements not too free, and as he walked and turned before me I knew the masquerade would not fail.

To cut a long story short, he agreed to try my plan. After a week, as a girl, during which he got used to his clothes, we decided to start on the following Monday. I had procured a black dress of the usual sales-girl type and another exactly similar for myself. As changing in the shop was out of the question (we only have one ladies' fitting room), he had to dress at home, which involved a coat and hat. On the principle of doing a job well these were smart and well-cut.

By this time he could make himself up, and on the Monday morning he was ready by 8:30. As we sat down to breakfast I did all I could to set him at ease by appearing to take the whole thing as a matter of course. I had explained his duties to him, and he knew exactly what to do.

Coats, hats, a dab of powder, bags, gloves, and we were off to the shop. He was, naturally, rather nervous and all the way he never

spoke a word. Once there he took off his coat and hat and I was amused to see him glance in the mirror and give a mechanical pat to his hair as girls do.

We decided the new sales girl should be called Jean. The shop opened, customers were in and out and we were off.

"Jean" did well the first day, and as we were on our way home at night "she" confessed "she" was going to enjoy the work. It seemed easy to sell and the takings were by no means below our average. As soon as we reached the house "Jean" went upstairs to have a bath, and presently John reappeared. He was tired out, he said, and went off early to bed.

By the end of the first week "Jean" had settled down. Every night after work she would turn into John, and we would talk over the affairs of the day. All of this time, which brings me to the present, the shop was doing well. My new girl, as the shoppers called her, won golden opinions.

John makes an occasional appearance and is as happy as he always was. Jean is useful and happy. Business is really good and profits are increasing. I really don't know what to think of it all. But, anyway, we have to arrive at some solution, strange though it may be.

Yours faithfully,

LINGERIE, LTD.

Fancy dress inspired by London Life--

Dear Sir:

I should like to express my appreciation for the suggestions for fancy dress one sees in London Life. Recently my wife gave a Pyjama to some of her girl friends and knowing my fondness for dressing up, appointed me as "parlor-maid" for the occasion. For the reception of the guests I wore a black satin knee-length dress, white lace apron, cuffs, and a dainty lace cap upon my wig of long curly blonde hair. I was carefully made-up and looked quite a smart young "maid" and many compliments were paid my wife on her new domestic.

After their arrival my wife assisted me with my party costume and, slipping off my black satin dress, she laced my corsets tightly until my waist was at its smallest. Then I donned a frock with close fitted, sleeveless bodice of dull gold satin and a fairly long

skirt of black chiffon, which revealed silk hose and fancy garters. Dull gold satin high-heeled shoes, tiny lace apron and a large lace cap above my blonde curls completed the ensemble.

As I successfully carried out all my duties, our guests were unaware of my identity, and it was not until they were ready to go that my wife remarked to them, "Meet hubby, the perfect maid," and pulled off my blonde curls to the amazement of them all.

They congratulated me upon the deception and were highly amused to think they had been deceived by a mere man. My experience proves the good ideas for fancy dress one can obtain from L. L. and how, with a little make-up and tuition, it is possible to carry out the impersonation of anyone.

With best wishes for the continued success of L. L.

Yours truly,

Jock

THE TWINS

Dear Editor:

Philip and Phyllis are twins, aged 19, and are exactly alike. Both are fair, good looking and very up-to-date. Blessed with private incomes, they share a flat, in fact they have shared everything and been together all their lives, apart from the inevitable separations of school days. Both parents being dead, they have only each other to worry about.

It appears that about twelve months ago, they were talking of the fact that they were twins and lamenting, that being of different sexes, they are not able to enjoy the confusion of identities and general opportunities for mischief which twins, both boys and girls can contrive; but of this came the idea that Phyllis should try her hand at being a boy to see how she looked. Once decided they went to considerable trouble. Suits, shirts, and in fact a complete outfit, all identical, were purchased by both. Being already closely shingled, she made herself into an absolute replica of her brother.

After she had thoroughly accustomed herself to the new clothes and acquired a more masculine style of walk and general behavior, they set off in their two-seater for a well-known seaside resort, where they engaged rooms in a hotel as brothers, and proceeded to extract a considerable amount of fun from their new opportunities.

Phyllis became quite a dashing young man and barring smoking a pipe which proved to be beyond her, gave such an impersonation, that she was never in any danger of detection.

Once home again, her brain began to be active. What was sauce for the goose should, she felt, be sauce for the gander, and the next thing was a suggestion that Philip have a shot at being a girl and see how he got on. A little doubtful at first, Philip, in common fairness had to try. This was much more difficult to the uninitiated. Women's clothes are hard to wear and harder still to carry off. The art of making up had to be mastered. A wig proved necessary to soften the contours of his face, which meant that Phyllis with her Eton crop had to have one too. Artificial eyelashes, fixed one by one, improved him, so much so that Phyllis was again forced to follow suit. He refused to have his eyebrows plucked; but a compromise was reached and they were distinctly tidied up and Phyllis exaggerated hers to keep the similarity.

As far as deportment went, it took some time for him to appear a perfect lady. High heels and a wellcut but narrow skirt soon shortened his stride; but Phyllis spent hours in teaching him to sit down and rise from chairs and sofas, to powder his nose and apply lipstick and to give those deft touches to this or that in front of a mirror. Eventually she promised his impersonation to be good enough.

They have now settled down to a rather remarkable amusement. Both of them are equally at home, either as boy or girl, for weeks they may live both as boys or girls. Phyllis to be the boy and Philip the girl, so that when one thinks that no deception is taking place in reality everything is completely upside down.

The other day I called and was greeted by a ravishing figure in formal afternoon clothes. My hostess greeted me charmingly; but knowing the twins, I was on my guard. This was Philip at his best, or worst, or wasn't it Phyllis herself? As I watched narrowly, I thought I detected a shade of huskiness in her voice and clumsiness in her movements. When she started to improve with puff and lipstick on an already complexion, I felt that these feminine touches were a little untrue, apart from a little superfluous. When she sat down again, her skirt caught up in such a way as to disclose, until she remedied matters, a somewhat unladylike glimpse of silk stockinged leg and a charming garter. When I was sure, I said-"Well Philip, I was almost fooled this time. You certainly are a marvel.

I quite thought it was Phyllis for some time; but you can't deceive an old friend who knows you both so well."

At this there came a burst of laughter. To cut a long story short, it was Phyllis all the time. She noticed my indecision and purposely effected a slight clumsiness to lead me on the wrong tract. Philip came in a few minutes later in tennis clothes and appreciated the joke.

Yours truly,

A A B



"DADDY LOANED ME HIS WIG
SO I COULD MEET YOU FELLOWS!"



PANTIES FOR YOUR AH..WIFE?
WOULD THESE BE ABOUT RIGHT
FOR.. AH...HER?"

"YOU AND YOUR BIG MOUTH!
WE WERE THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION
UNTIL YOU TOLD GEORGE ABOUT OUR
FAVORITE HOBBY!"

FORGETFUL FREDA visits the Chevalier D'Éon

CHARLES - DO YOU RECALL IF I REMEMBERED TO TELL THE BOYS I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO PLAY IN THE GAME AGAINST U.C.L.A. THIS WEEKEND?



FRANKLY, EARL, I JUST GOT TIRED LISTENING TO MY WIFE ARGUE THAT I SHOULD HAVE A HOBBY - LIKE THE OTHER FELLOWS.



"Brenda"



"OH, DAD!?!
COME IN - YOU SAID
YOU WANTED TO TALK
TO ME ABOUT MY CAREER NOW THAT
I AM A YOUNG MAN OUT OF SCHOOL.
WELL, I THINK I'VE MADE UP MY MIND..."

the School Boys (?)

MAX, DO YOU REALLY THINK DAD
KNEW WHAT WE MEANT WHEN HE GAVE
US THE MONEY TO GO AWAY TO STUDY
AN ADVANCED COURSE IN TRANSVESTISM?



The Prisoner Within

by Buff (30-H-2)

You have asked, "Who is Buff?" Although I have known her for many years I find it difficult to describe her to others. To me she is a haven of tranquility, a quiet arbor and a mother confessor to whom I can run in times of need. She is the 'secret place' of childhood, the attic on a rainy day. She is a place for laughing, for thinking, for wondering, and a crying place gracefully blended into one serene totality. Through her eyes I am able to see, with crystal clarity, the world naked, its hypocrisy scoured away and with the underlying truth, in its strange marriage of beauty and horror, spread before me in panoramic dissarray.

Her birth is shrouded in the mist of bygone days. It was a long birth, seemingly without beginning. Nervousness prevailed and worry was there too.

She has always existed. Even before her birth she was there. At first she was something less than the slight breeze which causes the heart to whisper at the sight of beauty. Wind chimes at dusk and the sounds of the setting sun. I did not know her then so she sought stronger ways to gain recognition. She struggled within me seeking some means of greater expression. She toyed with my desires and through them voiced her yearnings to jump rope in a white dress, to hold a doll, to bake cookies and to thread daisy chains. Her pleas became louder and my heart pounded in its cage. She taunted me at all times seeking to share me while I tried to immerse her in an ocean of masculine pursuits.

For a long time she was bewildered, she held her tongue. She sat, pouting, elbows to knees, in the deepest recess of my mind. At the slightest parting of her lips in preparation for a word, I would drench her with torrents of technical data or perhaps drag her off to play football. But, in the face of these masculine indignities her infinite patience grew strong and, while her tears flowed from my eyes, we grew together to maturity.

I found that by maintaining a continuous round of activity I could escape her for considerable periods. She, more lonely than I, tapped her foot while I studied engineering. She shook her head

disapprovingly when my hands were deep in the bowels of an airplane engine, and again when I crawled on my belly beneath barbed wire in Europe. She sought only to save me for herself, but I selfishly resolved to lose her for all time. I rode motorcycles to mountain tops, swam through black oil at a tankers waterline, dug trenches, caulked boats, passed waterbuckets while homes burned, carried moaning bundles for refugees and flew rejected bombers. I crossed the Atlantic to return to my studies and to lose myself among the teeming masses of New York, As I watched Europe slip below the horizon I felt safe and looked forward to a new future free from Buff.

What foolishness. She found me of course. When I first ventured on foot along Fifth Avenue she took my arm and conducted me to each store window in turn, there to stand and gaze at the lavish displays and the thousands of glittering frivolities which I could not afford to give her.

She had become more persistent and demanding and I was really afraid. Quaking fear began to visit my belly, my arms ached and, in the quiet of night, my ears heard the thunder of rushing surf. I watched and counted the sweeping reflections of car headlights during a thousand sleepless hours. The cold sweat that shrinks the scalp and the myriad needles which pierce the neck during times of uncontrollable fear often drove me from my apartment in the early hours. Alone and with tears falling freely I would drive about the city, seeking, searching for something, an elusive whippoorwill, perhaps a decision, fantasia or the backdoor to Heaven, some sort of escape--anything. I have no idea what I sought...

Trumpets are mellow at four a.m. in the West fifties, and the morning wind wails high above the Plaza. Central Park makes special noises which ones ears can carry all the way to Washington Square where boys walk arm in arm--where my stomach retched and my heart became a stone so often. After a while it would soften and I would drive blindly on, through stop lights to a street where I watched faceless people with red hands working feverishly in the cold glare of naked bulbs. The wet pavement, strewn with ice chips, reflected the glare sending rays of light through the steam which crept under the arch of each doorway. Fish's heads plunked into waiting trash pails and glittering necklaces of silver and ruby entrails followed with a sickening flop. In this private world of night things I occasionally managed to lose Buff for a few peaceful moments. Then on to the Battery where the indigo sky is sometimes touched with

yellow at the horizon and with green overhead, where mist rests low on the lapping waters and the mighty piles groan in the jaws of the ferry slip. The waters offered an impersonal haven of nothingness which I always declined to accept. I could neither lose Buff permanently nor find my true self...

During the brief periods when I could think logically of Buff, I realized that something would have to be done about her. I had always maintained that knowledge is man's greatest asset, and yet, like many others, I had failed to practice that which I preached. I had learned that fear of the unknown is the greater fear and that when one faces their adversary it tends to wane. It was therefore logical that I turn and face Buff instead of running from her--perhaps we would be able to negotiate some sort of peaceful coexistence. It could be said that Buff's birth began at the New York Public Library--I wonder how many other expectant fathers have searched those files--The first thing that I learned was that there are many others like Buff. My sigh of relief must have been heard by many of the people in the large reading room. Then I ran into controversial opinions. Some wrote that Buff was evil, others said that she was good. Many stated that she would have to go, while others maintained that she could stay if well disciplined. Conflicting opinions, all from supposedly learned men, what confusion? Who to believe, the minister, the priest, doctor, psychiatrist, lawyer, who?

Despite the confusion I had gained considerable insight into my problem. I could face Buff without fear and, as a result, I began to give her more freedom. I began to look at her objectively, to study her likes, her dislikes, her tastes and attitudes. Then, as each sparkling facet of her personality emerged, I found her to be fully feminine. The nights of uncertainty and worry ended. She became free of the bonds which I had placed about her and we found a new happiness. Her concern now is to free herself from the bonds imposed upon her by society.

The years, more enjoyable since her birth, have passed quickly. I have learned all that I can about her except for the new things that come to light during her visits. The seed of her origin and her dharma remain hidden, awaiting discovery perhaps by myself but probably by others. These aspects of Buff are too distant for me to grasp and, while I continue to wonder about them, I have stopped searching. Instead I enjoy her, savouring every second of her presence.

Buff gives me no reason for concern. She is very well behaved. She possesses an indescribable mixture of vanity and modesty. Her actions are naturally feminine and her tastes, quite conservative, are in keeping with the latest styles and her age--she still insists that she is twenty-nine. Buff loves to cook, but only special dishes which she concocts from recipes which she finds in her magazines. She is very fond of music. She does not like housework, cleaning or sewing, but what woman honestly enjoys such chores?

In these lines I have attempted to describe Buff. I hope that you will like her as much as my wife and I do. Perhaps, sometime in the future, she will write something of herself.



"But sir, she claims she's going into the WACs after college."



My goodness, Mr. Dexter, I almost didn't recognize you without your shorts and hair curlers!

It's Bigger Than You Think...!

Yes, the scope of Chevalier's activity is bigger than you think. Bigger than I thought it would be too when I started it. I was pleased when the first letters came in from Canada, but I thought that was after all not unexpected being neighbors. But when I heard from Fiona in Australia, Rosemary in Hong Kong, Paula in England I thought we had really arrived. Since then many more inquiries have come in from many foreign lands. I thought a montage of the envelopes from these countries might be rather interesting. Since we go to smaller pages next issue I had to present it in this issue where they could still be seen to good advantage. We have heard from the following countries so far and I hope many more in the future:

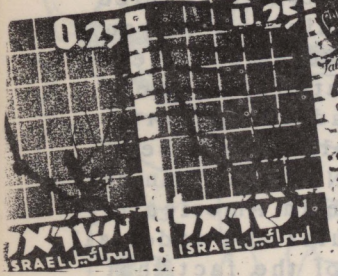
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| 1. Argentina | 11. Germany | 21. New Zealand |
| 2. Australia | 12. Holland | 22. Pakistan |
| 3. Brazil | 13. Hong Kong | 23. Phillipines |
| 4. Canada | 14. India | 24. Rhodesia and
Nyasaland |
| 5. Columbia | 15. Ireland | 25. St. Lucia |
| 6. Costa Rica | 16. Israel | 26. Sweden |
| 7. Cuba | 17. Japan | 27. Switzerland |
| 8. Denmark | 18. Latvia | 28. Turkey |
| 9. England | 19. Malaya | 29. Venezuela |
| 10. France | 20. Mexico | |

Personally I am very proud of this kind of coverage in just three years of publication with very little advertising. I think all of you should be too, that at last there is some means of banding together all those who know and understand the delights and satisfactions of portraying an inner self. It should be of particular added comfort for those who have so long thought that they were isolated members of a very unique little group in their own country. Now they can rejoice in knowing that the phenomenon is not just seen in America or England, but all over the world, in all kinds of cultures and under all kinds of conditions. This ubiquity is a measure too of the fact that motivations involved in FemmePersonation are not just found in one culture or environment but are to be found under all kinds of social circumstances. I am sure all the world's countries not included in the list above could provide recruits for our sisterhood if only our word could spread that far. I hope any of you both in America and foreign lands who receive TRANSVESTIA will spread the word further to those in your own countries and in neighboring ones.

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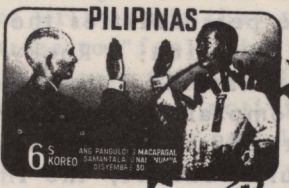
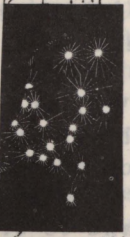
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1962 PHILIPPINES



"SUSANNA SAYS..."

Hi, everybody:

This material is being written about a month before publishing time, so by the time you read it chances are that the resort is no longer part of our TV world. Yes, we are in the process of selling it. For those who have been there I don't have to explain why the sale. For those who never went, all I can say is that it was too heavy a load on the Marie-Susanna team. If the resort had been our only activity, things would have been different. But since it was only a marginal element in our "making a living" scheme of things we just couldn't manage it efficiently and profitably - on the contrary it was a bottomless barrel of expenses with hardly any income. So, cold blooded logic and the appearance of an unexpected purchaser prevailed over a world of sentimental reasons. Funny thing is that we are already on the look-out for another place, not as big perhaps but a bit easier to reach from New York. Somehow it seems that hostessing for TV's has become an indispensable part of our lives. We'll keep you informed through TVia as to the results.

My outburst in issue #19 seems to have scored a bullseye in a few instances. I'm glad it helped a bit. It seems that there are more cases than I thought in which no attempt is made to polish up the feminine personality brought forth by the garments worn. Let me quote from a recent letter from a TV regarding another TV friend. "I wish there were some way I could clobber her enough to settle down. She will dress up in the wildest outfits, exude conceit all over the place and act like Rocky Marciano with lipstick. Do you have any suggestions? I've about run out of ideas." To those who insist there should not be any dividing line between the feminine and the masculine personalities the above simile should not evoke any unpleasant reaction: "Rocky Marciano with lipstick". It should sound perfectly natural. Let us delve into this problem a little deeper. The complaint voiced by our TV friend does not refer to the physical attributes of her friend. She is talking about deportment, behaviour, conduct, the impression created, the image projected. We are faced here with a problem of esthetics. In our efforts to "appear" to ourselves in the mirror and to others through their eyes as a feminine entity we go through a great deal of trouble

to copy what GG's look like, we spend hours and hours learning makeup technique so that the image in the mirror will look as good as possible ("good" in this case meaning "feminine"). We spend money and time in creating as presentable a feminine figure as possible.

Let's assume we've succeeded. And then, what? Are we to stop right at that point? We see a girl in the mirror, our friends also see her, esthetically she is quite acceptable...that is if she stands frozen, without moving...Here comes the big question-should she move as the rest of the world would expect her to move? Or, should she move as a man? Should she maintain the picture so laboriously created, or should she immediately destroy it in one single movement? And when I say move, I include posture, gestures, walk and voice inflection. Unfortunately many TV's choose the second alternative. They destroy in one single gesture the entire picture - they actually commit murder, wanton destruction of something that could be beautiful but is not allowed to develop into beauty. Then, I say, the entire process of creation so carefully pursued, becomes a stupid waste of time, an idiotic masquerade which ends at the very moment it begins. If the image created has no life of her own, then all the care put into making up, dress, shoes, etc., makes no sense. If we are responding to an inner urge which demands expression, then, why strangle that urge before it has a chance to acquire a body and a life of its own? The TV who stops with just dressing is like store mummy, nice to look at, like a snapshot, but devoid of all expression.

I have talked about this problem with many of my friends and have collected quite a few viewpoints. Some say that all the care they put into dressing is due to the obstacles placed before them by the law and society in general. If society and the law should not object to cross dressing, then they would not bother trying to "pass" I picture them in skirts and high heels while sporting a flowing Castro-like beard! Still others will admit that to them TVism is only a game in which the TV tries to "fool" the public. The more they fool the happier they are. But as to inner femininity, ZERO!!! If fooling others is the ONLY object of our activity then we should keep in mind that you can't fool all of the people all of the time and that it would make no sense to have friends who know about our activity--we expect them to like us not because we successfully fool the public but because of what we are, because of our personalities. I am not implying here that I don't enjoy "passing". Of course it's nice. But there's more than that in TVism..more than just being a successful masquerader. It is hard to define that "some-

thing else" which we call femininity, just as it is hard to describe what we feel when we are watching a dazzling sunset or listening to a hypnotic melody. I will not attempt here to define the feminine, but no TV can deny that one cannot discard femininity and still be a TV.

Another argument I've heard from some of my friends is that there is no such thing as "feminine activity, gestures, posture, etc..." They say that the division between the masculine and the feminine is an arbitrary definition inasmuch as the concept of femininity with its attached occupations, attire, etc, vary from culture to culture and from geographic area to geographic area. They use this argument--however much percentage of validity it may have--because they are just plain lazy. Too lazy to take the trouble of learning those things which girls have been taught through an entire lifetime, things which girls learn through imitation of their older sisters, mothers, girlfriends and aunts, things which they have been practicing and rehearsing year in and year out until they have become naturally theirs, intrinsic parts of their personalities. Those thousand and one details which make a girl a lady, which differentiates their behaviour from that of their brothers, tidbits of femininity which form the wide mosaic which a TV invades and tries to assimilate. One must certainly be blind not to see that feminine behaviour is different from masculine behaviour. Take the case of a girl who, in her early teens, is called a "tomboy"--she climbs trees, goes hunting with a slingshot, jumps into gang fights and will even use her fists if necessary. Society tags her as a tomboy...why? Because she is engaging in attitudes which society (our society) has assigned to boys. And society will force her to quit all of that, "stop behaving like a boy", before she can begin to learn to be a lady. The TV's case is somewhat similar. Before we can aspire to project a feminine personality we simply have to get rid of the "tomboy" in us, not kill him, but put him aside. Lock him in the closet where his clothes are so he won't interfere in the process of feminine expression. Unless we lock him up, he'll be interfering in our job constantly..he'll be insisting on our climbing trees and roughing it up, when we should be trying to be soft, delicate and tender. Some TV's snort at such statements and will say: "Why should I abstain from climbing trees or chewing tobacco if I feel like it, just because I'm wearing a dress? Phooey!" --These - in my opinion--are pitiful cases. They have given up without even trying. They have missed the whole point--and joy--of being a TV. Are they perhaps afraid of losing their masculinity?

Impossible, I say. A lifetime of masculinity has carved permanent patterns of thought and behaviour that no amount of feminine

rehearsing will erase. This rehearsing can only add to what we already have. Not take away. It will add, enrich our feminine self without impoverishing our other ego. So why the stubborn refusal to try posture, gestures, walk, voice inflection in the manner of a GG? It can only be plain laziness, or distrust in one's own learning capabilities, or a huge dose of guilt which makes any attempt at learning seem ridiculous and unbecoming.

And then there's another argument. It goes something like this: "You say, Susanna, that this feminine personality we are trying to express must be soft, delicate and tender (plus any other qualities which are usually associated with femininity)--but who said that a man cannot be just as soft, sweet, delicate and tender? Are you sure these are exclusive feminine characteristics? Why can't a GG be rough and hard and firm and still be a GG? Do you have to walk with a swaying gait or sit with your knees together to be a TV?" The answer must grant a certain degree of validity to this argument. But the point is that we are the product of this particular age we happen to belong to. An age which has established (rightly or wrongly) certain definite patterns of behaviour and has allotted--so to speak--certain traits, modes, activities to men and women and these have been catalogued as feminine and masculine... This arbitrary assignment of values to men and women has erected a Berlin wall which prevents men from slipping over to the feminine side of the wall without bringing the wrath of the entire social body upon their heads. Women have been smarter than men and have beautifully managed to help themselves by trespassing into what used to be for them forbidden territory. Men are still stupidly limiting their lives in that arbitrary area of interests and activities which has been assigned to them. This is supposed to make better men out of them, when in reality it makes of them, drab, poor, shorn, incomplete human beings. How to express the whole gamut of human interests, emotions when society forbids it? Our answer, the TV's answer, is in the cultivation of a dual personality. That's our way to knock down the Berlin wall set up by society. In our feminine self we can relax and enjoy to the fullest a life which is soft and sweet and delicate and tender and beautiful, without renouncing the joys which society allows us to embrace in our masculine status. Result? A richer two-in-one personality. In a way it is a pity we cannot mix them indiscriminately, but we must conform unless we choose the hermit's way of life. As long as we must live surrounded by other people, as long as there are esthetic ideals which govern people's lives and make demands upon them, we must create a GG's image which does not clash with those concepts accepted by society.

Women have been the guardians of femininity for a long time... they most certainly know how to express it and savor it. We must learn to be like them to better handle these elements of life which society has placed beyond our grasp. They are the teachers--we the pupils. That is why we cannot condone the image of a "Rocky Marciano with lipstick"..it is plain ludicrous and ridiculous and something has to be done to improve it. To the TV friend who wrote me the letter that started this whole trend of thought I'd advise to make a motion picture of her friend in action and then let him see himself on the screen. It might work.

As I write this column, our good friend Gina is reading and commenting. She agrees with most of what I've written, but she feels I'm being too onesided. She brings up an interesting point. "This matter of trying to act as femininely as possible when we are portraying our alter ego might scare some wives who have barely begun to accept TVism in their spouses. When he is dressed up the wife in some cases will insist on seeing him act not too feminine-like. She wants to reassure herself that she has not lost her husband even for an hour. Also--Gina says---there's always the danger of having other people think we are gay - or have tendencies along those lines. The image of the professional female impersonator they have seen in night-clubs has left a feeling that all those who display feminine mannerisms must be gay. She is right, of course. Many people think this way and many people--no matter what we do to change their minds--will always feel that way. Just too bad. Personally I pay that price every time I perform in a night club with a group of female impersonators. To the public I'm just one of the gay gang and there's nothing I can do to have them think otherwise. So, let them think, I say. The same thing applies to any TV who shows up at masquerade balls. The overwhelming percentage of those present are gay. If we are seen there, we will be automatically catalogued as gay. Of course we can preach our truth whenever the opportunity presents itself and in many cases we'll succeed in dispelling the popular concept but we must philosophically learn to accept the fact that some people will never believe us and they will always retain a hidden sneaky suspicion in their minds about us.

Buff responded to my complaint about the lack of laughter at some TV meetings. She says that we mustn't forget that the average TV is loaded with problems..particularly wife problems and this heavy load is not exactly conducive to girlish laughter. You've got a point there, doll. But let us try to help those with such problems to forget at least for a few hours their troubles and relax and enjoy the moment of new truth as completely as possible, from wig to pumps.

GG's also have home problems but when they go to their bridge clubs they manage to shrug them aside and relax in the company of sisters who, in one way or another, also face similar problems.

An interesting book...the title: "Divinity as the Eternal Feminine", by W. Holman Keith. A fascinating defense of pagan concepts for our age. We may or may not agree with the author but some thoughts strike home in a TV heart. Will the rule of love and beauty, embodied in the concept of deity as Mother-Goddess, supplant the masculine principle of force which stems from the, prevailing concepts of God as a Father? The author uses persuasive argument to show that this change will or should take place. The book is shocking in some spots inasmuch as it champions an entirely new system of ethics that goes smack against our concepts of what is good and bad, but the idea of a feminine God does contain a strange fascination for the TV. If to achieve perfection one is to endeavor to become like the Divinity - what happens if the Divinity is the embodiment of all that is feminine? In that case--all TV's are certainly on the right road. Anyway, if you have a chance to get a hold of this book (Pageant Press Inc. New York) do so. It makes interesting reading even if you don't agree with the author's views. It's marked \$3.00. Pageant Press Inc. is at 101 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 3 N.Y. Now for some gossip. TV PECULIARITIES USUALLY KEPT SECRET:.....

The TV who hates to take off her makeup when it's time to go to sleep and makes an unholy mess of pillow case and sheets...The TV who is awfully sweet and considerate with his wife and constantly buys her clothes and jewelry, not admitting that he fully intends to borrow them at the first chance he gets...The TV who discovers that women have a point when they cover their faces with cream at night (the stuff is awfully good for your complexion)..but they feel funny about gooing their mugs and barely sneak a dab without the wife's knowledge...the TV who swears she feels in heaven with a too tight corselette or waist cincher and won't admit she's dying of discomfort The TV who, upon removing said corselette, feels he'd die of embarrassment if anyone should see the red welts left by that garment on the skin...The TV who goes to the office wearing nylon stockings under his socks. He's jumpy as a rabbit if some expressive character should slap him on the thigh. Fears the friendly hand will hit the tell-tale metal tip of the garter...The TV who's trying to tell his secret to a girl friend and usually begins by remarking "how much more comfortable women's clothes seem to be"...He feels guilty because just last night he was dressed to kill in his room and is pretending he never, but never had a feminine garment on him...And then

we have the tight earrings that leave a mark on the lobe which looms as large as a moon crater in his mind..thinks everybody sees the indentation...Or the lipstick which just won't come off..you scrub and scrub like mad and the red border line is still there..you may not believe this but I know one TV who actually used AJAX scouring powder and, naturally tore his lips to pieces (I hope Gail doesn't read this line)...and then there are the TV's who discover that the best removing agent for lipstick are those little white bars of soap you find in hotel bathrooms, you just rub the little bar up and down, sideways and round and round,, and presto,, (isn't that right, Anita?)... And then there's the TV who is scared to death at the thought of combing his wig..doesn't know that wigs keep better and look better if they are combed and brushed periodically...you can even wet the comb with water and go through those waves like mad..you'll be amazed at the results...it'll either look gorgeous or you'll have to go and buy a new wig...No, seriously, they should be combed...and then I can mention the TV who's just finished dolling up...and suddenly he hears steps on the hallway...or even worse, they are knocking at the door...nobody in the entire world can undress with the lightening velocity of a TV trapped in those circumstances...I hate to think of the dozens and dozens of perfectly marvellous dresses and slips that have been unceremoniously ripped when that emergency came...and again the TV who's dying to buy a pair of beautiful pumps he passes in front of the same window dozens of times..finally gathers courage and enters the store..the salesman approaches with a smile.."Can I help you sir?" That "sir" is like a bomb..the TV finds his courage draining away."Well--he mumbles,--"I was wondering if you had those pumps in the window.."and he stops..he can't quite vocalize the size--but the salesman has now become an agent of the Inquisition and he turns the screws with subtle ferocity--"What size would you want"--he asks. And now comes the big moment. "Size 11, I th..think SHE wears." And this is said somewhat apologetically as if you were admitting to the salesman, a stranger, that your wife or sweetheart or sister has this terrible deformity that mars her beauty size 11. And the pumps are brought..you are so nervous by this time that you barely glance at them..you pay whatever the man asks..and you walk out clutching the package as if it was alive..You finally get home and dash to your room..off come the socks..on go the nylons and now the foot timidly slides into the shoe..it's tight as the dickens..the salesman sold you a narrow width..but you'd rather die than go back and change them for a wider size..and you keep them..and continue to suffer everytime you wear them..and if a TV friend should come and visit you..you bravely put them on and prance around proudly..beautiful, aren't they?..but you'll never, never admit that

they are crucifying your feet...that's TV vanity, you know...just like a GG on her first date.

And that's all for now my dears--must go and change shoes... these I'm wearing are killing me.....

Love,

Susanna

It is unfortunately necessary to notify all readers and especially FPE members that the following four persons are no longer members in good standing of PHI PI EPSILON: Barbara Jean (5-B-5); Madeleine (5-N-5); Barbara Stevens also known as Elin North; and Evelyn also known as Caroline Daniels. This has come about not only because of actions directed at me personally, but primarily because of writings and activities which show a complete disregard for the purposes of FPE and which endanger the security and best interests of the FOUNDATION of which PHI PI EPSILON is a part.

All readers are put on notice that contact with any of these four can no longer be made through CONTACT and that any contacts that may be made are entirely on the contactor's personal responsibility. Any endorsement of the character or reliability of these persons which might be presumed by virtue of their former membership in FPE and their association with me is specifically withdrawn. May it be stated that this is not an act of personal spite on my part as I have never asked anyone to leave FPE. However, security and the protection of identities entrusted to me is of top importance to me and I cannot therefore condone any actions violating security or endangering anyone else. There is conclusive evidence available to support this contention.

It is not only a matter of deep personal regret, but more than that, it is a cause for profound shock and amazement that people can do some of the things they do and do them to persons who have contributed so much to their lives. I am forced to admit to being too naive, too trusting, and of assuming that because my motives were altruistic, that those of others would be too.

"VIRGIN VIEWS" -- by VIRGINIA

After Acceptance What??

In past articles I have discussed causes, statistics, acceptance by one's self and others, etc. I have tried to help those of you still in the "locked door" stage to come forth and those of you who have come forth to shed your guilt and shame and accept yourself without fighting it. This is not to imply that all those who have made these two steps have done so because of my efforts. Certainly not, many have arrived at this point on their own and some few have gone to the next step. So this article is not addressed to them, but to those who are making progress with the help and encouragement of TRANSVESTIA, the FemmeMirror and more advanced friends.

You know, FemmePersonation is a rather contradictory condition. I don't suppose that there are many of us who, having gone through all the fears, shame, guilt, etc. that most of us have, would intentionally introduce a non-TV into the practice. Moreover, I'll wager that, if we were honest, most of us would have to agree that life would have been easier on us if we had never got started on this path in the first place. Yet in the same breath the great majority of us would not....I guess I had better say could not....give up our femmeselves at this point. Odd isn't it to have a pattern so emotionally expensive and frustrating on the one hand that we would just as soon never have had it and yet so emotionally satisfying having once gotten it under control and seen it in the proper light that we have no desire to give it up! So having come to grips with it and learned to accept ourselves, where do we go from here?

It seems to me that we can go on to a sort of quiet pride in ourselves, in our ability to express our femininity and our victory over our own guilts and fears. The idea of pride in an activity that society regards as an abnormalcy will sound completely ridiculous to many.. certainly to most professional people. But I don't mean pride in the sense of something to brag about, I mean an inner sort of pride, perhaps it might be called an inner peace that settles over one when he stops fighting, recognizes certain things as real and decides to live with them. Pride in the sense of being the opposite of shame.

When we reach this stage, it is no longer a vital matter if someone learns that we are FPs. (I might point out that this is the stage

in which the term FemmePersonation really becomes necessary since it is much more than simple transvesting...cross-dressing. Perhaps it is too strong to call it a way of life, but it is akin to it. Now that we know what we are (and more importantly--what we are not) and have some sort of a philosophy about it we can stand to have people know without flinching...we can even tell them ourselves and do it openly, cleanly and without shamefacedly pussyfooting around the subject. Some of the readers of TRANSVESTIA have reached this stage and find that acquainting others with their femmeselves is a source of some satisfaction.

Now in the interest of W.M. & T. (Wisdom, Moderation and Perspective from a former Virgin Views article) let me hasten to say that arrival at this "Point beyond acceptance" does not imply that one foolishly reveal himself to all and sundry. No matter how guilt free the FP may be, many of the persons around him are still very guilt ridden and insecure themselves, not from TV but from any of dozens of things that afflict the human psyche. If your hearer is insecure he will not be able to bear the problem of your nonconformity on top of all his own troubles. Such a person will not accept you and will bolster up his own insecure ego by making fun of you, spreading gossip, condemning and generally making trouble for you. So pick your confidants with some consideration of their internal equilibrium. When you have found a number of friends like that you will really have arrived, because your femmeself will have achieved one of the last goals--that of social acceptance by persons who already know your masculine self and who now, after being introduced to your femmeself, know ALL of you, accept your complete existance and allow you to be yourself in whatever role you wish to be in at the time.

Such social acceptance is the ultimate goal of a pattern of experience that begins in loneliness and fear, struggles through years of shame and guilt and finally emerges into the sunlight of acceptance, pride and peace of mind. "When you make the inner as the outer, and the outer as the inner and the above as the below, and when you make the male and the female into a single one...then shall you enter the Kingdom"---The Gospel of St. Thomas. This type of statement runs through many of the metaphysical and mystic teachings down through the centuries. The trouble is that each generation tends to think of itself as having the broadest knowledge and insight, and the best hand hold on truth. Thus we tend to discount many old observations with a shrug and a comment to the effect that such ideas were alright in the days of old, but we know better now. But do we? We thought we did and psychologists and psychiatrists passed over the problems of gender. Everyone gave lip service to

the idea that there were masculine traits in females and feminine traits in males, but when it came to actually pointing them out, dealing with them and accepting them...that was something else again.

However, of recent months things have begun to come to the surface. Dr. McKinnon at Univ. of Calif. in a study of creative people made these observations:..."in the realm of sexual identifications and interests where creative males give more expression to the feminine side of their nature than do less creative males. On a number of tests of masculinity-femininity, creative men score relatively high on femininity, and this despite the fact that as a group, they do not present an effeminate appearance or give evidence of increased homosexual interests or experiences. Their elevated scores on femininity indicate rather an openness to their feelings and emotions, a sensitive intellect, an understanding self-awareness, and wide-ranging interests including many which in the American culture are thought of as more feminine...."

A recent seminar at the Univ. of Calif. Med. School entitled "The Potential of Woman", Barbara Gunderson, psychologist of Stanford Univ. said, "Why shouldn't some men be gentle and some women daring? Why can't a woman be a great objective thinker and a man "maternal" in the best sense?" Allen Watts, the author, gave a paper called, "The Woman in Man". He said, "A man's fear of being sissy is always proportionate to his lack of faith in his own masculinity. Males in our Anglo-Saxon culture tend to identify themselves with absurdly masculine stereotypes, thus severely limiting their areas of common interest with women.

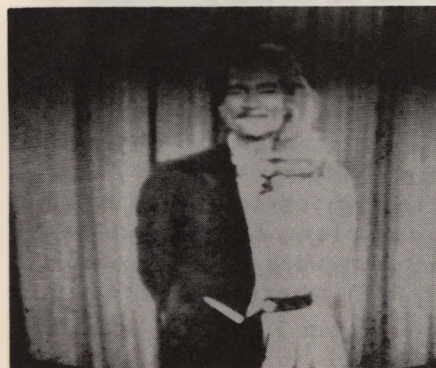
So you see, the world spins and the clock ticks, and little by little others come to the same conclusion by reason and study that FPs come to by inclination, feeling, and actual experience. The only real difference is that we utilize clothing to release this other self. One day there will be a meeting ground..society won't care if FPs dress, but FPs probably won't need to do it by then.



MAYNARD ON "DOBIE GILLIS"



GARY MOORE (right)



RED SKELTON AS $\frac{1}{2}$ & $\frac{1}{2}$



WESTPOINT CADETS ON
"TO TELL THE TRUTH"



DICK VAN DYK ON BENNY SHOW

Cross-dressing shows up quite frequently on television. Here are samplings taken by Poloroid from my TV set. Just goes to indicate that a little more tolerance is in the air (and on the air) Bert Lahr is even playing a female lead on Broadway. Two recent court cases involving TV were tried on other charges and TV was not prosecuted. Progress is slow but sure.

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

I. MATERIAL: Back in TVia #16 on page 53 I gave a list of things that those able and interested could write about that would add to the interest and usefulness of TVia. I cannot continue to keep the magazine interesting unless I get provided with material. I cannot write it all personally and edit it too. You may say, "what's in it for me to write an article?" I reply, "What's in it for you when you read someone else's literary efforts? They will enjoy yours as you enjoy theirs, so look back, pick a subject and try. Don't worry about handwriting, grammar, and such, that is what an Editor is for. I'll fix it up presentably as far as form goes if you'll fix up a story presentably as far as content goes. How about it?"

II. CODE CORRECTION: Many of you were glad to have the code system presented and explained last issue. One question did come up, and that was that #52 was assigned to Puerto Rico and some who did not live there had 52 in their code. This was because we used 52 as a kind of catchall in that we have readers in the services with Army or Navy P.O.s or who get transferred from one place to another. So we used #52 for these "rolling stones" or persons with variable addresses. Actually we only have Iris (52-L-1 FPE) who really lives in Puerto Rico.

III. REDUCED SIZE ISSUES # 1 and 2: We recently got an order for 25 each of #s 1 and 2 from a newsstand distributor. We only had 30 of each on hand. We only sent the distributor 15 leaving 15 for us. So those of you who have a yen for a complete file had better grab 'em quick. They will not be reprinted!

IV. CORRECTION: Pics on Page 65 of TVia #16 are not of Evelyn 5-H-8, but of Eileen Forbes 32-B-8. Apologies to both for the slip.

V. MANUSCRIPTS AND SUBMITTED MATERIAL: Some contributors have commented rather bluntly about the delay in using their material, others have complained because it was not used. It seems that a word about the mechanics of putting TVia together might be in order. This mag. cannot be written like the Sat. Eve. Post or Life. (a) Material is received and looked over, if it looks useable it is put in a file, marked "to be edited". (b) As and when I get time I edit

a piece of material and send it to the typist. (c) She types it to the correct page size on our standard IBM typewriter and returns it to me. (d) I then put it in files according to the type of materials, such as stories, histories, articles, etc. (e) Finally when it comes time to make up an issue I go through and try to pick out an assortment of types of material to provide a balanced issue. This has to be correlated also as to length, interest, etc. (f) Pictures are then sent to the printer, special screen prints sent back which I arrange and paste up. (g) All pages are then numbered, the table of contents written up and the whole bit sent to the printer. Of course, somewhere in the meantime I must myself assemble Ed. Emanations, Virgin Views, the ads, and filler material used at the end of stories. Thus with all this it may be that material will lay in the "to be Edited" file for some time or in the typed but as yet unused files still longer. So please understand my problems and don't be annoyed.

VI. DISCONTINUANCE OF THE CLIPSHEET: In my younger days I used to collect clippings of anything having to do with impersonation whether it was criminal, homosexual (as at drag balls), transsexual (as with Christine) or on rare occasions transvestic. I did this because it enabled me to live out some of my desires vicariously. When I started TVia, and knowing that many others had done as I had and collected clippings I decided to start a clipping service in which we could all see the clippings if they were sent in and copied. Thus began the Clipseet. However, I hadn't reckoned on the pacifying and soothing effects of TRANSVESTIA. I am very complimented that it has had such effects, but they have spelled the death knell of the Clipseet. What I mean is that as readers became aware that they were not alone, got out of the locked room, began to understand and accept themselves and generally got the pressures under control the need for vicarious experience lessened. Thus the need for the Clipseet lessened too. Less material was sent in and fewer subscribed to it. Thus it's reduced importance was a testimonial to the increased importance of TRANSVESTIA itself. I'm glad that it is so. So we will discontinue the Clipseet. I am not yet sure whether there will be one more issue or not, depends on several things not clear at this writing. For one thing, it depends on the rate at which satisfactory stories are received (See next section). Those who have paid for any Clipseets in advance will be credited proportionally toward the new stories. Since they will be \$1.50 each there will be a credit adjustment one way or the other to come out even according to the following:

If there are 6 Clips due, you, you will get 4 complete stories.										
"	"	"	5	"	"	"	"	"	"	3 stories & 50¢ credit.
"	"	"	4	"	"	"	"	"	"	2 " \$1.00 "
"	"	"	3	"	"	"	"	"	"	2 " even ---
"	"	"	2	"	"	"	"	"	"	1 " & 50¢ "
"	"	"	1	"	"	"	"	"	"	0 " \$1.00 "

Please note how you stand and inform us what to do with any credit coming to you.

The annual deal for 6 short stories becomes 6 for \$8 saving \$1 and the complete package deal becomes \$38 instead of \$35.

VIII. MATERIAL FOR STORIES: For the stories to replace the Clip-sheet we will pay as announced in TVia #19. \$1.00 per page. Each story will be up to 13 pages long or an issue may contain two stories such as 7 and 6 pages. The whole layout will be 16 pages including front and back cover and inside front cover for copyright notice. Please type all material single space and within an area 4 1/4 X 7 in. This is the actual print area of the new format and pretyping will help us greatly. If you do not type, however, don't be afraid to submit. Simply count 450 words to a page and you will be close enough. If your story will not make 13 pages please trim it to not more than 8 in order to leave room for a 5 page story. One running over 8 and less than 13 becomes awkward because of the difficulty of finding very short items to fill out the 13 pages. Many of you have wished TVia were monthly...well, this is the next best thing, but I must have stories if I'm to publish them, so please submit some.

IX. NEW FORMAT: Some time back I indicated that it was going to be necessary to change the size of TVia. This is due primarily to the increase in postal rates. In the last three issues (18, 19, 20) I have used up the pretyped material on hand. Next issue will be of the new size--approximately that of "Male Actress", which, thank God is finally out of my hair and into yours. Since the pages are smaller the number of pages will be increased to 92 or 96 depending on weight as we must stay inside of the 5 oz. limit or 25¢ per mailing. Since printing area is 4 1/4 X 7 it will help to have pictures and cartoons set up to print 2 to a page at 4 1/4 X 3 1/2 which means a horizontal rectangle instead of a vertical one.

X. ORDER BLANKS: Once again I appeal to you to use order blanks that appear in the mag. or are sent to you as part of the price list. It makes our work much easier and surer and this is important to you, as well as us. Also checks and M.O.'s are surer than cash..Ye Ed.

BOOKS--SEVERAL TO READ AND ONE TO SELL---

Because I sometimes find things to read that I feel are worthwhile while I'd like to pass them along to you. Not all of them have a direct relationship to our field, but all will be worth reading.

1. EARTH ABIDES by George R. Stewart Ace Star pocket books 50¢
A wonderful science fiction book by an author I found wonderful years ago for his book called STORM. A story of a small band of humans left after a national disaster and how they faced the problems of carrying on. Really makes you think about many things usually taken for granted.
2. THE IMPORTANCE OF WEARING CLOTHES by Lawrence Langnor, pub. by Hastings House. A regular full size book covering the history and social significance of clothing of all kinds since early times. Doesn't even miss T. C. Jones, Julian Eltings & d'Eon. Profusely illustrated too, you'll find it a store house of interesting information and new thoughts about clothing.
3. VENUS PLUS X by Theodore Sturgeon Pyramid Books, a pocketbook. This too is a science fiction effort, but is also a rather remarkable study of the matter of sex and gender with some very worthwhile bits of philosophy thrown in here and there. One phrase I like very much is, "Most of the world's troubles began when we started to emphasize the differences between the sexes rather than the similarities." I think you'll find this worthy.
4. THE NYMPH AND THE SATYR by Arthur Farmer. All Star Books 50¢. More science fiction about a guy who gets hexed into a girl's body and out again several different times. Strictly fiction.
=====

And one to buy---THE CIRCLE OF SEX by Gavin Arthur. A small but very thought provoking book which I recommend to you sufficiently strongly that I have bought a supply from the publisher to distribute to TVia subscribers. A small paper covered book that covers a world of thinking about the subject of sex. Not about sexual behavior, but about the various types of sexual personalities both male and female. 12 types, 6 male, 6 female, where do you fall? PRICE \$2.75 postage included. Order directly from CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS. PLEASE DON'T SEND COINS BY MAIL use check or M.O.

*** ITEMS AND PRICES ***

TRANSVESTIA is published about the 1st of even-numbered months at \$4 per copy. ALL back issues are available. Nos. 1 and 2 are in 1/4 page photoreduction at reduced prices. All others \$4 each.

TV "CLIPSHEET" is published the 1st of each odd-numbered month and consists of reproductions of newspaper and magazine clippings both old and new sent in by readers. Its purpose is to provide material for scrap books that might not otherwise be available. Price \$1 an issue or \$5 per year of 6 issues.

The FEMMEMIRROR is published monthly on the 15th and consists principally of excerpts from letters, suggestions, discussion of questions of interest, news notes etc. It is a newsletter for FemmePersonators. Price \$1 an issue or \$10 per year of 12 issues.

NOTE:: As an inducement to save a lot of record keeping, those who wish a full year of each of the 3 publications above and will pay for them all at once will receive one issue of TVia free. Price of 6 TVias, 6 Clipsheets and 12 Femmemirrors--\$35. Save \$7 over regular price. This offer applies only for 1 year IN ADVANCE. Back issues of TVia available any 6 for the price of 5 when ordered at one time (6 must not include #s 1, 2 or current issue) \$20.00

DRESS CATALOG: A catalog of all types of dresses, skirts, blouses, lounging wear and lingerie all custom made to your own measurements. Full information on prices, measurements, etc. \$1.00

SEPERATE BOOK LENGTH STORIES:

- 1) "FATED FOR FEMININITY"--A high school boy wants to be cheer leader but ends up as Beauty Queen and as bride of a woman.
- 2) "I AM A MALE ACTRESS"--A reporter takes a dare to impersonate a starlet, makes a hit, gets a contract and becomes an actress. Marries a famous female star, they live as sisters.

ORDER FORM * * CUT OUT AND MAIL

NAME	CODE NO.	
TRANSVESTIA #s 1 and 2 (Photoreductions 1/4 size)	\$2.50 ea	\$ _____
TRANSVESTIA Back Issues (except 1, 2, and current issues) 6 for	20.00	\$ _____
TV CLIP SHEETS issues No. _____	\$1 ea. \$5/ yr. (6)	\$ _____
FEMMEMIRROR issues No. _____	\$1 ea. \$10/yr (12)	\$ _____
PACKAGE DEAL: 1 year of all 3 in advance	35.00	\$ _____
BOOK LENGTH STORIES 1) "Fated For Femininity"	5.00	\$ _____
2) "I Am A Male Actress"	5.00	\$ _____
CUSTOM MADE DRESS CATALOG	1.00	\$ _____
Realistic Falsies: Special bra with plastic inserts	5.00	\$ _____
Special jelly for filling inserts	5.00	\$ _____
Plastic "Head" Wig block and Clamp to hold block	ea. 5.00	\$ _____

*** ITEMS AND PRICES ***

TRANVESTIA is published about the 1st of every numbered month at \$4 per copy. All back issues are available. Nos. 1 and 2 are in 1/4 page reduction at reduced prices. All others \$4 each.

TV CLIP SHEETS is published the 1st of each odd-numbered month and consists of a collection of newspaper and magazine clippings both old and new sent in by readers. Its purpose is to provide material for screen work. For the 1st issue the price is \$1.00.

The FEMMEMIRROR is published monthly on the 15th and consists principally of excerpts from letters, suggestions, discussion of questions of interest, news notes, etc. It is a newsletter for Femmemirror readers. Price \$1 per issue or \$10 per year of 12 issues.

NOTE: As an inducement to have a lot of record keeping, those who wish a full year of each of the 3 publications above will pay for them all at once will receive one issue of TV FREE.

TV's, a Clippings and a Femmemirror - \$35. Save \$1 over regular price. This offer applies only for 1 year IN ADVANCE. BACK ISSUES must not include No. 1, 1 or current issue \$20.00

DRESS CATALOG: A catalog of all types of dresses, skirts, blouses, and lingerie with illustrations, measurements, etc. \$1.00



SEPARATE BOOK LENGTH TOPIES: A book about body weight to be checked by a doctor and sent up to the Health Officer and is given to a woman. 2) "I AM A MALE ACTRESS" - A topical story of a girl who impersonates a starlet, makes a hit, gets a contract and becomes an actress. 3) "I AM A MALE ACTRESS" - A topical story of a girl who impersonates a starlet, makes a hit, gets a contract and becomes an actress.

NAME	CODE NO.	PRICE
TRANVESTIA (1 and 2) (reductions 1/4 size) \$2.00 ea		\$2.00
TRANVESTIA Back issues (except 1, 2, and current)		50.00
TV CLIP SHEETS issues No. 1 ea. \$5 / vt. (6)		\$2.00
FEMMEMIRROR issues No. 1 ea. \$10 / vt. (6)		\$2.00
PACKAGE DEAL: 1 year of all 3 in advance		\$25.00
BOOK LENGTH TOPIES: 1) "I Am A Male Actress" \$1.00		\$1.00
2) "I Am A Male Actress" \$1.00		\$1.00
CUSTOM MADE DRESS CATALOG		\$1.00
Realistic plastic special pins with plastic inserts		\$1.00
Special jelly toe filling inserts		\$1.00
Plastic "Head" Wig block and Clamp to hold block on		\$1.00

Publication Policy

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

1. Material is offered for publication without compensation and for the benefit of all.
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off color material will not be published and therefore should not be submitted.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES:

For the protection of the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it has become necessary to limit the ads and answers service of the magazine to those who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for a free personal information form. Fill out and return with \$5 registration fee. When accepted this money may be applied against ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. If not accepted it will be returned.

Members of PHI PI EPSILON are free to advertise and to reply to ads without further application and at regular rates.

RATES: \$2 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies \$1.

No replies or other material intended for remailing should be sent to Chevalier Publications or to TRANVESTIA itself. Address all such mail to "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Los Angeles 19.

GOODS AND SERVICES ADS also accepted, rates upon request.



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